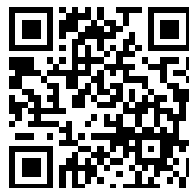


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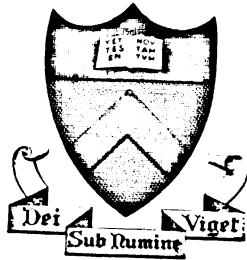
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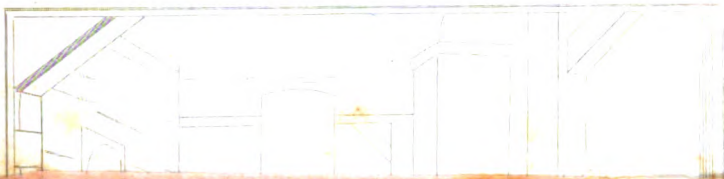








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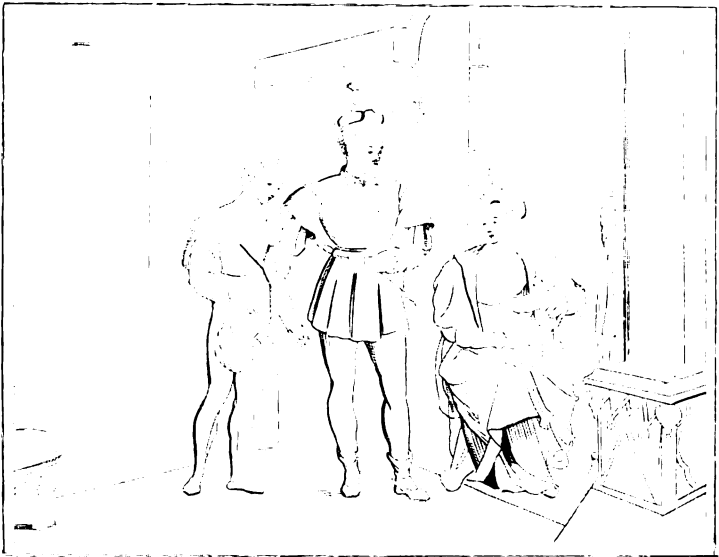




*Engraved for the Jan. 1750  
Ladys Book.*



*Euclytus arrives at the Palace*



*The Count bestows his confidence on Eudolus*





# THE LADY'S BOOK.

JANUARY, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

REAL CONVERSATION;

OR,

RECOLLECTION OF THE PAST.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"THE circumstance of your being *detenu* in France so long, my dear Madam," said I to an elderly lady in 1815, "has made you half a Frenchwoman, or you would not have said so positively that our laws were unjust towards women. I really do not consider myself in any way aggrieved by them."

"They have not pressed upon you," she replied with a smile. "You judge wrong in the conclusion as to myself also; for I am really proud of being an Englishwoman, and thankful that my last days will be spent in my native country. Nevertheless, I must assert, that the *Law* here is hard, even to cruelty, upon a class of meritorious women. *Par example*, let a woman be ever so industrious, and successful in a business, or in the exercise of art—let her maintain and educate her children, support an unworthy husband, or give valuable employment to the poor: extend the commerce of her country, or do it honor by the talents she displays; and yet the laws of the land allow the creditors of a known profligate, and dishonest husband, to wrest from her the hard earnings and self-denying accumulations of her life. It takes, in fact, the bread from her children's lips, (drawn from the heart-strings of a tender mother) to squander it upon an extravagant mistress, bestow it on a gambling companion, or in any way uphold the means of wickedness in a wretch who has already proved himself such—who, in the Apostle's language, "provided not for his own household and was worse than an Infidel."

"It is certainly a very hard law, but I do not believe it is ever acted upon\*—in fact we have

few women in this country capable of the energies, or gifted with the courage requisite for business of any kind, distinct from that pursued by the husband, in which case there can be no division of property." To this the lady replied.

"Our conversation reminds me of a circumstance which happened many years ago, about the subject of which I must make enquiry, for she was a most interesting woman. I must tell you her history.

"Some five, or six, and twenty years since, two very fine girls, who had lately become orphans, came from my native town, Rutlandshire, to visit a friend in London. In a short time each made what is called a *conquest*, and in the course of the year one was married to an apothecary, who resided in a street leading into Smithfield, the other to a very eminent tea dealer at Ludgate Hill.

"The latter was, in person, delicate, almost to fragility, and so gentle, and modest in manner, yet with so much good sense and quiet observation, that I was sorry to lose sight of her. It so happened that a short time after her marriage I had the pleasure of seeing her, and I shall never forget the manner of her husband, he appeared so fawningly fond of her, so over-and-above civil to me as her friend; I said to myself, 'either this man is a great hypocrite, or my amiable countrywoman is a cold-hearted woman after all, for certainly his fondness, though not repulsed, was not affective.' I fear she is unhappy, flourishing as all around her appears."

"My visit was not returned, but this did not surprise me, for we lived then in the country, and my own large family, and subsequent trouble, might be said, 'to engross me wholly.' Some years after, however, I found myself one day near Mr. Elliott's, and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity. On entering the warehouse I

\* This was a few years previous to that period when the husband of Mrs. Glenn, the actress, (a gentleman's son by the way,) consigned himself to the execrations of every honest and humane person by acting on this law.

saw with great surprise my former elegant acquaintance seated at a raised desk, with a pen in her hand, arrayed in plain and matronly clothing, and although surrounded by that press of business which indicated the power of wealth, apparently stripped of all those attributes of it which I had seen her formerly possessing. As my own appearance was altered, both by time and sorrow, I approached her slowly, and I remember asked her if she recollected me.

"Oh, yes, yes!" she exclaimed, exceedingly agitated, and taking my hand she led me with trembling haste out of the warehouse, first into an adjoining parlour, and afterwards up stairs, as if she desired to retire from every eye, to secure to herself the sad luxury of weeping freely over a tale of sorrow, to which she yet supposed I was no stranger, for the causes of her misery were known to many.

It appeared that a very short time after her marriage, her husband had shewn himself tyrannical, mean, and full of a dissimulation abhorrent to her nature, but which she hoped (for wives have a knack at hoping) no one save herself had discovered. She had reason also to believe him unfaithful, but it was not until after the birth of her second child that she discovered what the world had long known, that an illicit connexion with an extravagant and profligate woman, at once estranged him from home, and rendered him when there, a miser to his dependants, a sycophant to his customers, and a drainer of the money produced by the exertions of the former, and the confidence of the latter.

At this period there became a great falling off in their hitherto extraordinary trade, in the management of which he had once shown great abilities. Distressed as she was by contemptuous neglect, and even studied cruelty, she found refuge from her own feelings, by occasionally seeing those whom it was *his* duty to see, and when she had by mere chance transacted some matter of business with an ability for which he had not given her credit, he positively insisted on her entering into the most arduous duties. And for the last two years she had been a slave and a most successful one. She said her children (young as they were) had been sometime at school, her husband lived almost wholly at the other end of the town, but his returns had been of late more frequent, in order to inspect the progress of some workmen who had been fitting up an adjoining room according to his order.

As she spoke she threw open the door of her bed room, and I perceived a tolerable large room in which the windows were bricked up, allowing only small apertures at the top, guarded by iron stanchions and that a stove was the substitute for a grate.

"I believe," said she, "it is to be a repository for choice teas, but he never condescends to mention any intention to me, though I have proved myself (strange as you may think it) a better judge than himself. I am treated as the most despicable menial—but my children (my innocent children) must never know the pangs I suffer, nor the exertions I make—I trust after all, that before they grow up he will be an *altered* man."

"Alas!" thought I, "their mother is an altered woman.—She was tall, and her frame was

attenuated to very leanness, her fine features were sharpened, but their expression was full of meekness and sweetness. I left her with all the sympathy of an aching heart, and about three months afterwards I called again.

"Imagine my astonishment, when evidently unemployed, yet sitting on the same seat, I beheld in the warehouse a stout, handsome, woman about ten years older than Mrs. Elliott, dressed in the most expensive and flaunting manner, and bearing alike in mien and manners a character that could not be mistaken. I looked round—there was not a creature in mourning—the woman's eye pursued me, I hastily asked for a pound of tea, and as my recollection returned in paying for it, enquired what was become of Mrs. Elliott?"

"The young man who served me, with a most intelligent look pointed to a direction which he had already written, and at the same time took my money to the presiding lady. One other customer alone appeared—the place was changed from a fair to a desert."

"The direction was 'Mrs. Elliott, N—street,' and thither I sped—there were three carriages at the door, and to my astonishment I found their owners in a small store, behind the counter of which stood my poor friend, with a smiling countenance and a handsome cap. I bustled through into a little parlour, and in the course of a few minutes she joined me, and welcomed me with tears of joy. I intreated her to compose herself and tell me what had happened? "You remember that odd room I showed you the Saturday you were so good as to sit with me an hour?" "Perfectly well, it was for a tea store."

"I had a bad cold and intended to lie late in bed the next day, but was called by the maid who said a lady wanted to see me. I was not without hope that it was you and hastened into the parlour, where I found an elderly woman, who of course I saluted with respect, and concluding she was come to ask the character of a servant who had recently left me, I began to speak on that subject.

"The woman replied not, and her eyes were fixed on me in a manner really distressing. I began to make my breakfast in order to relieve myself from her looks, which fell on me as a spell. After enduring this above an hour I ventured to enquire, by what right, and for what purpose she had paid me so unaccountable a visit, and fixed upon me regards so scrutinizing?"

"I am a nurse from St. Luke's, and am engaged by your husband to *take care* of you."

"*Take care!*—you do not think me mad?"

"I *know* you to be so, but it is better not to talk of this."

"Instantly the whole horrible scheme burst upon me—the strange room up stairs, the looks, and words, of my husband which had sometimes struck me of late as incomprehensible,—my heart sunk in my bosom—I covered my face with my hands, and tried to pray—in my stillness I required self-possession, remembered that I was very near the outer door, the numerous fastenings of which were familiar to me—hope sprang in my breast, by a strong effort I stilled the beating of my heart, and braced my trembling limbs. When I was capable of a plunge, I



did not look towards that fearful eye, which was still bent on me—I sprang into the passage—reached the door before my pury attendant could quit her chair, and had withdrawn five massy bolts ere she reached me. As her hand seized my gown I sprang into the street and her grasp, though strong, failed to detain me—we went forward together.

"The streets were nearly empty. I bent my steps towards my sister's house, and walked with such rapidity, the woman followed me with difficulty—on reaching Snow-hill, a stream of people from the different churches appeared—the sight of so many of my fellow creatures (coming, too, from the worship of God) seemed to ensure my safety, and lift, as it were, a great weight from my heart. I burst into tears—I sobbed convulsively, but yet I pressed forward—it was happy that I did so, for had I dared to appeal to the pity of any one, the strangeness of my appearance, and the wildness of my looks, might have satisfied them in thinking me deranged, and in assisting the really respectable looking person who followed me, to regain that power over me she would naturally have asserted—once secured I should unquestionably have become a prisoner for life.

"The moment I beheld my sister's face I fainted, and whilst\* Mr. Holmes my brother-in-law applied the usual remedies, my attendant (ignorant of our relationship) explained to him our relative situations.

"Mr. Holmes had long execrated Elliott, and conceived him capable of many things bad—he retained the nurse as a witness, and after giving me some restoratives and putting on me my sister's bonnet, we proceeded in a coach to the Lord Mayor, who immediately received our depositions, and treated me with the kindness of a brother. The next day Elliott was summoned and if shame and confusion of face, could have restored my tranquillity, as clearly as it established his base intentions, I might have been happy. But I must not complain, for all except him have been kind to me. The first lawyer in the kingdom (even Lord T—† himself) hearing of my situation, have consulted on my case, and procured me a separation, but I am still, I believe, a good deal in Elliott's power. However, the result of all this is, that Mr. Holmes has taken this shop of which I am sole mistress, but we are equal partners—two of my late servants are come to me, the merchants voluntarily have offered me credit to any amount. The money which could not be dispensed with was found by my partner, of course, my poverty being extreme, for I was really unable to gain even a portion of my worthless wardrobe from Elliott. No matter—I am blest by the possession of my children, for the wretch who has usurped my place would not receive the poor lambs at the holidays. As their bills followed them, I am for the present pressed a little, but that is a trifle for my success is really unparalleled. The gentlemen of the long robe have taken up my case with a warmth of heart, for which I

can never be grateful enough. In fact it is a fashion for their ladies, as you may perceive, to come here in their own carriages, to give me advice."

"Well, ma'am," continued my friend, "you will be aware how happy I felt to witness this relief, and that I did not intrude long on the time of one so valuably employed. It was perhaps a year and more, before circumstances enabled me to call again upon her in N-g-e Street—she was no longer visible. In answer to my enquiries I was told, 'no such person was known,' yet when I anxiously asked if my friend was dead, (seeing the words, late Elliott, was on the cheek of the door) no answer was obtained.

"A little girl (the only customer) observed the look of surprise and sorrow I naturally assumed on quitting the spot, and following me out, said 'the lady was gone to the end of the street she believed.' Thither I too went, pondering on the wayward destiny of one so little fitted apparently to meet it, but who endured it so wisely and so well. In a low, dark, shop to which I descended by a step, I again found her—pale, harassed, yet to a certain degree busy, but with persons of a far inferior description to the late ones.

"After some preliminary and mournful observations, she now told me, 'that at the end of her first year's exertions, in her new situation, Mr. Holmes had, to her utter astonishment and horror, declared, that he had hitherto considered her only as his servant, and instead of sharing his profits with her, had presented her with a pitiful\* salary, unequal to providing for herself and children. That she found herself unequal to form a partnership, or in fact to possess property, and that as her husband was going down in the world, it was probable that even if her unjust brother-in-law had conceded that share, to which by agreement she was entitled, and which she alone had earned, the husband would have seized it.

"Thus,' said she, 'it is evident that for my exertions there is no reward, for the property I gain no security—my feelings as a mother, of course, prevent me from sending my children to the house rendered infamous by my husband's conduct, and I have had no alternative but that of continuing a servant to the man who deceived me, or to those friends who originally trusted him for my sake, and have supported me through all my troubles; you cannot be surprised that I prefer them, though my heart aches at the loss of my sister this division has occasioned.'

"Foolish man,' said I, 'his shop is deserted.'

"True,' said she, 'yet I am not, therefore, the gainer; my friends finding that the law forbids my personal benefit, no longer, as heretofore, come from afar to countenance and help me, but I must now gain anew the aid which by knowledge and unremitting diligence may ensure success, even in these narrow premises and unpromising circumstances. Do not cry for me my

\* The names alone are altered in this narrative which is given to the best of my recollection verbatim.

† Lord Thurlow.

\* It was her great success which awakened the avarice of this person who had till then been her friend. In grasping at all he eventually lost all, and that which, when divided, would have been a fortune to each, was, for several years, lost to both parties.

dear friend. With all my sorrows, I have some comforts; my servants are those who lived with me on Ludgate Hill, and have followed me from the kindest motives,—my children loves me, and if I can save them from bad example, even poverty is better (ah! how much better) than vice!”

“This was the last time I saw her, for it was soon afterwards my lot to go to France, and you know how many sorrows and how long a captivity followed. By an extraordinary chance I was, about eight or nine years since, in company with some English persons who knew something of this Elliott, and told me that he gave, in some fit of fondness, a bond to his mistress for a large sum—that for this she sued him, flung him into Newgate, where he became sick, and was nourished by his wife to the utmost of her ability, but that *there* he died—whether she still lives, still suffers, I know not, but my first visit to London shall be to enquire, since of all whom I left, and lost, this excellent and unfortunate woman dwells most strongly on my memory.”

The reader will, perhaps, unite with the writer of this recollected conversation in desiring to know whether the *old lady* visited town, which, at this period she intended, having only arrived at Twickenham when the reminiscences in question were given.

She set out with a proviso that her stay was not to be limited to a day, for she had much to see and much to say; three days had passed when I was informed by her daughter (my friend and neighbour) that she had returned, and was desirous of seeing me.

A thousand questions naturally present themselves to a person of sense and sensibility so situated; the “what did you think? and who did you see?” arise in all directions, but my questions were confined to—“did you reach N-g-g-te street? did you find that long tried and excellent Mrs. Elliott?”

“So soon as it was possible to despatch my west end friends, I took a coach to the top of the street where I had left her. I then walked slowly forward, looking to right and left, but on the spot where I had last seen her in the low, dark shop, I first found the name—the place now was totally different, for it was light, large, and handsome—my hopes expanded as I beheld it.

“Well, ma’am, I entered the shop—a middle aged man stepped forward, (for the young ones were all busy)—to my enquiry ‘for Mrs. Elliott,’ he replied—‘Mr. and Mrs. Elliott are out returning their bride’s visits, ma’am.’

“Never had the flight of time struck me so forcibly—the son married! yet he was the youngest child. I now asked in an anxious tone ‘if his mother were living?’ observing ‘that I had been abroad many years, and was ignorant of her situation?’

“‘Mrs. Elliott gave up the business two years ago to her son, as her daughter, who was well married down at Hackney, greatly desired her company, and there was a house then on sale which would suit her, and with this wish she complied. She had been a widow many years, and worked very hard, it was time she should retire—this is her card.’

“I took it gladly, but not without assuring the giver that I recollected him a boy, and honored the attachment to his mistress, which was evin-

ced by his long residence. I then hurried to the Bank, entered a coach, and in a short time found myself in the handsome, well-appointed house of my countrywoman.

“I was received as one risen from the dead, and treated with kindness far beyond my claims: such, indeed, was her warm welcome, and so deeply was I interested by her details of the past, her sweet daughter, her lovely grand-children, and their excellent father, that I could scarcely tear myself from them, and I have promised to return next week.”

“But how does your poor friend look,” said I “after the blight of spring, and the toils of summer, how fares the autumn of her days?”

“She is a little fuller in form, and a little fuller in the face, of course; has a rheumatic affection from standing so much in the cold, but otherwise seems well, and her countenance still exhibits the goodness of her heart, the simple rectitude of her mind; the unrepining submission once so strongly depicted there, is exchanged for quiet happiness and gratitude to heaven.”

“I rejoice to hear this—you see she has done well at last, notwithstanding the *law*.”

“True: but no thanks to the *law*, which, by its refusal of assistance to such a wife, mother, and citizen, as this virtuous and industrious subject, proves that there are cases in which we may say with almost forgotten Sterne, “they manage these things better in France, nay, they manage them better even in Turkey.”

London, 1837.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## DO I LOVE THEE!

BY MRS. V. E. HOWARD, LATE MISS GOOCH.

If to feel the deep devotion  
Of a pilgrim at a shrine;  
If to weep with fond emotion  
Be to love thee, I am thine.

If to treasure every token,  
Every look and every sign,  
Every light word thou hast spoken  
Be to love thee, I am thine.

Once the future spread before me  
Many a mingled hope and fear:  
Now but one e'er glances o'er me,  
"Tis, *will he still hold me dear*.

Once I too dreamed of ambition,  
Of *Corinné's* wreath of Bay,  
Now such thoughts seem worthless vision,  
If but *thy* praise crowns my lay.

Arabia never was conquered by any foreign nation. Its sands have been its securities, and the poverty of the people has offered no temptation. Job was an Arab. Their power of story-telling is almost universal.

Tin and antimony are pewter

Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE INDIAN GIRL'S FUNERAL.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"Died, in the vicinity of Montrose, Wisconsin Territory, the only daughter of Meko, an Indian woman of the Sac tribe, at the age of 18, of a lingering consumption. A few of the tribe, and a few of the pale faces were in attendance—yet no one wept over the maiden's grave, but the poor mother."—*Herald of the Upper Mississippi*.

A WAIL upon the prairies,  
A cry of woman's woe,  
That mingleth with the autumn blast  
All fitfully and low.  
It is a mother's wailing:  
Hath Earth another tone  
Like that with which a mother mourns  
Her last, her only one?

Pale faces gather round her,  
They mark the storm swell high  
Which rends and recks the tossing soul,  
Yet their cold blue eyes are dry.  
Pale faces gaze upon her,  
As the wild winds waft her moan,  
But she was an Indian mother—  
So she wept those tears alone.

Long, o'er that wasting idol,  
She watch'd and toil'd and pray'd,  
Though every dreary dawn reveal'd  
Some savage Death had made:  
Till the fleshless sinews started,  
And Hope no opiate gave,  
And hoarse and hollow grew her voice—  
An echo from the grave.

She was a gentle creature,  
Of raven eye and tress,  
And dove-like were the tones that breath'd  
Her bosom's tenderness,  
Save when some quick emotion  
The warm blood strongly sent,  
To revel in her olive cheek,  
So richly eloquent.

I said consumption smote her,  
And the healer's art was vain,  
But she was an Indian maiden,  
So none deplored her pain—  
None, save that widow'd mother,  
Who now, by her open tomb,  
Is writhing like the smitten wretch  
Whom judgment marks for doom.

Alas! that lonely cabin,  
That couch beside the wall,  
That seat beneath the mantling vine,  
They're lone and empty all!  
What hand shall pluck the tall, green corn,  
That ripeneth on the plain,  
Since she, for whom the board was spread,  
Must ne'er return again?

Rest, rest thee, Indian maiden!  
Nor let thy murmuring shade  
Grieve that those pale-brow'd ones, with scorn,  
Thy burial-rite survey'd.  
There's many a king, whose funeral  
A black-rob'd realm shall see,  
For whom no tear of grief is shed,  
Like that which falls for thee.

Rest, rest thee, forest maiden!  
Beneath thy native tree,  
The proud may boast their little day,  
Then sink to dust, like thee;  
But there's many a one whose funeral  
With nodding plumes may be,  
Whom Nature nor affection mourn,  
As now they mourn for thee.

September 22, 1837.

## TORCELLO,

THE evening of the 23rd of April, 1797, will be long remembered in Venice, as the commencement of those hostilities which determined the fall of the most ancient republic of Europe. On that evening Charles Montague had arrived in the city of palaces, with despatches to the British envoy. In the vigour of life, just five-and-twenty, a captain of cavalry, and in prospect of a handsome estate, life was to him all *coulour de rose*. Italy had long attracted all eyes. Napoleon's brilliant battles inflamed his young soldiery, and he regarded it as one of the brightest days that ever dawned on his gay existence, when a relative in the foreign office offered him the opportunity of seeing Italy, whether in flood or flame, by charging himself with a half-a-dozen routine letters for his Britannic majesty's legation at Venice.

After traversing the country with extreme difficulty, and some rather delicate escapes from the French Hussars, he made his way to the hotel of the embassy, tired, waysore, but in the highest state of animation, mental and bodily.

"What news?" was the anxious envoy's, Sir Edward Wilmot, first question.

"Capital," was the answer. "The war has broken out again. The French columns, under Victor and Kellerman, are moving full speed on the Brenta—at least thirty thousand men. They will be within cannon-shot of us by to-morrow night. And, as for myself, within these twelve hours, I have walked, rode, and run, half a hundred miles, and have seen a first-rate skirmish besides."

"Why, captain, I must acknowledge, you seem to have made the most of your day," observed the envoy, gravely. "Then the old republic goes. I regret that so little time can be allowed for the hospitalities of the embassy. If the French come, the 'Sauve qui peut,' will be the order of the day here."

"Well, we must take the world as it comes," said Montague, laughingly; "if the Sansculottes make their way to the city, we shall have something to do. If they turn off, we shall have something to see. In both ways we gain. But,

on the whole, I think Venice will be able to beat them."

"Yes. If old men in the field, and old women in the council, can supply the place of generals and statesmen," said the envoy, with increasing gravity.

An attendant here entered to announce that dinner was on the table, and Montague, hungry and parched by a journey in the glow of an Italian sun, gave way to the envoy's polite pressure with remarkably good will. Several of the attachés and some Italian men of rank joined the party; the table was full, and he owed to himself, as he looked round on the showy apartment, decorated as it was with Italian luxury, and on the lively party, in whose conversation all the novelty, oddity, and not a little of the scandal, of the city came out with foreign freedom—that, amusing as it might be to be galloping off from the shots of a squadron of chasseurs, the existing state of things was better, at least for the time. The envoy alone was unmoved. The general gaiety was lost upon him, and his efforts to bear his part in the conversation, were evidently unsuccessful. At length, the cloth was removed, the wine began to circulate, and the standing toast was given; "The king of Great Britain, and the republic," which the Italians honoured by throwing the glasses, in which it had been drunk, out of the windows, as an especial distinction. But the pleasantry of the hour was interrupted by the horn of a courier, which announced the welcome tidings that letters were at hand. They were speedily spread among the attachés. The envoy alone held one in his hand, as if he dreaded to break the seal.

"Read this for me, Cadogan," he said to one of the young men.

The letter was opened, and simply announced that the family of Sir Edward had arrived safely at the Isle of Torcello, where they had been most hospitably received by the family of its noble owner the duke, and had now no anxiety but to hear from Venice.

"I must apologize to Captain Montague," said the envoy, "for this *scene*. But the fact is, that I was extremely uneasy since I heard his news, for the situation of my family. Under the idea that the war was at end, and the treaty just signed, or about to be signed at Leoben, I allowed Lady Wilmot and her daughter to take advantage of the invitation of their noble friends, to spend the hot months as far as they could from our sickly canals. I should have joined them in another week; but, gentlemen," said he, turning to the astonished Italians, "I am sorry, for all our sakes, to say, that the tide of the war seems turning upon us here. The French are out in force again, and the country must soon become unsafe in every direction."

All topics were now lost in the safety of the ladies. A dozen voices volunteered at once, to set out next morning, that night, next minute, to escort them back. On this rapid performance, however, Sir Edward imposed his negative.

"Not," said he, "but that I am as willing as man can be to get them once more as near me as I can. But any very hasty proceeding on my part would undoubtedly bring the public eyes upon us, and might produce a panic among a po-

palace, by no means too strongly inclined already, as we all know, to fight the French."

"Of what order is the daughter?" inquired Montague, in a low voice, of the sitter next him, a magnificent coxcomb, and nephew of the doge.

"The Signora?" said, or rather smiled, the Venetian, turning up a superb pair of moustaches. "A fine blonde, perfectly English, blue-eyed, auburn-haired, and charmingly *susceptible*." The Venetian's look sufficiently proved his opinion that her susceptibility had been all his own. Montague fixed his eye rather doubtfully on the coxcomb's visage. "But, Signor Capitano, have you any curiosity to see the lady?" said the showy coxcomb.

"By all means," was the answer.

The Venetian drew from his pocket a diamond snuff-box, and from the lid took a small portrait exquisitely painted. It fully answered the description. It was that of a beautiful English girl, with the rosy cheek, the sunny hair, and the eyes of *bleu celeste*, a pair of sapphires, that at once shot deep into Montague's imagination. He gazed on the lovely countenance, and with a new feeling, put the question, "Does *she* actually love you?"

"*Actually* love me! Ah, Corpo di Bacco, to distraction," whispered the count. "I was forced to go to Milan for a month. She fell sick. Could not bear my absence, and, as you see, has been obliged to go up the country for want of air. Ha, ha, povera figlia!"

"And you marry her on your return, I presume," said Montague, with an undefined sensation, that made him wish the count at the bottom of one of his own canals.

"Caro mio, impossible!" was the answer, "I have a score of principessas on my list already. You would not have me break the hearts of all the fine women in Venice for one? Cospetto!"

"Scoundrel!" was on the very point of Montague's tongue; when all were roused by the sound of a heavy gun from the sea. The party rose at once. The count put his finger to his lip, restored the miniature to his snuff-box, and the snuff-box to his pocket. Montague cast an involuntary glance at the fond father, and mused on the folly of being anxious about blue-eyed daughters with too much susceptibility.

The apartment looked out upon a broad expanse of the waters. The air from the trellis of roses and myrtles breathed in deliciously. But the Englishman's spirit had met with a disturbance which perplexed him infinitely, yet which left him no resource in the calmness of evening seas, or the breath of Italian gardens. The indescribable beauty of the twilight sky of the south was reflected in the unruffled Lagoon. There all was the perfection of tranquillity. But the sound of cannon was heard again, and he felt it as the war-horse hears the sound of the trumpet. The party had now crowded to the casements. A few of the populace alone were lounging about the esplanade below, but they were talking with native eagerness, and it was evident that something unusual had happened, or was happening. The envoy sent off one of his secretaries to the palace of the government to know whether any news of the French advance had been received. In the meantime fresh signs of disturbance were

given. A concourse were seen blackening along the distant shore of the Lagune, and moving rapidly towards the Lido. A cluster of rockets next shot up from the ducal palace, and fell like a shower of stars over the spot where two of the galleys lay; which were shortly seen strongly pulling out to sea, throwing up fire-works as they passed the forts, in answer to the signals. The twilight rapidly darkens in the south, and the crowds, the galleys, and the Lido, had melted into one deep haze of purple, almost as soon as the eye could fix on them.

But they were speedily to be seen by another light. A roar burst from the long range of batteries lining the entrance to the port. The guns on the Lido began to play, and the horizon was kept in a blaze with their perpetual fire. The matter had now become one of more than curiosity; but, as is usual in cases of public alarm, to obtain exact intelligence of any kind was found to be out of the question. Servant after servant hurried back, each with a different tale, and generally a contradictory one. It was successively, an insurrection, an invasion, and an attack by a French fleet. It was by the peasantry, the Austrians, the French, headed by Napoleon in person, or the man in the moon. The numbers of the assailants varied according to the fright of the narrators, they were ten thousand, fifty thousand, or ten times the amount. The secretaries from whom alone any accurate intelligence might have been derived, had not returned. In this uncertainty, Montague proposed that he should be sent to the Lido to ascertain the facts, such as they were. The dispute ended in the whole party's getting on horseback and galloping towards the spot where the incessant flashes from the guns told unequivocally, that the true business of the night was going on.

But this was soon found, by the greater number, to be an expedition of more than usual difficulty. The populace choked up the way. The roads, neither very wide, nor very passable at any time, were now filled with carts and mule-teams of the peasantry flying to Venice, from what they deemed an invasion direct from Pandemonium. The two streams of population, thus hurrying from the shore and to the shore, produced a horrible confusion; and, in a few minutes after plunging into the mass, when Montague looked about for his companions, he saw nothing round him but a tide of brown visages, and clasp-knives flashing in the fire of the batteries, and heard a peal of Italian oaths and rabble oratory that almost equalled their roar. To proceed became, at length impossible. To return was as difficult as to go forward. His horse, at last, fell under him in a general rush of the multitude to escape the fall of a huge shell which came slowly sailing through the blue, with its fuze burning a quarter of a mile above their heads.

He was now in imminent danger; but by an extraordinary effort of dexterity and strength, he raised the animal on its legs, and taking advantage of the space left open for the shell to do its will, struck in the spur, and rushed down to the water's edge. A hundred yards of sea, smooth as a mirror, and black as death, lay between him and the sandy tongue of the Lido. He plunged in, swam his horse across, and, to his great de-

light, found himself once more on dry land. There he was not likely to be impeded by the multitude; though, in better times, he might have been seized or shot for a spy. But the little garrison were too busily occupied in front, and to the front he made his way. Turning his horse loose, he fixed his stand on the flank of the battery, and there had his first view of the mighty cause which had thrown the ancient mistress of the seas into such an ague-fit.

A solitary French corvette of twenty guns, with the tri-coloured flag, insolently multiplied wherever she could fix it all over her rigging, was firing, and being fired upon. The vain glory of the *grande nation* happened to be then at its height, and laws were nothing to the republic of republics. The Gaul had insisted on passing the entrance of the port, without let or hindrance, an act which had never been done before by any earthly power. The insolent demand was repelled, and the little corvette without further hesitation dashed forward, and taking the bull by the horns, poured in her cannon-shot upon a range of batteries mounting about two hundred and fifty guns! Fortune had signally favoured her so far, for their first discharge ought to have sent her and her *braves* to the bottom. But Italian holidays, macaroni, and fright make but bad gunners, and it had already taken an hour to break down her two little masts, shave off her figure-head, and dismount a couple of her six-pounders. However, fortune will not last forever, and a twenty-four-pound shot at once swept away her helmsman and helm, and brought her round, with her head direct on shore, and within fifty yards of the principal battery. Bold as she was, she had now nothing to do but surrender; and surrender she did accordingly, with all the grace of her nation. The captain and his officers landed immediately, bowing on all sides with the air of the most accomplished of mankind. But their grace was thrown away; they were, unhappily, among men who knew nothing of the elegances of war, but a great deal of its savageness. The dreadful excesses of the French in Italy, had filled the peasantry with revenge. The Italian knows no restraint with the knife in his hand and wrongs in his bosom.

At the first news of the capture, a crowd of the peasantry had crossed by boats, or swimming, to the island. The unfortunate Frenchmen were received with a howl of wrath as if they had fallen into a den of wild beasts. Not a man of them was to leave the spot alive!

Roar on roar of fury succeeded; the slight guard, perhaps not unwillingly, were forced, and in a few minutes all was a scene of butchery. Montague recoiled in horror, but the whirl of the crowd, yelling, fighting, and stabbing, suddenly rolled on to the spot where he stood. In the midst of the tumult his ear was caught by a voice crying out in half-a-dozen successive languages, "that he was no Frenchman, no traitor, no enemy;" and among the rest of the languages, in excellent English. It was clear that a countryman had, by some ill-luck, got in the midst of these savages. He sprang forward, with instinctive gallantry, and dragged from the midst of the crowd a tall young man, half naked, fighting fiercely, and with a wound in his forehead

that covered his face with blood, and made him a formidable exhibition.

Montague had come up just in time. The young Englishman had struggled boldly till the last moment, but the loss of blood had exhausted him, and he fell at his feet. His protector brandishing the sword which he took from his fallen protege, was not a figure at all to the taste of Italian heroism. Besides, the flame of their wrath had been tolerably slaked in the carnage which had already so atrociously taken place; and he was at length suffered to congratulate himself in quiet, on having saved from being cut in pieces, a countryman, who indeed seemed already a corpse. A little water, a little wine, and a little fresh air, however, brought him round.

It was past midnight when he reached the hotel of the embassy with his prize, in one of the shore-boats. He found the household still up, and great alarm expressed for his own safety. Some account of his adventures had already reached the envoy, coloured in the native style, with an alternate touch from Pandemonium and the skies; but, whether rescued by St. Januarius, or slain by the fangs of the fiend—whether conquering by a spell, or gone headlong to purgatory, he was universally declared to have done wonders, and to have deserved a "sonnet" to himself, in honour of English gallantry.

But he, too, had his wonder. The half-dying figure whom he had brought with him, was no sooner cleared of the blood that covered his very pale physiognomy, than he was discovered to be Lord Avondale, the intended son-in-law of Sir Edward. The *eclaircissement* was easy. It was in his lordship's haste to meet his bride, that the catastrophe originated. The packet in which he sailed from England had been captured by the corvette in the bay of Lyons. He had been kept on board during the cruise, and was finally dragged into the quarrel with the batteries against a hundred remonstrances on his part. But in spite of the most eloquent protests against this reluctant battle with the open mouths of so many allied twenty-four pounders, the Frenchman swore by the tri-colour, that nothing would satisfy him but putting the whole senate to the sword, or finding his bed in the sands of the republic. He had one of his wishes, and France lost a corvette and a conqueror.

For four-and-twenty hours all was rejoicing in all quarters. Venetian victories had been few, for the last three centuries, and the warriors of the commonwealth were by no means disposed to let the sinking of a French sloop go for nothing, if it was armed only with cigars. The whole city, from the piazza to the fish-stands along the shore, was in a blaze. The night echoed with squibs and crackers. The nobles gave a ball. The cannoneers from the Lido marched through the little narrow streets, like so many lions; and the peasantry who had executed the final portion of the work, exhibited the patches of their unfortunate victims' lace and clothes, as if every fragment were a ribbon of the order of St. Anthony, the invincible, or a knot of the holy slipper itself.

The envoy was perhaps the sole exception to the public gaiety; which exception the crowd of "manificentissimi" who came to communicate

their intelligence of this stupendous achievement, and share his very excellent supper, attributed by many a significant gesture, to English jealousy of the national renown in arms—but, for which, if the Englishman himself had been consulted, he might have given the unpopular reason, that the night's performance would, in all likelihood, be the most expensive victory that had ever been obtained by the "City of the Seas."

Montague was on his feet by daybreak, and was cooling his fever by the dewy air which flows in before the sun comes to scorch the Italian to the core; when a chaloupe, with a couple of officers in a foreign uniform on board, came rushing up the canal, shot along to the landing place of the ducal palace, and discharged her cargo, which immediately disappeared within the gates of his highness. A knot of gondoliers were standing outside, evidently in no good temper with the arrival. All was quiet round him—the household had not yet slept off the effect of their night's rejoicing, and Montague quietly descending the superb flight of marble steps which dipped into the waters, still glittering with the dawn, hailed one of the fruit-boats to take him over to the scene of the affair. The Venetians have no love for an affray, except it be of their own choosing. The helmsman quickly conceived that two furious Frenchmen, and of the staff too, had not come at five in the morning, only to inquire for the Doge's health; and he recommended his fare to let him steer in any other direction. Some time was lost in the discussion, until the sight of an English guinea, the grand softener of the foreign soul, suddenly turned the argument and the helm together, and Montague's foot was set on the palace esplanade. He found his dinner friend, the showy Count Carlo Spadinari, coming at the instant out of the portal, disconcerted, to the oblivion of all the graces. He ran full against Montague, and recoiled from the shock with an oath which could have been uttered only by a Venetian exasperated to the utmost possible indignation.

"What does this mean, count?" was the young Englishman's inquiry, as he struggled to save himself from being shot into the very centre of the most silvery of waters.

"Hah, Diavolo!" was the answering scream, "*Mille perdonne*; but who expected to have found Mi Lor Montague here at this hour? The fact is,"—and the Signor slowly recovered his respiration and his elegance; "Pshaw! may all the fiends take our last night's work! The news has reached those scoundrels of French, and two of the Etat-major, one of them Buonaparte's own aid-de-camp, Junot, have just arrived, to give us the very pleasing intelligence that we are to provide rations within twelve hours for twenty thousand ruffians, now on their march for the city; and who will do us the honour to make Venice their head-quarters, until the amplest reparation, and so forth, is made, and all this for the capture of that miserable corvette."

"Well, and they are actually coming!" eagerly inquired Montague. "Just the very thing you could have wished for, and at the very time."

The count stared. Montague all alert at the idea of seeing service, followed his own specu-

lation. "You have at least ten thousand troops within call; batteries in plenty, as I know; the sea around you; sailors against conscripts, frigates against boats; the people in spirits for fighting. Let, then, twenty thousand men, or three times their number come, and you have nothing to do but give them a first-rate flogging, and take all that are left of them, like so many rats in a trap. That will, indeed, be something to talk of."

The Venetian's visage grew longer at every word. Montague, already in the midst of the battle by anticipation, was darting his animated gaze round the defences of the city, and pointing with his finger to the spots where the business was to be decided; when his showy friend, with a contortion of which nothing on earth is capable but an Italian nose and chin, murmured "Cospettone! No. They would eat us alive! I am now on my way to the French headquarters."

"For what purpose under heaven?" asked Montague, fixing his eyes, half in scorn, half in astonishment, on the convulsed muscles of the speaker.

"For what purpose?" coldly came the answer—"why, what but to try if they will suffer the grand council to apologize for the *contre tems* of last night, and accept of half a million of ducats in place of the rations."

"*Bravo, bravissimo*," irresistibly exclaimed Montague. "Then, while you have a ducat you will have the French. But a new thought strikes me, when do you set off?"

"The moment the council can be assembled to ratify the proposal," said the count, languidly: "I suppose in an hour or two. I wish they would choose St. Anthony, or any body else for their ambassador, for I have a thousand things on my hands; for example, to pay a morning visit to the Principessa di Blandini; to see my tailor, who has just come from Paris; to give directions for the furniture of my gondola: and besides——"

"And besides, Signor! Out with the fact. You are ashamed of the mission. You have no great love for wading your way through the French patrols, and, after all, begging pardon for this trembling old coterie of superannuated fools and knaves. Not their whole bank would make me undertake it," indignantly interrupted Montague.

"Doubtless, caro mio," said, or sighed the Signor, twisting his exquisitely curled moustaches: "it is an abominable trouble altogether. I hate the French—they are so vulgar!"

The conference ended by Montague's proposal to ride along with the count, as a matter of curiosity towards the French camp, at the appointed hour.

He returned to the hotel of the embassy, and there found that fresh confusion had arisen. A letter, written in pencil, had been received from Lady Wilmot, saying, "That the French had appeared near Fucina the night before; that the duke and his family had been forced to fly from Torcello, in expectation of the island's being plundered, and that they were all on the road to Treviso—with but little hope, however, of reaching it in safety, as the enemy's light troops were spread every where through the country."

Something more had evidently been written, but the peasant not being perfectly sure of his neck for carrying letters through the enemy's lines, had wrapped up his despatch so carefully in his rags, that the pencil marks were beyond all decyphering. The envoy, a bold and a feeling man, was deliberate and diplomatic no more. He had instantly ordered horses to be ready for him on terra firma, and was stepping into his barge to follow his fugitives, at the moment when Montague returned. But, at the same moment, a message from the terrified Doge, who wished to consult with the British representative, was brought to him. Vexatious as this delay was, there was no alternative—the public business must be done. He accepted Montague's chivalric offer to turn his expedition with the count into the means of a search for Lady Wilmot and her daughter. The rowers dipped their oars in the canal, and the envoy was on his way to the palace. Montague, in half an hour after, was inspecting and urging the tardy proceedings of the Signor at his toilet; and, at length, the new embassy was sweeping its way over the northern face of the Lagoon.

No experiment in diplomacy could be more disastrous from the beginning. As the gondolas approached the shore it was clear that the enemy were there before them. A scattered fire of musquetry rattled in all directions round Fucina, and the sight of the peasantry flying across the fields with their cattle, showed that the French foragers were pursuing their usual game. The ducal gondola pushed into Fucina, where the envoy's horses should have been ready for the count and his suite, but a shower of grape from a French howitzer, which ploughed up the water for a hundred yards round them, told effectually that there was no landing for them at Fucina, and that the horses were already good prize. The count proposed an instant return to Venice; but this Montague, who had further objects before him, indignantly refused, and insisted on another trial. The gondola was then steered for an inlet some miles lower down, and the landing was effected beyond the reach of the French sharpshooters. The expedition now began to move. The gondoliers were ordered to lie on their oars till the count's return. But those were delicate times. French posts, too, were awkward neighbours; and the count was no sooner fairly entangled in the thickets that line the low shores of the Adriatic marshes, than the boatmen, consulting their own value to the state, slipped from their moorings, and moved, without trumpet or drum, towards home.

The night was dark, and soon threatened a storm. The count and his suite were already mid-leg deep in the mire of bye-roads, that seemed to have been constructed on the principle of the spider's web. To bivouac in this world of brambles, with the probability of being swept into the Adriatic before morning, on the surface of some overflowed ditch, was a trial for the patience of any man; but such an indignity had never been heard of before in the history of a noble Venetian. At length the promise of the night became fully realised—a few broad, bright flashes along the horizon—a few fierce gusts that shook the forest boughs thick upon their heads,—a few heavy drops, and down came the tempest!



All was brought to a stand. The count protested against advancing another step, and would have given half his estate for the sight of a cottage. Montague protested against the waste of time in going back, and the absurdity of supposing that the gondolas would wait along shore in the midst of a whirlwind. This argument he had the opportunity of reinforcing from the first rising ground, which displayed to all eyes the cluster of torches in their bows, rolling away far over the waters. At length it was agreed that the count should remain where he was, and the party should separate to discover some place of shelter. Montague set out at once, forced his way through a *chevaux-de-frise* of brambles, and found on the other side of them a French sutler, drunk, and asleep in a cart, loaded with the produce of some plundered farm. His first act was to fling the fellow out of the cart, and his next to drive it towards the count's bivouac.

The exploit was bold but imprudent; for the ejected sutler raised a roar for his loss, which awoke a sleeping outpost. The drums beat, the chasseurs were all on the alert—shots began to rattle through the hedges in all directions. There was bustle enough for beating up the quarters of a brigade; and when Montague reached the point of union, he found the count alone, and half dissolved into a jelly with rain and terror. To wait for the rest of the party, of course, would have been idle. The count was taken up into the cart, the lash applied stoutly to the little Ferrarese poney, and away they drove, over ruts, logs, and stones, that shook the unfortunate Venetian's teeth in his head. At length the poney, neighing suddenly, and snorting, brought them within a glimpse of a blaze from a farm-house window.

But all was to be unlucky on this night of ill-luck. Instead of the quiet supper and truckle-bed of the farmer, they were saluted by a shot from an invisible sentinel. They had stumbled on the quarters of a squadron of French hussars. Montague counselled a retrograde movement without delay. But the poney knew his home, and had made up his mind not to stir a step. The delay brought a volley from the hussars, who had run to the window on the discharge of the sentinel's musket. Montague felt himself wounded; and the count gave a groan as if every bullet of the squadron had made a lodgment in his body.

"Fly!" exclaimed the Englishman, as he saw the hussars pouring out on foot from the farm-house. The count only groaned deeper still. Montague, determined on not being made a prisoner, sprang out, plunged into the thicket—fell, and felt no more.

A fortnight after the French had retired from the coast of the Adriatic, the young Englishman was lying on a bed in the farm-house. The hussars had found him in the wood, apparently dead, but his fine features had interested some of the sentimentalists among them; and as they were a little ashamed of having been so hastily alarmed by a civilian in a cart, they brought the surgeon of their regiment to examine him, before he was laid where civilian and soldiers can frighten each other no more. The surgeon found that life was there; and though his patient raved and

dreamed for a fortnight, he had brought him within sight of recovery.

But who is there who has not owed some of the most fortunate services of his existence to woman? An hospital of the "*Sœurs de Charité*," in the neighbourhood, had supplied the attendance, which man could never give to man: and Montague, on the surgeon's following his regiment, was delivered over to the healing power of those soft hands, soft words, and soft footsteps, which have done more since the world began, than "poppy, mandragora, and all the soothing syrups of the world."

What men, mad either with pain, passion, or perplexity, think on their pillow, might seem to be matter of no great import to those who look or listen. But one of the sisterhood, at least, had begun to listen more than her share, to the waking dreams of the young and fine-countenanced invalid. They were often as wild as an Arabian fable; but they often showed the richness of an imaginative mind, and an ardent heart. He frequently conceived himself to have passed away from the world, and to be enamoured of some of the bright spirits of the stars; his speeches then glowed with all the eloquence of feeling; he pleaded, he implored, he exulted, he poured out all the language of a native sensibility, elevated by the noblest and most creative of all the passions of man. The young sister began daily to discover that her attendance was more interesting; but at seventeen all are courageous: and the delight was not discovered to be the most serious part of the danger. At length the turn of an elder sister came, and the young devotee was forced to suspend her skill in the art of healing. She retired—but her world seemed to have changed within a fortnight. The effect was now fully revealed to herself. She had never felt it so miserable to have nothing to do. The routine of the convent life seemed a calamity beyond all endurance. The garden, the cloister, the cell, and the refectory were equally irksome. She grew unaccountably wretched, and alone beguiled her hours with attempting to recall the wild eloquence of the dreamer.

The effect on the dreamer himself was equally strange. The returning tide of his life seemed to have suddenly ebbed. He had his reveries still. They were wild, but without the richness of his former extravagancies. He saw no more of those lovely visions, that held him in perpetual chase of their floating footsteps and silver wings. He followed them no more through landscapes of perpetual luxuriance, and listened to them no longer by fountains of living music. The glow of his speeches had entirely passed away, and the ancient sister who now administered to him, and who probably expected to have heard some of those pathetic addresses directed to herself, declared that she had never attended a duller young gentleman in the course of her life.

But one evening Montague opened his eyes, and saw the seraph of his vision once more. Yet still more distinct, clear and beautiful. The evening sun threw an amber and visionary radiance into the chamber, and for a few moments after his awaking, he actually thought that the form had descended on the flood of glory that peeped from the casement. With feeble and

dazzled eyes he continued to gaze. But a strange idea suddenly started into his mind. He recognized the singularly pure complexion, the auburn hair, the brilliant dark blue depth of eye. It was the original of the portrait which he had seen in the possession of that most consummate of all coxcombs, the Count Carlo. His heart sank within him at the thought—he unconsciously pronounced her name. The vision instantly vanished. It was reality.

That night he received a note entreating him "Never to mention his having seen the writer—acknowledging that she was the daughter of the British envoy, but that circumstances of the most painful nature rendered it imperative on her to remain unknown to her family for a time."

Montague preserved her secret; but his anxiety to know whether the fair "*Sœur de Charité*" was still near him became irrestrainable. His bed could detain him no longer. He inquired in all quarters. The inquiry was wholly in vain. The day after the date of her note, she had bidden farewell to the sisterhood, and had left no trace behind.

In the course of another week the invalid was within the hotel of the embassy. The invasion had been bought off. But the public joy on this event had not extinguished private anxieties. The envoy was in great sorrow—Lady Wilmot had made her escape with great difficulty, but her daughter had been lost in the confusion of the flight from the French, and notwithstanding every effort, no intelligence of her could be obtained. Montague was panting with his secret, but his lips were sealed; though even if he had spoken, he could not now tell the place of her retreat. He had, too, another bond upon him. The intended bridegroom, now fully recovered, was daily before his eyes, and he felt a sensation in his presence which sickened at the idea of seeing the goddess of his idolatry given to another. Still, the thoughts that this lovely creature, so sought and so sorrowed after, had actually stooped to give her affections to so palpable a puppy as the count, gave him a sensation still more sickening.

At length, conceiving it just possible that the envoy might have two daughters, and thus the difficulty might be cleared, he made the inquiry of his valet, a personage who generally fathoms the secrets of families, at least on the Continent. But Monsieur Papillote was at fault; he protested that he knew nothing on the subject; adding that as he did not know it, the affair was impossible. He then made his enquiry of the envoy himself. Sir Edward answered promptly and gravely, "Mr. Montague, I have but one daughter, if, fortunately, I have even that one."

The subject was too painful, in the uncertainty of the moment, to be more than touched on, and the inquirer was left as much in the dark as ever.

He made one last inquiry; it was from the count. The Venetian had been made prisoner, but sent back on the discovery of his mission. He owed a retort for exposing his diplomacy to the storm; and the inquiry was met with a peculiarly bitter sneer. The dialogue became warm; and Montague, insisting that the honor of his friend, the envoy's family, should not be compromised by the count's triviality, demanded the

restoration of the miniature to Sir Edward. Count Carlo haughtily refused. Montague retired, and sent him a message to meet him on the Island of Torcello, as the spot most remote from disturbance, in two hours. The count was the first gladiator in Venice, accepted the message, and openly pronounced in the caffè that the impudent Englishman had just half an hour to live.

Montague was in his chamber writing some letters to England, with the feelings natural to a man who might never write another; when the intended bridegroom, now Lord Avondale, tapped at the door.

"This is an unlucky business, my dear Montague," said the young nobleman; "but as there is no use in talking about it now, I come to offer you any service in my power.

"How have you heard of this, Avondale?"

"By that most communicative of all things, the tongue of Count Carlo himself. That intolerable fellow, who boasts of the hearts of every Donna of Italy, and thinks himself possessed of all its charms, has been vapouring, like a fool as he is, before the rabble in the piazza, and in consequence I came without delay."

"Then you are welcome. You are just in time, and now let us be gone to Torcello."

The young nobleman pressed his hand, and they left the hotel together.

The gondolas of both parties grated on the pebbles of the island at the same moment. Lord Avondale advanced to the count, and asked his second, one of the diplomatic body, in the usual terms—whether the nature of the quarrel demanded this mode of settling it, and whether any explanation might not prevent two friends from being involved in the consequences.

"Of the quarrel I know nothing, my lord," said the diplomat, "except that it has arisen about a mere matter of etiquette, a thing so trifling as the retention of a lady's portrait, the lady herself being probably no longer in the land of the living."

"And must my preserver, Montague, throw himself away upon such a fancy as this?" thought his lordship. "Had my friend any personal interest in the lady?" he asked.

"None whatever," said the count, hastily interposing. "He has insulted me, absolutely for nothing, for whim, spleen; for a lady whom he never saw in his life. The daughter of your envoy."

This produced a new storm. The bridegroom was furious, raved, and insisted on Montague's giving up his right of chastising the count's insolence, to himself. This, however, was not to be conceded; and, as the simplest way of settling the affair, the whole four finally drew, flung their coats on the ground, and engaged each other.

A spectacle of this order would have collected a crowd any where but in the sands of the Great Desert. Boats were soon seen flitting across the waters to the spot. The skill of the two Englishmen was altogether inferior to the practised swordsmanship of the Italians; but they were active, daring, and they fully kept the more adroit fencers in awe. The groups now gathered towards the island, and among the rest, one of the market-boats from the Bolognese pulled up close, with a dozen of red-capped clowns and

ribbon-haired damsels, straining all their eyes to enjoy the novelty. The caution of the Italians, and the awkwardness of the Englishmen, had hitherto confined the combat to a few scratches of the sword's point; but now Montague, impatient of this tardy hostility, gave a sudden spring forward, dashed his sword through the count's arm, and in the impulse, following his weapon, fell against the count, already sufficiently astonished at his wound. His weight brought down the Italian, and they rolled on the sand together. At this moment a scream from the boat was heard, and one of the women springing on the land, rushed forward a few paces towards the combatants, and fainted at their feet.

To continue the conflict was now impossible: Lord Avondale and the diplomat had fought for form's sake—and the count had got something to employ himself with, in a handsome section of the fleshy part of his right arm, which bled profusely, and by his own account, smarted more horribly than any wound ever inflicted on a count before. Montague, wiping the sand from his visage, was left to offer his attentions to the peasant who had exhibited so much more sensibility than her countrywomen. Raising her up to the air, and removing her hood, he saw—the *Sœur de Charité*! the fugitive note writer! the vision! He was delighted. But the next thought stung him to the quick. He saw the lost daughter of Sir Edward, the bride of Lord Avondale, and worst of all, the fair intrigante of the notoriously profligate Count Carlo. Unconsciously, he deposited her on the sand, and stood, gazing on a countenance, that, lifeless as it was, still seemed to him the perfection of innocence and lovelessness. Lord Avondale, who had now sheathed his rapier, came up, and gazed along with him at the beautiful paysanne. Montague expected to have heard some exclamation of joy or grief. Not a syllable! His lordship, with the look of one perfectly at his ease, brought some water to bathe her temples. She opened her fine eye. Still no sign of recognition on either side, Montague's heart revived. But the start of the count, and the shudder of the lady as he advanced to indulge his curiosity, showed that, there at least, the recognition was complete. His blood sank a hundred degrees below the freezing point. In ten-fold perplexity he almost wished that the count's sword had saved him the trouble of developing a problem which darkened every instant.

At length the young nobleman, who alone preserved the use of his senses, came forward, after the exchange of a few words with the fair fugitive, and leading her towards his friend, begged to introduce —.

"Lady Avondale," murmured Montague, with an effort that made him writhe.

"No," said his lordship, with a good humoured laugh. "Plurality of wives is not British law yet."

The light grew upon the lover. He gazed in speechless admiration. But a sound of oars awoke him; it was the count's gondola, about to carry off its master. Was it possible that she could have loved him! But, let what might happen, the Venetian must not be suffered to carry off his trophy. Montague made but one

spring from the spot where he stood to the gunwale of the boat, and there caught the count in the act of stepping on board. The miniature was demanded, and again refused. The Englishman grasped him with the strength of rage. The count was in peril; he was already hanging half-way over the side—another instant would have seen him plunged ten fathoms deep under it. He was prudent, capitulated, and the picture was surrendered! The achievement had not escaped the eyes of the lady, if ever there was meaning in a smile and blush of thanks; they made her look handsomer than ever in the eyes of her worshipper. Still there were difficulties. Nothing was yet explained. The crimson cheek was bent immovably on the ground. The third party good-humouredly protested "that all this was but a waste of time; that if neither would speak, it must be impossible to solve the problem." He "recommended an immediate return to the hotel of the embassy."

But the fairest of paysannes evidently again shrank from the proposal. Montague as evidently had no inclination to move. The peace-maker almost got out of patience.

"My good friends," said he, with a grave smile, "this quarrel is premature; you should wait till the British chaplain gives you the privilege of misunderstanding each other. Montague, be a man! Remember, I, too, have my motives. No intelligence has been received from Lady Wilmot and her daughter."

"Her daughter!" echoed Montague, with a glance at the *inconnue*.

Lord Avondale interpreted the glance.

"Oh, I see the whole affair. You think the inquiry in another quarter would be more interesting. Pray, Signora," said he, turning to the lady, "by what name shall I have the honor to introduce you to this gentleman?" The cheek was but the more crimsoned. "Well, then, Mr. Montague, captain in his Britannic majesty's hussars, hand into our chaloûpe the fair unknown—the *sœur de charité*, unow, doubtless, flying to some other sisterhood, where she will be out of sight of this wicked world, hussars and all." He placed her passive hand in his friend's. But with all that friend's admiration of the exquisite creature before him, he was a firm and high-hearted man. He paused. "One question," said he, "I must be suffered to ask. Did this lady give this portrait to the Count Spadinari?"

He pronounced those words in a tone, which probably would have trembled much less if he had been facing a battery.

"Give!" was the only word which escaped the glowing lip beside him. But it was sufficiently expressive. She started back from his hand, and turning to Lord Avondale, with a look in which the high blood of England was not to be mistaken, said, "Now, my lord, I put myself under your protection. I am ready to go to Venice. I demand to go to Sir Edward Wilmot's house without delay."

The lover in vain abounded in apologies for his abruptness. The noble in vain attempted to reconcile. The lady stepped into the chaloûpe; took her seat as far as possible from her cavalier; and sat with her hood concealing her face, and her head bowed upon her hand during the

voyage. A sob now and then escaped her. But neither was honoured by a word.

Twilight was again dipping the golden spires of the city, one by one, in purple, when the barge entered the Grand Canal. No spectacle of Europe is more calculated to delight the eye of romance, than the vistas of marble, and masses of mingled Italian and Oriental architecture, which the sinking sun colours with such ethereal hues along its waters. But none of the party at that hour would have had eyes for any thing less than a volcano, or have felt any thing less than an earthquake. All were as silent as if the human tongue never existed; and as unseeing, among all the glittering objects round them, as if they were asleep. The paysanne was still wrapt inexorably in her hood: the hussar was absorbed in thinking whether she ever meant to throw it off; and the noble was busy with thoughts and terrors of the loss of his future bride.

But when they at length ranged along the esplanade of the hotel of the embassy, a different spirit seemed to be let loose there. By the blaze of lights from the casements, a crowd were seen moving backwards and forwards with all the signs of festivity. Lord Avondale rushed in. In a few moments he was seen advancing to the casement, evidently in high exultation, with a female hanging on his arm. Montague at once rightly conjectured that Lady Avondale had returned in safety; but what was to be his own fate, and that of the strange enchantress who had wrought such a spell over his own heart? Once, and once only, she had raised the hood; it was to give a glance at the hotel, but it had been instantly dropped again, with a deep sigh. At length he approached her, and soothingly offered to lead her from the boat. She paused; her reluctance was palpably one of extreme pain. She wept aloud, shuddered, and waved her hand tremblingly for him to leave her to herself. He stood gazing, grieving, and more perplexed than ever.

At length a train of domestics, with torches, came from the portal, and in the midst of them the envoy, followed by his daughter and son-in-law. He pronounced the word "Caroline,"—it acted magically—she flew into his arms. They retired; and all was explained and forgiven.

The problem was now solved. As they sat down to the splendid table of the embassy, Montague, placed between the envoy and the fair fugitive, received the little history.

"Two years ago," said Sir Edward, "when I first had the honour of this appointment, I brought my second daughter with me, leaving her mother and sister to arrange the family affairs, which the necessity of my coming here with all expedition, had left unsettled in England. Though it is in Caroline's presence, I may say, that the Venetian sonneteers thought much more of the envoy's daughter than of the envoy himself, and the result was, a proposal from the Count Spadinari. As he was immensely opulent, and of the highest rank in the country, I felt no objection to him. As he was reckoned the greatest beau in Venice, and certainly had the handsomest villa, gondola, and

equipages, I conceived that Caroline could have as little objection. And here I have a mind to let her finish the story for herself."

A gesture from Caroline declined the honour.

The envoy proceeded,—"*I*, perhaps, exhibited too much irritation at her refusal of what I thought a brilliant alliance. However, she knew more about him, as it appears, than I did; and among the rest, that, to frighten her into the match, he had sworn to put me to death by poniard or pistol, on the first opportunity, unless she married him. At length those menaces, of which I, of course, knew nothing, or I should not have trusted myself within reach of his pen-knife so often at table, I find, frightened the poor girl to such a degree, that she thought her only chance of saving me from this tiger was to fly, give herself out as dead, or do some other thing just as romantic. She fled, as it appears, to an establishment of *Sœurs de Charité*, where some old acquaintance of hers gave her a shelter. The rest is characteristic of the country," he added, in an indignant tone. "It amounted to this. That all sorts of reports were spread, I now suppose, by the scoundrel himself. On this occasion I was fool enough to determine never to see the face of my poor girl again. In fact, I forbade her name to be mentioned in my presence. I resolved thenceforth to know, to have but one daughter. I immediately sent for Lady Wilmot and my elder girl from England, and renounced all recollection of my wanderer. This accounts, Mr. Montague, for the declaration which I made to you, and which, indeed, at that time, I believed to be true, in every sense, as from the distracted state of the country, and the absence of all tidings for a year, I began to believe that she was no more on earth. The rest, I presume, you know better than I can contrive to tell it to you. As to the portrait of which Caroline spoke to me before we sat down to table, I am fully convinced that the Count stole it, not being able to get it in any other way, and sleight of hand being a national branch of education. The knave deserved the humiliation of having it torn from him publicly, for which I leave the owner herself to express her acknowledgments."

The acknowledgments were made—they cost many charming words, but the dialogue might have lasted till midnight, without the discovery on either side that the conversation had continued too long. Within another week a double fête united the affianced. Every thing in Venice takes the shape of a public festival; gondolas showily filled crowded along the canal by which the bridal party proceeded to the little chapel of the embassy. Lord Avondale and his betrothed led the way, with the pomp due to his rank and opulence; the gondola with Montague and the *ci-devant Sœur de Charité* followed.

They were all fine specimens of the youth and beauty of their country. The cheers of the people, as they passed the terraces, followed them. It was a pageant of the heart. If Cleopatra's galley, sailing down the Cydnus, had more gilding on it, it did not contain a lovelier countenance than Caroline Wilmot's—nor a more delighted spirit than Charles Montague's.

D'ALAVA.

## ANTHOLOGIA OF SELECTED POETRY.

## SONG.

From the man that I love, though my heart I disguise,  
I will freely describe the wretch I despise;  
And if he have strength but to balance a straw,  
He will surely take a hint from the picture I draw.

And if he have sense, &c.

A wit without sense—without fancy a beau—  
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow.  
A peacock in pride—in grimace a baboon;—  
In courage a hind—in conceit a gascoon.

A peacock, &c.

As a vulture rapacious—in falsehood a fox—  
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rooks:  
As a tiger ferocious—perverse as a hog—  
In mischief an ape—and in fawning a dog.

As a tyger, &c.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,  
His heart is of lead—and his brain is of feather:—  
Yet if he have sense but to balance a straw,  
He will surely take hint from the picture I draw.

Yet if he have sense to balance a straw, &c.

Her mouth, which a smile,  
Devoid of all guile  
Half opens to view  
Is the bud of the rose,  
In the morn as it blows,  
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath,  
Than the flower-scented heath  
At the dawning of day,  
The hawthorn in bloom,  
The lily's perfume,  
Or the blossoms of May.

## THE BLIND BOY.

O say, what is that thing called light,  
Which I must ne'er enjoy?  
What are the blessings of the sight?  
O tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wond'rous things you see;  
You say the sun shines bright;  
I feel him warm; but how can he,  
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,  
Whene'er I sleep or play;  
And could I ever keep awake,  
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
You mourn my hapless woe;  
But sure with patience I can bear  
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
My happiness destroy;  
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
Although a poor blind boy.

Oh! had I been by fate decreed  
Some humble cottage swain,  
In fair Rosetta's sight to feed  
My sheep upon the plain!  
What bliss had I been born to taste,  
Which now I ne'er must know;  
Ye envious powers! why have ye plac'd  
My fair one's lot so low?

How blest the maid whose bosom  
No headstrong passion knows!  
Her days in joy she passes,  
Her nights in calm repose.  
Where'er her fancy leads her,  
No pain, no fear invades her;  
But pleasure  
Without measure  
From every object flows.

Oh, talk not to me of the wealth she possesses!  
My hopes and my views to herself I confine;  
The splendour of riches but slightly impresses,  
A heart that is fraught with a passion like mine.

By love, only love, should our souls be cemented,  
No int'rest, no motive but that would I own.  
With her in a cottage be blest and contented,  
And wretched without her, tho' placed on a throne.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can sooth her melancholy?  
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom, is to die!—*Goldsmith.*

## TO MIRTH.

Parent of joy! heart-easing Mirth!  
Whether of Venus or Aurora born;  
Yet goddess sure of heavenly birth,  
Visit, benign, a son of Grief forlorn  
Thy glittering colours gay,  
Around him, Mirth, display;  
And o'er his raptured sense  
Diffuse thy living influence:  
So shall each hill, in purer green array'd,  
And, flower-adorn'd, in new-born beauty glow;  
The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade,  
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow:  
Shine, goddess, shine, with unremitted ray,  
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our  
day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,  
 And aged Poverty can smile with thee.  
 If thou be nigh Grief's hate is vain,  
 And weak th' uplifted arm of Tyranny.  
 The morning opes on high  
 His universal eye;  
 And on the world doth pour  
 His glories in a golden shower.  
 Lo! darkness trembling 'fore the the hostile ray,  
 Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:  
 The brood obscene that own her gloomy sway,  
 Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.  
 Pale, shivering ghosts, that dread th' all cheering  
 light,  
 Quick as the lightning's flash glide to sepulchral  
 night.  
 But whence the gladd'ning beam  
 That pours his purple stream  
 O'er the long prospect wide?  
 'Tis Mirth! I see her sit  
 In majesty of light,  
 With Laughter at her side,  
 Bright ey'd Fancy hovering near,  
 Wide waves her glancing wing in air:  
 And young Wit flings his pointed dart,  
 That guiltless strikes the willing heart.  
 Fear not now Affliction's power,  
 Fear not wild Passion's rage,  
 Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,  
 Save the tardy hand of Age:  
 Now mirth hath heard the suppliant poet's pray'r,  
 No clouds that ride the blast shall vex the troubled  
 air.—*Smollet.*

FREEDOM.

Tempt me no more. My soul can ne'er com-  
 port  
 With the gay slav'ries of a court:  
 I've an aversion to those charms,  
 And hug dear Liberty in both mine arms,  
 Go, vassal souls! go, cringe and wait,  
 And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,  
 Then run in troops before him to compose his state,  
 Move as he moves—and when he loiters, stand—  
 You're but the shadows of a man;  
 Bend when he speaks; and kiss the ground;  
 Go, catch th' impertinence of sound:  
 Adore the follies of the great,  
 Wait till he smile; but lo! the idol frown'd,  
 And drove them to their fate,  
 Thus base-born minds: but as for me  
 I can, and will be free;  
 Like a strong mountain, or some stately tree  
 My soul grows firm upright;  
 And as I stand and as I go  
 It keeps my body so.  
 No; I can never part with my creation right;  
 Let slaves and asses stoop and bow  
 I cannot make this iron knee  
 Bend to a meaner pow'r than that which formed it  
 free.  
 Thus my bold harp profusely played  
 Pindarical; then on a branchy shade  
 I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid;

Nature, that listened to my strain,  
 Resumed the theme, and acted it again;  
 Sudden rose a whirling wind,  
 Swelling like Honorio, proud,  
 Around the straws and feathers crowd,  
 Types of a slavish mind,  
 Upwards the stormy forces rise,  
 The dust flies up and climbs the skies.  
 And as the tempest fell the obedient vapour sunk;  
 Again it roars with bellowing sound.  
 The meaner plants that grew around,  
 The willow and the asp, trembled and kiss'd the  
 ground;  
 Hard by there stood the iron trunk,  
 Of an old oak, and all the storm defy'd;  
 In vain the winds their forces tried,  
 In vain they roar'd—the iron oak  
 Bow'd only to the heavenly thunder's smoke.

A LAPLAND LOVE SONG.

Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray  
 Invites my fair to rural play,  
 Dispel the mist, and clear the skies;  
 And bring my Orra to my eyes.  
 Oh, were I sure my dear to view,  
 I'd climb the pine tree's topmost bough,  
 Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,  
 And round and round for ever gaze.  
 My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?  
 What wood conceals my sleeping maid?  
 Up by the roots enrag'd I'll tear,  
 The trees that hide my promis'd fair.  
 O could I ride on clouds and skies,  
 Or on the raven's pinions rise!  
 Ye stoicks, ye swans, a moment stay,  
 And wait a lover on his way.  
 My bliss too long my bride denies,  
 Apace the wasting summer flies;  
 Not yet the wintry blasts I fear,  
 Nor storms nor nights shall keep me here.  
 What may for strength with steel compare?  
 Oh, love has stronger fetters far;  
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd;  
 But cruel love enchains the mind.  
 No more shall doubts harass my breast;  
 When thoughts perplex, the first are best,  
 'Tis bad to go—'tis death to stay,  
 Away to Orra, haste away.

The Netherlands are rich in coals, and vast quantities are produced in the tracts between the low countries and the present French frontiers.

Every family in England and Wales is considered as using, on the average, six chaldrons of coal, which makes the annual consumption about fourteen million chaldrons.

Pounce is gum sandarach pounded fine.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY MRS. SEDGWICK.

WHAT is the charm of the New Year? Why is the first of January a day of rejoicing—a day for the interchange of friendly greeting and pleasant gifts? Why has that day, for its motto—"Good will to man," so that whichever way one turns he is hailed with good wishes, the fulfilment of which would make him "a man of the Beatitudes."

Whatever customs are of universal or national observance must be formed in the nature of man; however they may seem to be arbitrary or merely conventional. Can the spirit of our New Year observances be resolved into the charm that attaches to the word *new*? In part, perhaps, for the love of what is new, so strongly developed in childhood, never altogether forsakes us—and the attractions of a new frock or a new toy, only yield, in after life, to those of a new house, a new farm, or, mayhap, a new friend.

But there is no small delusion in the epithet as applied to each successive year. There would be some propriety in calling the year new, where, after its period of decay, it teems again with life and beauty. But what is there new in bare trees, wintry skies, and snow-covered fields? It has nothing new but its name, and, while we hail its coming, it is making us old. This may be matter of congratulation to a child—for the wish to grow older is among true "childish things," which are not "put away" until the child becomes a man; but, in mature life, 'tis little joy" to find the traces of age continually multiplying, to feel one's vigour abated, one's capacities for action and for enjoyment impaired by the same influence, forever at work, which furrows the cheek, and silvers the hair, gradually despoiling God's workmanship of its beauty and its cunning. Yet, despite all this, there is still a charm in the term *New Year*, and, therefore, naturally enough, the word happy has become its established prefix.

Then, too, we are, as has been said a thousand times before, creatures of hope. We hope always for better things, whatever of good we may have already received. And what may not a "new year" bestow upon us? What can prevent the plans that could not be accomplished this year from being completely achieved in the next. The invalid hopes to be better another year. The poor man to be richer, the debtor to get a full discharge from his creditor. He who has met with reverses in business, hopes that the gains of another year will more than make up for the losses of this—the discontented politician hopes for a change of rules—the disappointed politician for office—and those who are in the habit of referring all the ills of life, as well those they have brought upon themselves, as those which come upon them in the common course of events, to some vague, indefinite, universal cause, hope for "a change of times." The separated, who are joined in heart, hope that another year will bring them together—lovers hope to be married—the school-girl rejoices that every year

brings her nearer to the time when school-days will be over. The young man that he is fast attaining his majority—and children, in the expectation of that undefined good, infinite in amount, which they suppose comes with time to all. And the old—what do they hope for? Some, perchance, for the rest of the grave—some, it may be for still another and another year of life!

Life's journey like other journeys, has its landmarks, and for a time, at least, there is satisfaction in having accomplished one stage of it, after another. They serve in the one case, as in the other, reckonings of time and distance, of so much accomplished, and so much remaining to be done, for looking back over the ground already passed, and forward to that which is in prospect. The commencement of the Year, is one of these. In some sense it seems like a pause in our existence, a pause for reflection, and for anticipation. 'Tis the beginning of a new chapter in life—the turning over of a new leaf—and in the confidence of hope we expect to see its yet unread pages, beautifully illuminated and written over with histories of deep and joyous interest. Hope inspires happiness—happiness the instinct of universal love and a craving for sympathy. The New Year is a common interest to all, and the good wishes which we frame for ourselves, we entertain and express for others. Towards our nearest friends—towards those we love best, our feelings too strong and deep for utterance—require to be interpreted symbolically, and we resort to the language of gifts. In other cases they are bestowed in acknowledgment of the prescriptive rights of the day, and in conformity with its spirit, that is with the single object of making happy as many as possible.

All this is very pleasant—very much as it should be—and it only remains to be wished that the spirit of New Year's Day, could be infused into the whole year, then should we all have indeed "a happy New Year." Unfortunately, there is no more virtue, no more that "availeth" in our prayers for others than in those we breathe for ourselves, if unaccompanied with action and effort. Suppose that all who bestow so freely and indiscriminately their good wishes, should regard themselves as bound to do all which in them lies towards giving those wishes effect, and should endeavor to fulfil that obligation—would not happiness indeed reign on the earth? Would not the Apostolical injunctions be obeyed by husband and wife—would not the child walk diligently and carefully in the way in which his parents were striving to train him—would not all families of brothers and sisters prove to themselves and to show the world: "how goodly and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," and would not words of love and deeds of kindness, and the spirit of good will gladden all the intercourse of man with his fellow man? But does not the husband often breathe the wishes of the season to the wife, and the wife to the husband, the parent to the child, and the child to the parent, the brother to the sister, and the sister to the brother, without reflecting that upon one another more than all the world beside, and all that is therein contained, depends the fulfilment of these wishes. And is not this interchange of salutations renewed from year to year, among friends, neighbors, and



acquaintances, in most instances without suggesting the idea that they have any thing to do with promoting one another's happiness beyond the utterance of a wish? Whenever the spirit of human brotherhood shall be felt and exhibited every day in the year, as it is on the first day, then will it appear that mankind are capable of being something more and better to one another than mere well-wishers.

There is one class of persons, but it is to be feared a small class comparatively, who have

[illegible]

And echo has fled to the deep, dark wood,  
And sleeps in some fairy grot.

A blessed spirit is brooding o'er  
The earth, and her bright, glad things,

Like that which fell on the world of yore,  
With the hovering of angel wings.

There thrills one sound on the startled ear—  
'Tis the peal of the Vesper Bell;  
With a tone we look to the sky to hear—  
It swells over hill and dell.

It summons to prayer: and none may fail  
To bow at its signal tone,  
The worshipper in the crowded hall,  
The monk in his cell alone.

It is a train to glory: and a hardly train  
 To be a in the garnished room,  
 And that and high rolls the choral strain  
 Through all the monster's awful gloom.

How down he forced glide,  
And in the depths of the mountain glen,  
Where the wild rocks throw their shade.

The King from his lofty throne came down,  
And made his sorrowful lay,  
And unto the Lord of cowl and crown,  
His evening worship paid.

With his bare knee on the naked turf,  
Muttering the words priest-given,  
Oh, up from the pealed and mottled scurf,  
Goes a fearful prayer to Heaven.

The maiden decking for revel gay,  
Treads the green and bright-wreathed flower;  
But who shall tell of the thoughts that stray,  
And the words that meet the hour.

Where the vine its tresses'd branches flings,  
And the olive's leaves are spread,  
Is bowed in meekness a peasant ring—  
Dark locks with the hoar's head.

Awoke from the splendour of dreams,  
Where he had been wandering long,  
With a shaggy eye where God's beams,  
And a burst of hallowed song.

The poet knelt till the falling dew  
Lay damp on his ample brow,  
And the host of heaven their glory threw  
On the streams that slept below.

The Christian alone to his closet turns,  
And, bowing low forehead there,  
With a trembling lip, and a heart that burns,  
He wrangles with God in prayer.

But in which does the soul take part—  
The body a word does the tongue give  
But which word comes from the north—

J. B. KUBALL

Porcelain and serrilla bark, and chamomile  
flowers, are powerful tonics.

Soley is made from the root of the orchis, or foot-stone, a favourite food in the eastern countries.

The plant or allspice is a species of myrtle in the West Indies, which grows thirty feet high.

Acids combine with water, condense it, and produce heat.

Scotch music is referred to their James I.





acquaintances, in most instances without suggesting the idea that they have any thing to do with promoting one another's happiness beyond the utterance of a wish? Whenever the spirit of human brotherhood shall be felt and exhibited every day in the year, as it is on the first day, then will it appear that mankind are capable of being something more and better to one another than mere well-wishers.

There is one class of persons, but it is to be feared a small class comparatively, who have good reason for rejoicing at the coming of the New Year, viz: those who are conscious of being wiser, better, richer in good works, and in all immortal treasures—treasures laid up in Heaven, than they were twelve months ago—who have no unbalanced accounts with the old year—who have taken and faithfully imposed and enjoyed all that it gave; in fact, compensation for all that it has taken away. Years take only what is perishable—they give it, what is imperishable. Fearful indeed is their flight and any thing but happy their approach—if one after another is gathered to the past, only to swell the record of blessings abused—opportunities wasted—the perversion to ignoble ends of powers and capacities designed for high and noble uses, and the debasement, by sin and folly, of our immortal nature.

We avail ourselves of the columns of the "Book," to wish all its readers "a Happy New Year," which being interpreted, means that we hope they may avail themselves in the ensuing year to the best possible advantage, of all the means in their power, both to their own happiness, and that of others.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE VESPER BELL.

"At the sound of the bell which calls to Vespers, all, whatever be their employment or situation at the time, kneel, and offer their evening prayers."—*Italian Sketches.*

The glorious tints of a sunset sky!  
Bright clouds on the brow of even,  
Are floating like banners free and high,  
Flung out from the wall of heaven.

On palace-roof, and on turret gray,  
Is blazing a flood of light,  
While below on field and inland bay  
Lie the shadows of the night.

The gushing voice of the garden fount,  
As its waters feebly fall,  
Comes up through the flowers, and o'er the mount,  
Like the music of childhood's call.

Zephyr has folded his light wing up,  
And slumbers on land and sea,  
And a hush is down on the village group,  
On the hill-side and the lea.

Over the blue and the waveless flood,  
The glee of gondolier comes not,  
And echo has fled to the deep, dark wood,  
And sleeps in some fairy grot.

A blessed spirit is brooding o'er  
The earth, and her bright, glad things,

Like that which fell on the world of yore,  
With the hovering of angel wings.

There thrills one sound on the startled ear—  
'Tis the peal of the Vesper Bell;  
With a tone we look to the sky to hear—  
It swells over hill and dell.

It summons to prayer: and none may fail  
To bow at its signal tone,  
The worshipper in the crowded hall,  
The monk in his cell alone.

It summons to prayer: and a lordly train  
Is bent in the garnished room,  
And loud and high rolls the choral strain  
Through the minster's awful gloom.

It summons to prayer: and hard-kneed men  
Bow down in forest glade,  
And in the depths of the mountain glen,  
Where the cold rocks throw their shade.

The king from his lofty throne comes down,  
And aside his sceptre lays,  
And unto the Lord of cowl and crown,  
His evening worship pays.

With his bare knee on the naked turf,  
Muttering the words priest-given,  
Oh, up from the peeled and matted serf,  
Goes a fearful prayer to Heaven.

The maiden decking for revel gay,  
Drops the green and bright-wreathed flower;  
But who shall tell of the thoughts that stray,  
And the words that mock the hour.

Where the vine its trellis'd branches fling,  
And the olive's leaves are spread,  
Is bowed in meekness a peasant ring—  
Dark locks with the hoary head.

Awoke from the spirit-land of dreams,  
Where he had been roaming long,  
With a shaded eye where Genius gleams,  
And a burst of hallowed song:

The poet knelt till the falling dew  
Lay damp on his ample brow,  
And the host of heaven their glory threw  
On the streams that slept below.

The Christian alone to his closet turns,  
And, bowing his forehead there,  
With a trembling lip, and a heart that burns,  
He wrestles with God in prayer.

Oh! many a prayer has now its birth—  
But in which does the soul take part?  
Oh, many a word does the tongue give forth—  
But which gush warm from the heart?

J. H. KIMBALL.

Peruvian and cascarilla bark, and chamomile flowers, are powerful tonics.

Salop is made from the root of the orchis, or fool-stone, a favourite food in the eastern countries.

The pimento or allspice is a species of myrtle in the West Indies, which grows thirty feet high.

Acids combine with water, condense it, and produce heat.

Scotch music is referred to their James I.

## SKETCH OF ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

Dear, good Mrs. Barbauld!—how vividly comes the remembrance of her “Hymns in Prose” over my heart, mingling with those pleasant recollections of my childhood; the thought of the earliest violet, always gathered by me for my mother’s own eye, and the birds’ nests in that thicket of evergreens, which, duly as the spring came round, was my aviary, and almost my abiding place! Yes, there I first read her sweet “Hymns,” and learned to love her name, and none dearer to me is twined in the wreath of Genius, which woman’s hand has wrought. Like the Lavender, whose rich fragrance makes us prize its simple flower, her poetry will be treasured, because imbued with those pure and enduring qualities of truth and feeling which require little ornament.

The genius of Mrs. Barbauld seems never to have incited her to attempt a wider range, or a very lofty flight; but, in the sphere she chose, her taste and observation were correct and delicately nice; and her moral feelings were elevated and bright with all that is best and holiest in our nature. Hence she succeeded better in those compositions which were addressed to the heart than in her more studied efforts to engage the imagination and reasoning powers. Her “Hymns in Prose” are more truly poetical than her rhymes, because, in the former, the heart pours itself out in that true divinity of poetry; the love of Nature and of “Nature’s God,” unfettered by those rules of verse, which, to her mind, must, we think, always have proved heavy and irksome.

Her prose is written with more freedom and apparent ease than her poetry; and her style is vigorous and elegant. There is a benignity, mingled with sprightliness, in many of her productions, which seems breathed from a happy, as well as innocent, heart; and it adds very much to our pleasure, when reading a delightful book, to feel assured that it was written in the same spirit of complacency. This pleasure we always enjoy over the works of Mrs. Barbauld.

The maiden name of this lady was Aiken. She was the only daughter of the Rev. John Aiken, and was born at the village of Kibworth, Leicestershire, June, 1743. Miss Aiken exhibited, in her earliest childhood, an uncommon quickness of apprehension, and though her education was entirely domestic, and her literary advantages, in youth, quite circumscribed, yet her own industry and talents overcame all these obstacles, and she became an authoress of high repute before her marriage with the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, which took place in 1774. From that time she devoted the greatest part of her time and thoughts to the assistance of her husband, who was, for many years, engaged in superintending the education of a select number of boys, from among the first families.

Mrs. Barbauld seems to have had a tender love for children, though she had none of her own; and the aid she rendered her excellent husband in the education of his pupils was, without doubt, of much service in disciplining and strengthening her own mind. She survived her husband a number of years, devoting her widowhood to deeds of benevolence and her

literary pursuits. Her own death took place March 9th, 1825, in the eighty second year of her age.

Her personal appearance has been thus described by her niece, Miss Lucy Aiken, well known for her literary accomplishments: “Mrs. Barbauld was, in youth, possessed of great beauty, distinct traces of which she retained to the latest period of her life. Her person was slender, her complexion exquisitely fair, with the bloom of perfect health; her features regular and elegant, and her dark blue eyes beamed with the light of fancy.” We may add, that she exhibited through life the most precious of examples, intellectual eminence and Christian humility, united in a lovely and accomplished woman.

The writings of Mrs. Barbauld have been, since her decease, collected and published, in two handsome volumes, with a “Memoir,” by Lucy Aiken. The work ought to be in every family library. Few authors have written with more devoted zeal to do good than Mrs. Barbauld; and she has excelled in making her precepts acceptable to the minds and feelings of the young. There is a peculiar grace and naïveté in her letters, and in many of her minor pieces. But the “Essay” against “Inconsistency in our Expectations” is one of the best and most perfect things she ever wrote.

Among her Poems, the “Washing Day,” which we subjoin, exemplified her sprightliness of fancy and the characteristic manner in which she seems to have gathered wisdom, as she imparted instruction, from common incidents and familiar objects.—EDITOR.

## WASHING-DAY.

“And their voice,  
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in its sound.”

The Muses are turned gossips; they have lost  
The buskined step, and clear, high-sounding phrase,  
Language of gods. Come, then, domestic Muse,  
In slipshod measure, loosely prattling on  
Of farm or orchard; pleasant curds and cream;  
Or drowning flies; or shoe lost in the mire  
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face;  
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded Washing-Day:  
Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,  
With bowed souls, full well ye ken the day  
Which week, smooth-sliding after week, brings on  
Too soon; for to that day nor peace belongs,  
Nor comfort. Ere the first gray streak of dawn,  
The red-armed washers come, and chase repose;  
Nor pleasant smiles, nor quaint device of mirth,  
E’er visited that day: the very cat,  
From the wet kitchen scared, and reeking hearth,  
Visits the parlour—an unwonted guest.  
The silent breakfast-meal is soon despatched,  
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks  
Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower.  
From that last evil, O preserve us, heavens!  
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all  
Remains of quiet: Then expect to hear  
Of sad disasters—dust and gravel stains,  
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once  
Snapped short; and linen horse by dog thrown down;  
And all the petty miseries of life.  
Saints have been calm, while stretched upon the rack;  
And Guatimozin smiled on burning coals:  
But never yet did housewife, notable,  
Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day.  
But grant the welkin, require not thou,

Who call'st thyself, perchance, the master there,  
 Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat;  
 Or usual tendence: ask not, indiscreet,  
 Thy stockings mended; though the yawning rents  
 Gape wide as Erebus; nor hope to find  
 Some snug recess impervious: shouldst thou try  
 The 'customed garden walks, thine eye shall rue  
 The budding fragrance of the tender shrubs—  
 Myrtle or rose—all crushed beneath the weight  
 Of coarse checked apron—with impatient hand  
 Twitche'd off, when showers impend: or crossing lines  
 Shall mar thy musings, as the cold wet sheet  
 Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend  
 Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim  
 On such a day the hospitable rites!  
 Looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy,  
 Shall be received. Vainly he feeds his hopes  
 With dinner of roast chicken—savoury pie,  
 Or tart or pudding: pudding he, nor tart,  
 That day shall eat; nor, though the husband try,  
 Mending what cant be helped, to kindle mirth  
 From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow  
 Clear up propitious. The unlucky guest  
 In silence dines, and early slinks away:  
 I well remember, when a child, the awe  
 This day struck into me; for then the maids,  
 I scarce knew why, looked cross, and drove me from  
 them:

Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope  
 Usual indulgences; jelly or cream,  
 Relic of costly supper, and set by  
 For me, their petted one; or buttered toast,  
 When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale  
 Of ghost, or witch, or murder. So I went  
 And sheltered me beside the parlour fire:  
 There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms,  
 Tended the little ones, and watched from harm,  
 Anxiously fond; though oft her spectacles,  
 With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins,  
 Drawn from her ravell'd stockings, might have roused  
 One less indulgent.  
 At intervals my mother's voice was heard  
 Urging despatch: briskly the work went on,  
 All hands employed to wash, to rinse, to wring,  
 To fold and starch, and clap, and iron, and plat;  
 Then would I sit me down, and ponder much  
 Why washings were. Sometimes through hollow bowl  
 Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft  
 The floating bubbles; little dreaming, then,  
 To see, Montgolfier, thy silken ball  
 Ride buoyant through the clouds; So near approach  
 The sports of children and the toils of men.  
 Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, hath its bubbles,  
 And *verre* is one of them—this most of all.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE VICTIM OF EXCITEMENT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

INTEMPERANCE is a vice which is generally considered of the masculine sex. In the pictured scenes of the ravages it has wrought woman is seldom introduced but as the patient victim of brutality, or as the admonishing angel of transgressing man. There are instances on record however, of a sad reverse. Not alone in the lower classes of life, amid the dregs of society, but in higher walks, where intelligence, wit, beauty and wealth, virgin worth, wedded love, and Christian grace, are all cast as unvalued offerings at the beastly shrine of intemperance. One of these fatal examples, (of which to the honor of our sex, be it said, there are so few,) once came under the observation of the writer. Her

character and history form the subject of the following sketch.

Mr. Manly first met Anne Weston in a ball room. It was on the eve of the Fourth of July, and the fairest ladies of the country were assembled to celebrate the national jubilee. He was a lawyer, and had been the orator of the day; an eloquent one, and therefore, entitled to distinguished attention. He came from an adjoining town, of which he had recently become an inhabitant, and now found himself in a scene which scarcely presented one familiar countenance. He was a very proud man, and had the air of one who felt himself too superior to the multitude to mingle in the general amusement. He stood with folded arms, as remote as possible from the dancers, despising those who were engaged in that exercise on such a sultry night. In vain the obsequious master of ceremonies begged to introduce him to this and that fair lady. He declined the honor with a cold bow, declaring his utter disinclination to dancing. He was told that his disinclination would cease as soon as Miss Weston arrived. She was the belle of the place, the daughter of the richest gentleman in town—had received the most finished education, and refused the most splendid offers. In short, she was irresistible, and it was predicted that he would find her so. It cannot be denied, that the fame of this all conquering lady had previously reached his ears, but unfortunately he had a detestation of belles, and predetermined to close his eyes, and shut his ears, and steel his heart against her vaunted attractions. He had never yet sacrificed his independence to woman. He had placed his standard of female excellence very high. He had seen no one that reached its altitude. "No," said he to himself, "let me live on in singleness of heart and loneliness of purpose, all the days of my life, rather than unite myself with one of those vain, flimsy, garrulous, and superficial beings who win the smiles, and fix the attention of the many. I despise a weak woman, I hate a masculine one, and a pedantic one I abhor. I turn with fear from the glittering belle, whose home is the crowded hall, whose incense the homage of fools, whose altar the shrine of fashion. Can she sit down contented in the privacy of domestic love who has lived on the adulation of the world, or be satisfied with the affection of one true heart, who has claimed as her due, the vows of all? No, better the fool, the pedant, than the belle. Who can find that woman, whose price is above rubies? Ah! 'tis certain I never shall marry." He was aroused from these reflections, by a movement in the hall and he felt a conviction that the vaunted lady was arrived. In spite of his boasted indifference, he could not repress a slight sensation of curiosity to see one who was represented as so transcendent. But he moved not, he did not even turn his eyes towards the spot where so many were clustering. "The late hour of her arrival," said he, "shows equal vanity and affectation. She evidently wishes to be conspicuous—studies every thing for effect." The lady moved towards that part of the hall, where he was stationed. She held the arm of one gentleman, and was followed by some half dozen others. He



was compelled to gaze upon her, for they passed so near, the folds of her white muslin dress fluttered against him. He was pleased to see that she was much less beautiful than he had expected. He scarcely thought her handsome. Her complexion was pale, even sallow, and her face wanted that soft, flowing outline, which is necessary to the perfection of beauty. He could not but acknowledge, however, that her figure was very fine, her motions graceful, and her air spirited and intellectual. "I am glad she is not beautiful," said he, "for I might have been tempted to have admired her, against my sober judgment. Oppressed by the heat of the apartment, he left the hall and sauntered for a long time in the piazza, till a certain feeling of curiosity, to know, whether a lady whose bearing expressed so much pride of soul, could be foolish enough to dance, led him to return. The first object he beheld, was the figure of Miss Weston, moving in most harmonious time, to an exhilarating air, her countenance lighted up with an animation, a fire, that had as magical an effect upon her features, as the morning sunbeams on the face of nature. The deepest colour was glowing on her cheek,—her very soul was shining forth from her darkening eyes. She danced with infinite spirit, but equal grace. He had never witnessed any thing to compare with it, not even on the stage. "She dances entirely too well," thought he; "she cannot have much intellect, yet she carries on a constant conversation with her partner through all the mazes of the dance. It must be admirable nonsense from the broad smiles it elicits. I am half resolved to be introduced and invite her to dance—from mere curiosity, and to prove the correctness of my opinion." He sought the introduction, became her partner in the dance, and certainly forgot, while he listened to her "admirable nonsense," that she was that object of his detestation—a *belle*. Her conversation was sprightly, unstudied and original. She seemed more eager to listen than to talk, more willing to admire than to be admired. She did not tell him that she admired his oration, but she spoke warmly on the subject of eloquence, and quoted in the happiest manner, a passage of his own speech, *one*, which he himself judged superb. It proved her to have listened with deep attention. He had never received so delicate or gratifying a compliment. His vanity was touched, and his pride slumbered. He called forth those powers of pleasing, with which he was eminently endowed, and he began to feel a dawning ambition, to make the conquest of a heart, which so many had found indomitable. He admired the simplicity of her dress, its fitness and elegance. A lady's dress is always indicative of her character. Then her voice was singularly persuasive in its tones, it breathed of feminine gentleness and sensibility, with just enough spirit and independence for a woman. Mr. Manly came to these wise conclusions before the end of the first dance—at the termination of the second, he admired the *depth*, as well as the brilliancy of her mind, and when he bade her adieu for the night, he was equally convinced of the purity of her feelings and the goodness of her heart. Such is the strength of man's wisdom, the stability of his opinions, the steadiness of his purpose, when placed in competi-

tion with the fascinations of a woman, who has made the determination to please. In after years Mr. Manly told a friend of a dream, which that night haunted his pillow. He was not superstitious, or disposed to attach the slightest importance to dreams. But this was a vivid picture, and succeeding events caused him to recall it, as one, having the power of prophecy. He lived over again the events of the evening. The winning accents of Miss Weston mingled in his ear, with the gay notes of the violin. Still, ever and anon, discordant sounds marred the sweet harmony. The malicious whisper, the stifled, deriding laugh, and the open scoff came from every corner. Sometimes he saw through the crowd, the slow finger of scorn pointing at him. As he turned, with a fierce glance of defiance, Miss Weston seemed to meet him still, holding a goblet in her hand, which she pressed him to drain. Her cheeks and lips burned with a scarlet radiance, and her eyes sparkled with unnatural brightness. "Taste it not" whispered a soft voice in his ear, "it is poison." "It is the cup of immortality," exclaimed the syren, and she drained the goblet to its last drop. In a few moments her countenance changed—her face became bloated, her features disfigured, and her eyes heavy and sunken. He turned with disgust, from the former echantress, but she pursued him, she wound her arms around him. In the vain struggle of liberating himself from her embrace, he awoke. It was long before he could overcome the sensation of loathing and horror, excited by the unhallowed vision, and even, when overcome by heaviness and exhaustion, he again slept, the same bloated phantom presented her intoxicating draught. The morning found him feverish and unrefreshed. He could not shake off the impression of his dream, and the image of Miss Weston seemed deprived of the witchery that had enthralled his imagination the preceding evening. He was beginning to despise himself, for having yielded up so soon his prejudices and pride, when an invitation to dine at Mr. Weston's, interrupted the severe tenor of his thoughts. Politeness obliged him to accept, and in the society of Miss Weston, graceful, animated and intellectual, presiding with unaffected dignity and ease at her father's board, he forgot the hideous metamorphose of his dream.

From that day his fate was sealed. It was the first time his heart had ever been seriously interested, and he loved with all the strength and ardour of his proud and ardent character. The triumph too, of winning one, whom so many had sought in vain, threw a kind of glory over his conquest, and exalted his estimation of his own attributes. The wedding day was appointed. The evening previous to his nuptials, Anne Weston sat in her own chamber, with one of the chosen friends of her girlhood, Emily Spencer. Anne had no sisters, and from childhood, Emily had stood to her almost in that dear relation. She was to accompany her to her new home, for Anne refused to be separated from her, and had playfully told Mr. Manly, "that if he married her, he must take Emily too, for she could not, and would not be parted from her."

The thought of the future occupied the minds of the two friends. Anne sat in silence. Tho

lamp that partially illumined the apartment, gave additional paleness to her pale and spiritual countenance. Her thoughts appeared to have rolled 'within herself, and from the gloom of her eye, did not appear to be such, as usually rest in the bosom of one, about to be wedded to the object of her affection and her trust.

"I fear," said she at length, as if forgetting the presence of her friend, "that I have been too hasty. The very qualities that won my admiration, and determined me to fix his regard, now cause me to tremble. I have been too much accustomed to self indulgence, to bear restraint, and should it ever be imposed by a master's hand, my rebellious spirit would break the bonds of duty, and assail its independence. I fear I am not formed to be a happy wife, or to *constitute* the happiness of a husband. I live too much upon excitement, and when the deep monotony of domestic life steals on, what will become of me?"

"How can there be monotony?" answered Emily, warmly, "with such a companion as Manly? Oh, trust him, Anne, love him as he merits to be loved, as you yourself are loved, and your lot may be envied among women."

"He has awakened all the capabilities my heart has of loving," cried Anne, "but I wish I could shake off this dull weight from my spirits." She rose as she spoke, approached a side table, and turning out a glass of rich cordial, drank it, as if conscious from experience, of its renovating influence. Emily's anxious gaze followed her movements. A deep sigh escaped her lips. When her friend resumed her seat, she drew nearer to her, she took her hand in her's and while her color heightened, and her breath shortened she said—

"Anne Weston, I should not deserve the name of friend, if in this hour, the last, perhaps, of unrestrained confidence between us, I did not dare—"

"Dare what?" interrupted Anne, shame and resentment, kindling in her eye.

"To tell you, that the habit you indulge in, of resorting to artificial means, to exhilarate your spirits, though now attended with no obvious danger, may exercise most fatal influence on your future peace. I have long struggled for resolution, to utter this startling truth, and I gather boldness as I speak. By all our friendship and sincerity, by the past splendour of your reputation by the bright hopes of the future, by the trusting vows of a lover, and the grey hairs of a father, I pray you to relinquish a habit, whose growing strength is now only known to me." Emily paused, strong emotions impeded her utterance. "What is it you fear," asked Anne, in a low, stern voice, "speak, for you see that I am calm." "You know what I dread," continued Emily. "I see a speck on the bright character of my friend. It may spread and dim all its lustre. We all know the fearful strength of habit, we cannot shake off the serpent, when once its coils are around us. Oh, Anne, gifted by nature with such brilliancy of intellect and gaiety of heart, why have you ever had recourse to the exciting draught, as if art could exalt the original buoyancy of your spirits, or care had laid his blighting hand upon you?"

"Forbear," cried Anne, impetuously, "and

hear me, before you blast me with your contempt. It was not till bitter disappointment pressed, crushed me, that I knew art could renovate the languor of nature. Yes, I, the courted and admired of all, was doomed to love one, whose affections I could not win. You knew him well, but you never knew how my ineffectual efforts to attach him maddened my pride, or how the triumph of my beautiful rival goaded my feelings. The world guessed not my secret, for still I laughed and glittered with mocking splendour, but with such a cold void within! I could not bear it. My unnatural spirits failed me. I *must* still shine on, or the secret of my humiliation be discovered. I began in despair, but I have accomplished my purpose. And now," added she "I have done. The necessity of shining and deceiving is over. I thank you for the warmth of friendship that suggested your admonition. But, indeed, Emily, your apprehensions are exaggerated. I have a restraining power within me that must always save me from degradation. Habit, alone, makes slaves of the weak; it becomes the slave of the strong in mind. I know what's due to Manly. He never shall blush for his choice in a wife."

She began with vehemence and ended with deliberation. There was something in the cold composure of her manner that forbid a renewal of the subject. Emily felt that she had fulfilled her duty as a friend, and delicacy commanded her to forbear a renewal of her admonitions. Force of feeling had betrayed her into a warmth of expression she now regretted. She loved Anne, but she looked with many misgivings to being the sharer of her wedded home. She had deeply studied the character of Manly, and trembled to think of the re-action that might one day take place in his mind, should he ever discover the dark spot on the disk of his sun—of his destiny. Though she had told Anne that the secret of her growing love for the exciting draught, was *known* only to herself, it was whispered among the servants, suspected by a few discreet individuals, and had been several times hinted in a private circle of friends. It had never yet reached the ears of Manly, for there was something in his demeanour that repelled the most distant approach to familiarity. He married with the most romantic and enthusiastic ideas of domestic felicity. Were those bright visions of bliss realised? Time, the great disenchanter alone could answer.

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It was about five years after the scenes we have recorded, that Mr. and Mrs. Manly took up their residence in the town of G——. Usually, when strangers are about to become inhabitants of a new place, there is some announcement of their arrival, but they came, without any previous intimation being given, for the speculation of the curious, or bringing any letters of introduction for the satisfaction of the friend. They hired an elegant house, furnished it rich and fashionably, and evidently prepared for the socialities of life, as enjoyed in the highest circles. The appearance of wealth, always commands the respect of the many, and this respect was heightened by their personal claims to admiration. Five years, however, had wrought a change in both, not

from the fading touch of time, for they were not of an age when the green leaf begins to grow sere, but other causes were operating with a power as silent and unpausing. The fine, intelligent face of Mrs. Manly had lost much of its delicacy of outline, and her cheek, that formerly was pale or roseate as sensibility or enthusiasm ruled the hour, now wore a stationary glow, deeper than the blush of feminine modesty, less bright than the carnation of health. The unrivalled beauty of her figure, had given place to grosser lineaments, over which, however, grace and dignity still lingered as if unwilling to leave a shrine so worshipped. Mr. Manly's majestic person was invested with an air of deeper haughtiness, and his dark brow was contracted into an expression of prevailing gloom and austerity. Two lovely children, one almost an infant, who were carried abroad every fair day, by their nurse, shared the attention their parents excited; and many appealed to her for information respecting the strangers. She was unable to satisfy their curiosity, as she had been a member of their household but a short time, her services having been hired while journeying to the place. The other servants were hired after their arrival. Thus, one of the most fruitful sources from which the inquisitive derive their aliment, was denied to the inhabitants of G—. It was not long before the house of Mr. and Mrs. Manly was frequented by those whose society she most wished to cultivate. The suavity of her manners, the vivacity of her conversation, her politeness and disinterestedness captivated the hearts of all. Mr. Manly too received his guests, with a cordiality that surprised, while it gratified. Awed by the external dignity of his deportment, they expected to be repulsed, rather than welcomed, but it was universally acknowledged, that no man could be more delightful than Mr. Manly, when he chose to unbend. As a lawyer, his fame soon rose. His integrity and eloquence became the theme of every tongue. Amidst all the admiration they excited there were some dark surmises. The malicious, the censorious, the evil disposed are found in every circle, and in every land. It was noticed that Mr. Manly watched his wife with painful scrutiny, that she seemed uneasy whenever his glance met hers, that her manner was at times hurried and disturbed, as if some secret cause of sorrow preyed upon her mind. It was settled in the opinion of many, that Mr. Manly was a domestic tyrant, and that his wife was the meek victim of this despotism. Some suggested that he had been convicted of crime, and had fled from the pursuit of justice, while his devoted wife refused to separate her destiny from his. They gave a large and elegant party. The entertainment was superior to any thing witnessed before in the precincts of G—. The graceful hostess, dressed in unwonted splendour, moved through her drawing rooms, with the step of one accustomed to the homage of crowds, yet her smiles sought out the most undistinguished of her guests, and the most diffident gathered confidence from her condescending regards. Still the eye of Mr. Manly followed her with that anxious, mysterious glance, and her hurried movements often betrayed inexplicable perturbation. In the course of the evening,

a gentleman refused wine, on the plea of belonging to the Temperance society. Many voices were lifted in condemnation against him, for excluding one of the gladdeners of existence, what, the Scriptures themselves recommended, and the Saviour of men had consecrated by a miracle. The subject grew interesting, the circle narrowed round the advocate of Temperance, and many were pressing eagerly forward to listen to the debate. The opinion of Mrs. Manly was demanded. She drew back at first, as if unwilling to take the lead of her guests. At length she seemed warmed by the subject, and painted the evils of intemperance in the strongest and most appalling colours. She painted woman as its victim, till every heart recoiled at the image she drew. So forcible was her language, so impressive her gestures, so unaffected her emotions, every eye was riveted, and every ear bent on the eloquent mourner of her sex's degradation. She paused, oppressed by the notice she attracted and moved from the circle, that widened for her as she passed, and gazed after her, with as much respect as if she were an Empress. During this spontaneous burst of oratory, Mr. Manly, remained aloof, but those who had marked him in their minds, as the harsh, domestic tyrant, were now confirmed in their belief. Instead of admiring the wonderful talents of his wife, or sympathising in the applause she excited, a gloom thick as night lowered upon his brow, his face actually grew of a livid paleness, till at last, as if unable to control his temper, he left the drawing room.

"Poor Mrs. Manly," said one, "how much is her destiny to be lamented. To be united to a man who is incapable of appreciating her genius, and even seems guilty of the meanness of annoying her."

Thus the world judges; and had the tortured heart of Manly known the sentence that was passing upon him, he would have rejoiced that the shaft was directed to his bosom, rather than her's, which he would fain shield from the proud man's contumely, though it might never more be the resting place of love and confidence. Is it necessary to go back and relate the history of those years which had elapsed since Anne Weston was presented to the reader as a triumphant belle, and plighted bride? Is it not already seen that the dark speck had enlarged, throwing into gradual, but deepening shade, the soul's original brightness, obscuring the sunshine of domestic joy, converting the home of love into a prison house of shame, and blighting, chilling, palsying the loftiest energies and noblest purposes? The warning accents of Emily Spencer were breathed in vain. That fatal habit—had already become a passion—a passion which, like the rising tide, grows deeper and higher, rolling onward and onward, till the landmarks of reason and honor, and principle, are swept over by its waves—a tide that ebbs not but with ebbing life. She had looked "upon the wine when it was red, when it gave its colour to the cup," till she found, by fatal experience that it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. It were vain to attempt a description of the feelings of Manly when he first discovered the idol of his imagination under an influence that, in his opinion, brutalised a man. But a woman!—and that woman



—his wife! In the agony, the madness of the moment, he could have lifted the hand of suicide, but Emily Spencer hovered near and held him back from the brink to which he was rushing. She pleaded the cause of her unhappy friend, she prayed him not to cast her off. She dwelt on the bright and sparkling mind, the warm, impulsive heart that might yet be saved from utter degradation by his exerted influence. She pledged herself to labour for him, and with him, and faithfully did she redeem her pledge. After the first terrible shock, Manly's passionate emotion settled down into a misanthropic gloom. Sometimes when he witnessed the remorse which followed such self-abandonment, the grace and beauty with which she would emerge from the disfiguring cloud, and the strong efforts she would make to reinstate herself in his estimation, a ray of brightness would shine in on his mind, and he would try to think of the past as a frightful dream. Then his prophetic dream would return to him, and he shuddered at its confirmation—once it seemed as if the demon had withdrawn its unhallowed presence, unable to exist in the holy atmosphere that surrounds a mother's bosom.

For a long time the burning essence was not permitted to mingle with the fountain of maternal tenderness. Even Manly's blasted spirit revived, and Emily hoped all, and believed all. But Anne had once passed the Rubicon, and though she often paused and looked back with yearnings that could not be uttered, upon the fair bounds she had left, the very poignancy of her shame, goaded her on, though every step she took, evidenced the shame that was separating her from the affections of a husband whom she loved and respected, and who had once idolized her. It has been said that when woman once becomes a transgressor, her rapid progress in sin mocks the speed of man. As the glacier, that has long shone in dazzling purity, when loosened from its mountain stay, rushes down with a velocity, accelerated by its impenetrability and coldness, when any shameful passion has melted the virgin snow of a woman's character, a moral avalanche ensues, destroying "whatsoever is venerable and lovely, and of good report."

Manly occasionally sought to conceal from the world the fatal propensities of his wife. She had occupied too conspicuous a station in society—she had been too highly exalted—to humble herself with impunity. Her father—whose lavish indulgence probably paved the way to her ruin—was unable to bear himself up under the weight of mortification and grief thus unexpectedly brought upon him. His constitution had long been feeble; and now the *bowl was, indeed, broken at the fountain*. The filial hand which he once hoped would have scattered roses on his dying pillow, struck the death-blow. Physicians talked of a chronic disease; of the gradual decay of nature; but Anne's conscience told her she had winged the dart. The agony of her remorse seemed a foretaste of the quenchless fire, and the undying worm. She made the most solemn promises of reformation—vowed never again to taste the poisonous liquor. She threw herself on the forgiveness of her husband, and prayed him to remove her where her name was never breathed; that she might begin life

anew, and establish for their children an unblemished reputation. On the faith of these ardent resolutions, Manly broke his connection with every former friend—sold all his possessions, and sought a new home, in a place far removed from the scene of their present unhappiness. Circumstances in her own family prevented Emily Spencer from accompanying them, but she was to follow them the earliest opportunity; hoping miracles from the change.

Mrs. Manly, from the death of her father, came into the possession of a large and independent fortune. She was not sordid enough to deem money an equivalent for a wounded reputation; but it was soothing to her pride, to be able to fill her husband's coffers so richly, and to fit up their new establishment in a style so magnificent. Manly allowed her to exercise her own taste in every thing. He knew the effect of external pomp, and thought it was well to dazzle the judgment of the world. He was determined to seek society; to open every source of gratification and rational excitement to his wife, to save her from monotony and solitude. His whole aim seemed to be, "that she might not be led into temptation." If with all these cares for her safety, he could have blended the tenderness that once softened his proud manners, could he have banished from his once beaming eye the look of vigilance and distrust; could she have felt herself once more enthroned in his heart, gratitude might, perhaps, have completed the regeneration begun by remorse. But Anne felt that she was an object of constant suspicion and fear; she felt that he had not faith in her good resolutions. She was no longer the sharer of his counsels—the inspirer of his hopes—or the companion in whom his soul delighted. His ruling passion supported him in society; but in those hours when they were necessarily thrown upon each other's resources, he was accustomed to sit in gloomy abstraction, brooding over his own melancholy thoughts. Anne was only too conscious of the subject of these reveries, and it kept alive a painful sense of her humiliation. She had, hitherto, kept her promise sacred, through struggles known only to herself, and she began to feel impatient and indignant that the reward for which she looked was still withheld. Had she been more deeply skilled in the mysteries of the human heart, she might have addressed the Genius of the household shrine, in the language of the avenging Moor, who first apostrophises the torch that flares on his deed of darkness:

"If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore—  
Should I repent me—but once put out thine,  
I know not where is the Promethean heat  
That can thy light relume."

Mr. Manly was called away by professional business, which would probably detain him many weeks from home. He regretted this necessity; particularly before the arrival of Emily, whose coming was daily expected. He urged his wife to invite some friends to remain as her guests during his absence, to enliven her solitude. His request, so earnestly repeated, might have been gratifying to her feelings, if she had not known the distrust of her faith and

strength of resolution it implied. The last words he said to her, at parting, were "Remember, Anne, every thing depends on yourself." She experienced a sensation of unspeakable relief in his absence. The eagle glance was withdrawn from her soul, and it expanded and exulted in its newly acquired freedom. She had a constant succession of visitors, who, remarking the elasticity of her spirits, failed not to cast additional obloquy on Mr. Manly, for the tyranny he evidently exercised over his wife. Emily did not arrive, and Mrs. Manly could not regret the delay. Her presence reminded her of all she wished to forget; for her days of triumph were returned, and the desire of shining, rekindled from the ashes of scorn, that had for a while smothered the flame.

It wanted about a week of Mr. Manly's return.—She felt a strong inclination to renew the splendors of her party. She had received so many compliments on the subject:—"Mrs. Manly's delightful party!" "Her conversational powers!" "Such a literary banquet!" &c. Invitations were given and accepted. The morning of the day, which was somewhat warm and oppressive, she was summoned by the kitchen council, where the business of preparation was going on. Suddenly, however, they came to a stand. There was no brandy to give flavour to the cake; and the cook declared it was impossible to make it without, or to use any thing as a substitute.

Mrs. Manly's cheeks flushed high with shame. Her husband had retained the key of the closet that contained the forbidden article. He was afraid to trust it in her keeping. The mildest cordials were alone left at her disposal, for the entertainment of her guests. What would her husband think if she purchased, in his absence, what he had himself secreted from her? What would the servants believe if she refused to provide them with what was deemed indispensable? The fear of her secret's being detected, combined with resentment at her husband's unyielding distrust, decided her conduct: She bought—she *tasted*. The cook asserted there was something peculiar in its flavour, and asked her to judge for herself. Would it not excite suspicion, if she refused? She broke her solemn vow—she *tasted*—and was *undone*. The burning thirst once kindled, in those who have been victims to this fatal passion, it rages with the strength of madness. In the secrecy of the closet where she hid the poison, she yielded to the tempter, who whispered, that, as she had been *compelled* to taste, her promise had been innocently broken: there could be no harm in a *little more*—the last that should ever pass her lips. In the delirium of the moment, she yielded, till, incapable of self-control, she continued the inebriating draught. Judgment—reason—at length, perception, vanished. The approach of evening found her still prostrate on her bed, a melancholy instance of the futility of the best human resolutions, unsupported by the divine principle of religion. The servants were at first struck with consternation. They thought some sudden disease had overtaken her: But the marks of intemperance, that, like the brand on the brow of Cain, single out its votaries from the rest of mankind, those revolting traces, were

but too visible. They knew not what to do.—Uncertain what guests were invited, they could not send apologies, nor ask them to defer their visit. The shades of evening were beginning to fall; the children were crying, deprived of the usual cares of their nurse; and in the general bustle, clung to their mother, whose ear was deaf to the appeal of nature. The little one, weary of shedding so many unavailing tears, at last crawled up on the bed, and fell asleep by her side, though there was scarcely room for her to stretch her little limbs, where she had found the means of climbing. As her slumbers deepened, her limbs relaxed from the rigid posture they had assumed: her arms drooped unconsciously over the bed, and she fell. In her fall she was thrown against one of the posts, and a sharp corner cutting her head, inflicted a deep wound. The screams of the little sufferer roused the household, and pierced even the leaden slumbers of intemperance. It was long, however, before Mrs. Manly came to a clear perception of what was passing around her. The sight of the streaming blood, however, acted like a shock of electricity.—She sprang up, and endeavoured to stanch the bleeding wound. The effusion was soon stopped; the child sunk into a peaceful sleep, and the alarm subsided.

Children are liable to so many falls, and bruises, and wounds, it is not strange that Mrs. Manly, in the confused state of her mind, should soon forget the accident, and try to prepare herself for the reception of her guests, who were already assembling in the drawing-room. Every time the bell rung, she started, with a thrill of horror, conscious how unfit she was to sustain the enviable reputation she had acquired. Her head ached almost to bursting—her hands trembled, and a deadly sickness oppressed her. The visions of an upbraiding husband, a scoffing world, rose before her—and dim, but awful, in the dark perspective, she seemed to behold the shadow of a sin-avenging Deity. Another ring—the guests were thronging. Unhappy woman! What was to be done? She would have pleaded sudden indisposition—the accident of her child—but the fear that the servants would reveal the truth—the hope of being able to rally her spirits—determined her to descend into the drawing-room. As she cast a last hurried glance into the mirror, and saw the wild, haggard countenance it reflected, she recoiled at her own image. The jewels with which she had profusely adorned herself, served but to mock the ravages the destroying scourge had made upon her beauty. No cosmetic art could restore the purity of her complexion; nor the costliest perfumes conceal the odour of the fiery liquor. She called for a glass of cordial—kindled up a smile of welcome, and descended to perform the honors of her household. She made a thousand apologies for her delay; related, in glowing colours, the accident that happened to her child, and flew from one subject to another, as if she feared to trust herself with a pause. There was something so unnatural in her countenance, so overstrained in her manner, and so extravagant in her conversation, it was impossible for the company not to be aware of her situation. Silent glances were exchanged, low

whispers passed round; but they had no inclination to lose the entertainment they anticipated. They remembered the luxuries of her table, and hoped, at least, if not a "feast of reason," a feast of the good things of earth.

It was at this crisis Emily Spencer arrived. Her travelling dress, and the fatigue of a journey, were sufficient excuses for her declining to appear in the drawing-room; but the moment she saw Mrs. Manly, her eye, too well experienced, perceived the back-sliding of Anne, and hope died within her bosom. Sick at heart, wounded and indignant, she sat down in the chamber where the children slept—those innocent beings, doomed to an orphanage more sad than death even makes. Anne's conscious spirit quailed before the deep reproach of Emily's silent glances. She stammered out an explanation of the bloody bandage that was bound around the infant's head, assured her there was no cause of alarm, and hurried down to the friends who had passed the period of her absence in covert sarcasm, and open animadversion on her conduct.

Emily sat down on the side of the bed, and leaned over the sleeping infant. Though Mrs. Manly had assured her there was no cause of alarm, she felt there was no reliance on her judgment; and the excessive paleness and languor of its countenance, excited an anxiety its peaceful slumbers could not entirely relieve. "It is all over," thought she, "a relapse in sin is always a thousand times more dangerous than the first yielding. She is at this moment blazoning her disgrace, and there will be no restraining influence left. Oh! unfortunate Manly! was it for this you sacrificed home, friends, and splendid prospects, and came a stranger to a strange land." Absorbed in the contemplation of Manly's unhappy destiny, she remained till the company dispersed, and Mrs. Manly dragged her weary footsteps to her chamber. Completely exhausted by her efforts to command her bewildered faculties, she threw herself on the bed, and sunk into a lethargy; the natural consequence of inebriation. The infant, disturbed by the sudden motion, awakened with a languid cry, expressive of feebleness and pain. Emily raised it in her arms, endeavoured to soothe its complaining; but it continued restless and wailing, till the blood gushed afresh through the bandage. Greatly alarmed, she shook Mrs. Manly's arm, and called upon her to awake. It was in vain—she could not rouse her from her torpor. Instantly ringing the bell, she summoned the nurse, who was revelling, with the other servants, over the relics of the feast, and told her to send immediately for a physician. Fortunately there was one in the neighbourhood, and he came speedily. He shook his head mournfully when he examined the condition of the child, and pronounced its case beyond the reach of human skill. The injury produced by the fall had reached the brain. The very depth of its slumbers was but a fatal symptom of approaching dissolution. The tears of Emily fell fast and thick on the pallid face of the innocent victim. She looked upon its mother—thought upon its father, and pressed the child in agony to her bosom. The kind physician was summoned to

another chamber of sickness. He had done all he could to mitigate, where he could not heal. Emily felt that this dispensation was sent in mercy. She could not pray for the child's life, but she prayed that it might die in the arms of its father; and it seemed that her prayer was heard. It was a singular providence that brought him that very night—a week sooner than he anticipated—urged on by a restless presentiment of evil; a dread that all was not well. Imagination, however, had not pictured the scene that awaited him. His wife, clothed in her richest raiments, and glittering with jewels, lying in the deep torpor of inebriation. Emily, seated by the side of the bed, bathed in tears, holding in her lap the dying infant, her dress stained with the blood with which the fair locks of the child were matted. What a spectacle! He stood for a moment on the threshold of the apartment, as if a bolt had transfixed him. Emily was not roused from her grief by the sound of his footsteps, but she saw the shadow that darkened the wall, and at once recognised his lineaments. The startling cry she uttered brought him to her side, where, kneeling down over his expiring infant, he gazed on its altering features and quivering frame with a countenance so pale and stern, Emily's blood ran cold. Silently and fixedly he knelt, while the deepening shades of dissolution gathered over the beautiful waxen features and the dark film grew over the eyes, so lately bright with that heavenly blue, which is alone seen in the eyes of infancy. He inhaled its last, cold, struggling breath; saw it stretched in the awful immobility of death; then, slowly rising, he turned towards the gaudy figure that lay as if in mockery of the desolation it had created. Then Manly's imprisoned spirit burst its bonds. He grasped his wife's arm, with a strength that might have been felt, even were her limbs of steel, and calling forth her name in a voice deep and thrilling as the trumpet's blast, he commanded her to rise. With a faint foretaste of the feeling with which the guilty soul shall meet the awakening summons of the archangel, the wretched woman raised herself on her elbow, and gazed around her with a wild and glassy stare. "Woman," cried he, still retaining his desperate grasp, and pointing to the dead child, extended on the lap of the weeping Emily, "woman! is this your work? Is this the welcome you have prepared for my return? Oh! most perjured wife and most abandoned mother! You have filled, to overflowing, the vials of indignation; on your own head shall they be poured, blasting and destroying. You have broken the last tie that bound me—it withers like flax in the flame. Was it not enough to bring down the grey hairs of your father to the grave? to steep your own soul in perjury and shame, but that fair innocent must be a sacrifice to your drunken revels? One other victim remains. Your husband—who lives to curse the hour he ever yielded to a syren, who lured him to the brink of hell?"

He paused suddenly—relaxed his iron hold, and fell back perfectly insensible. It is an awful thing to see man fall down in his strength, struck, too, by the lightning of passion. Anne sprang upon her feet. The benumbing spell

was broken. His last words had reached her naked soul. She believed him dead, and that he had indeed died *her* victim. Every other thought and feeling was swallowed up in this belief, she threw herself by his side, uttering the most piercing shrieks, and rending her sable tresses, in the impotence of despair. Poor Emily! it was for her a night of horror; but her fortitude and presence of mind seemed to increase with the strength of the occasion. She turned her cares from the dead to the living.—She bathed with restorative waters the pale brow of Manly; she chafed his cold hands, till their icy chill began to melt in the warmth of returning animation. All the while his wretched wife continued her useless and appalling ravings.

The morning dawned upon a scene of desolation. In one darkened room lay the snowy corpse, drest in the white garments of the grave; in another, the almost unconscious Manly, in the first stages of a burning fever; Anne, crouched in a dark corner, her face buried in her hands; and Emily, pale and wan, but energetic and untiring, still the ministering and healing spirit of this house of grief. Yes! darkness and mourning was in that house; but the visitation of God had not come upon it: Pestilence had not walked in the darkness, nor Destruction, at the noon-day hour. Had Anne resisted the voice of the tempter, her child might have still smiled in his cherub beauty; her husband might have still presided at his board, and she, herself, at his side; if not in the sunshine of love, in the light of increasing confidence. Her frame was worn by the long, silent struggles of contending passions, hopes and fears. This last blow prostrated her in the dust. Had *Anne resisted the voice of the tempter* all might yet have been well; but having once again steeped her lips in the pollution, the very consciousness of her degradation plunged her deeper in sin. She fled from the writhing of remorse to the oblivious draught. She gave herself up, body and soul, irredeemably. She was hurrying on, with fearful strides, to that brink from which so many immortal beings have plunged into the fathomless gulf of perdition.

Manly rose from the couch of sickness an altered man: his proud spirit was humbled—chastened—purified. Brought to the confines of the unseen world, he was made to feel the vanity—the nothingness of this—and while his soul seemed floating on the shoreless ocean of eternity, the billows of human passion sunk before the immensity, the awfulness of the scene. The holy resolutions, formed on what he believed his death-bed, did not vanish with returning health. He saw the bitter cup prepared for him to drain, and though he prayed that it might be permitted to pass from him, he could say, in the resignation of his heart, “not my will, oh father! but *thine* be done.” He looked upon his degraded wife rather with pity, than indignation. He no longer reproached her, or used the language of denunciation. But sometimes, in her lucid intervals, when she witnessed the subdued expression of his once haughty countenance—his deep paleness—the mildness of his deportment to all around him; the watchful guard he held over his own spirit; and all this accompanied by an energy in action—a devo-

tedness in duty—such as she had never seen before—Anne trembled, and felt that he had been near unto his Maker, while she was holding closer and closer companionship with the powers of darkness. The wall of separation she had been building up between them, was it to become high as the heavens—deep as the regions of irremediable love?

Emily was no longer their guest. While Manly lingered between life and death, she watched over him with all a sister's tenderness. Insensible to fatigue—forgetful of sleep—and regardless of food, she was sustained by the intensity of her anxiety; but as soon as his renovated glance could answer her attentions with speechless gratitude, and he became conscious of the cares, that had done more than the physician's skill, in bringing him back to life, she gradually yielded to others the place she had occupied as nurse—that place, which she who should have claimed it as her right, was incapacitated to fill. When Manly was restored to health, Emily felt that she could no longer remain. There was no more fellowship with Anne; and the sympathy that bound her to her husband she could not, with propriety, indulge. Manly, himself, did not oppose her departure; he felt it was best she should go. She took with her the little Anne, with the grateful consent of her father. The opposition of the mother was not allowed to triumph over what Manly knew was for the blessing of his child. “Let her go,” said he, mildly, but determinately; “she will not feel the want of a mother's care.” \* \* \* \* \*

It was a dark and tempestuous night.—The winds of autumn swept against the windows, with the mournful rustle of the withered leaves, fluttering in the blast: the sky was moonless and starless. Every thing abroad presented an aspect of gloom and desolation. Even those who were gathered in the halls of pleasure, felt saddened by the melancholy sighing of the gust; and a cold, whispered mortality breathed into the hearts of the thoughtless and gay. It was on this night that Manly sat by the dying couch of Anne. Every one is familiar with the rapid progress of disease, when it attacks the votary of intemperance. The burning blood soon withers up the veins; the fountain, itself, becomes dry. Fearfully rapid, in this instance, had been the steps of the destroyer. Here she lay, her frame tortured with the agonies of approaching dissolution, and her spirit strong and clear from the mists that had so long, and so fatally obscured it. She saw herself in that mirror which the hand of truth holds up to the eye of the dying. Memory, which acquires, at that awful moment, such supernatural power, brought before her all the past—the *wasted past*—the *irrecoverable past*. Her innocent childhood—her bright and glowing youth; her blasted womanhood, seemed embodied to her eyes. Her father rose from his grave, and standing by her bedside, waving his mournful locks, warned her of her broken oath. Her little infant, with his fair hair dabbled with blood came gliding in its shroud, and accused her of being its murderer. Her husband! As her frenzied spirit called up this last image, she turned her dim eye to him, who was hanging over her couch with a

countenance of such grief and compassion, the dry agony of her despair softened into a gush of remorseful tenderness: "Oh! no—no!" cried she, in difficult accents, "you do not curse me; you live to pardon the wretch who has undone herself and you. Oh! could I live over the past; could I carry back to our bridal the experience of this awful hour, what long years of happiness might be ours?"

The recollection of what she had been—of what she *might have been*—contrasted with what she then was, and with what she still *might be*, was too terrible. Her agonies became wordless. Manly knelt by her side: he sought to soothe her departing spirit by assurances of his own pardon; and to lead her, by penitence and prayer, to the feet of Him, "in whose sight the heavens are not clean." He poured into her soul the experience of his, when he had travelled to the boundaries of the dark valley: his despair—his penitence, and his hopes. He spoke of the mercy that is boundless—the grace that is infinite—till the phantoms, accusing conscience called up, seemed to change their maledictions into prayers for her behalf. Her ravings gradually died away, and she sunk into a troubled sleep.

As Manly gazed upon her features, on which death was already fixing its dim, mysterious impress,—those features whose original beauty was so fearfully marred by the ravages of intemperance,—the waters of time rolled back, and revealed that green, enchanted spot in life's waste, where he was first gilded by her presence. Was that the form whose graceful movements then fascinated his senses; or those the eyes, whose kindling glances had flashed like a glory over his soul? The love, then so idolatrous and impassioned—so long crushed and buried—rose up from the ruins to hallow the vigils of that solemn night.

The morning dawned, but the slumbers of Anne were never to be broken, till the resurrection morn. In the bloom of life—the midst of affluence—with talents created to exalt society, and graces to adorn it; a heart full of warm and generous impulses; a husband as much the object of her pride as of her affections; children, lovely in their innocence, she fell a sacrifice to one brutalising passion. Seldom, indeed, is it that woman, in the higher walks of life, presents such a melancholy example; but were there but *one*, and that one Anne Weston, let her name be revealed, as a beacon, whose warning light should be seen by the daughters of the land.

Another year glided by. The approach of another autumn, found Manly girded for enterprise. He had marked out a new path, and was about to become a dweller of a young and powerful city, born on one of the mighty rivers of the West. His child could there grow up, unwithered by the associations of her mother's disgrace. Amidst the hopes and anticipations gathering around a new home, in a new land, his own spirit might shake off the memories that oppressed its energies. He was still young. The future might offer something of brightness, to indemnify for the darkness of the past.

He once more sought the native place of his unhappy wife; for his child was there, under

the cherishing care of Emily Spencer. He passed that ball-room, in whose illuminated walls his destiny was sealed. The chamber selected for the traveller's resting-place was the one where the prophetic dream had haunted his pillow. His brow was saddened by the gloom of remembrance, when he entered the dwelling-place of his child; but when he saw the bright, beautiful little creature, who sprang into his arms, with spontaneous rapture, and witnessed the emotion that Emily strove vainly to conquer, he felt he was not alone in the world: and the future triumphed over the past. He unfolded all his views, and described the new scenes in which he was soon to become an actor, with reviving eloquence.

"Are you going to carry me there, too, father," said the little girl, whose earnest blue eyes were riveted on his face.

"Are you not willing to go with me, my child? or must I leave you behind?"

"I should like to go, if you will take Emily, but I cannot leave her behind," cried the affectionate child, clinging to that beloved friend, who had devoted herself to her with all a mother's tenderness.

"We will not leave her," exclaimed Manly, a warm glow spreading over his melancholy features, "if she will go with us, and bless our western home."

Emily turned pale, but she did not speak—she could not, if her existence had depended upon it. She was no sickly sentimentalist, but she had ardent affections, though always under the government of upright principles. Her mind was well balanced, and though passion might enter, it was never suffered to gain the ascendancy. From her earliest acquaintance with Manly, she had admired his talents, and respected his character; but the idea of *loving* the husband of her friend, never entered her pure imagination. It was not till she saw him borne down by domestic sorrow, on the bed of sickness, thrown by the neglect of his wife on her tenderness and care, that she felt the danger and depth of her sympathy. The moment she became aware of her involuntary departure from integrity of feeling she fled, and in the tranquillity of her own home, devoted to his child the love she shuddered to think began to flow in an illegitimate channel. That Manly ever cherished any sentiments towards her, warmer than those of esteem and gratitude, she did not believe, but now he came before her, freed by heaven from the shackles that bound him, and duty no longer opposed its barrier to her affections, her heart told her she would follow him to the ends of the earth, and deem its coldest, darkest region, a Paradise, if warmed and illumined by his love! The simplicity of childhood had unveiled the hearts of each to the other. It was not with the romance of his earlier passion that Manly now wooed Emily Spencer to be his wife. It was love, approved by reason, and sanctified by religion. It was the Christian, seeking a fellow labourer in the work of duty; the father, yearning for a mother to watch over an orphan child—the man awakened to the loftiest, holiest purposes of his being.

In a beautiful mansion, looking down on one of the most magnificent landscapes unfolded in

the rich valley of the West, Manly and Emily now reside. All the happiness capable of being enjoyed around the household shrine is theirs—and the only shade that ever dims their brows, is caused by the remembrance of the highly gifted—but ill-fated Anne.



### THE HERALD.

BY MRS. HALE.

"Light to the world!" and a herald went forth,  
Commissioned by heaven to compass the earth;  
He sped o'er the mountains, he traversed the seas,  
Unchanged as the rock, untired as the breeze;  
The sand-withered deserts in safety he passed,  
Nor trembled at robbery, nor shrunk from the blast,  
But where rose man's dwelling mid sunshine or snows,  
On his mission of mercy unfaltering he goes.

The slave hears his tidings and smiles in his chain:  
The lost son he sends to his Father again—  
No cell is too narrow for him to find room,  
He seeks the pale felon, ere borne to his doom,  
Like the angel of Hope, by his side will he stay,  
And soothe his deep anguish and teach him to pray;  
The worn and the weary on him may repose,  
And he brings to the mourner a balm for her woes.

All ages, all stations to him are the same,  
He flatters no party, he bows to no name,  
But *truth* to the highest, or humblest he brings;  
In the tent of the warrior, the palace of kings,  
This Herald will enter, unawed and alone,  
And sin in the hovel, or sin on the throne,  
Will feel the rebuke of his heart-searching eye,  
Blasting Guilt's pleasures like fire from the sky.

On, on in his course, like a heaven-kindled star!  
And his light is diffused o'er the islands afar—  
Their idols are scattered, their altars o'erthrown,  
And to the poor heathen this Herald is known;  
The temple of Budda is bowed by his power,  
Time-hallowed Pagodas, like reeds of an hour,  
Are rooked to their fall by the breath of his prayer,  
As the name of Jehovah he publishes there.

No barrier can stay him, no might can withstand,  
The world at his feet, and heaven in his hand!  
All climates he'll visit, all languages speak,  
All minds he'll enlighten, all fetters he'll break;  
His sceptre of wisdom the nations shall sway,  
As ocean's vast waters the moonbeams obey,  
And by him attracted, man's nature shall rise,  
Till the anthem of earth joins the song of the skies.

Ask ye his name, to remember in prayer;  
Go, go to your BIBLE and ponder it there:  
The Bible! the Bible! what herald so pure—  
With precepts so holy, and promises sure;  
Jehovah's own servant, commissioned to win,  
By the blood of the Saviour, transgressors from sin,  
Thou wonder! thou treasure! Oh, who that has heard  
Thy voice, can forget thee, thou life-giving word!

Written for the Lady's Book.

ALTHEA VERNON;

OR,

THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

A Novlette.

BY MISS LESLIE.

### CHAPTER I.

THE clock of St. John's Church was striking twelve as the last carriage rolled away from the door of Mrs. Vernon's residence in the neighbourhood of Hudson Square. The lady and her daughter were leaning, somewhat fatigued, against the cushions of an ottoman, and talking over the events of the evening, which had been devoted to entertaining a small select party, for Mrs. Vernon never gave large ones: the company being invited to meet a southern family from which her late husband received much civility during a winter he had passed in Charleston. One of the cushions having slipped down, Althea in replacing it found an elegant pocket handkerchief, which she immediately recognized as belonging to the Carolinian heiress, Miss Fitzgerald.

"Ah!" exclaimed Althea, who was a very young girl, "I should have known this handkerchief to be Miss Fitzgerald's, even without the name she has had so delicately marked in the centre. I wonder at her carelessness in leaving so valuable a thing behind her. I was with her at Stewart's the other day when she was looking at some that were just opened: and she took six at fifty, and four at eighty dollars a-piece. Do you not recollect, mamma, I told you as soon as I came home!"

"I think I do remember something of Miss Fitzgerald's laying out several hundred dollars in one morning at Stewart's—but I thought it had been for what your uncle Waltham calls gown-stuffs."

"Oh! no indeed, mamma—that would have been nothing extraordinary; Miss Fitzgerald, of course, dresses superbly. It was all for pocket handkerchiefs. I wonder you should forget. But really these southern people must have Aladdin's lamp in circulation among them. The money they spend when they come to the north is almost incredible."

"It is a great mistake," observed Mrs. Vernon, "to suppose that all southern families are rich, or that they universally indulge in a lavish expenditure; on the contrary, many of them are obliged to use very close economy in their visits to our part of the Union. But the wealth of Mr. Fitzgerald is, I believe, unquestionable; and, therefore, it is needless for his daughter to manifest the opulence of the family by throwing away large sums upon gew-gaws."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Althea, "do not call these divine handkerchiefs gew-gaws! Only look at this (spreading it out on her hands) examine the work, and see how exquisite it is—like a delicate bas-relief sculptured by the fingers

of a fairy. You must look at it closely, or you will be unable to appreciate its excellence."

"The work is certainly very fine," conceded Mrs. Vernon, "and the effect so admirable that colour would rather injure than improve it."

"And the design is so beautiful," pursued Althea. "See the peacock's feathers radiating like a star from the centre where their stems cross each other so ingeniously, leaving a space for the owner's name! And the rich border of rose-leaves and buds, with the minuteness of the almost imperceptible thorns on their delicate stalks. And these charming corners—how ingeniously they are turned! And the lovely sprigs thickly scattered between the centre-piece and the border. Then look at the magnificent lace that is quilled round the hem—the ground so fine, and the edge so rich. See, it is genuine Brussels. There, now mamma (placing herself before a pier glass) when I hold the handkerchief bias, gathering it a little beyond the middle, and letting one corner fall gracefully over my hand, the lace has the effect of strings of small white shells meandering about the cambric, and only united to it by transparent wreaths of woven air."

"I cannot see all this, even when you do hold the handkerchief *bias*," said Mrs. Vernon, half smiling, "and you seem to be wasting a great deal of good enthusiasm on a pocket handkerchief."

"Oh, mamma!" replied Althea, "if you would only take it into your own hands, and examine it closely, you would not wonder at my admiration."

"If its beauties are so minute as to be imperceptible without a close inspection," remarked Mrs. Vernon, "it must be a most unsatisfactory piece of finery; for I will not do the thing the injustice to suppose that it is considered otherwise than as a mere ornament."

"And so are ear-rings, mamma, and necklaces, and brooches, and all other articles of jewellery. They, also, are mere ornaments."

"True: and as such I regret that so much money should always be expended on them. But, to say nothing of the intrinsic value of rich jewels, their beauty is well defined, and their lustre visible even at a tolerable distance. It must be acknowledged that the brilliancy of a few rich jewels improves the elegance of a fine head and neck, and sets off the whiteness of a handsome hand. They certainly add much to the splendour of full dress when a lady is of proper age to wear it. Thus, when *grand costume* is considered expedient, a rich satin or velvet is undoubtedly more magnificent than a plain silk. Also, with regard to feathers, flowers and blond, however costly they may be, they still have the advantage of demonstrating at a glance their quality and their beauty, and are really very ornamental. And I confess that lace and fine needle-work make a very pretty show in peleries, collars and cuffs, particularly when worn with a dark dress. But does a lady look the more beautiful for carrying, gathered up in her hand, a piece of cambric, whose decorations and whose value can neither be perceived nor understood without a close examination. There may be much private felicity in the innate consciousness of having paid an enormous sum for the

thing; but I know not how the glories of an eighty dollar pocket handkerchief can be duly manifested to the public, unless the enviable owner should display it to full advantage by pinning it over the front of her dress, spread out as an apron, the price ticketed on one corner. She might, to be sure, affix it to a wand, and carry it as a flag, with the motto, 'See what I can afford.' No doubt it would attract many followers to her standard."

"Now indeed, mamma," said Althea, "you are making the subject too ridiculous. But you see that elegant handkerchiefs are becoming universal, at least among all that can possibly procure them. Last\* winter I met in the street a lady leading a little girl, about three years old, and to the muff secured to the child's waist by a ribbon, was pinned a handkerchief covered with embroidery, and trimmed with a quilling of broad lace. The handkerchief was so arranged that the whole of it hung down conspicuously from the end of the muff."

"Poor child!" remarked Mrs. Vernon, "an infant sacrifice on the altar of vanity. Every new folly is for awhile epidemic."

"Indeed, mamma," proceeded Althea, "this sort of epidemic is now so prevalent that it seems impossible to resist the contagion; therefore, we may as well yield to it at once, and be like other people. I have long been ashamed of my plain cambric handkerchiefs, fine in texture as they are. And if I had twenty dozen, I would gladly give them all for two or three beautiful things like this of Miss Fitzgerald's."

"I am very sorry to hear you talk so foolishly," replied Mrs. Vernon, "and I regret that this senseless fancy seems to have taken possession of a mind from which (even young as you are) I had hoped better things. Be assured, however, that you cannot prevail on me to gratify this idle longing for embroidered handkerchiefs."

"Just one then, mamma," pleaded Althea, "I will try to be satisfied with a single one, provided it is very elegant, like this."

"Not a single one," replied her mother, "I could not indulge you with such a handkerchief, or indeed with one at fifty or even twenty dollars, unless I withheld from you things more conducive to your real happiness. Your father, it is true, left quite sufficient to enable you and myself to continue living in our accustomed manner, with something to spare occasionally to a few deserving people, whose lot is less fortunate than our own. You should be satisfied at our amply possessing the means of keeping house both genteelly and comfortably, (for those two words are not always synonymous); of entertaining our friends in a liberal and becoming style; of dressing as well as American ladies ought to dress; and of gratifying ourselves with books, prints, music and many other rational pleasures; of seeing whatever is curious in the city; and of occasional excursions to other places. Being in possession of all these enjoyments, (which, however, can only be afforded by observing a due proportion in our various expences, and regulating them with proper consistency) I think, my dear Althea, you may well

\* Fact.

dispense with embroidered pocket handkerchiefs."

"But mamma," persisted Althea, "I see very elegant handkerchiefs carried by ladies whose circumstances are certainly far inferior to ours."

"So much the worse," replied her mother, "these ladies must have made very inconvenient and perhaps painful sacrifices to obtain the baubles. But I am amazed, my dear daughter, at your pertinacity on this very foolish subject. Do you not recollect how amused you were in reading Lady Montague's account of her visit to the Sultana Hafiten, when you came to the handkerchiefs or napkins of tiffany beautifully worked in flowers of coloured silk, with which the Turkish princess and herself wiped their hands on washing them after dinner. But Cæsar is waiting to extinguish the last of the lamps. We have had 'something too much of this.' Good night, and give me a kiss, though I do refuse to allow you embroidered *mouchoirs*."

Althea smiled, kissed her mother, and ran to her own apartment, taking with her Miss Fitzgerald's handkerchief, which she again spread out and surveyed with admiring eyes before she folded it up and put it away.

## CHAPTER II.

Next morning our heroine wrapped the handkerchief in India paper, put it into her reticule, and set out to restore it to Miss Fitzgerald, at Mrs. Ranstead's boarding house, in Broadway. There, on seeing Mrs. Ranstead, she found that Mr. Fitzgerald and his daughter had departed at an early hour on the northern tour, as it is called; designing to visit Saratoga, Niagara, and Quebec, and to return through New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

"I thought," said Althea, "they were not going till next week."

"That was their intention," replied Mrs. Ranstead, "but after they came home, last night, they were persuaded to join a very pleasant party from my house, that had decided on setting out this morning."

When Althea went home, she consulted her mother on the expediency of sending the handkerchief after Miss Fitzgerald. But Mrs. Vernon, (aware of the risk of its not reaching the place of destination, as the movements of Miss Fitzgerald and her party were uncertain,) recommended that Althea should take care of it till the return of the owner, adding, "if it were a plain cambric, it would be well to have it washed before restoring it to her."

"Oh! mamma," said Althea, "these exquisitely delicate handkerchiefs should be washed as seldom as possible. No art can ever make washed lace look as well as new, and this is quilled on so elegantly—indeed, as none but a Frenchwoman can quill. It had best remain as it is. I cannot take the responsibility of having any thing done to it that may in the slightest degree impair its freshness and beauty. Besides, as these superb handkerchiefs are never in reality used, they will bear a great many carryings in new white gloves before they begin to look in the least soiled or rumpled. There is an art in managing them, as there is an art in wearing an

India shawl. See—this handkerchief looks as nicely now as if it had just come out of the store."

"Althea," said her mother, "Mrs. Dimsdale and Julia have been here, while you were out. On Monday they go to Rockaway, for a week or two, and they are very pressing that you and I shall join their family party on this excursion.—But I declined, as you know we shall next week be expected at your uncle Waltham's."

"Oh! dear mamma," exclaimed Althea, "I had much rather go to Rockaway than to New Manchester. I have been repeatedly at New Manchester, and never once at Rockaway: which is certainly very strange, considering that it is but twenty miles from the city. I am really ashamed to acknowledge that I have never yet seen the open ocean. And as to these New Manchester visits, I must say that I have now very little pleasure in them. They are always exactly the same thing. Uncle Waltham has explained to me so often the machinery of his cotton mills, and of all other cotton mills—present, past, and to come, that he only confuses, instead of enlightening me; and the more he explains the less I understand. I supposed I had quite lost his favour, during our last visit, when, after he had been talking to me two or three hours about old-fashioned and new-fashioned machinery, I thought to give him a proof of what he calls an enquiring mind, by asking if the Jennies were the women-spinners, and the Billies the men, and if they all rode to the factories on mules. I hoped, after this, that he would no longer attempt to combat my ignorance, but next day he returned to the charge all the same, and my silly head was again set in a whirl with flyers, and rollers, and double-speeders; all which he gravely assured me were no laughing matters, as, without them, I should not have a gown to my back."

"I am sorry your good uncle has taken so much pains to so little purpose," observed Mrs. Vernon.

"Dear mamma," proceeded Althea, "do not try to look so serious. You know he is no farther my uncle than that his first wife was papa's half-sister."

"Still," said Mrs. Vernon, "as a kind and excellent man, and an old connection of the family, he is entitled to your regard and respect."

"Indeed, mamma, I regard and respect him with all my heart. Yet it is so hard to be a utilitarian before I am out of my teens. *Mais le bon temps viendra*, and I dare say at five-and-twenty I shall quite enjoy New Manchester, and be fully capable of taking a distinguished part in all the improving conversation that is continually progressing between my uncle and his neighbours. For instance, that of Mr. Stratum, the geologist, who comes every afternoon and talks about the old red sand-stone, and the new red sand-stone; and Mr. Grading, who bolts in just after breakfast, with his hands full of newspapers, saying, delightedly, "There's another rail-road out, this morning."

"For shame," said her mother, "to laugh at these valuable men. You know not how much may be learnt by listening to every one on their favourite topics."

"Very true, mamma, but it is so fatiguing



to be kept always on the improve. As to Aunt Waltham, she has no fault but that of expecting every one to be as faultless as herself, and trying to make them so by perpetual admonitions and exhortations. Then her books are all so exceedingly instructive, that I fall asleep with them in my hands, and am at a loss how to answer when she catechises me about their contents. I know it is very wicked in me to say so, but when I was last at aunt Waltham's I absolutely hated Miss Hannah More. Therefore, dear mamma, do let me go to Rockaway."

To be brief, Mrs. Vernon was finally prevailed on to consent, for the first time, to a separation from her giddy daughter; permitting Althea to accompany the Dimsdales to the sea-shore, while she herself made the promised visit to New Manchester.

While Althea was finishing her preparations for the excursion, her eye fell upon Miss Fitzgerald's handkerchief, as it lay smoothly folded in one of her drawers. She took it up, looked at it again, and wished it hers. "I ought not," thought she, "to trust this handkerchief out of my own possession till I can restore it to Miss Fitzgerald in person. The house may be robbed, in our absence, in spite of Cæsar's vigilance. Somebody may slip in that has false keys. Mrs. Milford's set of emeralds was taken out of her dressing-room bureau, in Waverley Place, when she had the key with her in Canada. And therefore, 'to make assurance doubly sure,' this 'superb article' shall accompany me to Rockaway." So saying, she placed it in her trunk, beneath a pile of her own pocket handkerchiefs.

### CHAPTER III.

On Monday, precisely at the appointed hour, Mr. and Mrs. Dimsdale, with their daughter Julia, stopped at Mrs. Vernon's door, to convey Althea to Rockaway. It being their first separation, (Mrs. Vernon was to go the following day to New Manchester,) the eyes of both mother and daughter overflowed with tears as they bade each other adieu.

The carriage had crossed the Brooklyn Ferry, and proceeded several miles into Long Island, before our young heroine could rally her spirits so as to bestow due admiration on the beauties of the road; notwithstanding that Mr. Dimsdale assiduously directed her notice to various white frame mansions, whose architecture savoured of the Gothic, with a touch of the Grecian. He also endeavoured to interest her fancy, by pointing out the picturesque scenery of the numerous market-grounds; descanting upon the thick luxuriance of the green and feathery carrot-tops; the broad beet-leaves veined and stalked with red; and the immense purple fruit of the dusky melangina plant; also, the fine clusters of Lima beans, hanging round their lofty poles; and the glossy tufts of vegetable silk bursting from the green sheaths of the Indian corn. By degrees, however, Althea brightened up, shewed a great disposition to be enlightened on the subject of summer and winter squashes; made, of herself, some pertinent remarks on tomatos; and accurately described the difference between cauliflower and broccoli. To speak seriously, there

is, undoubtedly, much real abstract beauty in the aspect of a fine plantation of culinary vegetables; independent of their connection with the enjoyments of the table.

When our little party stopped to rest their horses at the village of Jamaica, they found there the first detachment of an itinerant menagerie, encamped in an open field on the roadside; and, grazing on the green, were two very polite elephants, who at times with their trunks handed to each other select tufts of grass.

While her friends went into the *soi-disant* hotel, and seated themselves in one of the parlours, our heroine, the moment she quitted the carriage ran off, with girlish curiosity, to take a close view of the elephants, one of which was much larger than the other. Almost at the same instant a tilbury drove up to the door, and two young gentlemen alighted, in one of whom Mr. Dimsdale recognized his nephew, Templeton Lansing; and the other was introduced by Lansing as his friend Mr. Selfridge, lately returned from Canton. They had been passing a day or two at Rockaway, and were now on their way back to New York.

"Where is Althea Vernon?" enquired Mrs. Dimsdale.

"Oh! mamma!" replied Julia, looking out at the window, "yonder she is, close to those tremendous elephants, and actually stooping down to examine the ends of their trunks, which they are winding and waving about in the most frightful manner."

"I see," said Mr. Dimsdale, smiling, "that curiosity, in women, is even stronger than fear."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Dimsdale, "do, somebody, run out and bring Miss Vernon away. It terrifies me to see her so near those monstrous creatures. Mr. Dimsdale, you must not go. I meant the young gentlemen."

"There is no danger, my dear," observed Mr. Dimsdale, "the elephants are perfectly docile."

"Perhaps so," replied his wife, laying her hand on his arm; "but the head of a family cannot be too safe."

Wyndham Selfridge, at the first intimation, had set off to rescue the young lady, followed by his companion, whose speed he rapidly outstripped, as Lansing stopped a few moments to give some directions to the ostler. When Selfridge reached the spot, Althea was still bending down, intent on the manner in which the elephants plucked up the grass with their trunks and conveyed it to their mouths; and it was not till he addressed her by name, that she was aware of his presence. Althea started, and hastily raised her head: her bonnet falling back gave him a full view of one of the prettiest faces he had ever seen, and at that moment he became a convert to the belief in love at first sight. Selfridge was a very handsome young man, and Althea blushed beneath his gaze as she eagerly adjusted her bonnet.

"Excuse me, Miss Vernon," said Selfridge, "I am commissioned by Mrs. Dimsdale to rescue you from all possibility of danger, by bringing you away from the vicinity of these animals, whose enormous size and immense power are almost enough to shake the confidence of a young lady in the placidity of their dispositions."

At this moment, Templeton Lansing came up,

and introduced Miss Vernon to Mr. Selfridge. Then, putting her arm within his own, he conducted her towards the inn, his friend walking on her other side.

"Were you not afraid, Miss Vernon," said Lansing, to approach so near those stupendous creatures?"

"Not in the least," replied Althea, "or I should not have done so. The elephant, I believe is one of the most amiable, as well as the most intelligent of quadrupeds, seeming perfectly aware that though 'it is excellent to have a giant's strength, it is villainous to use it as a giant.'"

"A fine girl!" thought Selfridge. "Sense—energy—knowledge of Shakspeare; and, withal, so extremely beautiful."

"By the time they entered the parlour, where the Dimsdales were awaiting them, Selfridge regretted exceedingly that he was on his way to the city, and had serious thoughts of proposing to his companion to turn back and accompany the party to Rockaway. His eyes sparkled when this was actually suggested by Mrs. Dimsdale; her husband reminding Lansing that it was now the dull season in Pearl street, and that his partner was fully competent to superintend business. As to Selfridge, he was, just now, quite at leisure, not having yet determined, since his recent return from China, whether he should establish himself in New York, or in his native place, Boston. Finally, it was arranged that the two young men should go back to Rockaway.

Having partaken of a little collation, and rested the horses, the ladies and Mr. Dimsdale resumed their seats in the carriage; the young gentlemen preceding them in the tilbury, where Selfridge was unusually silent and abstracted, not hearing the half that was addressed to him by his companion, and giving vague and unconnected replies.

"See that squirrel running along the fence," said Lansing, pointing with his whip.

"Is she intimate with your cousin, Miss Dimsdale?" enquired Selfridge.

"I suppose you are talking of Miss Vernon," replied Lansing. "Yes, I believe so—I think they were school-mates. I have met Miss Vernon several times at my aunt Dimsdale's, and I have an indistinct recollection of having danced with her somewhere."

"Insensible fellow!" exclaimed Selfridge, "to have any doubts on such a subject."

"Are you going to fall in love with Miss Vernon?" asked Lansing.

"Yes—I have begun already."

"Let me counsel you," resumed Lansing, "to keep your love to yourself, till you have had time to become well acquainted with the lady. Do not—by a boyish precipitancy, unworthy a man of six-and-twenty—involve yourself in an engagement with a young girl whom you may afterwards find incompetent to ensure your happiness in married life. I confess that appearances are highly in favour of Miss Vernon; but still she may be in reality as frivolous and heartless as little Rosa Fielding, who, after tantalizing me a whole year, married the fine house and fine equipage of old Gumbledon, who is fat, gouty, deaf, and aged sixty-five. Then there was my first

love, the elegant Eugenia Beaumont, whom I thought the most refined and the most intellectual of her sex: did she not jilt me for a rich vulgarian, that told her he never saw nobody half so good looking, and promised to take her on the grand tower, and give her plenty of diamonds, and have her represented (as he called it) at all the courts in Europe. Depend upon it, Selfridge, every woman is a paradox. All my experience of them goes to prove that they are only consistent in inconsistency."

"So are men," replied Selfridge; "but let us change the subject. Do you see that flock of white cranes, rising together from yonder salt-margh?"

In the mean time, the travellers in the carriage proceeded on their way; and Althea Vernon, who had heard much of the distinguishing features of the sea-coast expected to find the face of the country wild, arid, and rocky, with no vegetation but a little coarse and scanty grass, and a few bent and stunted pines. But in this part of Long Island the land was very productive, and in good cultivation; and the trees numerous, tall, and of such varieties as denoted a fertile soil. At length they were apprized of the vicinity of the ocean by the appearance of a distant vessel, beyond an opening in the woods; and soon a mast, a sail, and a flag, glancing behind the trees, were objects of frequent recurrence. Still the vegetation continued fine, and the ground level, with not a stone to be seen; and Mr. Dimsdale facetiously informed Althea that the place was called Rockaway because all the rocks were away from it.

The twilight was now gathering round them; the sea-air blew fresh and chilly, and the ladies drew down their veils, and wrapped their shawls more closely. The lights in the returning fishing-boats gleamed upon the dark expanse of the ocean, and the roar of the surf was distinctly heard. They passed a few small white houses, whose windows were bright with their cheerful evening fires: and in a few minutes our heroine and her friends arrived at the lofty portico of the Marine Hotel, where Lansing and Selfridge were waiting to receive them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## RECOLLECTIONS;

AS CAUGHT FROM A SPIRIT'S STORY.

BY GRENVILLE MELLER.

### I.

He told of other hearts—a mother's love!  
Changeless; and stronger than the grasp of death  
A passion holy as its home above,  
And mingling with each hush'd and anxious breath,  
A mother's love! to nought on earth allied,  
To draw its wondrous fervor from its fount—  
Still holier and deeper as 'tis tried—  
On wings that never weary, taught to mount;  
Of that repressless power, earth's hate and scorn  
But lift to loftier tone, when other hopes are gone!

II.

A mother's love! that through the heaving deep—  
The ocean of existence, unconfined,  
Its flowing on and upward still will keep—  
That unsubdued expansion of the mind!  
Like Arethusa's fabled fount of old,  
That through the cavern'd earth and ocean sea  
Led up its waters, still as clear and cold,  
And as unmingled in their purity,  
As when they startled from their deep repose,  
And from the unfathomed chaos of the waves arose!

III.

Then Hate a history unveil'd: He told  
Of two whose hearts grew callous with their years,  
Touch'd by that madd'ning malady of gold,  
That while it desecrates, the spirit sears;  
And they were brothers—but the murky cloud  
That veil'd each heart, like gloom of Erebus,  
Hung o'er their prayerless household as a shroud,  
Blighting their sad existence like a curse,  
Till, scorning mercy, they were left to die,  
With malediction's curling lip, and flashing eye!

IV.

And Persecution, with its sword and brand,  
He pictured in his story—fiend of wrath,  
That with a festering heart and bigot hand,  
Swept through an empire on its bloody path,  
Mask'd as Religion—with fanatic voice,  
It summon'd armies in its deadly wake,  
'Neath Inquisition's banners did rejoice,  
And strode exulting round the pile and stake—  
Changing God's temple to a very tomb,  
And worship for a jubilee of grief and gloom.

V

I ponder'd as I listen'd to the tale  
Of Hatred and of Vengeance, till I thought,  
Beneath their ban how many brows grew pale,  
That, but for them, the fight of Faith well fought,  
Had brighten'd as they pass'd into the sky!  
How many brothers hands, alas! were stained  
With the dim plague-spots of malignity,  
That, as their stifled sympathies had wan'd  
Grew darker and yet deeper, till they spread,  
Over the whole, like black corruption o'er the dead!

Dew is the condensation of watery vapour upon the surface of a condensing body or substance. Clouds and fogs are watery particles which are condensed while floating in the atmosphere, where they continue to float till precipitated, or again dissolved. If by the concentration of these particles, or by additional condensation, their weight be increased beyond that which the extent of their surface can sustain, they then descend in the form of rain. The formation of clouds and fogs, dews and rain, is therefore essentially the same, the latter being but the continuation or extension of the same process which produced the former.

Sulphate of soda is Glauber salts.

†

ORMOND GROSVENOR.\*

A TRAGEDY.

BY MRS. HALE.

*Characters.*

ORMOND GROSVENOR, protégé of Col. Hayne, and Grandson of the Earl of Rochdale.  
COL. HAYNE, an officer in the American Army.  
LORD RAWDON, Commander of the British troops in South Carolina.  
COL. BALFOUR, a British officer.  
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, Agent of the Earl of Rochdale.  
SULLIVAN, a Bostonian, and friend of Grosvenor.  
GEN. MARION, the South Carolinian Patriot.  
LIVINGSTON, } friends of Hayne, and Patriots.  
HOLMES, }  
EDWARD, son of Col. Hayne, 12 years old.  
TRASK, a New England volunteer.  
KINLOCK, } Riflemen in Marion's troop.  
SIMMONS, }  
MURRAY, an English soldier, and agent of Col. Balfour.

GOALER, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, SERVANTS.

MRS. RUTLEDGE, wife of an exiled patriot, and sister-in-law of Col. Hayne.  
JULIA, sister of Ormond Grosvenor.  
CALISTA, daughter of Mrs. Rutledge.  
Children of Col. Hayne.

*Scene—the City of Charleston—afterwards the country and camp of Marion.*

ACT I.

*Scene—a Street in the city of Charleston.*  
*Time—night.*

[Enter Trask, stealthily, followed by Sullivan.]  
Trask. This way; keep in the shadow of the street; We'll soon be out of danger:

Sullivan. Are you sure our steps have not been watched? I would not care, But Julia's brother must not be discovered. You say that search is making through the city?

Trask. Ay, that's the rumour. Rawdon, as I hear, Has offered largely if he may but find Where Grosvenor harbours; and it is presumed, That, dead or living, he will soon be seized,

Sullivan. Not while I hold my sword. Let me but join him—

The pistols are in order.

Trask. Excellent. But how can two maintain the deadly strife Against a host? There is no hope, no chance, And if you're taken, breaking your parole—

Sullivan. Oh! never count the chances of defeat— In a good cause, for country or for friend, Do battle with the world. My dearest friend Is now in peril. Never talk to me Of danger—prudence—'tis the Tories' cant.

Trask. True; but a soldier's honor; his parole—

Sullivan. Is sacred, and I've kept it. Rawdon, thanks,

Thy violated pledge has set us free. He broke the compact, forcing us to join The strife against our country. He shall find 'Tis death to take the lion by the beard, Though hunted to his den.

Trask. But pray remember Your feeble health; 't will screen you from the service.

\* This drama was written to illustrate the spirit of the American Revolution; or the struggle between the principles of civil Liberty—then first developing their power in this country—and the proscriptive privileges of aristocratic domination in the old world.

*Sullivan.* Away! I am ashamed New England's sons  
Should bear such shuffling hearts. 'Tis true my  
strength

Accords not with the spirit of my mind,  
Or instantly I'd join bold Marion's band—  
Heavens! how my heart thrills while I speak his name:  
Defender of his country! Freeman! Patriot!  
How glorious are those titles when deserved:  
They lift the soul above the frowns of fate;  
Or give it strength to wrestle with the storm;  
As the firm-rooted oak, whose sheltering arms  
Protects the fragile plants that flourish near.  
I tell thee, were it mine to choose my rank,  
I'd sooner wear those titles, nobly won,  
Than be born sovereign of a world of slaves.  
There's nothing great but noble deeds; nor good,  
Save virtues that adorn and bless mankind.  
We live not till we take the happiness  
Of others in our estimate of life;  
O, Marion feels life's energy, its scope:  
And measureless, as Freedom's blessings flow,  
He pours the tide of his benevolence.  
The wrongs of his insulted, wasted land,  
The sufferings of his countrymen—'tis these  
That nerve his arm; no selfish passion stirs.  
And is he not a true philanthropist,  
Who hazards poverty, and wounds, and death,  
To serve his fellow men? I'll join him soon.

*Trask.* I'll bear your company; and glad to hear  
That I may go with honor. Thank you, sir,  
Your argument was lawyer like; I wish  
Your father could have heard its eloquence,  
'Twas so much like his own. But all your race  
Are gifted with choice phrases, and smooth speech.  
Hark! the alarm is given. Fly! follow me.

[A noise within; firing, alarms. *Trask and Sullivan rush out just as a number of British soldiers are entering by the opposite door.*]

## SCENE II.

[An apartment in the house of *Mrs. Rutledge*. *Mrs. Rutledge* standing in a mournful attitude beside a table, with a miniature in her hand.]

*Mrs. Rutledge.* It is the same: and such a smile he wore

When on our nuptial morn he gave me this.  
How short the time; it seems but yesterday;  
As fancy brings the gay and glowing scene,  
Why must stern terror raise his fierce rebuke,  
And say that all have fled? 'Tis even so.  
The long, long days of sorrow lay their chain  
Heavy with doubt and dread upon my soul;  
And I must drag the weary burden on.  
O, could I see the end, and know the aim  
Which these accumulated woes will bear  
Upon my country's destiny—I'd bow,  
If 'twere for good, and welcome every pang.  
But thus to suffer, and, perhaps in vain.  
O, my loved husband! are thy sufferings vain,  
Thy sacrifices vain! Forbid it, Heaven,

[Enter *Calista* in haste, with an open letter.]

*Calista.* Mother! my dear mother—

*Mrs. Rutledge.* My child, *Calista*—  
Why fright me thus? your cheek is pale, you tremble,  
I thought, my love, our hearts were bankrupt now,  
And feeling's tribute we no more could pay:  
That grief, and fear, and horror would pass by,  
Like known and common things. What would you tell?

*Calista.* Here is—a letter—from the British chief.

*Mrs. Rutledge.* What seeks he now? the murderer;  
tyrant, ha!

I have no more a husband and a brother,  
Whose blood or banishment might glut his rage.

*Calista.* My dearest mother, do not be alarmed.  
Now let me take the picture. 'Tis my father.  
How calm he looks! he bade us, too, be calm,  
And hope, and pray.

*Mrs. Rutledge.* And we will pray, *Calista*,  
God of the perishing, we cry to thee.  
O, make thy red right arm our strong defence,  
Nor let oppression triumph! O, my heart  
Is swelled to bursting, and my tears must flow.  
I would not murmur at the bitterest cup,  
Heaven's kindness, for my trial, might appoint;  
But miseries heaped by men, by scoffing foes—  
Oh, these are adder-tongued, and sting the soul  
Till patience seems a sin. And yet *Calista*,  
We must be calm. Now let me see the letter.  
I well remember your dear father's words,  
His last injunction, ay, the smile he wore;  
He would not that the enemy should know  
A triumph o'er his mind; and so he went,  
An exile, as on pleasant journey bound,  
And with the farewell kiss no words he spake,  
Save these, 'be calm and pray.'

*Calista.* We have much need  
To reason now in calmness—we are tried.  
The British chief another victim seeks,  
And on the martyred Hayne would doubly wreak  
Revenge and death! and he would bribe our hands  
To deal the wound.

*Mrs. Rutledge.* What, we wound Hayne? my  
friend,  
Your father's friend! our brother, too! Could he  
Insult us thus? What does he say? the letter.

*Calista.* Hawdon, it seems, has gathered from his  
spies

That Ormond Grosvenor is within the city,  
And here—my mother, what could make him judge  
So meanly of our souls, that he would bribe  
The traitor's part from us? but here he offers  
If we with Ormond will persuasion use  
To yield himself, no evil shall befall him.  
And the commissioners shall be intrusted  
To spare the forfeit of our fair estate.  
The forfeit! O, this fiend of wealth that gives  
The gloss of happiness to outward show,  
Yet fills the heart with poverty and baseness.

*Mrs. Rutledge.* I do not comprehend—but let me  
read.

Ah, here it is explained: and this I knew.  
*Calista*, it is time you, too, should know—  
Young Grosvenor is the heir of titled splendor,  
'Tis to restore him to his rank and lineage  
Lord Hawdon seeks him now.

*Calista.* Rank and title!  
How should the kinsman of my uncle Hayne  
Be heir to rank? And Julia, is she, too,  
Of noble lineage! She is Ormond's sister?

*Mrs. Rutledge.* Ay, both were children of a British  
lady.

Poor creature, she died broken-hearted, cursed  
By her own father.

*Calista.* O, what crime deserved  
An earthly punishment so horrible?

*Mrs. Rutledge.* Ask you what crime deserved a  
father's curse?

It was humility, a love that stooped  
Beneath her rank, and wedded a poor man.

*Calista.* And worthless—was he not?

*Mrs. Rutledge.* Oh, no—his mind  
Was a pure fountain of the loftiest thought,  
Where Truth might see her image undefiled;  
And if the high-souled ardor that would dare  
All perils, penalties at honor's call,  
And the rich virtues of the heart had power  
To stamp the patent of nobility,  
He had taken precedence in princely halls.  
But he was poor, and lowly-born, and lived  
Where merit must be heralded by birth,  
Or bought with gold.

*Calista.* And yet he was beloved.

*Mrs. Rutledge.* He was, and loved in such ain-  
cerity

As rank and wealth might never yet obtain;  
And by a peerless beauty; an only child,  
The Earl of Rochdale's daughter. I have seen  
Many a lovely woman, never one  
So fair, even in her faded loveliness,  
As this sweet victim of a father's pride.

*Calista.* And yet she died! The loveliest must die.

*Mrs. Rutledge.* Yes, in this city, in this house she died.

Driven from her father's door, denied the alms Bestowed on lying beggars; her husband seized For a paltry debt, incurred to save his wife And son, their little Ormond, from the famine, Which pines unheeded in that land of lords, Where luxury laughs loud, and drowns the groans Despairing sorrow heaves; and bloated wealth Treads down the poor, as they were only made To toil and die.

*Calista.* They are called Christians. Can such do this? Or does the love of gold Make all men Jews in spirit? Imprisoned Was he?

*Mrs. Rutledge.* He was; and there he must have died,

Had not the generous Hayne, in London then, Redeemed him, paid the debt, and brought him here, With his wife and son, and made them share His fortune. Ah, he was a generous man! When such are rich it seems as angels reigned; But there are sorrows angels cannot soothe, Such were the elder Grosvenor's. He had felt That withering grief, which eats into the soul— The consciousness of injuring her he loved. O, the deep sickness of the wounded mind! Self-torturing, self-consuming!—it is dreadful!

*Calista.* Did he die too?

*Mrs. Rutledge.* He did—and such a death!

When I recall the mournful tragedy, The deep, sad scenes which passed without a show, I feel how impotent is earthly justice.

'Tis only trust in heaven that can reconcile

Such dark, mysterious passages of life.

Two noble-hearted beings sacrificed

On the vile altar of unholy pride.

*Calista.* How did they bear their fate?

*Mrs. Rutledge.* With tender patience;

Each sorrowing for the other, and alone

Feeling the wound that pierced the one beloved.

O, night and day the gentle lady hung

O'er her sick husband's couch: and she would smile,

Wiping the clammy drops from off his brow,

And pass her slender fingers through his hair,

As 'twere in playfulness, and in soft tones,

Beguiling as the melody of heaven,

Would talk of his recovery, and of hopes,

And happiness in store; and he'd smile too.

But when he slumbered came her agony.

Then on his sunken features she would gaze,

And then go forth, and wring her hands.

'Tis a sad sight to watch the breaking heart—

Almost broke my own.

*Calista.* O, could there not

Be found some remedy? You surely tried.

*Mrs. Rutledge.* All, every thing, Calista, was essayed

That skill and anxious friendship could devise,

That love and prayer might urge; all was in vain.

*Calista.* How did she bear his death?

*Mrs. Rutledge.* They died together:

On the self-same day. She was not left alone.

That favor to their constancy was granted.

They were one in death! I would that the old Lord,

Her father, could have seen them as they lay

Shrouded in death's cold beauty; 't was a sight

To call forth tears from stones.

*Calista.* Julia was then

An helpless infant?

*Mrs. Rutledge.* Ay, orphaned at her birth.

Poor little Julia! well she never knew

The clouds of sorrow that hung o'er her morn,

The tears that bathed her infant brow: it seemed

As though she were baptized the child of grief.

I feared 'twas ominous, yet she has been

A gay, sweet-tempered one; and ne'er till now

Has felt affliction.

*Calista.* Does not Ormond know

His kindred, and his country? does he deem

Hayne is his relative!

*Mrs. Rutledge.* Not so—the boy Had the quick instinct of a passionate heart, And such learn sorrow's lesson all too soon; The feelings are prompt tutors. His young soul Brooded o'er all the tears his mother shed, And when they died, father and mother died, It seemed the mountain load of all their griefs And all their wrongs had been transferred to him. And long and painfully my heart was tried By the poor pining boy.

*Calista.* Did he fall sick?

*Mrs. Rutledge.* At heart, stricken sorely, and at times he'd show

A temper fierce and stubborn, as if he were

Wrestling for strength to meet some dreaded foe;

And then in uncomplaining sadness sit

The live-long day. He never told his thoughts:

But since that time I look on childhood's sports,

And bless their joyousness, and pray that ne'er

The shadow of our woes may hide their sun.

*Calista.* Oh! could he not be comforted? be sooth-

ed?

I would have told him all those cruel men,

Who wronged his father, would be left of God

To sin and desolation; and that he

Would yet be blessed, and happy, and—beloved.

*Mrs. Rutledge.* He would not hear it. Hayne es-

sayed the task

In tenderest words, 'twas as a sword had pierced

A cankering wound. It seems as now I heard

His shriek of agony. Poor child, he begged us

Never to name his country or his kindred;

And from that hour they never have been named.

But now I must break through this long restraint,

*Calista.* (in alarm.) You will not give the letter—

*Mrs. Rutledge.* Indeed I must.

Grosvenor shall know the high estate which waits

him;

'T would not be wond'rous should he prize it now.

Titles and wealth have many syren charms;

The soul that can withstand them will deserve—

*Calista.* What? my dear mother.

*Mrs. Rutledge.* Our confidence.

[Exit Mrs. Rutledge.]

*Calista.* (alone.) My mother thinks I love him.

'Tis not so.

We always have been friends, were playmates, too.

I love him as a friend, a cousin. But

No other love. Will he go? My mother seemed

To think he might be dazzled with a title.

He'll be called 'Lord!' I'd rather have him 'Ormond.'

What charm has greatness when there is no heart

That shows our sympathy? What worth has gold,

Unless it purchase blessings for our friends?

He has no friends in England—none; not one.

But here—O, Freedom's children all are friends;

He will not go.

[Exit Calista.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An apartment in Hayne's house.

[Enter Julia, in agitation, Mrs. Rutledge, and Calista following.]

*Julia.* Yes, I will go, and kneel, and weep, and pray—

'Twill be no acting, ours is real grief;

The little children too. You do not think

Our suit can be denied when thus 'tis urged.

*Calista.* Never—unless their bosoms are of flint.

*Mrs. Rutledge.* O, war is cruel hearted: and the

man

Who in the private walks of life was kind,

Even to the nursing mother's tender fears;

Who started at a funeral knell, and walked

With slow, sad step, and sympathizing eye,

When the horse past with one he never knew—

Why he, when war's stern strength is on his soul,  
Will stalk in apathy o'er slaughtered friends,  
Counting the dead and dying, as their loss  
Were all computed by the numbers slain.  
I fear, I fear; but yet we must not shrink,  
Nor leave untried, one means that breathes of hope.  
Were Ormond here—

*Julia.* He would do nothing.  
Blessed be heaven, he is not here to suffer;  
His frank, proud heart would spurn all supplication,  
He would defy the Briton, and would fall  
Beneath his vengeance. Yes! I thank my God  
That Grosvenor has escaped.

*(A knocking is heard at the door. They listen in silence and consternation. The knocking is resumed, and a voice asks admittance.)*

*Mrs. Rutledge.* Who can it be?  
*Julia, rushing to the door.* 'Tis he! O, mercy! 'tis my brother's voice.

*[She opens the door—Grosvenor and Sullivan enter.]*  
O, Ormond! you are lost. Lord Rawdon's spies  
Are in pursuit. Where will you fly? where hide?

*Grosvenor.* Let them come on, an army if they list—

I do not fly while he remains in fetters.  
When is his hour of doom?

*Julia.* To-morrow—morning—  
At the seventh hour. My brother, is there hope?  
Or do you rashly throw your life away?  
How can you succour him?

*Grosvenor.* I know not, Julia.  
But stern resolve shall point the destined way.  
There's no impossibility to him  
Who stands prepared to conquer every hazard.  
The fearful are the failing. Even now  
A hope, that, when I came within the city,  
I had not counted, dawns upon my soul.  
I go to prove its promise.

*Julia.* Stay, brother!

*Calista.* Ormond, stay—  
*Mrs. Rutledge.* A moment to your friends—  
We have prepared one trial more to move  
The heart of Rawdon, and it must prevail.  
In mourning robes the children are arrayed—  
Poor things! they well may mourn. And they shall go,

With Julia and myself, and we will kneel—

*Grosvenor.* Kneel to the whirlwind when it sweeps  
in fury!

Kneel to the ocean when an earthquake heaves it!  
Kneel to the starving tiger! brutes may listen,  
The elements be moved at pity's pleading,  
As easy as the chafed and ruthless tyrant.  
No—Rawdon thirsts for blood, and he shall have it.  
I go to offer up my own—my hope  
Rests on the eagerness I hear he shows  
To hunt me out. Sister, friends, farewell.

*Julia.* Brother, stay! Let us go first. We'll plead—  
His life and your's at stake—oh, we will plead!  
We will not be denied. Calista, Sullivan,  
Will ye not stay my brother, till we've tried  
To melt the tyrant's heart? till Rawdon hears us?

*Mrs. Rutledge.* Julia, forbear; give me a moment's converse—

I have a secret, Ormond, for thine ear.

*(Mrs. Rutledge shows Grosvenor the letter.)*

*Julia, to Sullivan.* Why should the rage of Rawdon be directed

To crush my brother? He hath not taken arms:  
'Tis true his speech is bitter, and his hate  
Of our oppressors has been hotly spoken—  
Can these wild words, the agony of spirit,  
Wrung from him when he learned the awful doom  
Which threatened our kind guardian, our best friend,  
Can these be deemed a crime deserving death?

*Sullivan.* It is a mystery, but rest assured  
Thy brother shall not perish unrevenged.

*Julia.* Ay, that is man's reliance: he'll revenge:  
And so he braces up his mind to bear.  
But we have softer natures, and the dart  
That thrills a human bosom gives us pain—

I never see a wounded enemy,  
Or hear of foe slain on the battle field,  
But I bethink me of his pleasant home,  
And how his mother and his sisters watch  
The tidings from America. Poor souls!  
I've often wept to think how they must weep.  
Now I have sorrows, and it seems as though  
No heart shared mine.

*Sullivan, [taking her hand].* O, did I dare to breathe  
The feelings of my soul! Command my sword,  
My life. What shall I do to give you comfort?

*Mrs. Rutledge, [coming forward.]* Ormond has been  
persuaded. He will wait

Till we have made petition. Come away.

The time is waning, and each numbered hour  
Seems shorter, as the term of life draws nigh.  
And thus 'twould be with life, its limit known:  
'Tis a kind shroud that veils futurity,  
And lets us live in hopes of better days.

Even now that hope sustains me. Julia, come.

*[Exit Mrs. Rutledge, Julia, and Calista.]*

*Sullivan, [following.]* Can I not aid you in this pious duty?

I would Lord Rawdon were beneath my sword!  
He should be humble, ay, and learn to plead  
Till mercy's voice were welcome to his ear.  
The lesson learned he would not soon forget.  
The proud and prosperous little reek of mercy.

*[Exit Sullivan]*

*Grosvenor. (alone—Lord Rawdon's letter in his hand.)* Wealth, and titled grandeur, and the homage  
The world accords to those who tread life's path,

As they were privileged to hold the way,  
(Because, forsooth, their fathers had a name,)  
And thrust with scorn each newer race aside:  
(Base world, man's merit is not in his name!)  
Why, these distinctions wait upon my will.

I have had dreams of greatness—glorious dreams,  
How I would play the lord—how I would spurn  
The littleness of that false pride which seeks

To build on fictitious honors its renown:  
How I would lend my influence to suppress  
The haughtiness of pedigree, and teach  
That brains, not blood, were test of noble birth.

What is so noble as a mind endowed  
With high capacities and virtuous aims?

And these are Nature's gifts, and Culture's fruits,  
Bestowed, acquired, in every rank and age.

The ruffian warriors of the olden times  
Boisterous as winter, and with minds as hard

And barren as the frozen wilderness,—  
Did such as these possess exclusive right

To patent Nature for nobility?  
And to their silly, sinning offspring grant

A perpetuity of dignities  
To the end of time? a charter of that power

Which only should be placed in hands that wield  
The public destinies for public good:

And a monopoly of fame and praise,  
Which talents and true nobleness should gain?

O, foolish men! because your fathers bowed  
To a vile idol, must ye still fall down

And deem the clod they worshipped is divine?  
I would not join this throng; I would not be

A common bubble on a common stream.  
I meant to spurn the trappings of that rank,

I knew would sometime wait me, and assert  
The dignity of free and fearless man,

Holding his title by the gift of God—  
And rendering homage only at His throne.

But Hayne shall not be sacrificed—my pride,  
My mother's wrongs and sufferings—and the deep

And branding insults which my father bore,  
Oh, these I must forego—but not forget.

I'll think no more. My fancy brings such scenes  
As shake my soul—yet they shall not subdue.

'Tis a hard task to curb the angry spirit—  
To smile on those who scorn, speak villains fair,

And be the sycophant we have abhorred:  
And yet, my benefactor shall be saved

At any price, save that of—self-dishonor.

*[Exit Grosvenor.]*

SCENE II.

(Lord Rawdon's quarters in the city. A splendid apartment. Lord Rawdon, Colonel Balfour, and Sir Robert Stanley sitting round a dinner table. Cloth removed, and table covered with bottles, glasses, &c.)

Rawdon. Come, fill your glasses up, and let us drink

Confusion to the Rebels. Would their chief Were now within my grasp, I'd send his soul—To hell, to-morrow—with the dastard Hayne. Traitors are always cowards.

Stanley. Nay, my lord, Disparage not your own right noble deeds. Contemning thus the foe. 'Tis true they lack The dignity of courage, that belongs To those who wield the sword for majesty. The lofty honor of a king can throw A lustre round the meanest loyal name, That fights beneath his banners. Yet these men Have shown what they might be, were they but trained,

And taught their duty: witness Bunker Hill, And Saratoga, and Fort Moultrie, held 'Gainst fearful odds. Such deeds as these would gain,

In the right cause, the praise of Spartan valor.

Balfour. Ay, true—they did fight then—but that was nought

Save selfish instinct that a slave might feel To shield his own poor pittance. They have been So long indulged, and freed from all restraints, That the immunities, our gracious kings Were pleased to grant for their encouragement, They have th' effrontery to claim as rights: And so they battle for a paltry tax, Just as a boor would fight to save his shed. 'Tis plain such narrow feelings must produce A policy as mean in public acts.

Rawdon. And thus we find they have no sentiments

In a union. No bond save selfish aims.

Balfour. And we must treat them as we would a band

Of lawless depredators; make them fear, Each for himself, and thus dissolve their Union, And show their patriotic boasts are smoke. Let power but rise, as the wind sweeps in wrath, The mass like vapours will dissolve and scatter, And England's sway more firmly will be fixed; As conquered, not as colonists, we'll treat Their lost submission.

Stanley. Well, I may be wrong— But still I feel that British clemency, So long our boast, should not be cancelled now. I know they're rebels, and I grant they've sinned, But 'tis in Freedom's name—and we should pause, Lest trampling out our brother's light, we crush The flame by which we walk in our own land.

Rawdon. These men deserve no favor. They are stubborn,

Stiff-necked as Israel, and for cunning wiles, The Greeks before old Troy, compared with Yankees, Were as Parolles to Bertram. I hate them—I'll humble their proud hearts—I have already— They've plead for Hayne: even ladies fair have deigned To send their names to move me. Let them send The names of all the angels, I care not; He dies to-morrow.

(Enter Servant)

Servant. Some ladies desire admittance to your lordship.

Rawdon. I'll not admit them. More pleading fools, I trow,

To beg again for the vile traitor's pardon.

Stanley. 'T would please me much to see them. I have heard

That Carolina's dames are passing fair: And doubtless they have sent their fairest here, That is, if they are shrewd as you report them, They know the magic of a melting eye, Dissolving in soft pity's lustrous light,

The wooing of the tender tone in prayer, Breathed from soft lips that seem to hesitate, As conscious their own loveliness is speech. And then the clasped white hand, and drooping head, And heaving bosom, and the tremulous sigh— Beshrew me, Rawdon, I would scarce refuse Such lovely pleader, should she come to ask The rendering up my friends to death—much less When 'tis to spare her own she brings her suit.

Rawdon. Stanley, you do not know this rebel race. Why this same drooping damsel you depict, Will emulate the Roman's haughtiest style, And prate of liberty—and place the sword In her rebel lover's hand, and bid him fight, And lavish all her smiles to cheer his heart.

Balfour. But on our honorable corps she'll turn The glance of cool contempt, and pass us by, Curling her pretty lip in high disdain, As we were all unworthy to be named.

Rawdon. By heaven! it has rejoiced my heart to see

How these same haughty dames have been subdued, And when they kneel and plead—then I repay Their scorn with interest. But you shall find How I can play the avenger. Let them come in.

(Exit Servant.)

[Enter Mrs. Rutledge, followed by Edward Hayne, a boy of 12 years, and his three little sisters, hand in hand,—then Julia with Hayne's youngest child, an infant of two years, in her arms—all clad in mourning.]

Mrs. Rutledge. Lord Rawdon.

Rawdon. I am here

(The children and Julia kneel before him.)

Edward Spare my father!

Little Girls. My father—my dear father. O, spare my father!

Julia. I kneel with one who cannot speak his suit.

Look on this innocent suppliant, my lord,— See how he smiles, unconscious of the fate That threatens his dear father. Do not tear From this sweet child his only stay—his mother is dead.

O, let our prayers and tears prevail, and grant The father to his children—so when death Shall lay his cold hand on thy sinking frame, The thought of this kind mercy will sustain Thy heart to meet the Judge, who bids forgive, And we shall be forgiven. In that dread hour Our blessings, like sweet incense, will arise, Our thanks will seem a melody, a light, Shedding upon thy soul the hopes of heaven.

Rawdon. I had presumed my fixed resolve was known,

And that no further efforts would be made: To change what is determined, and shall be. Let those who fear the spray the torrent fling Retrace their steps—I cross the stream, how'er Its brawling may disturb me. Know the man, For whom you plead, has been adjudged to die? His crimes, rebellion, treason, well deserve The sentence, and the majesty of law Shall have its victim. He dies—the traitor!

Edward, (starting up.) My father is no traitor—he is good—

I wish all men were so. He only sought To serve his country: and I'd fight, too, If I had a sword. He is no traitor!—(menacingly.)

Rawdon, (turning to Stanley) There, see the spirit of this mutiny.

It has pervaded, poisoned all the land: Old men and children, and the women, too, Are traitors, and his majesty may deem We take no note, when we forbear to punish. Leave me—your prayer accords not with my duty.

Mrs. Rutledge. Had you a father? Were you e'er a child?

A little helpless innocent, who clung When danger threatened, to a mother's breast, Secure, that there was shelter? O, what shield Like parent's love to guard the child from harm? And will you rend the last defence away

From these poor infants? on their tender heads  
Pour out the vials of war's wrath, and turn  
Their rising sun to blood? Art thou a man?  
Then show humanity. Wouldst be a hero?  
Then conquer minds by mercy, and thy name  
Will live in grateful and admiring hearts  
When marble monuments are dust. O, say  
That Hayne may live!

*Rawdon.* Pardon me, madam, his life  
Is forfeit, and the example must be made.  
Rebellion thrives by mercy. I must try  
If wholesome discipline has any terrors.  
Your people shall be taught the majesty  
Of our good king, and the omnipotence  
Of Parliament. The rabble's insolence  
Shall be brought down: and when they cease to sin  
Why, we shall cease to punish. I am busy;  
And if your plea is finished—

*Mrs. Rutledge.* Heartless monster!—  
But come poor orphans—Julia, come away,  
Your father must die! There is no hope; but death  
Will come to all. And thou art sentenced too!

(*To Rawdon.*)  
Nor power of king or Parliament will save thee;  
And when that hour arrives, then think of this;  
And let thy soul despair, for thou hast griev'd  
These little ones, and Christ will judge their cause.  
—Nor think proud England can subdue our hearts,  
Or bend our people to her haughty will.  
We shall be free—and she will rue the day  
She makes America her deadly foe.  
Yes, some descendant of this weeping group  
You spurn in contumely, may wield the scourge  
That shakes her towers, and lays her glory low.  
God is our refuge. Edward, come.

(*As they are going out, Edward turns, rushes to  
Rawdon and clasps his knees.*)

*Edward.* O, mercy for my father?—pardon!

*Rawdon.* Off! young rebel, off! You are traitors  
all—

And 'twere good policy to hang you all.

(*Mrs. Rutledge leads Edward out.*)

*Balfour.* If Nero's subjects were as bad, his wish  
To lop their necks at once were only justice.

*Rawdon.* Ha! ha! Sir Robert, what say you? must  
I grant

These weeping damosels their poor petition?

*Stanley.* I would not choose their curse upon my  
head.

—That lady bears a heart of lofty mood,  
Undaunted as a queen.

*Rawdon.* So they do all,  
And this self-arrogance we must repress,  
Or lords will soon be only common men;  
Let such a spirit gain ascendant here,  
And Europe's millions will be roused, and swine  
Will rend and trample all our jewels down.  
These rebels shall be crushed.

*Stanley.* 'Twill be a task;  
If all the women are as fair,—and faithful  
In their country's cause. But who was that sweet girl?  
She should be loyal, she was formed to grace  
The splendours of a court; her life should pass  
In gay pavilions where soft music floats,  
And love is harmony, and pleasure life.  
But here, in these rude scenes and perilous times,  
She seems a sunbeam on a scowling cloud.  
Who is she? I have seen her face ere now.

*Balfour.* In dreams, perchance. She is a native  
here;

A poor dependant on the rebel Hayne.

(*Stanley seems lost in thought—then suddenly takes  
out a miniature.*)

*Stanley.* 'Tis here. She must be Ormond Gros-  
venor's sister.

Is not this like her? every feature true—  
The forehead, fair as moonlight on the wave—  
The cheek so clear, you see the soul shine through  
Leaving its tinge of beauty. (The maiden's cheek  
Was paler—very pale—but it was sorrow)  
The dimpled chin—the hair—the soft blue eye,  
That looked as it had opened first in heaven,  
And caught its brightness from the seraph's gaze,

As flowers are fairest where the sunbeams fall—  
'Tis like the maiden.

*Balfour.*

Very.

*Rawdon.*

Wonderful.

*Stanley.* This was the lady Julia, Grosvenor's mo-  
ther;

And that young beauty must her daughter be.

The old Earl knows it not—and yet I know  
He will be proud to greet her. I'll inform him.  
Have any tidings of the youth arrived?

*Balfour.* None; I told you he had fled the city.

'Tis like he's joined the rebels, for with Hayne  
What lesson but rebellion would he learn?

(*Enter servant, and gives a letter to Lord Rawdon.*)

*Rawdon.* Ha! 'tis from him, from Grosvenor—he  
is here.

A coronet has dazzled him; he'll yield:

And then we'll use his influence to quell

These plebeians. Warmest ardor always springs

From new-born zeal—he'll make a flaming tory.

Say we await his coming; show him up. (*To the ser-  
vant.*)

(*Exit servant. The gentlemen rise from their seats.  
Enter Grosvenor.*)

*Stanley, to Balfour.* He is a lord in looks and lofty  
bearing,

And thus proud blood will always show itself.

*Balfour.* I've seen a player look as proud as he.

*Rawdon.* Welcome, young sir, your history I have  
heard.

Sir Robert Stanley from your grandsire brings

Authority to treat you as the heir

Of Rochdale's wide domain and honored name.

Accept my hand in pledge of warmest joy,

That you are thus restored to adorn the ranks  
Of our nobility.

(*Grosvenor folding his arms refuses the offered  
hand.*)

*Grosvenor.*

The noble are the good.  
With such alone shall Grosvenor's hand be pledged,

And I am Grosvenor now. My father's name  
I've honour'd, cherish'd, borne; I am proud to bear it.

*Stanley.* Why so you should have done; but now  
the time

Arrives to put a nobler title on,

The blood of Rochdale must have thrilled your veins;

The lofty lineage of that ancient race,

Like mighty river, deepening as it flows,

With broader space, and richer treasure fraught,

Now pours its tribute as your rightful due.

*Grosvenor.* That *rightful* may be question'd. But  
not now;

I came with other purpose: Yet I've learned

Much that the lordling's heir is never taught;

I've learned to judge of men by their own deeds;

To separate the accident of birth,

The gifts of fortune and the outward show

From the true work of God—the image here:

Drawn forth in beauty only by the light, (*laying his  
hand on his heart.*)

Each man must kindle for himself, and keep

Bright by his own deep watchings. There's no power

In ancestry to make the foolish wise,

The ignorant learned, the cowardly and base

Deserving our respect as brave and good.

All men feel this. Nor dares the despot say

His fiat can endow with truth the soul,

Or, like a pension, on the heart bestow

The virtues current in the realms above,

Hence man's best riches must be gained, not given:

His noblest name deserved, and not derived;

But this to you is treason. Fraud and force

Have abrogated right, and men are slaves—

Ay, willing, beastly, slaves—Content to drag

The chariots of their master—yield their necks

To the yoke of power—so it be only gilded.

And hence you claim their service. Well, they're fools;

But not forever. Justice yet will reign,

And the world be the heritage of men.

*Stanley.* I grieve to find that, living thus estranged  
From all your peers, and mingling with the low,



Has filled your mind with dangerous fantasies.  
But these will soon disperse; resume your rank,  
And you will then be satisfied that heaven  
Ordain'd that kings should rule, and men obey:  
That lords should have their privileges, frank'd,  
To pass unquestion'd by the peasant throng.  
At least I've never known a lord to doubt  
His own capacity for high estate.  
These mists will disappear as you ascend,  
And then, in fair proportions, stand revealed  
The beautiful fabric of our social state.  
Rough stones for the foundation, as was meet;  
But smoothing to the eye as it upheaves,  
'Till, carved and garnish'd with each rare device,  
Lofty and fair, the capital shines forth,  
The wonder and the envy of mankind.  
A monument of wisdom.

*Grosvenor.* Your fathers' wisdom;  
And they, it seems, expended all, and laid  
On their posterity the Median law  
Which "altereth not"—Improvement is a sin.  
But leave this theme. I came to yield myself,  
And be the pageant of my grandsire's will,  
On one condition only.

*Stanley.* Name it then.  
I shall feel honoured to obey your wisdom.

*Grosvenor.* That Hayne shall be set free. He is  
my friend—

My benefactor—yea, my more than father;  
For he discharged those duties from his heart,  
Which nature ne'er imposed.

*Rawdon.* The rebel—no!  
I've heard his name till the very sound is treason.  
And he shall die, if but for troubling me.

*Grosvenor.* Then tremble for your life. My arm is  
nerved;

Hayne never dies alone.

*Stanley.* But why this rage?  
Grant him your friend. Shall private virtues claim  
Exemption to the man, for public crime?  
'Tis pity there is need of punishment.  
But still, offences must be noted.

*Grosvenor.* Talk not  
Of laws and crimes to me, I am resolved!

*Rawdon.* You are not dictator here. Know that  
your speech

Is treasonous, and I have power to lay  
The fetters on your arm. One word of mine—

*Grosvenor.* One blow of mine will spare your  
tongue that trouble.

Call, if you dare, upon your slaves without.

I will be heard—and I will talk of Hayne.

*Balfour, (to Rawdon.)* He's desperate. Why  
provoke a madman's wrath?

Yield to him seemingly, and we'll contrive  
To manage him; I'll warrant you.

*Rawdon.* Must I say Hayne is pardoned? Heaven  
and earth!

*Balfour.* Only say it. One word in your ear.

[*Balfour and Rawdon talk apart.*]

*Stanley, (to Grosvenor.)* You bear a faithful heart.  
*Grosvenor.* And memory too.

*Stanley.* But oft we should forget. Your early life  
Was a sad scene; yet now 'tis past, why turn  
To gaze upon a shadow, that no more  
Will haunt you with its terrors? We all have  
Remembrances to blot from out the brain.

*Grosvenor.* But mine were branded deep—scared—  
and the scars

Are legible as the carved rocks that bear  
The tale of dungeon horrors. Every glance  
Turn'd inward, meets such record. We may change  
The current of our thoughts, even habits yield  
To skilful management and patient care;  
These operate on reason and the mind;  
But turn the heart's sweet current into gall;  
No earthly power can heal the deadly flow:  
'Twill poison the affections, till the blood  
Grows venomous and fiery; and beneath  
Its blasting influence are withered up  
The springs of love and hope; and then we taste

No joy, save in the dignity of scorn,  
That dares seem what it has been made, and keeps  
Its likeness as in mockery of the fate  
Justice had decreed for punishment.

*Stanley.* But when the punishment is disavowed,  
And reparation offered—

*Grosvenor.* Never name  
The price of blasted hopes, and broken hearts;  
Earth has no price for these.

*Stanley.* None, save regret—  
The penitence that heaven accepts. Can'st thou  
Shake off the palsied hand that fain would rest  
Upon thy head, and bless thee, as the prop—  
The last reliance of a noble race?

A solitary, old, and gray-hair'd man,  
Thy grandsire lives, with but one hope in life—  
To see thy face.

*Grosvenor.* My sister—does he know  
I have a sister?

*Stanley.* No.—But he'll receive  
The lovely maiden with the pride of joy  
A doating mother o'er her infant feels  
When first its beauty wins a stranger's gaze.  
I've seen your sister: She must not be praised  
With the set terms of admiration's speech;  
'Twould be like offering incense of strange fire,  
When in the heart, alone, the light should burn.  
The temple of our purest thoughts is—silence.

*Grosvenor.* Yes, Julia will be loved; and if our earth  
Could ripen virtues, we might hope that she  
Would reach perfection. I have sometimes grieved  
That one so formed in mind and charms to grace  
The brightest scenes of life, should have her seat  
In the shadow of a cloud: and yet 'tis weakness—  
The angels watch the good and innocent,  
And where they bend their gaze it must be glorious.

[*Balfour and Rawdon come forward.*]

*Balfour.* Hawdon has graciously inclined his heart.  
Esteem for one of Rochdale's blood—the hope  
That, thus conciliated, he may prove  
What nature meant him—loyal, brave and firm—  
A dignified defender of the crown  
In these revolted colonies—Such thoughts  
Have moved our chief to listen to thy suit:  
Hayne is reprieved.

*Grosvenor.* It must be pardon in full.  
No lesser boon I ask, or will receive.

*Rawdon.* Well, pardon, then; (*aside,*) 'tis easy as  
reprieve—

*Grosvenor.* Thanks! O thanks!  
Father in heaven, I bless thee. Thou hast turned  
The hearts of these to mercy. Thanks, again;  
My tongue but ill obeys my heart; this hand  
May better speak my feelings.

(*They shake hands.*)

Ah! 'tis thus  
That mercy wins. Were vengeance always armed,  
In heaven would be distrust; on earth despair.  
God reigns by love, and so should earthly kings;  
And men show forth their mightiest power in kind-  
ness—

But Hayne must be informed—I go.

*Balfour, (hastily.)* Not yet.  
We have letters, messages, and secrets, which  
Require immediate thought. I'll send to him.

*Grosvenor.* I have a friend without will bear the  
message.

*Rawdon.* Ho! there. (*Enter servant.*) Send hither  
the American.

[*Exit Servant. Enter Trask.*]

*Grosvenor.* Here, bear this ring to Julia; say to her  
Hayne is pardoned.

*Trask, (seizing Grosvenor's hand.)* O, heaven be  
praised!

I'll fly like arrow from a bow, to carry  
Such joyful news.

*Balfour (aside.)* I'll check your arrow's flight.

*Grosvenor.* And say to Julia I am now engaged,  
But will be with her soon.

*Balfour. (aside.)* Not in a hurry;  
If I can manage you will stay engaged—

At least, till Hayne is free—as death can make him.  
[*Exit Trask, followed by Balfour.*]

*Stanley, (to Grosvenor.)* Shall we retire? There's much demands our care.

I cannot rest till I behold thy name  
Invested with the title. Thy sister, too—  
When may I hope to see her?

*Grosvenor.* Soon, I trust.  
There is a weight upon my heart. If rank  
Thus press the spirit down, why nobles have  
Small cause for gratulation. But we'll go  
And do what is before us.

[*Exit Stanley and Grosvenor.*]

*Rawdon, (alone.)* That will be  
A task you little dream of. Have I borne  
'The taunts of this rude fellow?' And his father  
Would have been honour'd had he held the place  
Of footman in my train. I'll let him know  
That I have power to punish Hayne; and were  
Not Rochdale's blood in his veins, he, too, should pay  
The traitor's forfeit. Is he arrested?

*Re-enter Balfour.*

*Balfour.* The rebel had a friend without. I thought  
It task they leave our quarters ere the guard  
Arrested them; or Grosvenor might learn the fate  
His messenger had met; and then our plans  
Would fail. There's some will follow, and secure  
them;

And bring to me the token—the ring. I have  
A little dream of romance for that ring.

*Rawdon.* Knock them in iron, and the ring is yours.  
I go to make arrangements for our scheme;  
Grosvenor must be aboard to-night; the wind  
Is fair: and when in London, and a lord,  
Fear not but we shall have his hearty thanks  
For thus removing those who would have said,  
"I knew when you were humble." 'Tis the curse  
Of high estate to have such monitors.  
And Grosvenor will rejoice that Hayne is silenced.

[*Exit Rawdon.*]

*Balfour, (alone.)* Yes, I have my own plans, and  
they shall speed.

I never yet was balked, when fairly roused  
To make a trial of my skill. They say  
'Tis that I never falter at the means.  
Well, I have reverend counsel on my side.  
How many holy friars have held the creed,  
That a good end in view—meaning, no doubt,  
Their own good only—the means were hallow'd  
Though crimes that fiends would shrink from. Ha! ha!  
These fathers shall be my authority;  
The end I seek is good—in ladies eyes:  
'Tis marriage, with a lovely, innocent girl;  
With Julia. And I seek a fortune, too;  
And that most men will deem the chiefest good.  
Let me count the obstacles before me:  
Grosvenor must be removed; I see the way,  
And Julia, then, will be her grandsire's heir.  
Well, then, the next: Stanley already loves her,  
And I must injure him in her esteem.  
He has been my friend. Pho! conscience, can I feel  
A twinge so like remorse? Why, what a fool!—  
He is my rival, not my friend; as such  
I must consider him, and lay my plans.  
I have them all before me. 'Tis quite easy  
The world to cozen, so we can cheat ourselves  
Into the thought that treachery is best.  
And in this case I think the prize in view  
Will make it wisdom to attempt the risk,  
Though hell were sure to wait me, should I fail.  
Fail! I will not. Julia—fortune—all mine;  
Who'll dare to doubt my wisdom or my honour?  
I'll on.

[*Exit Balfour.*]

END OF SECOND ACT.

To be Concluded next Month.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE FAILURE;

A PEEP INTO FUTURITY.

BY MISS L. E. PENHALLOW.

"From seeming evil still educing good."

IMAGINE yourself in a neat parlour, in the year 1840.—It is a December evening, the cold stormy blasts from without giving a greater feeling of security and comfort to its inmates; it is the hour of "parlor twilight," which Cowper has so beautifully described, and conversation is to employ the half hour which precedes the introduction of the interesting volume, and the various tasks which are to call forth the powers of female taste and ingenuity.

"To-morrow is cousin Dora's wedding-day," said Mary Bruce, "so mother, tell me something of my cousin, say all which has occurred since I have been absent at school; tell me why she is so much beloved by all, and why every one says, as you know father did, to-day, that De Cleveland is so fortunate a man; he said, I think, that he would draw a prize in the lottery where so many find only blank."

"To tell you all that is worthy of being remembered in the history of your cousin Dora, would carry me back to some events, which, at the time of their occurrence, you were unable to comprehend, but now," said Mrs. Bruce, with an arch smile, "that your judgment is matured by sixteen summers, you may perceive the influence they exerted upon the character and fortunes of your cousin.—The year 1837 was one which will long be remembered as one of great national embarrassment. Various were the opinions which prevailed relative to the cause or causes of this distress, each individual drawing his own conclusions, according to the medium of prejudice, feeling, or interest through which he viewed it, but various as were the reasons assigned, all agreed in deploring the sad consequences which were the result. The commercial horizon was for a time obscured by so dense a cloud, that the usually shrewd glance of mercantile sagacity found it impossible to penetrate it. Conjecture followed conjecture, as to its probable duration and effect upon national character. At length the cloud, dark and sullen as it had been, gradually dispersed; and the prospect, if less dazzling to the mere speculator, promised more that was permanent and enduring. Your uncle Southgate was esteemed one of our most opulent merchants; his plans had been well founded—his voyages successful—his projects crowned with more than hope itself could promise; wealth poured in upon him from every quarter, till it seemed that he possessed an almost *Midas wand*, to convert every thing into gold. He had but two children—Theodora, and a daughter many years younger, the little Helen; born to affluence, surrounded by all the indulgences it could purchase, she could scarcely fail to feel the undue distinction yielded in our country to the power of riches. Dora was beautiful, and gifted with strong powers of mind. I had often mentally exclaimed, 'had she been the child of poverty,

Mercury for thermometers is purified by agitation in a bottle with sand, and then by straining it through leather.

or rather of moderate circumstances, had she been compelled to draw upon her own resources, had she been placed in a situation where she must learn the lesson of self-dependence, Dora Southgate would have truly filled the highest and most *appropriate sphere of woman*. How sadly do we err in our sentiments of happiness! We look to those who are surrounded by luxury and wealth—to the children of fortune—of ease, and self-indulgence, and pronounce them happy. Alas! we grossly mistake. It is not amid scenes like these that self-esteem, firm resolution, and true moral courage, find a home; these are plants which require the hardy soil of adversity—the pure influence of vigorous effort—to give them strength: and is it not from these that happiness must arise? Beautiful and talented, with that fascination of manner which is so irresistible a charm in woman, Dora must have attracted admiration, even in a humble sphere of life; what wonder, then, when surrounded by the glare of wealth, that she should have been the courted and admired—‘the very glass of fashion.’ To the unthinking observer, who looked not beyond the surface, her life seemed but one bright summer day; for myself, I must acknowledge, I did not read her character aright. I believed her satisfied with the round of fashionable folly in which she had engaged; but I knew not that beneath the gay exterior there was an unsatisfied void, and something which would whisper in the ear of the beautiful girl, that it was not all as it should be; that this was not the *appropriate sphere* for an immortal and intellectual, above all, for an accountable being.

Amid the numerous admirers who formed the circle of the young heiress, the most prominent was Mr. Lawton, a gentleman from the South, of good family, fine exterior, and graceful though haughty demeanour: he was ever at her side; her partner in the dance, her companion in her rides and walks; and it was generally decided by the world—by those whose knowledge of the fitness of such affairs usually goes not beyond the comparison of external advantages—that nothing could be more inevitable than the connection likely to be formed between the wealthy beauty and the agreeable Southerner. Dora liked his society, and received his attentions as one who was unconscious that they were marked by aught of particular deference; she received them with that indifference which an occupied heart may be supposed to feel for all but the one favoured object. The companion of her childhood—the sharer of all her youthful joys and sorrows—was Henry Cleveland. The friendship which subsisted between the parents had descended to the children: and, though fickle fortune, while she had showered her gifts on one, had, with a niggard hand, denied them to the other, yet was the family of his friend Cleveland ever welcome at the house of Mr. Southgate. Henry had been educated for the profession of medicine, and when, at the death of his father, he devoted himself to the care of his dependent mother, he felt sufficient motive was given him for professional exertion. Dora often wondered why Henry had become so formal, why she was now Miss Southgate, instead of the Dora of former days, and bitterly did she regret the change. In the midst of the crowded assembly,

or gay party, she would look around for the approving glance, and listen for the intelligent comment, or speaking eye of Cleveland; and without these in vain did she seek for pleasure in the homage of the heartless and fashionable. But Henry Cleveland's character was of no common mould, he looked upon life as a scene of trial and probation, upon the future which lay before him as a great arena for exertion and usefulness, and the mere toys of fashion could afford but slender gratification to a mind so constituted. He had loved Dora fondly and devotedly, loved her for those very qualities which the circle in which she moved, thought not she possessed, but he felt that she must be loved as some “bright particular star,” if, indeed, flattery and the thousand dangers of her situation, did not depress her from the high elevation on which his love had placed her, he felt that to him she must henceforth be but as a dream of the past, for even could his high sense of honor have permitted him in his poverty to sue for the wealthy heiress, would she be happy in the cares of domestic life. Dora suspected not the motives which had produced Cleveland's coldness and estrangement of manner. She believed him indifferent to her, and though for one glance of kindness from him she would have exchanged the flatteries and homage of the very élite of the city, yet in a hasty moment of wounded affection and mortified pride, she pledged her faith to Lawton. About this time Cleveland, induced by some lucrative offers, removed to the neighbouring state.

The rage for speculation, which formed so prominent a feature of the period preceding the distress of 1837, seemed to pervade all ranks and classes; Mr. Southgate did not escape its influence, he engaged largely in a scheme which promised abundantly—and *failed*: this, with other extensive losses, led to his own Failure. There is a degree of indelicacy in intruding our society and sympathy even upon our friends immediately after severe disappointments of a pecuniary nature have been suffered. I did not, therefore, see your aunt and cousin, till a few days after the Failure, and then I dreaded the interview with them in their altered fortune, with those who had been wont to surround themselves with every indulgence that wealth could afford—for I knew that your uncle's strict sense of virtue would lead him to discharge every debt to the extent of his ability, though it should leave him penniless. When I entered the room I found Dora alone, she received me with a cheerful smile, and soon spoke of the change of fortune. “The wheel has indeed turned,” said she, “but I have been forming two classes, emanating in one the things which have *not*, in the other those which can *never fail*. In the first place, my health has not failed, the affection of my dear parents, my own cheerfulness, nor the power of exertion, though as yet I can scarcely extend that, so long has it lain dormant. These are some of the things which have *not failed*, that beautiful moon now shining upon us can *never fail*—the thousand toned voices of joy and beauty in nature can *never fail*—and more than all, the goodness of God can *never fail*—and with all these unfailling blessings, say, my dear aunt, shall we not be happy. But I forget there is one *Failure*, of which, perhaps, report has

yet told you, the Failure, no I will not say of Lawton's affections, but," said she, a shade of irony passing across her beautiful face, "the failure with me of an establishment, for the history of the last week has told me that it was the rich heiress, not the penniless Dora Southgate, whom Lawton wooed for his bride. But trust me, I shall not die of a broken heart, and did I even contemplate so tragical an event, I should think myself no more deserving of sympathy than the victim of any other species of intemperance, a sacrifice to undisciplined feeling and wounded pride. The large and splendid mansion they had occupied was exchanged for a mere cottage, which had every thing of comfort, but nothing of elegance to recommend it. "The taste of Dora had thrown around it that air of refinement which the cultivated and educated know so well how to give to the most humble abode—economy and order were the presiding genius of the place. Mr. Southgate had again engaged in a business which afforded to his family the comforts and conveniences of life, while his daughter had found that though banks may fail, and stocks fall, investments may be profitably and securely made in the *banks of industry, economy and contentment*, which will yield, not merely a *semi-annual*, but a *daily* dividend of comfort and happiness to the domestic circle. In cheering the hearts of her parents, in educating her little sister, she soon found that pier-tables, ottomans, and all the thousand appendages of wealth, were quite non-essential to happiness.

On a fine October evening, about three months since, Dora had been walking with her sister, and illustrating some truths by observations on the brilliant orbs that 'deck the brow of night.' As she entered the room she perceived a stranger; a second glance was sufficient to tell her that the seeming stranger was no other than her former playmate and friend, Henry. With the self-possession and grace of a high-bred, elegant woman, she welcomed him again to his native city, though, as she spoke, the bright blush of surprise and pleasure was succeeded by as dead a paleness, when she reflected that she was to him but as the acquaintance of former days, and that, perhaps, his vows and his heart were in the possession of another. It was but the suspense of a moment, the cold and distant Cleveland, forgetting his former restraint, now that he had returned, if not with wealth, at least with competence to offer, now that he had found not the mere votary of fashion, but the devoted sister and daughter, forgot to address *Miss Southgate*, so happy was he again to find his own fair *Dora*.

"And now Mary," said Mrs. Bruce, "shall we say that no good can result from evil, shall we say that it is not good for the cup of worldly success to be dashed from our very lips, that it is not well for 'the tables of the money changers sometimes to be overthrown.' Shall we say that the Failure may not be a fortunate event when such is the result, when it can render the fashionable belle a useful, intelligent and pious woman, save her from a heartless union, and restore her to the chosen object of her heart's best, earliest affection."

Portsmouth.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BY THE REV. J. N. BROWN.

Time's solemn music! Can she forget  
His touch is marked by swift decay;  
That scenes by Fancy burnished yet,  
Will soon be vanished all away;  
And, ere a few more years are fled,  
We shall be mingled with the dead?

She cannot! and the mournful thrill  
Of Feeling, waked by Memory's hand,  
Is trembling o'er her bosom still,  
Unawed by Reason's stern command.  
And still she looks for scenes sublime,  
Beyond the withering touch of Time.

Nor looks in vain! For lo! secure,  
Messiah's Kingdom now appears,  
Destined in glory to endure,  
Uninjured by the lapse of years;  
But rising still, in richer bloom,  
When earth has met her final doom!

KINGDOM OF PEACE! The passing year  
Hath wider spread thy gentle sway:  
And gazing on thy bright career,  
We hail the dawn of holier day—  
When God's high will on earth is done—  
All nation's blest in Christ, his Son!

See! every hill, and vale, and plain,  
Echo's the Missionary's tread;  
See! souls redeem'd from endless pain,  
Are up to heavenly glory led.  
And from Earth's hosts one shout is sent—  
"REIGN ON, LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT!"

The kingdom's of this world may pass,  
Like billows of the restless sea;  
Wealth may waste, and as the grass  
The pride of youth and beauty be;  
But souls that own Messiah's sway,  
May smile amid a world's decay!

EMPIRE OF LOVE! The ravished eye  
Wanders o'er all thy scenes of bliss,  
And owns that all beneath the sky  
Is poor and mean, compared with this!  
Here rests the soul with joy divine:—  
Oh, be my interests link'd with thine!

The Assyrian is the earliest recorded empire, that of Bacchus wants records. It began with Ninus, and ended with Sardinapalus. It was united to the Medes, from Arbaces to Astyages, and then to the Persians, from Cyrus to Darius.

In 687, the Mahomedans first entered Africa, under Omar. In 650, they invaded Barbary. In 710, they overran Numidia and Lybia. In 973, Nigritia; and, in 1067, Lower Ethiopia—extending their faith to the Equator.

# THE DEAD SOLDIER.

A FAVOURITE SONG,

WRITTEN BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY DR. F. A. EWING.

*Presented by J. G. Osbourn, for the Lady's Book.*

VOCE.

PIANO.

*Andante.*

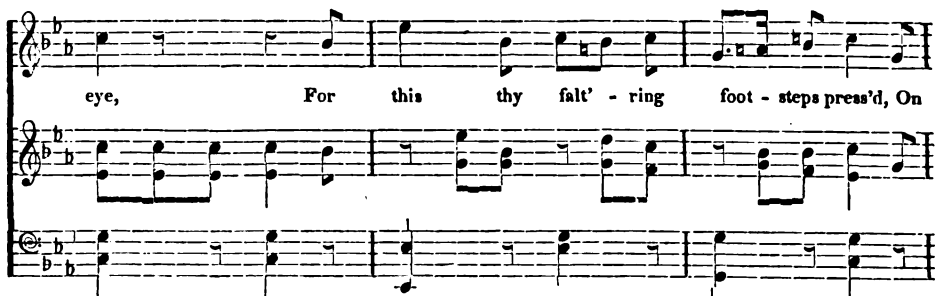
*Siciliano.*

*Siciliano.*

Sol - dier! she's near thee now, For

whom thy la - test prayer, Was but to gaze up-

on her brow, And bless her faith - ful care, The



## II.

She's kneeling at thy side,  
 Her face of anguish sec,  
 How changed that bright, that blooming bride,  
 Who left her home for thee.  
 The battle smoke curls high,  
 Above the reeking plain,  
 Thy comrades raise the victor cry—  
 Wake, soldier!—but 'tis vain.

## III.

Mourn, mourn, thou desolate one;  
 No more thy path forlorn  
 Shall glow with earth's refulgent sun,  
 It hath no second morn;  
 Go in thy deep despair  
 Down to thy husband's tomb,  
 And lay thy young affections there—  
 They know no second bloom

## IV.

Babe! sorrow hath no power  
 O'er innocence like thine,  
 And thou must gild her lonely bower—  
 A star from mercy's shrine.  
 Thy sweetly slumbering breath,  
 That o'er her cheek shall stream,  
 Can chase the form of war and death,  
 That haunt her nightly dream.

## V.

Still, with thy cherub art,  
 Her misery beguile,  
 And when the grief pangs rend her heart,  
 Wear then thy father's smile.  
 None else thy skill can share,  
 None else such balm bestow,  
 For thou canst bring a mother's care  
 To heal a widow's woe.



*The following Letters are from the admirable Biography of Scott, by his son-in-law, Lockhart.*

TO MISS JOANNA BAILLIE, HAMPSTEAD.

*November 12, 1815, Abbotsford.*

"I have been long in acknowledging your letter, my dear friend, and yet you have not only been frequent in my thoughts, as must always be the case, but your name has been of late familiar in my mouth as a household word. You must know that the pinasters you had the goodness to send me some time since, which are now fit to be set out of the nursery, have occupied my mind as to the mode of disposing of them. Now, mark the event; there is in the middle of what will soon be a bank of fine young wood, a certain old gravel-pit, which is the present scene of my operations. I have caused it to be covered with better earth, and gently altered with the spade, so as, if possible, to give it the air of one of those accidental hollows, which the surface of a hill frequently presents. Having arranged my ground, I intended to plant it all round with the pinasters, and other varieties of the pine species, and in the interior I will have a rustic seat, surrounded by all kinds of evergreen shrubs (laurels in particular), and all varieties of the holly and cedar, and so forth, and this is to be called and entitled *Joanna's Bower*. We are determined in the choice of our ornaments by necessity, for our ground fronts (in poetic phrase) the rising sun, or, in common language, looks to the east; and, being also on the north side of the hill—(don't you shiver at the thought!)—why, to say truth, George Wynnos and I are both of opinion that nothing but evergreens will flourish there; but I trust I shall convert a present deformity into a very pretty little hobbyhorse sort of thing. It will not bear looking at for years, and that is a pity; but it will so far resemble the person from whom it takes name, that it is planted, as she has written, for the benefit as well of posterity as for the passing generation. Time and I, says the Spaniard, against any two; and, fully confiding in the proverb, I have just undertaken another grand task. You must know, I have purchased a large lump of wild land, lying adjoining to this little property, which greatly more than doubles my domains. The land is said to be reasonably bought, and I am certain I can turn it to advantage by a little judicious expenditure: for this place is already allowed to be worth twice what it cost me: and our people here think so little of planting, and do it so carelessly, that they stare with astonishment at the alteration which well planted woods make on the face of the country. There is, besides, a very great temptation, from the land running to within a quarter of a mile of a very sweet wild sheet of water, of which (that is, one side of it) I have every chance to become proprietor: this is a poetical circumstance not to be lost sight of, and accordingly I keep it full in my view. Amid these various avocations, past, present, and to come, I have not thought much about Waterloo, only that I am truly glad you like it. I might, no doubt, have added many curious anecdotes,

but I think the pamphlet long enough as it stands, and never had any design of writing copious notes.

"I most devoutly hope Lord Byron will succeed in his proposal of bringing out one of your dramas; that he is your sincere admirer is only synonymous with his being a man of genius; and he has, I am convinced, both the power and inclination to serve the public, by availing himself of the treasures you have laid before them. Yet I long for 'some yet untasted spring,' and heartily wish you would take Lord B. into your counsels, and adjust, from your yet unpublished materials, some drama for the public. In such a case, I would, in your place, conceal my name till the issue of the adventure. It is a sickening thing to think how many angry and evil passions the mere name of admitted excellence brings into full activity. I wish you would consider this hint, and I am sure the result would be great gratification to the public, and to yourself that sort of satisfaction which arises from receiving proofs of having attained the mark at which you aimed. Of this last, indeed, you cannot doubt, if you consult only the voices of the intelligent and the accomplished; but the object of the dramatist is professedly to delight the public at large, and therefore I think you should make the experiment fairly.

"Little Sophia is much obliged by your kind and continued recollection; she is an excellent good child; sufficiently sensible, very affectionate, not without perception of character; but the gods have not made her poetical, and I hope she will never attempt to act a part which nature has not called her to. I am myself a poet, writing to a poetess, and therefore cannot be suspected of a wish to degrade a talent, to which, in whatever degree I may have possessed it, I am indebted for much happiness; but this depends only on the rare coincidence of some talent falling in with a novelty of style and diction and conduct of story, which suited the popular taste: and were my children to be better poets than me, they would not be such in general estimation, simply because the second cannot be the first, and the first (I mean in point of date) is every thing, while others are nothing, even with more intrinsic merit. I am therefore particularly anxious to store the heads of my young damsels with something better than the tags of rhymes: and I hope Sophia is old enough (young though she be) to view her little incidents of celebrity, such as they are, in the right point of view. Mrs. Scott and she are at present in Edinburgh; the rest of the children are with me in this place: my eldest boy is already a bold horseman and a fine shot, though only about fourteen years old. I assure you I was prouder of the first black cock he killed, than I have been of any thing whatever since I first killed one myself, and that is twenty years ago. This is all stupid gossip: but, as Master Corporal Nym says, 'things must be as they may;' you cannot expect grapes from thorns, or much amusement from a brain bewildered with thorn hedges at Kaeside, for such is the sonorous title of my new possession, in virtue of which I subscribe myself,

ABBOTSFORD & KAESIDE."

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

*Ashestiel, 1st October, 1807.*

"My dear Southey,

"It will give me the most sincere pleasure to receive any token of your friendly remembrance, more especially in the shape of a romance of knight-errantry. You know so well how to furnish the arms of a preux chevalier, without converting him *a la Tressan* into a modern light dragoon, that my expectations from Palmerin are very high, and I have given directions to have him sent to this retreat so soon as he reaches Edinburg. The half-guinea for Hogg's poems was duly received. The uncertainty of your residence prevented the book being sent at the time proposed—it shall be forwarded from Edinburg to the bookseller at Carlisle, who will probably know how to send it safe. I hope very soon to send you my *Life of Dryden*, and eke my *last Lay*—(by the way, the former ditty was only proposed as the lay of the *last Minstrel*, not his *last fit*). I grieve that you have renounced the harp; but still I confide, that, having often touched it so much to the delight of the hearers, you will return to it again after a short interval. As I don't much admire compliments, you may believe me sincere when I tell you, that I have read *Madoc* three times since my first cursory perusal, and each time with increased admiration of the poetry. But a poem whose merits are of that higher tone does not immediately take with the public at large. It is even possible that during your own life—and may it be as long as every real lover of literature can wish—you must be contented with the applause of the few whom nature has gifted with the rare taste for discriminating in poetry. But the mere *readers of verse* must one day come in, and then *Madoc* will assume his real place at the feet of Milton. Now this opinion of mine was not that (to speak frankly) which I formed on reading the poem at first, though I then felt much of its merit. I hope you have not and don't mean to part with the copy-right. I do not think Wordsworth and you understand the bookselling animal well enough, and wish you would one day try my friend Constable, who would give any terms for a connexion with you. I am most anxious to see the *Cid*: Do you know I committed a theft upon you (neither of the gait, kine, nor horse, nor outside, nor inside plenishing, such as my forefathers sought in Cumberland), but of many verses of the Queen Auragua,\* or howsoever you spell her name. I repeated them to a very great lady (the Princess of Wales), who was so much delighted with them, that I think she got them by heart also. She asked a copy, but that I declined to give, under pretence I could not give an accurate one; but I promised to prefer her request to you. If you wish to oblige her R. H., I will get the verses transmitted to her; if not, the thing may be passed over.

"Many thanks for your invitation to Keswick, which I hope to accept, time and season permitting. Is your brother with you? if so, remember me kindly. Where is Wordsworth, and what

doth he do? I wrote him a few lines some weeks ago, which I suspect never came to hand. I suppose you are possessed of all relating to the *Cid*, otherwise I would mention an old romance, chiefly relating to his banishment, which is in John Frere's possession, and from which he made some lively translations in a tripping Alexandrine stanza. I dare say he would communicate the original, if it could be of the least use\*. I am an humble petitioner that your interesting Spanish ballads be in some shape appended to the *Cid*. Be assured they will give wings. There is a long letter written with a pen like a stick. I beg my respects to Mrs. Southey, in which Mrs. Scott joins; and I am, very truly and affectionately, yours,

WALTER SCOTT."

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANOTHER year! Is it possible that the New-Year has come so soon? Why, when we were a child a year seemed an eternity. It never would pass away; How long and bright then were the summer days! Now we have no summers. There seems, indeed, no day in the month, but the *first day*. And these first days come, unlike 'spirits from the vasty deep,' without being called for. But we are better prepared for the present year. Thanks to the wise liberality of the Publisher, we have a larger list of contributors. Political economists have long been urging the benefits of a division of labor. They are right. Nothing great in physical improvement can be accomplished without co-operation. And intellectual improvement and literary excellence can also be greatly accelerated by the same means.

For ten long years have we sat here alone, and so busied with the thousand and one cares of our duty, that we have hardly had time to mend our pen, and even now, while our new recruits are being trained, proceed we to the examination of the Editor's box, and which, unlike Pandora's the bad articles are usually at the bottom, some weighed down by their own specific gravity (*dullness* is heavy as the night-mare), and others laid aside because unreadable, being written, as we opine, in humble imitation of the Chinese characters. But we will see what we have on hand, and then look over this pile of books: We will talk over the various merits of the new publications, (I have few except works of merit sent me) and by this way avoid the necessity of formal notices—which to me is very dull business, and I presume quite as irksome to all our readers, except the author of the book noticed.

"What article have you there for the Book?"

Secretary.—It is a Poem—"The Emigrant's Daughter."

Editor.—Oh! I do not wonder you found that first. It deserves the first place.—'Tis by Mrs. Sigourney.

Secretary.—It is not in her handwriting.

Editor.—No, it was copied by her little daughter, as she told me in the accompanying letter; all but the last stanza. That round, school-boy hand was written by her son, a boy of about six years, who begged to "do something to help mother," and that motive has probably induced him to strive more earnestly to improve, than would a dozen lessons of the writing master. Such is the influence of the mother.

Secretary.—Here is another poem, "The White Chrysantheum," by "S. E. K."

Editor.—We must give that to our readers next month. It is by a lady whose productions have ap-

\* The ballad of Queen Orraca was first published in the Edinburg Annual for 1808.

\* Mr. Southey introduced, in the appendix to his *Chronicle of the Cid*, some specimens of Mr. Frere's admirable translation of the ancient *Poema del Cid*, to which Scott here alludes.

peared in the Ladies' Magazine. She writes so well that she leaves us nothing to suggest, except that she will write oftener.

Secretary.—The next is a prose article,—"The Solitary Beauty, by Mrs. Hoffland."

Editor.—That must be reserved for the March number; we cannot afford all our good things at once. Our readers may be assured that it is worth waiting for.

Secretary.—Here is a "Sketch," by "A."

Editor.—A very well-written article it is, and deserves the attention of our readers. Please to file it for next month.

Secretary.—What say you to this "Poem," by "A Young Lady?"

Editor.—That I have not read it. Young ladies sometimes write very well, but there are usually some corrections or emendations necessary.

Secretary.—I have here a prose essay, entitled "Animal Magnetism." It looks as though it might be the scribbings of a sonambulist.

Editor.—And would cure the magnetic sleep in some of our readers, perhaps. What do you think of the science?

Secretary.—That it is not worth a thought: but I believe it has been quite popular in New-England.

Editor.—Not in Boston. The pretended science did, at first, excite some wonder there; but it has gained few proselytes. Rhode-Island has been the grand theatre of the mania. The good people in that State, where liberty of conscience was first so nobly established, seem determined to use their freedom. They will believe what they please; and it has pleased them to believe in Animal Magnetism.

Secretary.—But did not M. Poyen work wonders in Boston? I heard much of his Lectures, and his somnambule.

Editor.—You mean Miss Gleason. I saw her performance, and, had we time, should like to describe it. I think it would amuse you; particularly the manner in which I discovered that she was not asleep, when she pretended to be so.

Secretary.—Then you do not believe the science?

Editor.—No, not in the wonders of it. There may be some influence of sympathy or imagination, which, by the manipulations of the magnetiser, will be felt by the person magnetised; particularly when the latter is diseased. But the *clairvoyance* is all a humbug. I detested Miss Gleason's imposition. She is no more in the magnetic sleep when she pretends to be, than I am at this moment. I wish she could be placed under a shower-bath when she is in one of her pretended magnetic slumbers.

Secretary.—Is it not strange that sensible people will believe such ridiculous pretences?

Editor.—Yes, and pay their money to encourage other deceivers. But we will discuss this subject when we have more leisure. At present we must look over those books; only a few, however, can be glanced at. What is the title of that which seems to amuse you?

Secretary.—It is a "Lecture on the CHANGES OF FASHION," by Charles W. Brewster, delivered before the Portsmouth Lyceum. I hope the ladies listened very deferentially. Such lectures are usually intended for their benefit.

Editor.—And in this instance, I think, they might have been benefitted. I have looked it over, and found it worth reading, which is quite a compliment to the lecturer. Will you select an extract? It may gratify our readers to see what the fashions have been in other ages.

Secretary.—Here is a short extract, which I think suited for the Book:

"Although the inventors of *new fashions* and the *leaders* in them are highly culpable, for the injury they do society—yet nine-tenths of those whom we see in fashionable attire, are persons on whom no imputation can be cast: neither is there one in a hundred of their dress-makers or tailors, hatters or cordwainers, who are deserving a breath of censure for doing their work in a fashionable style. So powerful an

impetus has been moving the fashionable world that no individual can with safety hold up a resisting hand. Nothing but a combined strength can ever overcome it.

Common sense asks, why is it that a coat of a few years standing, with a broad back and long waist, which the prudent man has kept for his holiday wear, is not as really valuable as one in which the seams are more nearly allied, or the buttons placed in a different position?

Public opinion replies, the man is *not in fashion*. The observers point him out among the multitude: "There is a sample of old times; 'there goes a miser, who can't afford a new coat;' and a soft voice whispers, as he passes, 'I wonder who would have that old-fashioned man?'" How frequently is the public sympathy excited for an adroit rogue in *fashionable attire*, who has received the just sentence of the law, while the poorly clad culprit by his side, not more guilty, passes almost unnoticed to the gallows.

Thus to be out of fashion a man is generally regarded as wanting in spirit or purse; and it becomes a matter of necessity for a modest man, who wishes to elude the notice of the world, to follow along in the wake of Fashion. However much a person in common life may be disgusted with its fluctuations, he must bear the imputation of *vanity*, and, in some degree, lose his influence in society, if he either has a new dress made in an old style, or, for convenience, appears in any new clothing which is made more with a view to general utility than in subservience to Fashion.

"The necessity of conforming to the style of the times, and avoiding singularity in dress, is strikingly illustrated in the life of Sir Humphrey Davy:

"In 1813 Sir Humphrey Davy was permitted by Napoleon to visit Paris. At that time it will be recollected, that every movement of citizens was carefully watched, and that every assemblage of people in public places was speedily dispersed by military power, to prevent riots and revolutionary proceedings. While the distinguished philosopher was attending the meeting of the Institute, Lady Davy, attended by her maid, walked in the public garden. She wore a very small hat, of a simple cockle-shell form, such as was fashionable in London at the time, while the Parisian ladies wore bonnets of most voluminous dimensions. It happened to be a Saint's day, on which, the shops being closed, the citizens repaired in crowds to the garden. On seeing the diminutive bonnet of Lady Davy, the Parisians felt little less surprise than the inhabitants of Brobdingnag, on beholding the hat of Gulliver; and a crowd of persons soon assembled around the unknown exotic: in consequence of which one of the Inspectors of the Garden immediately presented himself, and informed her ladyship that no cause for assemblage could be suffered, and therefore requested her to retire. Some officers of the Imperial Guard, to whom she appealed, replied, that however much they might regret the circumstance, they were unable to afford her any redress, as the order was peremptory. She then requested to be conducted to her carriage; an officer immediately offered his arm; but the crowd had by this time so greatly increased, that it became necessary to send for a corporal's guard; and the party quitted the garden surrounded by fixed bayonets!

"We here see the impropriety and even the danger of an individual—unsustained by the example of others—appearing in public without paying due respect to the fashion of the times. Had Lady Davy, instead of appearing in her modest, unassuming dress, decorated her head with a lofty bonnet, arrayed in all the costly and showy gew-gaws of the Parisian ladies, she might have passed unobserved among the fashionable populace, and the corporal's guard remained unemployed at their post.

"In every division of the world of fashion, the same species of curiosity is in exercise—a degree of the same notice is taken of an aberration from the fashion—and it occupies a large share of the thoughts and the conversation of that extensive class in society, who look mostly upon the outward appearance, in deciding upon the man's worth.

"The great wheels of fashion, like those of the manufacturing mill, are set in motion by a heavy pressure from a strong current, and individual opposition to their force, may be thought only like the rebellion of a spindle against the power which sets ten thousand in motion. But however feeble individual power may be, we have the right of investigating and discussing such measures as are of questionable utility; as it is only by throwing light upon popular follies, that the current of public sentiment can be turned into a right channel, and the fluctuations of fashion be suppressed or regulated.

"The citizens of a Free Republic should do away every kind of bondage. In some countries, where the loyal subject looks to the Court for fashions as well as for laws, and where he can hardly harbor a thought, unless sanctioned by his king, he may well consent to have his shoe-strings tied in royal style, and change the knots in imitation of the Sovereign and his Court. But *Citizens of a Republic* have no cause for such servile imitations. *They are the highest power in the Nation*; and only lack freedom from the influence of Fashion to make them *truly independent*.

"In Europe, for the last five hundred years, the Courts have been the modellers of Fashion. So long as our country was under the British crown, there was some excuse, although but feeble, indeed, for following the Fashions of the Court. But we are now freed from kingly power and influence, and are under no greater obligations to follow foreign fashions, than our independent ancestors were to drink the tea poisoned by an indigestible duty.

"Fashions are intended at Court to gratify the ambitious vanity of those who are high in rank. To make a distinction between them and the lowest classes in society.

"That the changes of Fashion have long been made in foreign courts to gratify such aristocratic feelings, is plainly illustrated by the remarks of a French moralist, about 250 years since, who was making grievous complaints because the ladies of the Court, at that time appeared with looking-glasses suspended from their waists, and thus kept their eyes in perpetual activity:

"*'Alas!*' he exclaims, *'in what an age do we live! to see such depravity as we see, that induced them even to bring into church these scandalous mirrors hanging about their waists! Let all histories, divine, human and profane, be consulted; never will it be found that these objects of vanity were ever thus brought into public by the most meretricious of the sex. It is true, at present none but ladies of the Court venture to wear them; but long it will not be, before every citizen's daughter, and every female servant, will wear them. Such,' the historian remarks, 'in all times, has been the rise and decline of Fashion; and the absurd mimicry of the citizens, even of the lowest classes, to their very ruin, in striving to rival the newest fashion, has mortified and galled the courtier.'*"

Editor—I should like to make other extracts, if we had room. The object of the lecture is to urge the advantages of adopting a national costume; a subject that deserves attention—more than we can now give it. What next?

Secretary—"The Young Wife," by "William A. Alcott." Do you not think there is something preposterous in the idea that a man should prescribe the duties of a Young Wife, and a Young Mother? What would the men say if we ladies should lay down the law to Fathers and Husbands?

Editor.—Say what we do about Dr. Alcott, I suppose, that we were not competent to the task. However, I think that "The Young Wife" is worth reading, and hope the work will be circulated extensively. The author is a man of strong powers of mind, and has great zeal to do good. Some of his theories we think absurd; and a few exceptionable passages might be pointed out; but the book is a good one, notwithstanding. Next month we will speak further on this subject.

Secretary.—Here are two handsome volumes—the

outside quite attractive—"Tales from the German," by Nathaniel Greene.

Editor.—His example should be quoted as a model for all men of business.—He employs his leisure hours in study, and by this course has, we understand, become quite a proficient in several modern languages. A year or two since he published a translation of the *Compendious History of Italy*, and now we have two volumes from the German. There are four stories, principally illustrative of portions of German history. Van der Velde, the author, has been called, by some critics, the Walter Scott of Germany. We do not know enough of his writings to decide how far he deserves such a title, but these tales are calculated to win him favor, and do great credit to the taste and talents of Mr. Greene.

Secretary.—What have we here? "A Historical Drama," entitled "Pocahontas, by a Citizen of the West." I presume the author of Pocahontas is some industrious planter, who has employed a winter's leisure in this dramatic effort. And while our farmers write tragedies, and our men of business translate German, who will deny that we are a learned nation?

Editor.—Now look at that little thin volume beside you—"The Contrast; or Modes of Education." That book, the production of the author of the "Three Experiments of Living," is a proof that our women are doing their share to promote the moral improvement of society.

Secretary.—The box is empty.

Editor.—From whom have we contributions in this number?

Secretary.—Mrs. Hoffland has contributed "Recollections of the Past," Mrs. Sigourney, "The Indian Girl's Funeral;" Mrs. Howard, "Do I love Thee;" Miss Sedgwick, "New-Year's Day."

Editor.—That would have been more appropriate to have commenced with.

Secretary.—It was so intended, but it came too late. J. H. Kimbale, "The Vesper Bell;" Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, "The Victim of Excitement;" Miss Lealie, the commencement of "Althea Vernon;" Greenville Mellen, "Recollections, as caught from a Spirit's Story;" Miss Penhallow, "The Failure;" and there are various others, which I find we have not time to mention.

To prevent another disappointment we respectfully request agents to let us know, as early as possible, how many Numbers they will want for the present year. Most of them are aware of the disappointment in furnishing last year's Numbers, although our edition was one-third larger than that of any preceding year.

The most ungracious task of requesting subscribers to settle up their accounts again is ours. It is not polite to refuse after having been asked so often. If the exact sum cannot be procured send Five or Ten Dollars on account. We shall have to commence about February and publish an extra sheet with the names of subscribers, alphabetically arranged, with the sums due by each. We like not the task, but it will be a wholesome rebuke.

After our notice some months since, we hope there will be no more cases of pleading that the book was not ordered by the person receiving it—that being no excuse. If the work is received by any persons who did not order it, they should immediately give the Publisher notice, or they are liable for the subscription.

As many of our female friends are, no doubt, anxious to see how a young queen of 18 looks, we mean to gratify them. Our Engraver has now in hand the Portrait of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and it will be ready in about a month.

The Dinner to Mr. Forrest, on Friday last, went off very well. Some excellent speeches were made by Forrest, McMichael, J. R. Chandler, R. T. Conrad, R. Penn Smith, &c.—and some excellent singing was given by Howard, Russell, Brough, and others.





*Engraved for the F&E N° Lady 1858*



- 11 -

A TRAGEDY  
BY JOHN BALE

### ACT III

We shall be most three times as happy as we are now, if we have the ability to do the things that we are now doing. We shall be most three times as happy as we are now, if we have the ability to do the things that we are now doing. We shall be most three times as happy as we are now, if we have the ability to do the things that we are now doing.

[Enter Livingston and Holmes.]

5

And it were well to yield us to the <sup>187</sup>the  
the present situation.

Let hearts be free, and hands will do their duty.



*Engraved for the FLE. N<sup>o</sup> Lady. 1741. 12d.*

# THE LADY'S BOOK.

FEBRUARY, 1886.

ORMOND GROSVENOR.

A TRAGEDY.

BY MRS. HALE.

(Continued from page 40.)

ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*A cell in the prison. Hayne sitting on his pallet, handcuffed. His son Edward leaning against the wall, weeping.*

*Hayne.* My poor boy, do not weep; this grief is vain.

Look up, and let me see a pleasant smile  
On thy young face, that I may tell thy mother  
How bravely thou hast borne this bitter hour.  
In heaven we'll talk of thee, if 'tis permitted.  
I cannot think that all our earnest hopes,  
Our prayers and watchings for the little ones  
Committed to our care on earth, will cease  
With the breath which gave our forms of clay the  
power

To minister in things of time. No, child,  
We shall be near thee in each trying scene,  
Rejoicing o'er thy steadfastness and truth.  
Cherish thy sisters tenderly, their sex  
Will always need the shield of love to ward  
The dangers of the world; and trust me, boy,  
In sheltering them thou treasurest happiness,  
For kindred hearts in bonds of love are strong  
Against temptation, and the gloomiest hour,  
If brightened with affection's smile, will pass,  
Leaving a sweet and soothing balm to heal  
All sorrows flesh must bear. Therefore be kind,  
And when I am dead——

*Edward, (rushing to his father, and clasping his neck.)* My father, I'll die with thee.

[Enter Livingston and Holmes.]

*Hayne.* Excuse these tears my friends: my arms  
were bound,

And so I threw my heart around my boy,  
Nor wonder if the pressure melted it.  
*Edward* my love, we must show courage now.  
Come, dry thy tears, that mine may cease to flow;  
Thou art my comforter, and I am rich,  
And soon I shall be blest.

*Edward.*

But will you live?

Ask these good men to take your fetters off;  
Oh, pray—the iron is so hard and cold.

*Holmes.* I would I had not lived to see this hour.

*Hayne.* Why, then I should have wanted one kind  
friend,

The cause of freedom would a champion lack:  
And our loved country—she has need of all  
Her dauntless and true-hearted sons—would mourn  
Another stay decayed. Wish not for death,  
There's glorious things to compass.

*Holmes.*

But I feel

While thus my heart is wrung by private griefs,  
All public sacrifices would be vain;  
And it were well to yield us to the fate  
We cannot conquer.

*Hayne, (standing erect.)* Never let such thoughts  
Quell the firm purpose of your souls. Bear on.

The goal will yet be reached, it is in view.

I stand upon an eminence, the mound

Dividing time from the eternal world.

The future, like a vista, spreads afar,

And there are storms and thunderings,—but bright

Above the tumult shines the Bow of Peace—

It bends above my country, fresh and fair,

As the green olive o'er the Deluge smiled,

In Freedom's name she rises, takes her seat

Among the nations, and the ancient thrones

Shall feel her influence, and fear her power,

And veil their glories when her star ascends.

*Livingston.* I hold such confidence, and am as-  
sured.

Come life or death, I'll bear myself erect,  
A man among free men. True, we do feel

The fury of relentless war that strives

To crush, not conquer; such as masters wage

Against their slaves in arms. This cannot last.

A people never were subdued by force.

Even Xerxes' millions were but chaff when rose

A nation in the strength of home and freedom,

The might and majesty of human strength.

Let hearts be free, and hands will do their duty.

We must be firm, and meet each change unmoved.  
*Hayne.* And thus I'd meet my own. I should not choose

To endure a felon's doom. Yet 'tis but death.  
 And there are no inevitable ills  
 But we have strength to bear. My mind is firm  
 In confidence that I have done my duty,  
 And in a righteous cause: and I can trust  
 That this my sacrifice will not be vain.

*Holmes.* Vain, no. It kindles in our breasts anew  
 The patriotic fire. The foe will feel  
 Its burning vengeance! And this scene may be,  
 In distant years, remembered and rehearsed;  
 And it must rouse the hearts of men to feel  
 The slavish bonds of arbitrary power,  
 Cruel as death.

*Hayne.* And pray that this, my fate,  
 May hold the warning beacon forth to show  
 The rancorous war that brethren wage, when hate,  
 And rivalry have poisoned all their thoughts,  
 And changed their social intercourse to fears,  
 And jealousies, and breathings of revenge.  
 The curse—it fell not till fraternal blood  
 Crimsoned and blighted our green earth and still  
 The strife of brethren is the deadliest curse  
 That earth endures. O, never may this land,  
 My own dear country, sink beneath that scourge.

*Livingston.* Fear not. The souls that liberty in-  
 spires,  
 With knowledge of just rights, and equal laws,  
 Are linked in union with bonds as strong  
 As bind the universe in harmony.  
 Such are our leaders, men whose spirits pour  
 The deep resistless tide of thought along,  
 'Twill wear a channel in each breast, and bear  
 All selfish, shallow obstacles away.

*Holmes.* And then we'll raise, on Liberty's broad  
 base,  
 A structure of wise government, and show,  
 In our new world, a glorious spectacle  
 Of social order. Freemen, equals all,  
 By reason swayed, self-governed, self-improved,  
 And the electric chain of public good  
 Twined round the private happiness of each,  
 And every heart thrilled by the patriot chord,  
 That sounds the glory of America.

*Hayne.* I shall be dust ere this. And yet my thoughts  
 Dwell on the picture with the joy of hope.  
 And wherefore? Is it not that here I trace  
 The progress of that mighty promise fraught  
 With tidings of great good! Our God has said  
 That he will reign on earth. And it is here  
 His empire will begin, and send its light  
 Through the dark labyrinths of human pride,  
 Showing oppression's hideousness; the chains  
 That lash old Europe to the bigot's ear,  
 Keeping her nobles, slaves to sense and sin,  
 The veriest parasites on earth—till lords  
 Shall feel their titles are a bye-word, scoff,  
 Blotting man's dignity, and throw them by,  
 Like gawds, whose tinsel fashion has decayed,  
 And put on the true gold of worthiness;  
 And learn their duty from the public voice:  
 And yield their homage to the God of Heaven!  
 This time will come; but first the trial comes,  
 And faithful hearts must suffer or perform.  
 My task will soon be finished,—yours remains;  
 But while you mingle in these scenes of strife,  
 O, keep your feelings warm on mercy's side,  
 Even to our erring countrymen who join  
 The British standard—even to them show pity,  
 Remember, they are brothers. Is the hour come?

(*Enter Goaler and British soldiers.*)

*Goaler.* I wish it had not—but 'tis almost seven.  
 The officers and guard are waiting now.

*Hayne.* Well, it must be. I am ready. Edward,  
 come.  
 Attend your father to his resting place,  
 And see my body laid in the still grave.  
 Its slumbers must be sweet after earth's strife.  
 Dear child, you need not go—you have not strength.

*Edward.* O, let me go, my father. I cannot leave you.

*Hayne, (to the soldiers.)* Lead on; but first unchain me. I would clasp  
 Once more the hands of friends, and feel assured  
 In the warm pressure of the heart's farewell.

[*The fetters of Hayne are taken off, and holding Edward's hand, conversing with his friends, he goes out, preceded and followed by soldiers.*]

## SCENE II.

*A street in the city, thronged with spectators, soldiers &c. A tree in the distance.*

[*Enter Hayne with Edward, Holmes, Livingston, and other friends. Guards, Officers, &c.*]

*Hayne.* Here, then, we part, my son. Now be a man.

My life at yonder tree must end: but there  
 Will end life's sorrows, too. 'Tis a brief time  
 Since your dear mother died, (O, blessed be heaven  
 She died before this scene!) to-day I die.  
 But I have hope to live in heaven, and there  
 Our children soon will meet us. Yes, my son,  
 Though young, you soon may die.

*Edward, (weeping.)* Yes, father, soon  
 I'll follow you; I feel I cannot live.

*Hayne.* Kiss me; farewell—and blessings rest upon thee.

Friends, let me take your hands. My children—  
*Livingston & Holmes.* Are ours.

*Hayne.* Thanks, and farewell. Yet I would say  
 A parting word for Ormond. He has been  
 Dear as a son to me. 'Tis strange he left me.  
 But say I loved him, and I trust he'll prove  
 To Julia a protector, and to mine—  
 Will he forget my children?

*Livingston.* Never, never!  
 Grosvenor is noble-hearted, he has been  
 Basely betrayed. He'll ne'er forget thee.

*Hayne.* Farewell, all:  
 When the heart speaks there's little room for words.  
 My soul to God, my body to the dust,—  
 And my last thought—my country. Edward, live  
 And serve thy God and Country.

[*They move forward and exit.*]

## SCENE III.

*Another street in the city.*

[*Enter Livingston and Holmes from opposite sides of the stage.*]

*Holmes.* How is Edward?

*Livingston.* Like one whose brain is burning,  
 And therefore parches up the fount of tears,  
 Which should rain down in grief, and so allay  
 The fever of despair. 'Tis horrible to see  
 His young heart tortured thus. And then to hear  
 His doleful accents when he names his father,  
 And with convulsive shuddering seems to feel  
 The cord, he saw press round his father's neck.  
 'Tis horrible!

*Holmes.* I fear he never will  
 Recover.

*Livingston.* Why should death by human means  
 Be thus appalling! Had Hayne died of fever,  
 Or any of the thousand accidents,  
 That daily sweep the race of men away;  
 We should have grieved, but not with agony;  
 Have mourned, but murmured not.

*Holmes.* Because to man  
 Was given no right to take his brother's life,  
 Save for a single crime, the crime of blood.  
 The human heart was fashioned to be kind,  
 And would be, were not passions, tiger-fanged,  
 Trained to the rapine of the world for self.  
 And yet, not this perversion of our powers,  
 Has e'er effaced the seal of mercy, set

In each man's soul to mark the worth of life,  
(O, priceless value when employed for heaven!)

And warn him of the penalty incurred  
By those who mar God's image. Even in war,  
When justice and our country cry—to arms,  
And the hot blood stirs with the trumpet's call,  
'Tis not to *kill*, but *conquer* we go forth.  
O, sophistry of passion! when will man  
Learn his true happiness, and his true end—  
And love his neighbour as he loves himself,  
And live on earth as he would live in heaven.

*Livingston.* We have not learned it yet. Our spot  
of earth  
Seems rife with angry passions, men as fierce  
As demons roam around, and threaten death,  
And we must arm, or yield each privilege  
That renders life a blessing. We will resist.  
Hast heard of Grosvenor?

*Holmes.* No. What of him?

*Livingston.* 'Tis told he has escaped. The vessel lay  
Too far from shore for swimmers strength to buffet  
The waves, while storm and darkness both combined  
To veil the enterprise, yet check th' attempt.  
No doubt he'd aid from the city. Rawdon raves,  
And threatens him with chains, or death if taken.

*Holmes.* That will not be at present. He'll retire  
To Marion's camp.

*Livingston.* And why should we not go?  
There's nothing gained by timid policy.

[Enter Balfour, with British officers and soldiers.]

*Balfour.* Seize on these rebels. Chain them; they  
are doomed

[Soldiers seize on Livingston & Holmes.]

To banishment. Put them on board the vessel  
Which sails to-morrow for St. Thomas. There  
Let them arrange their plans of revolution,  
And at their leisure plot in freedom's name  
Against their sovereign. Bear them off.

*Livingston.* Yes,  
Banish our persons; but do not presume  
Such mandate can proscribe the cause of freedom.  
In that high name I here defy your power.  
Load me with irons, chain me in the deep  
And pestilential prisons of your ships,  
Which the infernal fiend of war suggested,  
And none, save the infernals, or such men  
As England, shame on that once generous land,  
Has sent to crush our liberty, would dare  
To place men in! But chain me there,  
With the starved, tortured, dying sons of Freedom,  
And I'll defy you still; and my last breath  
Shall be a prayer for blessings on my country.  
Our cause will triumph yet, and your name go  
Down to posterity as a foul blot,  
Libel on human nature. So should stand  
The names of all, who, in whatever cause,  
Put off the feelings of humanity.

*Balfour.* Ha! prophet, grant me immortality,  
And I care not for terms your history bears,  
In my own land this rebel lore will ne'er  
Be read or heeded.

*Holmes.* Ay, hug such fancies—  
Britain is not the world. But there will come;  
Even in your island, retribution just  
For all the crimes which ye, by Freedom blest  
Above all other nations, yet have done  
Against the rights of man. Repent ere wakes  
The dreadful wrath of a misguided people,  
(The mass of Britons are deceived, not cruel,)  
Against those selfish, base, and heartless tyrants,  
Who have disgraced the name of Englishmen,  
By rapine, cruelty and avarice.  
Such spirit as ye find in Ormond Grosvenor,  
Who has despised you, fled you, and now stands  
With hand and heart to aid the oppressed, will be  
One day the pride of England's noblest sons;  
And she has sons worthy of every praise.

*Balfour.* Ha! ha! Grosvenor fled! Bear them off:  
ha! ha!

(Soldiers lead out the prisoners.)

Grosvenor—ha! ha! I have good cause to laugh:  
Why, who would think wise men could be such dupes?  
These rebels, too, are shrewd; but then they ne'er  
Have learned the world. 'Tis there. They'd never  
make

Diplomatists, nor statesmen. They're too honest.  
Grosvenor escaped! And I planned his escape,  
And now must fan the flame of Rawdon's ire,  
And if he takes the rebel, have him hung  
Upon the instant. Still I would prefer  
That he should fall in battle. I will train  
Some skilful marksmen for that purpose. If  
He's taken, Stanley then may interfere,  
And so gain Julia's thanks—these lead to smiles:  
Love's altar oft is kindled by the ray  
That beams from gratitude. It shall not be.  
My plots, thus far, go swimmingly. Hayne's dead,  
And Grosvenor bann'd, and Julia's mind impressed  
With fears that Stanley is her brother's foe.  
One effort more, and make her think me friend:  
But that's the hardest. I have oft observed  
That innocence seems as instinctive taught  
To fear and fly the guilty. True, they do  
At times neglect the warning, and so fall.  
But Julia's guardian-angel will not sleep,  
And can I not be good, and worthy of her,  
When these stern scenes are o'er, in which I am  
Thus forced, by fate, to act a treacherous part?  
Out! flattering fiend! I will not be the dupe  
Of coward conscience, nor deceive myself.  
Freely I act, and wickedly—I know it.  
I see the turpitude and yet go on,  
But some assert there's no hereafter. Well,  
'Tis a most blessed doctrine—when we sin—  
And heaven is sure to all who but repent.  
I'll use the world as suits me now, and when  
Its pleasures play me false—why, then I'll pray.

(Exit Balfour.)

#### SCENE IV.

Time—night.

(An apartment in Hayne's house. Books, furniture  
&c., strewn around in confusion. Servant busied  
among the broken articles. A low knocking is  
heard at the door.)

*Servant*, (affrightedly.) Bless me! the red-coats  
are come again. They can't do any more mischief,  
that's comfort. Hark! (a knock,) that's not a British  
soldier's swaggering knock-thump, thump, rattle,  
rattle, like a drum-head. 'Tis a modest knock, any  
way, and must be a friend, or one who wants a friend.  
I'll speak. Who's there?

*Grosvenor*, (without.) A friend.

*Servant.* I thought so. Don't knock till I pull the  
bolts; there. Bless me! Master Grosvenor and Mis-  
ter Sullivan—are you here? Why the king's offi-  
cers have just been here searching for you,—Come in;  
come in—I'll find some place to hide you, I warrant.

[Enter Grosvenor and Sullivan.]

*Grosvenor.* Where is my sister, and the children?  
speak.

*Servant.* Safe with Madame Rutledge—but the  
British officers have gone there too, to search for you.

*Sullivan.* We shall then be seized, if we go thither.

*Grosvenor.* Let us depart at once for Marion's  
camp;

And when we've reached it trust for means to send  
Communications to our friends—to Julia.

*Servant.* Miss Julia weeps very much about you  
both, and makes herself sick with trouble. Grief soon  
breaks young hearts. I wish my old, tough heart  
could bear all her sorrows. We have dreadful times.

*Sullivan.* We'll go. We'll see her; comfort her.

*Grosvenor.*

Here, here, (to the servant) take this, you are an  
honest fellow;  
Hast an old cloak?—Grosvenor, we must disguise  
you

Before we venture further in the city.

*Grosvenor, (sits down on a broken chair.)* Manage it as you will, my soul is sad.

*Servant.* You see old and broken things enough, Mister Sullivan; because the British soldiers have carried off, or destroyed all master's best things. Look here! See Miss Julia's harp. I cried when they broke this, my young lady used to love it so. But the soldiers only laughed, and said, everything belonging to a traitor must be 'fiscated, or finished—and so they finished the harp. I don't see what good such finishings do the king.

*Sullivan.* But have you no disguise? No cloak, or coat?

*Servant.* I'll find something if I takes my own jacket.

*Grosvenor.* The history of the world;—what is it, <sup>save</sup>

The history of wars and ravages? And I've read these admiringly, and called The chiefs of the ruffians, heroes!—Never more Will pomp's bright glare around the warrior, dazzle. Or turn my eyes from the dark train of woes That follows his career. Look around:—Here have I spent my best and happiest hours, Those blissful moments, when the cup of life Seems crowned with flowers and passed around to friends.

And not a lip partakes, but you can pledge From the full heart with blessings. All was here, And all is gone. And the red scourge of war Has done it. *(starting up)* See there! and there! all ruins.

This was the home of Hayne; a better man, True, kind and honourable, never lived: And victim of war's vengeful wrath he died. And now his children driven from this roof! His little children that he loved so fondly.—Merciful Power—forgive me, that I ever Paused o'er the tales of war, and wished to bear The name of conqueror! 'Tis a foul name—Assassin—plunderer—would best become them. Have they not murdered, ravaged here?

*Sullivan.* But we Must war, or else bow down, and live as slaves. And have we not a cause? good cause? We stand On our own soil, for our own homes, to drive The oppressor from our dwellings. God has blessed

As he inspired us with the strength to meet Th' unequal contest. Should we not resist?

*Grosvenor.* Assuredly. The cause, the cause is all.

I meant not censure on a just resistance. The freedom of mankind rests on this war; And boldly should Americans press on. I trust you will not deem me one of those Who keep themselves aloof, and carefully, Weigh chances of success, and stand on terms; And talk of *conscience*, meaning *interest*. I do despise such heartless hypocrites! But Sullivan, I am a Briton born, And though I love America, and choose To enrol myself her son, can I forget That England was my mother's land?—And she, *(Here—mile I do remember, it was proud;)* Said that great men had borne the name of Briton, And I must ne'er disgrace their memory. I wish all Englishmen deserved such praise.

*[Re-enter servant with a woman's cloak.]*

*Servant.* See, here; this is big enough, I'll be bound. And this hood will cover his face, and not a soul that sees Master Grosvenor will find him out—He will look like a fat landlady.

*Sullivan.* Ah! this will do. Let me assist—  
*[They arrange the cloak.]*

*Grosvenor.* But why For me all this solicitude? You are Exposed to equal danger from informers.

*Sullivan.* By no means. I have mingled little here, In the city's walks. I found this house contained All that I prized to make me blest. And here

Has been my home. You'll give me credit, Ormond, For constancy in friendship?

*Grosvenor.* Or in love.

*Sullivan.* In both, in both; well may I boast their truth;

I feel their kindly influence here; they have Quickened my feeble pulse, and strung my nerves, 'Till now I find the tide of health is strong And I can wield my sword. I've ne'er been free, Since on old Bunker's height I fought, till now: Sickness lays heavy bonds upon the soul.

*Grosvenor.* You journeyed hither to regain your health,

And now you place your life in jeopardy.

'Tis strange that man who shrinks from death should brave it.

*Sullivan.* Why strange? the worth of life is weighed in death.

Who dies in a worthy cause has lived an age.

And yet I am not anxious to depart—

This is a pleasant world, for Julia's here.

*Grosvenor.* But a rude time for lovers. Come we'll go—

I'll look once more upon my sister's face, And call her my own treasure ere I give her Wholly away. And yet I know she loves you; And so do I.—But still 'tis pain to think That you will rob me of the chiefest place In her affections. I have nought but her.

*Sullivan.* We shall both love you; make your happiness

Our dearest study. We shall—

*Grosvenor.* Oh! no more—I know you'll love each other—and like me;

'Tis all I must expect.

*[Exit Grosvenor and Sullivan.]*

*Servant. (looking after them.)* There they go; and two finer looking gentlemen are not to be found in this world, I'll be bound. What a pity if they should be killed, a dead man always looks so ugly;—especially if he is shot. The one I saw looked ugly—but then he was shot in a duel. To die for one's country is very different. And a patriot must look handsome any way. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE V.

*Time—night.*

*An apartment in the house of Mrs. Rutledge—Mrs. Rutledge and Calista supporting Julia.*

*Mrs. Rutledge.* See! she revives; the drops, Calista, bathe

Her temples. There—Julia, my love, don't weep—They dare not take you from my roof, my arms.

You are my own; my daughter: I'll protect you.

*Calista, (aside.)* O, would she were my sister!

*Julia. (reviving.)* Have they gone?

*Mrs. Rutledge.* Yes gone, forever gone; I hope.

That Balfour

Teased me impertinently with his offers To render you assistance. And he vowed You should be free to choose, and go, or not, Just as you list.

*Julia.* I'll never leave my country. Is not this mine? my birth-place, and my home? Why will they talk to me of wealth and grandeur? 'Tis wealth enough to live in quietness, With means to make those happy that I love. And they are not ambitious;—at least I hope not.

*Calista, (smilingly.)* They? How many, Julia, are on your list?

*Julia.* My brother,—and—and—

*Mrs. Rutledge.* Sullivan; my dear, You need not blush to hear him named. I know True love is delicate, and fears to speak, But it may listen to the darling theme.

You are worthy of each other. When that's said What need of more?—save this—there's mutual love. And then comes the bright dream of happiness. I saw Hayne wedded—and such were his dreams. My sister loved him;—when they stood together Before the altar, never did I see



A comelier pair. Where are they now?  
In the dust!

(*Edward rushes in: his eyes wildly glaring as at some distant object, and his whole frame convulsed and shuddering.*)

Edward. My father!

Julia, (*goes to him.*) Dear boy:—

O! Do not break my heart! Look here, I'm Julia.

Look on me. Put your arm around my neck.

Do you not love me, Edward?

Edward. My father!

(*The door is cautiously opened, by a servant.*)

Servant. Hist! hist!—here are some who must not be named.

(*Enter Grosvenor and Sullivan.*)

Julia. Brother, dear brother;—

Edward. My father!

Grosvenor, (*starting.*) Merciful God!

Dost thou mark this? and not strike down the guilty!

What crimes shall then be punished? Edward, Edward!

He heeds me not. His reason is o'erthrown.

The temple of his soul is violated;

Its altar's light put out—and what is life

When groped in such abyss of horror? Edward!

Edward. Oh! father! father!

Grosvenor. Heaven save me, as I keep

The vow that from my tortured heart is drawn—

Never, while I have strength to wield this sword,

Shall it be sheathed, while lives an enemy.

Blasting our soil with his polluted tread,  
They have provoked, and they shall feel my vengeance.

Sullivan. But for our country;—only for our country.

Away with private wrongs. We'll not go forth

To fight for these—but for the rights of man.

Shout *freedom*! and the talismanic word

Will open all the treasures of the soul:

And war for these is just, and wise, and holy.

But *our revenge*! and a dark host of passions.

Fell, as the fierce hyena, sweeps along,

And makes even victory a sound of terror;

For what is gained that we can turn to good?

Ormond. You reason—! I feel—and there's the difference.

I have not the philosophy which trains

The soul to patience, and the heart to prayer.

My virtues move by impulse. Is't the fault

Of education, climate, or the blood,

Or the deep injuries? Ah, it is here.

No more; I am resolved; I'll dwell no more

On private wrongs. Julia, my dear sister, (*embracing.*)

One kiss. I know we have your prayers, and these

Are pure as infancy. But shall we leave you?

Will not some danger?

Mrs. Rutledge. Do not fear for us.

Give to our country your whole mind and might.

Our weakness will be our protection here:

The British will not dare to war on women.

Go, go—I tremble lest some spy should learn

That you are here. O, go.

Edward. My father!

(*Exit Edward.*)

Grosvenor. Shut from my eyes this spectacle! 'twill haunt me;

And cry for blood, hot blood! O, sister, soothe  
With your soft voice, and gentle smile this sad one.

To calm the troubled heart is woman's office.

And this would angels do, were they on earth.

And what would be the work of devils? Why, war—

And that men do. But angels fought in heaven

For their own home—and so may christian men.

And we'll drive out these dragons, Sullivan!

(*Exit Grosvenor.*)

Sullivan. Julia, farewell. I need not say how often

My thoughts will centre here. The soldier's life

Would be despair, did not the hope sustain him

That some kind heart is praying for his safety;

Prayer always is a shield; and some dear one

Waiting to give him welcome from his toils,

Julia, will you welcome me?

Julia, (*sinks in his arms.*) Why need you ask?

When you can read my soul? But, Sullivan,

One word: my brother—in the battle guard him.

I have but one—but one—

Sullivan. Fear not for him,

I'll make a rampart of my breast, or ere

Your brother perishes,

Julia. O, spare me, spare—

I cannot part with either: Sullivan!

Sullivan. Dearest, why death were almost welcome now,

If thus I should be mourned. But, Julia, love,

Think not I'll throw my life away when thus

'Tis rich in hopes. We shall return, and safe—

Now, love, retire, and—do not grieve—farewell,

Trask waits us with a guide to Marion's camp.

(*Sullivan leads Julia to the door—*

*she goes out, then exit Sullivan.*)

Mrs. Rutledge. Calista, I have fears, distressing fears.

I dared not whisper these to the young men,

For then they would have stayed, and if taken here

Their death was certain. But I fear that Julia

Will be forced from us by the British chief,

Under the plea that Stanley is her guardian,

Appointed by her grandsire, and upheld

By Rawdon's power—his arbitrary power.

So Balfour whispered.

Calista. He is a villain.

Mrs. Rutledge. But villains may speak truth. We must retire

To the country, and conceal us, if I learn

That there is danger to her. Sullivan

Would never pardon us should Julia suffer.

(*Exit Mrs. Rutledge.*)

Calista, (*alone.*) O, happy Julia, to be thus beloved!

And Sullivan bade her farewell so fondly.

Had Ormond spoken to me one kind word,

One single farewell, I would treasure it!

They tell of lover's partings, and their grief—

I know a deeper sorrow. 'Tis to part

From the beloved, without a sign of grief.

I never would have loved him—never—if

He had not been in danger; till he had

Solicited my love. I only held him

Dear as a cousin. Ah, such loves are too dear!

But I must smother all these sympathies.

He does not think of me; and maidens fear,

And they should fear, to breathe a tender thought

That does not, like an echo, seem awakened

As the response, and not the suit of love,

But I may pray for his safety—and return.

(*Exit Calista.*)

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

(*To be continued.*)

The wings of insects afford an immense variety of interesting and beautiful objects. Some are covered with scales, as in the butterfly tribe. Some are adorned with fringes of feathers, and the ribs or veins are also feathered, as in many of the gnat family, and even these scales and feathers are ribbed and fluted in a variety of ways. The earwig is not generally known to have wings, from their being folded up on the back into so small a compass. In size wings differ as much as in every other particular, some are so minute as to be scarcely perceptible, and others are several inches in length. The elytra, or wing-cases, of many insects, are beautifully transparent objects, such as those of the boat-fly, the grasshopper tribe, and many of the minute cicadae, or frog-hoppers, &c.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## STANZAS.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

### I.

Love's legend was of sad and wandering strain—  
Of mingled thoughtfulness and joy untold—  
A heaven of happiness—a hell of pain—  
With hopes too mighty for the heart to hold!  
Of two, who, in their youth's unclouded morn;  
Gaz'd, each enraptured, upon wond'rous eyes,  
As on deep fountains—till delights were born,  
As yet undreamt of, and a new surprise  
Came with each deep pulsation, as it rose,  
Distinct as music o'er the bosom's lost repose!

### II.

Both were devoted. She was beautiful—  
And the rich blood that cours'd her cheek and brow,  
Each radiant as the flower she stooped to cull,  
Mantled, as she gave back the whisper'd vow,  
With a new glory! She had found a home!  
An altar-place, where, dedicate, she bow'd  
In virgin loveliness—no pictur'd dome,  
No palace, with its pillow decked and proud,  
Could promise the chaste slumber of that breast,  
Where her young head was laid, in confidence and rest.

### III.

Joy then took up the strain. How sweet the song  
'Twas like a trancing harmony on ears  
Tortur'd by Discord's tale of crime and wrong.  
His was no history of frowns and fears—  
His presence fill'd the spirit of a child,  
Lighting to lovelier lustre as he grew!  
His day swept on all musically wild,  
Scatt'ring around new beauties as they flew—  
Delight leapt ever round his path, and flung  
Fresh flowers about the way where Wit and Laughter  
rung.

### IV.

He made his home with Cheerfulness. His breath  
When Winter clos'd the door, and heap'd the fire,  
Sounded till midnight with the note of mirth,  
Touch'd by the son, and echoed by the sire.  
And when green Summer with its bloom was out,  
He trode with music 'mid the bending corn,  
Greeting brown Exercise with song and shout,  
And panting up the hills with light of morn,  
Far from the city, with its sickly shade,  
Link'd hand in hand with Health, that bright en-  
chanting maid!

### V.

His days pass'd goldenly. Above—around—  
That voice of song in ceaseless tone was heard  
In one unrivall'd melody of sound,  
And gushing as the note of some wild bird—  
With buoyant step from cottage to the hall,  
To greet bright brows he went, and beaming eyes,  
Casting the magic of his mien on all—

Banding all life's delights—and scattering sighs—  
Still pointing through Time's trial on to Heaven,  
Where the bow'd heart should land, that earth had  
wrong and riven?



Written for the Lady's Book.

## A SERMON IN A GARDEN.

"Lessons sweet of spring returning,  
Welcome to the thoughtful heart,  
May I call ye sense or warning,  
Instinct pure, or heaven-taught art?"—*Keeble.*

"And what are you going to do with yourself this Sunday afternoon?" said a fair "church-going belle," who happened to be passing a week in summer, at the same pleasant villa with myself.

"Pardon me," said I, "I am going to church, as well as yourself, though not, I confess, to hear the same minister that you are;" and I took my hat and walked into the garden.

"I know not why it is," said I to myself, as I drew on my thread gloves, and took my way along the gravel walk, "that persons should box themselves up in chapels to contemplate virtue, or be cramped in pews to commune with Deity; he may be seen in the earth, and seen in the sky, and all creation's forms are frost-worked with his love. The Providence of God, as it seemeth to me, hath in nothing been more bounteous than in the rich provision which hath been made for nurturing our moral being by the food of moral wisdom. Upon all the shapes of earth, and all the shows of life, there is characterized a moral; instruction is wrapped like a garment around all the state of man, and blooms like a rose upon the front of Nature. Each of the thousand little dramas, that are daily rounded in the great scene of human life, folds up its grave conclusion; and Time is daily chiseling the couplets of wisdom on the adamant of the past, in ineffaceable events, so that experience hath become a great pyramid, carved all over with the hieroglyphicks of knowledge. Wisdom, too, is the spirit of the inanimate world; instruction is lapped in the perfumes of the flowers, and mingles its voice with the chantings of the brooks; it finds a pulpit on every hill, and makes a tent of every leaf.

"But there is this difference between the benefits of Nature and those of experience," continued I, taking a distinction where I had at first perceived but a resemblance. "Counsel must be wrung from the folds of observation, and struck from the close fist of History; we must wrestle with the angel of the past, ere he will impart his blessing: whereas it is freely exhaled by Nature, and floats like a summer odour around the gardens of all creation. Mingle but among the forms of nature, trees and flowers, and flowing streams, and your soul will partake of the purity and freshness wherewith she has invested all the subjects of her kingdom. For, as on the faces of the flowers, there glow no colours but those which they have seen in the heavens—the sapphire of the sky, the opal of the stars, the ruby of the orient clouds—so are all the thoughts which they suggest, and the

feelings which they inspire, tinged with the sanctity of heavenly light. The breath of the violet's eye is peace; the smile of the rose's cheek is innocence. There is great benefit in being conversant with pure and genial thoughts, as there is great bane in breathing the atmosphere of foul ones; by communion with generous and clean imaginations, the tone of the desires is insensibly purified, and the vigour of the virtuous affections, imperceptibly strengthened.

Wisdom is daily crying aloud in the business of the streets, and voicing the stillness of the forest with her teachings; yet where is this knowledge garnered, and where are these lessons recorded? They perish not, for the spirit of wisdom, as the spirit of life, is immortal. Where, too, are the forgotten thoughts of man—his evanished fancies? Have they become spirits? and are they now winged with a life of their own? will they greet us as we enter eternity? and will our future be coloured by their complexion?

"Doubtless," thought I, spreading out my pocket-handkerchief upon the grass, and seating myself upon it, "doubtless much of

'The gentle moral of the gale,  
And wisdom written in the tulip's dye,'

lies in that splendid world of unthought ideas and unseen perceptions. But while upon the ear of our inner spirit there swells a symphony of thoughtful feelings, it may be permitted to our mind to spell out in stuttered syllables some fragments of that song.

When man for a moment stills the tossings of his heart, and curbs the sallings of his restless temper to listen to the gentle music of fair flowers, their chorused whisper is to be calm—be quiet! what a lesson of counsel, and what a suggestion of grace is that! Quiet is the element of wisdom. The calmest man is the wisest. For the mind is a coral-stone, around which thoughts cluster silently in stillness, but are scared away by tumult. Men in this time are spurring invention, and agitating all the waters of knowledge; whereas the effort of the truly philosophic mind still is to look at its subject in the calmest manner. Peace is the parent of patient thought—of passionless judgment; and if the calm suggestion of the flower could be uttered in the ear of the heated politician, the restless religionist, the enthusiast scholar, they would receive the holiest counsel that yet had visited their thinkings. It is not asked that in the dear air of stillness, keener thought should be exerted, or wider scope be given to the purpose; peace is itself a voice of wisdom, and quiet is a robed prophet from on high. Old fables tell that when descended deities, disguised in flesh, mingled in assemblies of men, they were still recognised by the unmoving eye-ball; and the legend shadows the essential calmness of divinity. In literature, and in philosophy, whether human or heavenly, mark where the star of peace is shining, and beneath its crest you will find cradled the kingliest knowledge, the whitest sanctity, the mightiest power. In things mortal, and in things divine, the spirit of wisdom descendeth like a dove. Mistrust as well the strength as the honesty of the ever-acting; respect the coun-

sel and revere the goodness of the quiet and the still. In the throng of them that have pretensions to be the spirit of God in the form of man, we see many a piercing eye, and many a jewelled hand, and many a sceptred arm; we see but one whose brow is aureoled with the light of peace.

"When I say that peace is a potent conservative of piety, yea, an inspiration of the moral perception, I say but what holy writings every where declare. It is a revelation to the heart—an illumination of the mind in things divine: 'Be still, and know that I am God,' said the spirit on high; 'The peace of God preserve thee in the knowledge and love of God,' says that ancient prayer, the prayer of christian benediction: indicating that that quiet is a sympathetic mirror of the truths of heaven, furnishing, what Archbishop Leighton has finely called, 'an inexpressible kind of evidence' of the reality of faith, an evidence that all may feel but none communicate. Against evil passions, habitual calmness is the best preservative, for, if the storm of excitement be once roused, even in the cause of virtue, none can tell whither it will blow. 'Commune with your own heart, in your chamber,' says the royal harper of Israel, 'and be still.'

"In action, as well as in thought, the man who has learned to pause, has learned the last and highest lesson which wisdom has to teach. In worldly things, I need not dwell upon the value of this counsel: but in that warfare, which on earth never ceases, it is equally precious. Christian man! thou hast often felt that in thy safest moods some strong temptation has come upon thee, and wrestled with thy spirit, and disquieted thee, and the vexation of spirit which it wrought has made thee reckless, and thou hast fallen. The struggle was momentary, although bitter; thou wast struck down by a blow. When thou art again assailed, remember my words. Pause, and the temptation will pass from thee; Be still for a moment, and that stillness will be thy salvation!

"The sin which assaults thee, seems to thee sweet, and thou thinkest that it will be always so, that to vanish it were hard, to live without it were a dreary prospect. But pause, and thy mood will change; thy appetites are corrupted by the proximity of evil thought; let it slip from thy mind, and the craving for it will fall with it. It is only in their first rankness, in their panting novelty, that sins have a force to paralyze the will and melt down the moral purpose; if thou canst make them wait two breathings at the door, they will fade and fall to earth. The first moment of attack is not the moment to put forth thy strength; thy vigour is then wracked by the keenness of temptation: but pause, and by that recuperation of vigour in repose, which is a law of both the physical and the moral life, thy energy will be augmented and concentered, and with one sally thou wilt disperse the foe.

"The contemplation of flowers opens to us other ends and objects of existence, than those that lie in the open view and worldly recognition of mankind, and teach the great lesson of contentment. In many a lonely vale and many a hidden nook, there flowers and fades a gem, whose beauty has drawn forth the choicest

wealth of heaven, and which to mortal seeming, was only framed to lie along the breast of love, or nod above the regal brow of beauty; yet where it waved, it wanes; no mortal eye hath ever sparkled o'er its splendour, and on earth no record lives of its exceeding fairness. Yet not in vain did it pass through the silent mystery of birth, nor can its placid smile be saddened by reproach of uselessness: such marvellous skill the All-wise would never waste, and if he formed, he first had fixed a purpose; yet in the world's valuables that flower had passed uninventoryed. Hence, stranger, if the world shower her pearl and gold wide of thy dreary path, and if the voice of praise or sympathy come never nigh thee, nor conscious proof of usefulness console thy life, and thou thinkest that thy being is divorced from purpose, yet be not disquieted: fret not thy gentle fancy with such thought: thy breathing has its benefit. The lonely flower is telling thee that God is pleased with that which, in its appointed place, but buds, and blooms and dies; it lives to shew thee, that while the whirlwind executeth wrath, and the breeze conveyeth mercy, those 'also serve, who only stand and wait.' Possess thy soul in peace; ripple not the current of thy years by pining or regret, for he that fashioned thee in secret, 'curiously wrought thee in continuance,' sees a use in thy existence.

'Tis Nature's law that nothing shall exist  
Divorced from good—a spirit and a pulse of good,  
A life and soul to every mode of being  
Inseparably linked!

The white feet of the moonlight gliding on the lonely Ararat—the music of the wind that sighs among the ice-cliffs of Arctic desolations—the desert spring that hath never moistened a mortal lip—all, all are useful in their great Creator's eye. In the orchestral harmony of being, they make up the full-channelled stream of praise;—they swell the columned incense that daily voyages from earth to heaven; they are a feature in the world-mirrored face of God. So, the contentment that sits and sings by its own grey hearth, and the armless, voiceless resignation, that rolls its coat of frieze about its limbs and smiles—they "bear His mild yoke," and bearing it, are blessed. Thou who sighest in obscurity, repress thy rising murmurs; sweeten the air with calm submission; and let the watery beams of Hope silver the stainless element of Peace.

From the enfeebling and pernicious distractions of externality we may in some measure be delivered by the soothing gentleness of thoughts a-field, and taught a quiet inwardness of feeling. An anxious and busy conscience finding that it has a work to do, looks out for earnest action, forgetting that the best "good work" it can perform is to preserve its own garment white, and to keep its vestments unspotted from the world—to calm down its own passions—to keep its own will resigned. I abhor and deprecate that restless rage of action, that incessant enterprize, that is abroad in the Christian world—that outwardness of interest, which never inquires if all is well about the heart; it is the opposite of "pure and undefiled religion;" it begins in folly and a feeble judgment, and it ends in vanity, pre-

sumption, and self-righteousness. It forgets those high and solemn duties which every man owes to that immortal being—his own soul. Doth not the prophet rebuke this pious frenzy when he saith,—“Thy strength is, to sit still;” and doth not the apostle disclaim these works when he saith,—“The fruit of the spirit is peace?” O, that the Christian

Would pause awhile from action, to be wise.

Nothing can better display to us the true value of our own state and nature than the thought of that world which is walled within a garden. When from the heated interests of life, its breathless anxieties, its leaden cares, we turn to this white-robed commonwealth of flowers, and behold how large a sphere there is, on the threshold of which all the concerns which we have weighed, sink into naught, the burthen of those cares is lightened, the sting of those anxieties is drawn. When we see how large a share of the love and the power of God, is hourly shed upon objects from which man is shut out, we see how small a space life fills in the broad eye that scans the universe.

The hourly fading of the brightest flowers shows us how valueless is their existence, and may teach us how small is the claim our merit gives us. Viewing all things from ourselves as a centre, we seem to occupy the foremost ground and highest platform of creation, and think that the arm of vengeance will be arrested from regard to our eminence, or, in truth, to our native excellence. Turn, thou that measurest with the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, and that thinkest thyself of consequence to him, turn to the lessons of the withered lily—the wisdom of the drooping rose. Sparkling beneath the morning sun, behold a city of delights where an angel might refresh his spirits, and a seraph make glad his inmost heart; where skill is lavished in unceasing fullness, and the all-odoriferous music-breath of beauty floats like a vapour round the forms of grace. If earthly thing, unaided, could win his love or gain a title to his sparing mercy, it were surely this—the only mundane thing that never sinned. But in the noontide gladness of their rarest grace—in the summer sweetness of their most enchanting loveliness—in a moment he blots out their being, and turns their beauty to darkness and decay. Let us learn then that if God hath no need of "his own gifts," neither hath he of "man's work." Between them and us it is but a difference of days and years.

While thus their present splendour bids us uncrest our pride, and plant the knee where stood the foot, so will their sometime meanness counsel us to caution how we use contempt. We daily meet with those in whom the inner and diviner life of man is no more developed than is the eye-let in the stone-dry bulb, or the yet ungreened bud upon the bush. Yet, reverence mortality wherever it moves, and let the foot of scorn come never near to hurt the meanest of the manly race. For as that bulb and bush, stone-dry, ungreened, e'en now fold up unseen within their rudeness the perfect flower which shall deck the air, so in the darkest, rudest, breast there lurks a soul—a thing, even now, God-like

and awful, but which, anon, will gem the long line of Christ's attendant train. The cold and clod-like savages that chill the earth—they are but angels in the wintry state. He that regrets a leafless plant may be scorning that which shall win him love from them he loves; he that had struck the goatherd of Admetus, had smitten the sun-god. As, then, the time-forgetting seedsman smells the orient blossom in the death-browned wood, and as in cottaged humbleness the prophetic eye of maternal love veils to the sceptre in her infant's grasp, so let the heart of faith respect a seraph in each mortal form. Contempt is a feeling that is rarely just, and never wise: however degraded an object may be, until thou hast thoroughly known all its history, and hast clearly seen its destiny, thou hast no right, as an honest man, to despise, and none then, as a philosopher. What thou wouldst scorn, has its place in some system: and he that understands the elevation of the statue, will never sneer at the lowliness of the pedestal.

"Such," I continued to myself, drawing up my feet as I felt the ground growing damp under my limbs, "into such, and a thousand other hints of virtue, might this scene be moralized. But there is in the mere atmosphere, that floats around these gentle urns of loveliness, a draught of virtuous power, for that atmosphere is a mild sadness.

"There is often found," says the sweet prophet of the moral muse, my master Wordsworth—

"There is often found

In mournful thoughts, and always might be found,  
A power, to virtue friendly."

"All joy and complacency tends to unnerve and enfeeble the spirit, and all saddening thoughts are wholesome, and have airs of virtue breathing about them. And when gay scenes pass before the eyes, and the heart is not interested, there is always raised a feeling of regret. In the gladness of beauty, the aged heart's second sight discerns a something mournful, and the brightest pageant, when the hopes are elsewhere, is a melancholy thing. The mere ambition of the scene excites these pensive thoughts, and when we add to the feeling with which we look on flowers, the remembrance of their evanescence, the consideration is full-fraught with that sorrow which leadeth to wisdom. As they fade momentarily, beneath our eyes, let the young and the lovely remember, that if one beauty decks their front, one destiny binds their lives."

The instincts of animals are their habits and practices resulting from their varied forms and natural powers. They fly, swim, crawl, run, &c, and eat and locate agreeably to their respective experienced convenience, and the young universally follow the habits of their parents, and education becomes their nature, generating peculiarities in each kind. They thus replenish the earth, promote its intense fertility, and become useful and necessary parts of a general circle of organic life.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"The way is long," the father said,  
While through the western wild he sped,  
With eager searching eye;  
"Cheer ye, my babes," the mother cried,  
And drew them closer to her side,  
As frown'd the evening sky.

Just then, within the thicket rude,  
A log-rear'd cabin's roof they view'd,  
And its low shelter blest;  
On the rough floor their simple bed,  
In haste and weariness they spread,  
And laid them down to rest.

On leathern hinge the doors were hung,  
Undeck'd with glass the windows swung,  
The smoke-wreath stain'd the wall;  
And here they found their only home,  
Who once had ruled the spacious dome,  
And paced the pictured hall.

But hearts with pure affections warm,  
Unmurmuring at the adverse storm,  
Did in that cell abide;  
And there the wife her husband cheered,  
And there her little ones she reared,  
And there, in hope, she died.

Still, the lone man his toil pursued,  
While 'neath his roof so low and rude,  
A gentle daughter rose,  
As peering through some rifted rock,  
And blooming on a broken stock,  
The blushing sweet-briar grows.

With tireless hand the board she spread,  
The Holy Book at evening read,  
And when with serious air,  
He saw her bend so sweetly mild,  
To lull to sleep the moaning child,  
He blessed her in his prayer.

But stern disease his footstep staid,  
And down the woodman's axe he laid,  
The fever-flame was high;  
No more the forest feared his stroke,  
He fell, as falls the rugged oak  
Beneath the whirlwind's eye.

His youngest girl, his fondest pride,  
His baby, when the mother died,  
How desolate she stands—  
While gazing on his death-struck eye,  
His kneeling sons with anguish cry,  
And clasp his clenching hands.

Who hastes his throbbing head to hold?  
Who bows to chafe his temples cold?  
In beauty's opening prime!—  
That blessed daughter, meek of heart,  
Who, for his sake, a matron's part  
Had borne before her time.

That gasp, that groan—'tis o'er, 'tis o'er,  
 The manly breast must heave no more,  
 The heart no longer pine.  
 Oh, Thou, who feed'st the raven's nest,  
 Confirm to them the promise blest,  
 "The fatherless are mine."



Written for the Lady's Book.

ALTHEA VERNON;

OR,

THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF:

A NOVELETTE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

[Continued from page 32.]

#### CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Dimsdale had written for accommodations, and the ladies were met in the hall by a chambermaid, who immediately conducted them to their rooms. After they had taken off their bonnets and arranged their hair, they descended to the tea-table which had been set for their party at one end of the refectory—the general tea being over long before their arrival.

The gentlemen joined them; and conversation was proceeding very gaily, when they were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Conroy, the sister of Mrs. Dimsdale. This lady, with her husband and daughters, had been already more than a fortnight at Rockaway—Mr. Conroy going backwards and forwards according as business required his presence in the city.

Althea, notwithstanding her acquaintance with the Dimsdale family, had hitherto seen but little of the Conroys, who lived in a distant part of the town and visited in a different circle—Though nearly related, and always on amicable terms, the habits and dispositions of the two families were so different that there was no great intimacy between them—the Dimsdales being plain, unpretending people, and the Conroys—but we will let them speak for themselves.

"I have but this moment heard of your arrival, sister Dimsdale—I left the company in the saloon, and came to you immediately"—said Mrs. Conroy, taking a seat near the table, and accepting an invitation to join them in their tea.

"How are the girls?"—enquired Mrs. Dimsdale.

"Perfectly well"—replied Mrs. Conroy—"and so extremely delighted with Rockaway that there is no getting them away from it—which, however, is not to be wondered at—for to tell the truth they are excessively admired here—Between ourselves, the Miss Conroys are considered the belles of the place—Of course I would not say this to every one, but you know very well that my daughters have always been rather celebrated, though their styles are so different, and it must be confessed that the dignified softness of Abby Louisa, and the piquant vivacity of Phebe Maria are too strikingly contrasted not to produce effect. They have just returned from an evening walk on the beach with

some others of the young people; and Abby Louisa, having been inadvertently led by Mr. Draglington rather too near the surf, (quite into it, I believe,) has got her dress sadly splashed, and has gone up stairs to change it. And I left Phebe Maria in the saloon, so surrounded with beaux that I could not get at her to apprize her of your arrival. I know one ought not to tell these things of one's own daughters, but, suppress it as we may, maternal affection will peep out—and for my part, I cannot be otherwise than natural."

Politeness restrained the young gentlemen from exchanging looks at this assertion of one of the most artificial women they had ever met with, but who fortunately had not depth enough to be dangerous. Being the sister of his uncle's wife, to Lansing Mrs. Conroy was no stranger, but to Selfridge who had only seen her at Rockaway, she was both new and amusing. From Lansing he had heard the origin of the incongruous double names that distinguished her daughters. They were called Abigail and Phebe after two rich old aunts of Mrs. Conroy's, who considered herself their favorite niece, and who expected from them a large legacy for each of her daughters. Aunt Abby died when the children were eight and nine years old, leaving her whole fortune without reservation to her sister—Aunt Phebe soon after was married by a young spendthrift of twenty-two, on condition that she made over to him all her property.

These two successive disappointments were severely felt by Mrs. Conroy; and, justly incensed at having given her children old-fashioned names for nothing, she added to them the more genteel appellations of Louisa and Maria. Mr. Conroy was a man of business, and little else; allowing his wife sovereign sway over the family and all other concerns, except those of the counting house.

"This is our first visit to Rockaway since the erection of the new hotel!"—said Mr. Dimsdale—"but with accommodations very inferior to the present we have formerly found it a pleasant place, and no doubt we shall enjoy it exceedingly."

"Of course you will"—replied Mrs. Conroy—"there is a great deal of genteel company here; and I have not seen better dressing at any watering place. We have now at Rockaway a large proportion of the people one meets in society, with, to be sure, some sprinkling of persons whom nobody knows—but that is the usual alloy to all places of public resort, as unfortunately in our republican country those that have money to pay their way, can gain admittance any where.—But I assure you our saloon has been extremely brilliant.—We have had three judges—one bishop—two ex-governors—five members of congress—one captain in the navy—two colonels in the army—fourteen lawyers—and merchants 'too tedious to mention.' And then there is the new English traveller."

"I did not know there was a new one"—remarked Mr. Dimsdale.

"Is it possible!—Why there has been nothing else talked of since the arrival of the last packet. But though you *do* live so out of the world (excuse my saying so) it is too strange that you should not have heard of Sir Tiddering Tattersall."

"That sounds like a thing of shreds and patches"—observed Althea, aside to Selfridge, who had taken care to sit next to her.

"Miss Vernon"—said Mrs. Conroy—overhearing her—"give me leave to inform you that Sir Tiddering Tattersall's clothes are always of regular make, and perfectly whole, and (whatever latitude he may indulge in among Americans) I have no doubt that in his own country he is always drest scrupulously according to the fashion, and that he has costumes for every possible occasion—as is the case with all English gentlemen—still more when they are noblemen."

"Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Conroy"—said Lansing—"a baronet (if such is the rank of Sir Tiddering) is not exactly a nobleman—you forget that a baronetcy comes next to the peerage, but does not belong to it."

Mrs. Conroy did not forget, for she had never remembered—being extremely ill-versed in the grades of European title; a species of ignorance very common among my countrywomen, notwithstanding their fondness for novels of fashionable life.

"I do not know that he is a baronet"—resumed Mrs. Conroy—"he may be something of still higher rank—perhaps a knight—I am quite sure that knights have *Sir* before their names, for I have read of them when a girl.—He may be a Knight of the Garter."

"Very probably"—said Lansing—who thought that further argument might make "confusion worse confounded."

"That he is a man of consequence there can be no doubt"—pursued Mrs. Conroy.

"What is his business in America?" enquired Mr. Dimsdale.

"Do you suppose any body would be so rude as to ask him?"—replied Mrs. Conroy.

"His ostensible business is to buy a trotting horse"—said Lansing—"his real one is probably to write a book."

"Sir Tiddering Tattersall write a book?"—said Selfridge, contemptuously.

"Why not?"—resumed Lansing—"no doubt he could write as good a one as the renowned Frederick Fitzgerald de Roos—and could equally enlighten his compatriots on the ever obscure subject of society and manners in America—a country which they always seem to look at through a blanket."

"Say rather a mist—or a veil"—observed Selfridge—"either of which would be quite as Shakspearian—certainly more elegant—and perhaps more just."

"No!"—replied Lansing—"I will persist in my blanket—for homely as the image may be it is not too strong to express the opaqueness of the unaccountable something that seems always to interpose between their perceptions of America and the truth."

"It is a wilful obtuseness!"—said Mr. Dimsdale—"none are so blind as those that will not see."

"I am very sure that Sir Tiddering Tattersall is no author!"—said Mrs. Conroy—"for he has a valet, and he brought with him a cart-load of baggage, and never gets up till noon, and it is evident that money is no object to him. He wanted a parlour to himself, and a dressing-room, but being unable to obtain them, and equally unable to

conform to what he justly calls the barbarous hours of the hotel, he pays extra for having his dinner alone in his own chamber at eight o'clock."

"I suppose, then?"—said Mr. Dimsdale—"he is now luxuriating in the enjoyment of his solitary meal."

"Exactly so!"—replied Mrs. Conroy—"let me see (looking at her watch) he must be just now engaged in taking his wine."

"Quite likely!"—said Lansing, as he rose from the table, which the party, having concluded their repast, were now quitting.

Between Lansing and Mrs. Conroy there had always been a sort of disinclination to like each other—and though she was the sister of his uncle's wife, neither of them ever acknowledged the least approach to any thing like auntship or nephewship. Still she was in the main very unwilling to quarrel with him, prudently judging that when a woman has daughters to marry, she should contrive to keep on good terms with all manner of men; as there is no telling what may happen, or which may eventually be found *le plus bon parti*.

A council was now held as to the most eligible mode of finishing the evening, which was already far advanced. It was debated whether the ladies should prepare for going into the saloon, or whether they should take a walk on the beach, the night being moonlight. To the surprise of Selfridge, Althea Vernon, though she had expressed an impatient desire for a near view of the ocean, was now evidently in favour of their *debut* in the drawing room. But Mrs. Conroy feeling some apprehension lest the beauty of Miss Vernon should eclipse that of her own daughters (notwithstanding their styles were so happily contrasted) adroitly assured the young ladies that they could not possibly appear in the saloon without making such an entire change in their dress as must occupy a very considerable time, and would over-fatigue them after a ride of twenty miles, and might cause them to look pale and haggard, "which you know"—said she—"is not at all desirable." Also, that their hair had been so blown about by the wind that it would not be presentable till after a fresh pinning up. She ended by counselling them to repair immediately to bed.

This last advice, however, (which was delivered in an under tone) our young ladies were by no means inclined to follow, and even Mrs. Dimsdale declared her disinclination to retire so early. So it was decided that the juveniles, as Mr. Dimsdale called them, should take a walk on the strand, while Mrs. Dimsdale (for whom it was only necessary to change her cap and collar) accompanied her husband and Mrs. Conroy into the saloon.

## CHAPTER V.

When Althea and Julia had gone up stairs for their bonnets, and the two young gentlemen were promenading the portico while waiting for them—"I must confess"—said Selfridge—"that I was disappointed at Miss Vernon's being so unsentimental, or so unpoetical, or so unpictorial (I know not what to call it) as to evince a preference of the noise and glare of a crowded drawing-room to a walk on the margin of the Atlantic—and by moonlight too!"—



"Now"—replied Lansing—"I think that preference perfectly natural to a very young and sprightly girl. Let me console you with the homely proverb that you must not expect to find old heads on young shoulders—an adage, I foresee, you will often have occasion to recollect in the course of your present *engouement*."

"But surely"—said Selfridge—"youth is the age for romance and poetry, and it is then that our feelings are most vividly awake to the beauties and sublimities of nature."

"There I disagree with you"—answered Lansing—"It is after our taste is somewhat formed and has had time to improve and refine, that our imaginations, generally speaking, are most susceptible of the picturesque and the imposing. Children are rarely struck with fine natural scenery, and to coarse and uncultivated minds (whether of the vulgar little or the vulgar great) it seldom affords much pleasure. I do not believe that a Swiss peasant is aware of the magnificence of his glorious Alps. To him they are only high mountains: dangerous, slippery, and difficult to cultivate. Do you think when the Italian that grinds his hand-organ through the streets of New York, looks back to the land of his birth, that he grieves for the marble promontories, and flowery glades, and myrtle thickets, and clear blue waves of his Mediterranean home? No—his regrets are for objects more closely connected with himself, or for enjoyments in which mind has but little association. Nay—have you not heard of persons who living within ten miles of Niagara never visited the stupendous cataract until they found it had become a place of public resort. And even now how many go thither that are satisfied with a mere cursory glance, and leave it without retaining one additional idea of its wonders."

"But what is all this with reference to Miss Vernon"—said Selfridge—"you cannot persuade me that hers is a light and frivolous mind, when there is so much intelligence in her looks."

"She looks as I believe she is"—replied Lansing—"that Miss Vernon is a girl of quick capacity, I have not the slightest doubt, nor also that she has sense, imagination and feeling.—There now—you need not grasp my hand so delightedly. But remember our conclusion on the general inconsistency of human nature, and do not be surprised if this beautiful star that has just risen on your horizon should occasionally diverge from her orbit, and recreate herself with an erratic excursion into the fields of air. Also, if you intend commencing lover in earnest, you must conquer this habit of considering things too deeply.—But here come the ladies—I suppose I must kindly and unprofitably take charge of good little Julia, who is not only my own cousin, but more than suspected of having exchanged rings and lockets with a certain naval officer now cruising in the Pacific.—The poor dear girl is ashamed to acknowledge the interest she takes in the ocean and its appurtenances."

The alertness of Selfridge in offering his arm to Althea left indeed no choice to his friend, who followed him with Miss Dimsdale. They had walked but three or four yards on leaving the portico, when the tufts of grass became "few and far between," till they were reduced to a solitary blade here and there, struggling

with the deep and choking sand, through which our little party proceeded; their feet sinking in at every step. But with the true American disposition to make light of petty inconveniences, they laughed gaily at the difficulty of their progress—though more than once the ladies stepped out of their shoes in lifting their feet. These sands, though now dry, were at high tide usually covered with water; and in a few minutes our little party reached a fine smooth beach sloping into the dark-rolling ocean.

It was one of those nights when

"The moon is in her summer glow  
But hoarse and light the breezes blow."

She had climbed above a mass of dark vapours that curtained the east, and was touching with silver the edges of the flying clouds that were wafted across her face by the sea-wind as it swept over the heaving waves, ruffling their glittering heads into crests of foam.

"The art of man"—said Selfridge—"though it has drawn lightning from the clouds, and cut passages through mountains, levelled rocks, and converted forests into cities, can effect no change in the stern and unconquerable ocean. This surf, that throws its broad white ridge along the sandy beach, is roaring now as it has roared since the creation of the world; and so will it continue, warring against the shore in restless and unending strife till time is lost in eternity."

He then, while they paced the shadowy strand in the moonlight, described with graphic eloquence some of the ocean scenery that he had witnessed in his voyage to India—particularly a tremendous tempest in the latitude of the Mauritius. And to Althea's eager inquiries if they saw the island of Paul and Virginia, he replied that they had discerned one of its mountains looming dimly through mist and storm.

There was a silence—and as Selfridge glanced at the expressive countenance of Althea and saw the tear-drops trembling on "the fringed curtains of her eyes," he felt that her thoughts were dwelling on St. Pierre's beautiful and affecting story. The young lover could scarcely refrain from, at that moment, making her an offer of his hand and heart. "She is all truth and nature"—thought he—"full of fancy and feeling, and too artless to be capable of concealing her emotions, or even her foibles—if indeed she has any."

The pause was first broken by Althea, who did not pursue the subject of the storm, but said with brightening eyes—"I know not a more striking description of moonlight on the seabeach than that of Oberon, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, when he is about to send Puck in search of the enchanted flower.—Has this charming scene never been transferred to canvas?"

"The immortal poet"—replied Selfridge—"has made it so beautiful and vivid that he has left nothing for the genius of the painter. Many of the best artists have shrunk from the task of illustrating the finest and most popular passages of Shakespeare—fearing their inability to paint up to the picture he has presented in a few magic touches to the mind's eye of his readers,

"The man who life with nature's pencil drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new!"—

may well dispense with assistance from the material pallet and canvas."

"To-night, however"—continued Selfridge, after a pause—"there are too many drifting clouds, and the wind is too high, and the water in too much agitation, to give me exactly the idea of the calm and lovely sea-side picture sketched by the fairy king."

Selfridge then began to repeat the lines in question, and at those that depict "Flying between the cold moon and the earth, Cupid all armed," Althea whose eyes were now involuntarily turned towards the wandering planet that shone down on her beautiful face, prompted him with a *naïveté* that he found bewitching. And at the words "a sudden aim he took," the lover could not refrain from slightly pressing the hand that rested on his arm. Whether she perceived it or not I leave to the sagacity of my lady readers.

"Young as she is, how correct is her taste—how lively her perceptions of grace and beauty"—thought Selfridge, as they turned their steps to the hotel—it being near ten o'clock. When they passed the windows, and saw by the light of the chandelier suspended from the ceiling, the gay groups that promenaded the saloon, or chatted on the sofas around it, Althea exclaimed—

"What a bright and animated scene! Among the company, there may be (according to Mrs. Conroy) *some* people whom nobody knows—but the general effect is certainly that of fashion and elegance;—I wish I had passed the evening in the saloon."

Selfridge felt again disappointed, and made no reply. "After all"—said he to Lansing, when they had conducted the young ladies to the staircase, and taken leave of them for the night—"I think I will profit by your advice, and know more of Miss Vernon before I carry my admiration of her too far."

"Then you have not yet proposed"—said Lansing.

"Nonsense"—replied Selfridge—"do you take me for the hero of a comedy, that falls in love at the first interview, offers himself at the second, and is married at the third."

"Let us finish the evening in the saloon"—said Lansing. "Will you go in with me?"

"No"—answered Selfridge—"I am not in the vein for fashion and elegance. I will walk in the portico awhile.—The air is cool and refreshing."

"Cool, indeed!" said Lansing—"with this brisk north-wester, which would have blown little Julia into the sea if I had not kept her steady. But I leave you to your meditations."

There would be too much sameness in saying that our heroine meditated also. We will only hint that she spent a remarkably long time in transferring some of the contents of her trunk to the shelves of the commode; and she must have been somewhat abstracted when on opening the embroidered handkerchief her perception of its beauties was rather less distinct than usual. In short, she "potted and dawdled an immensity," and "put out things," and put them in again, till all was still throughout the hotel. Having extinguished her lamp, she sat down

at the window to rest herself after her fatigue, and looked out at the strand and the ocean till

"The wan moon was setting behind the white wave."

It is not to be supposed that through the Venetian shutters Miss Vernon could identify the figure of the solitary gentleman, who, till a late hour, continued to perambulate the portico, or that she observed the grace of his attitude, when at times he folded his arms, and stood leaning musingly against one of the pillars.

## CHAPTER VI.

The sun shone brightly through her shutters before Althea awoke, and she found it too late to put in practice her intention of calling up Julia to accompany her in a ramble on the beach to see the first rays of morning burnish the ocean. She had just completed her toilet when Mrs. Dimsdale and Julia tapped at her door, and the breakfast bell not having yet sounded, they all three repaired to the little front drawing-room that opens into the corridor or long passage at the head of the first staircase—

"And now, my dear Mrs. Dimsdale"—said Althea—"tell us what was seen, and said, and done, last evening in the saloon."

"I saw many well-drest, fashionable, and agreeable-looking people"—replied Mrs. Dimsdale—"and some few that were not so—and I met several of my friends from the city—Mr. Dimsdale, whose acquaintance among gentlemen is very extensive, was of course at no loss—I was introduced by my sister Conroy to several of her prime people, as she calls them, and she took opportunities of giving me their histories—And I heard much conversation through the room about a young lady from Boston, who is daily expected in our city, and it is said, intends immediately visiting Rockaway"—

"Miss De Vincy is it not?"—said Julia—"Templeton Lansing was speaking of her last evening as we walked on the beach. He says every one is preparing for a great sensation on her arrival."

"Yes—Miss De Vincy"—replied Mrs. Dimsdale—"report has described her as a first-rate woman. Having come into possession of an immense fortune at the age of twenty-one, she went to Europe with some of her relations, and has just returned after an absence of four years. The ladies are all impatient to see the beautiful dresses she has brought from Paris, and the gentlemen are equally anxious to hear her play and sing, and to dance with her, and (those that can) to talk to her in French and Italian and Spanish. She is said to be highly accomplished, and to have in every respect a mind of superior order."

"With so many advantages"—said Althea—"she must indeed be a delightful woman—I hope, Julia, that Miss De Vincy will arrive before our departure, that we may have an opportunity of seeing her across the room, and hearing the sound of her voice at a distance, for I suppose that is the utmost we chits need expect."

"At least"—said Julia—"that privilege will be something—I think we shall find her like Ida of Athens, the beautiful and talented arch-ondessa."

"My idea of Miss De Vinoy"—said Althea—"is that of Armida, the heroine of the Milesian Chief."

"And I"—said Lansing, who had just joined them—"have a presentiment that she resembles Portia in the Merchant of Venice, as played and looked by Fanny Kemble; and she can be compared to nothing more charming."

The breakfast bell now rung—and Mrs. Conroy came sweeping along the corridor with an immensely fat, coarse, over-drest woman leaning familiarly on her arm. She was followed by her two daughters in very *recherche* morning dresses; Phebe Maria gallanted by a foppish, ungenteel, pert-faced young man, and Abby Louisa escorted by Selfridge, whom the Conroys had chanced to meet on his way from his own apartment and to whom the all-seizing mother had consequently delegated the office of conducting her eldest hope to the refectory—Selfridge, whose countenance ways always too eloquent, looked annoyed as he bowed to Miss Vernon in passing. Lansing who guessed in a moment how, and by whom the arrangement had been made could not forbear smiling as he offered his arm to Althea, who smiled also at the triumphant glance and the slight wave of recognition that was bestowed on her by the soft and gentle Miss Conroy, whom with her sister she had met once or twice at Mrs. Dimsdale's.

"Do you know the old lady and the young gentleman that are with Mrs. Conroy and Miss Phebe Maria"—said Althea in a low voice to Lansing: Mr. Dimsdale with his wife and daughter being somewhat in advance.

"They arrived the day before yesterday"—replied Lansing—"Their name is Vandunder—They come from Schoppenburgh, one of the towns back of the Hudson (I forget on which side) where the father made a large fortune by keeping a store, and by marrying the only daughter of a very rich farmer who was or had been land-owner of the whole settlement—and also by giving nothing to any body out of his own family, and as little as possible to those in it. Old Vandunder died a year or two ago—since which his wife and son and daughter have all come out, and are now taking their pleasure at Rockaway. Mrs. Conroy, who always adds to her bow every string she can pick up, (whether a silken cord or a bit of twine,) is evidently desirous of promoting a match between one of her daughters and the young patroon of Schoppenburgh, as she calls him—and she therefore subjects herself to the mortification of chaperoning the whole family. The life of a scheming mamma must be a perpetual martyrdom."

"Not more so than that of the daughters who are schemed for"—observed Althea.

During breakfast Lansing and Althea were tacitly amused with the uncomfortable look of Selfridge, whom Abby Louisa had contrived to detain at her side, and on whom she was lavishing her softest smiles and the most amiable attentions at table. Phebe Maria (who sat opposite to her sister) kept up what she considered a lively flirtation with the patroon of Schoppen-

burgh, who esteemed himself a wit, and at whose sallies the young lady had been instructed to laugh exceedingly. He was a foolish monkey-faced youth with immense fawn-coloured whiskers meeting under his chin, and long lank side locks from which the sea air had taken out all the curl. His dress was in the very extreme of what he believed to be the fashion; and he always followed each witticism with a twitch of his eye and a significant jerk of his head, as much as to say "Do you take."—His conversation was interlarded with scraps of French which he mis-pronounced, and of Latin which he misunderstood, and his English was incorrect and ungenteel.

"Allow me"—said he—"Miss Phebe Maria, to assist you to a piece of this here split crow"—(pointing to a broiled chicken)—"Do you walk or fly?"—(Phebe looked puzzled)—"I mean, which will you have a walker or a flyer?"—(Phebe now laughed)—"For my part I'm a great hand at flying—But there's no arguing about tastes—*Chuckun a son gout* you know—*Pardonnez moy* my talking French.—But really since it has been a *fashion to parley*, it comes so natural to me, and slips off my tongue with such *song froyd* that I am apt to be quite inconsiderate of them that don't speak it."

"Pray sir"—said Phebe, with some asperity—"what puts it into your head that I do not speak French—I can assure you I learned it seventeen quarters at Madame Gardesfolle's, and and of course I *must* understand it."

"To be sure you must"—replied Vandunder—in a tone of conciliation—"It was only a small *jew de sprit* of mine."

"Are you talking French, Billy?"—said his mother, who sat next to him on the other side—"Madam I am"—replied Billy.

"That's right"—said his mother—"you know your French master ordered you to *practize* whenever you had a chance"—and then leaning over to Phebe, she continued—"I assure you, Miss, my son is a great languager. He's classical too, and can talk Latin—Billy say some Latin to Miss Phebe Maria."

"*Cui bono*"—said Billy, whose Latin was sometimes right by accident, but generally wrong by ignorance. And then he whispered to Phebe—"Between you and me and the post, the old lady's a small bit of a twaddle."

Phebe Maria's giggle was rather too audible—"What's the fun?"—said Mrs. Vandunder—"Some good joke, I suppose, of Billy's—young ladies, Billy's a great joker."

"My jokes always hit the right nail on the head, don't they mar?"—pursued the hopeful son.

"Most always"—said the unconscious old lady—Phebe Maria now laughed till her mother frowned.

In the meantime nothing but the habitual politeness of Selfridge could have enabled him to endure with patience the die-away looks, complimentary insinuations, and persecuting assiduities of Abby Louisa.—Therefore he was very glad when the repast, (which had seemed to him interminable) drew towards its close.

"Well"—observed Mrs. Vandunder—"if every body's had enough, I don't see no use in setting for nothing—so let's all get up, forthwith."

"*Risum teneatis*"—said Billy, pushing back his chair—and thinking he had made a most appropriate quotation he looked over to Lansing for applause, and found him already subscribing to the *real* meaning of the words.

As they quitted the table the patron of Schopenburg touched Lansing on the shoulder, and whispered to him familiarly—"I say, Lansing, introduce me to that there pretty girl which sat beside you—she's really the beauty of Rockaway—quite a *prima facie*—between you and me and the post, the Miss Conroys ain't fit to hold a candle to her."

Lansing looked at Althea, who having overheard the whisper, replied by a smile of assent, and the introduction took place, much to the discomfort of Mrs. Conroy, who now regarded our heroine as a decided rival to her daughters, and a thorn in their path to preferment.

After leaving the refectory, a large proportion of the company assembled in the saloon; the young people to promenade round, and the matrons to sit at the windows or on the sofas, some talking, and some saying nothing. The husbands and fathers sat about the piazza with the newspapers.

Abby Louisa was just directing a look of invitation to Selfridge, and preparing to engage him as her partner in the promenade, when Lansing kindly stepped forward, and relieved his friend by offering his own arm to the young lady, to whom no handsome man ever came amiss. Selfridge delighted with his escape, looked round in search of Althea, but was vexed and disappointed to find her already in the midst of the procession and leaning on the arm of Billy Vandunder, whose fooleries she was requiting with some of her brightest smiles.

"What a riddle is this girl!"—thought Selfridge—"I do not think I shall take a solitary walk in the portico to-night—she seems quite as well pleased to listen to the stupid nonsense of that ugly idiot as she was last evening with our moonlight ramble and poetical conversation."

He then invited Miss Dimsdale to make the tour of the saloon with him, but she replied that she would rather sit still and look on—Selfridge afraid that he might be drawn into a promenade with Phebe Maria (who was seated next to Julia) went out into the piazza, and having resolved on total indifference to Miss Vernon, he was persuaded to join some of the young men on a deep sea fishing excursion which they had planned the evening before—Lansing who had previously made arrangements to be of the same party, now looked at his watch, and then excusing himself to Abby Louisa, led her to a seat, and departed.

Althea, who was heartily tired of her beau, informed him that she was tired of promenading. The gentlemen (who were not very numerous, many of them having gone to the city early in the morning) began to disperse, and the ladies soon retired also, many of them to their forenoon *sistars*. Among these were Mrs. Conroy and her daughters, it being the judicious mother's opinion that nothing but filling up all the intervals with sleep could enable any real ladies to stand the wear and tear of a watering place without looking the worse for it.

"And I"—said Mrs. Vandunder, as they

reached the corridor—"will go and look after Wilhelminar—you have not seen my daughter yet Mrs. Dimsdale—I named her Wilhelminar because her brother's name was Wilhelm—"

"Is there not some inconvenience in the similarity of the names?"—enquired Mrs. Dimsdale.

"Oh! not the least—we call her Willy and him Billy—and nothing can be easier said—I'm a going to see if they've sent her up a good breakfast—for yesterday, she told me, they did not give her half enough of sassage, and quite too little butter."

"Does Miss Vandunder never come down to breakfast?"—asked Mrs. Dimsdale.

"Oh! never—she had to rise so early at Mrs. Shacklewell's boarding-school to practice her pyano in a cold parlour by candle-light, that ever since she won't get up till ten o'clock, and always has her breakfast in bed. And she likes plenty of good things, to make up for the five quarters of bad eating she had at Mrs. Shacklewell's—Them boarding schools is awful places—to be sure here at this hotel (which is a great shame) they charge for every meal that's eat away from the table. But, howsoever, it won't break full-handed people that's got above the world, and, to my thinking, all them that ain't, had better stay away from sea-shores and watering places."

She then entered her daughter's apartment, and was saluted with a whining half-crying voice which sounded to those outside like tones of childish complaint.

"Mrs. Vandunder and her family are not without their peculiarities"—said Mrs. Conroy to her sister, apologizingly—"But they all have most excellent hearts, and are highly respectable, and naturally very desirous of being in society—so in our republican country one should not be too fastidious, but remember what our grandfathers were—as Mr. Dimsdale justly says."

[To be continued.]

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO MRS. HEMANS.

*Suggested on reading her lines, "A Mournful Gift is Mine."*

BY JAMES E. VAIL.

A glorious gift was thine, oh! bard—a glorious gift was thine;

To wake the soul with glowing song, and minstrelsy divine,

And richly, gladly from thy lyre, in many a heavenly tone,

Thou sent a strain of melody, with a power all thine own.

And beauteous, glorious were the themes which moved thy soul of song,

They were of happy hearts and homes, thy native hills among,

'Deserted halls,' 'deserted hearths,' which waken many a sigh,

Came from thy lyre in tuneful strains of richest melody!

And Rome's great triumphs thou hast sung, whose  
 flag once streamed on high,  
 When armed legions proudly marched to Death or  
 Victory!  
 While battles on the mighty sea, and conquests on the  
 land,  
 Are penned in many a graceful verse, and with a mas-  
 ter hand.

And woman's truth, and woman's worth, have echoed  
 from thy lyre,  
 And glorious deeds, and virtuous acts, thy thrilling  
 notes inspire,  
 Oh! a noble gift was thine, oh! bard—the meanest of  
 the throng  
 That has a heart, will worship thee, thou gifted child  
 of song!

And dreary, mournful was the hour, when from thy  
 parent hearth,  
 Where all thy high and glowing thoughts, and min-  
 strelsy had birth,  
 Death lured thee to his chambers dark—that place of  
 night and gloom,  
 Hallow'd, thrice hallow'd be the spot where genius  
 finds a tomb!

Written for the Lady's Book.  
 COMMENTARIES  
 ON SELECT PASSAGES OF BURNS.

NO. 1

"It's no in titles nor in rank;  
 It's no in wealth lik Lon'on bank,  
 To purchase peace and rest;  
 It's no in makin muckle *man*;  
 It's no in books; it's no in lear  
 To make us truly blest:  
 If happiness hae not her seat  
 And centre in the breast,  
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
 But never can be blest:  
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,  
 Could make us happy long;  
 The *heart* ay's the part ay,  
 That makes us right or wrong."

We cannot make a more trite remark than that happiness is the object of all men. To this our systems of education are supposed to have reference. But they are defective in that, they are exclusively addressed to the intellect. The heart, the emotions, the passions, it would seem, are thought not to need attention. Morals in theory, and sometimes, to some extent, in practice, occupy a place in the scheme of education, but the careful cultivation of the various emotions that form a part of our nature is not deemed necessary. Yet it is on the condition of these, rather than on that of the intellect, that our happiness depends. If the intellect go wrong, it may be corrected, and move onward in its proper course with but little diminution of its power; but the heart that has wandered is seldom brought back, and never regains the freshness and fullness of strength which it possessed before. If the affections be nipped in the bud they seldom bloom again, and never with their original fragrance and beauty. The cultivation of the feelings, then, should form an important part of education in early life. As much time and effort, to say the least, should be spent

in promoting their development as is spent in promoting the development of the intellect. Furthermore the need is greater because the business of the world tends to sharpen the intellect but to blunt the affections. Thus when we need their support most, they are not in a condition to afford it.

The Bible which is perfectly adapted to the nature of man (and this is one of the proofs of its divine original,) says, "keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

"All hail! ye tender feelings dear!

The smile of love, the friendly tear,

The sympathetic glow!

Long since this world's thorny ways

Had numbered out my weary days

Had it not been for you!"

"O ye douse folk, that live by rule,

Grave, tideless blooded, calm and cool,

How much unlike!

Your hearts are just a standing pool,

Your lives a dyke."

There is no doubt that the young and ardent have too great a disposition to reject rules and disregard the dictates of age and experience. It is also true, that they are treated with a coldness and severity that tends to increase, rather than correct, the evil. There are two classes of prudent persons, so called. The one consists of those whose impulses have been controlled and made subject to reason, the other of those who never had an impulse to control—"grave, tideless blooded, calm and cool." The latter are a mischievous race. It is indeed said, that if they do no good, they do no harm—but not so. They chill many an ardent aspiration, and discourage spirits whose energies might have been directed aright. They are not mere cumberers of the ground; they cast a shade that withers many a plant that might have been the glory of the forest. The best way of dealing with this class is to avoid them altogether, just as we would avoid a half-made vehicle, or a half-dressed dinner.

"O *Nature!* a' thy shows and forms

To feeling pensive hearts hae charms!

Whether the simmer kindly warms,

Wi' life and light,

Or winter howls in gusty storms,

The lang dark night!"

There is an intimate connexion between a genuine taste for nature, and purity of moral character. That good morals are necessary to the possession of taste in general, and especially taste in the fine arts, is by no means true. Stubborn facts oppose the conclusion to which speculation would lead us on this point, many immoral men have possessed a fine literary taste. But I believe it is true, that a taste for *nature*, a susceptibility to the impression from the beautiful and sublime objects of nature, is found only in connexion with some degree of moral purity, and tends to promote it. Hence the more we diffuse such a taste the more useful we are to others; the more we cultivate in ourselves, the greater will be our advancement in moral purity.

A love of nature is always connected with *pensiveness*. No matter how gay and excited one may at times appear, yet if that person has a genuine taste for Nature's beauties, his heart will often be pensive, and it will thereby be softened and improved.

ADJ.

## A DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD,

*(Late Miss Earle of Boston.)*

It was a lovely September afternoon, when my friend and self stepped on board the elegant steamer, General Lincoln, which was to convey us to Hingham, a small and picturesque village on the coast of Massachusetts. We were glad to leave Boston, for, though summer had gone by, her warm breath and sunny smile still lingered in the air, and any one who has been so unfortunate as to pass that season in a city, can tell how the bland and balmy purity, which is such a blessing amid the woods and fields, is lost amid the harsh glare of a brick wall, and the crowd of a public street. We found the deck alive with children—the pupils of a free school, who, accompanied by their teachers, and a band of music, were going to pass a holiday, as a holy hour, in the country.

It was a glorious day—the clear, rich sun smiled at his own bright face in the waters. The children laughed and sung, and chased each other in their glee, as if their very hearts were just let out of school—and the wanton sea breeze, frolic as themselves, tossed their free wild curls into the golden light, and played with the roses on their dimpled cheeks, till the wavy hair grew brighter, and the warm face rosier still.

The rainbow gleamed in the foam like a girle of gems by our side—the waves leaped up like living things, all redolent of light and joy—and many a gaily painted boat did we pass, and many a majestic ship, with its curved sails, changing from grey to gold as shade or shine prevailed. At length the band suddenly struck up a popular air. The broad white deck was cleared for the quadrille; the sets were quickly formed; and the children, smiling and blushing, bounded lightly through the mazes of the dance. Altogether it was quite delightful; and, impelled by the same feeling of admiration, we both drew our pencils from our pockets to commemorate the scene—my friend, by a drawing in his sketch-book; and I, by some verses in a blank page of a volume of Burns. As I raised my head to think of a simile for the sweet season of childhood, my eye was attracted by a fairy-like boat, with a single sail, dancing merrily over the waves, as if it possessed a human spirit to rejoice in the beauty of the day. The following lines, suggested by the sight, may not be inappropriate here:

How swift o'er the water it dashes!  
The spray-jewels spring to its prow,  
The sunny foam over it flashes,  
And heaven looks soft on it now.

With its balmy breath wondrously pressing,  
The zephyr has curved the light sail,  
And the bark in that playful caressing,  
Goes gracefully on with the gale.

A cloud o'er the far away billow,  
So down-like and delicate rose,  
So soft, it would seem a fit pillow  
To cradle a seraph's repose.

Yet we know not what darkness and danger  
It bears in that bosom of light,  
The smile of the beautiful stranger  
May change to a frown ere the night,

Ah! thus in Life's rapturous morning  
We float with the breeze and the beam:  
The shadows of destiny scorning,  
We see but the sun-lighted stream.

The beautiful islands which are scattered over the harbour of Boston, render this sail one of the pleasantest in the world. There are two on which forts were erected in war-time, Fort Strong and Fort Independence. But the most interesting one of the present day is Thompson's Island, on which is an excellent asylum for indigent boys, called the Farm School. The island contains one hundred and sixty acres of land, all of which is in a high state of cultivation. Most of the work in the extensive gardens is performed between school-hours by the pupils, now numbering just one hundred. The younger boys have small garden lots assigned to them, which they are allowed to call their own, and in which they, of course, feel a lively interest. The school-house is erected on a prominent part of the island, and commands a rich and varied prospect.

Another object worthy of notice is a monument, called Nix's Mate, raised many years ago to commemorate the murder of a mate, perpetrated on the spot, by a captain of that name. It formerly occupied the centre of an island, which has since been washed away, and the restless waves now lash in vain the lone and lasting memorial of guilt. It is built of granite, and there is something grand in its desolate appearance, as it stands unmoved and stern, in sunshine and in storm, amid the ever-heaving sea.

Among the many objects of interest, along the shore of the main land, is seen the still unfinished monument on Bunker Hill, erected in memory of the unfortunate—I should say, the fortunate—men who fell there at the commencement of the revolutionary war. It has been many years in progress by subscription, and, as a sarcastic friend of mine lately observed, it is to go a few thousand dollars' worth higher this year. It is to be of solid granite, in the shape of a pyramid.

Hingham is of late becoming a fashionable resort from the city. It is the oldest town in New England, excepting Plymouth, which is within a few miles distance of it. Our purpose in going thither was to visit an invalid friend, who, with her mother and sisters, was boarding at a cottage in a lonely and romantic part of the village, called Rocky Nook. Our walk from the boat was delightful, through most luxuriant woods, whose foliage had been suddenly changed by the magic wreath and smile of autumn, till it glowed like a living rainbow. The house was situated on a gentle eminence, and, as we approached, a bright face vanished from the window, and the next moment my friend was flying down the hill to welcome us. How perfectly lovely she looked at that moment! Her white morning dress, simple and graceful as herself—her pale brown hair wreathed with wild flowers and drooping in long curls on her cheek—the tremulous glow of returning health—the fair

Madonna forehead, full of purity and intellect—every feature of that face so delicately beautiful—the whole contour of the small, elegant head, and curving throat so entirely classical; Raffaele, could he have seen, would have made her his model, and given new grace to the canvass. Behind her, in swift pursuit, came her youngest sister—the pet of the family—a little rosy rogue, three years of age, with wild disordered curls, that absolutely gleamed with light, and looked like a net for sunbeams. She was a strange, bright child, at times so full of fun and frolic, and at others so thoughtful and demure.

"If all who are born must die," she said to her mother one day, "I wish God would *unborn* me, for I don't want to die."

At the door we were met by the rest of the family, and ushered into a small parlour, most tastefully adorned with natural flowers. After partaking of a delicious repast, consisting of new milk, eggs, bread and butter, pies, honey, and a cake made of Indian meal, called by the good housewives of New England, "Journey-cake," we adjourned for the evening to the spacious barn, where, by the brilliant moonlight, the children amused themselves with the swing; and the rest of the party with singing and conversation. Our number was soon increased by the arrival of some village friends. But the evening air grew cool, and we were about to return to the house, when some one proposed a dance.

"Ah, but we have no instrument," said another.

Hardly had she finished speaking, ere an inspiring waltz was heard from some invisible flute. It was surely in the air. Was Prospero alive? Had Ariel come again? And the low melodious laugh, which followed our exclamations of wonder, and which sounded directly over our heads, did not lessen the delusion. But the pleasant tune went on; and so enlivening were the notes that several sprang from their seats, and joined in the graceful dance, while others searched in vain for the enchanter. At last a slight rustle betrayed his hiding place. "The loft! the loft!" they cried.

There was a sudden rush towards the ladder leading to the hay-loft, and several gentlemen ascended. Then there was a playful struggle, renewed laughter, and they re-appeared at the head of the ladder, dragging forward our Ariel with his flute in his hand—a romantic youth, who loved solitude, and often sought it in the cool and quiet loft. At our request he continued his music, and a merry country dance ended the amusements of the day.

Early the next morning seats were arranged in the large hay-cart for a trip to Mantasket beach, about three miles distant, and seven miles in length. All the most-romantic of the party, among whom was myself, were eager for a seat in this rather rickety vehicle; the rest were contented with the more rational carry-all. I did not envy those in the latter, for they were not half so gay as we. A poet, a painter, a lawyer, and an editor, were our attendant beaux, and many a *jeu-d'esprit*, and many a lovely sentiment was ours, as jolt-ti-ti-jolt was rattled over the rough and rocky road; talking, laughing, and occasionally joining in the chorus of the beautiful airs which poured in sweet succession from the lips

of a dark-eyed, rose-lipped girl, who seemed to sing because she could not help it, she was so happy. A glorious creature she was, all genius and enthusiasm, with a soul as full of fire as her eyes, and a voice so rich, and sweet, and wild! I never heard any sing with such pathos and expression. She was a wit withal. I will give a single instance of her quickness at repartee. She had long been tormented by the importunate attentions of a certain oddity, whose devotion was the more provoking, as she could never discover whether he was in jest or earnest. The youth affected great originality in his remarks, and once at a party, offering her his arm, he asked—

"Will you vibrate, Miss L.?"

"I have no objection."

"And to what favoured quarter of the apartment would your vibrations tend?"

"Wherever yours does not."

He was silent for a moment, but soon renewed the attack.

"Well, and how do you flourish now-a-days?"

"I leave all flourishes to you, Mr. W."

"You look fatigued."

"I am weary of this stupid world."

"Can you give me a definition of stupidity?"

"Yes."

"And what is it?"

"Mr. W—."

There was a stare of surprise, and another pause.

"Miss L., will you favour me with a new idea?"

"I think I saw a primer on the table; suppose you should look there for one."

But to return to the hay-cart. Our poet was another original. He had a deal of sly humour, which no muscles but his own could resist: and his conversation was a constant flow of playful wit, or most exalted sentiment. In feature, he resembled a portrait I have seen of Dr. Johnson; and I believe under that demure and almost stupid expression he concealed nearly as much strength of thought and ready play of humour. I never could quite understand him. He was either the most sincere and simple and unsophisticated, or the most artful, of human beings; but of this I am quite sure, that he always acted according to his own notions of right and wrong, without caring for or paying any regard to the opinions of the world. Once when visiting the city of Charleston, in South Carolina, a lady invited him to sit in her pew the following Sunday. She went to church, expecting to meet him there; but prayers commenced, and he had not yet made his appearance. Happening, however, to turn her head, while kneeling with the rest of the congregation, she saw to her dismay her new acquaintance walking gravely up the aisle, with his great clumsy country-made shoes in his hand, and his large feet clothed in hose of coarse blue woolen yarn! Reader the lady did not scream! Was not her self-command worthy of an Indian chief? Another of our party contributed much to our gaiety, a younger sister of my friend, about seventeen years of age, whose childish artlessness was a constant source of amusement to her family. She always acted from impulse; but they were the prettiest impulses in the world: for she was a sweet affectionate creature, with a warm heart, a bright



face, and a voice like an Eolian harp. She loved a country life, and when allowed to visit Hingham, was always wild with joy. She used to say, she did hope Heaven was "all country." Her mind, which was naturally rich, would have been a paradise with proper cultivation; it was neglected, and the weeds half choked the flowers; but with all its faults, it was still a garden of Eden to her lover, for he seemed to glory in it. She was full of a lovely and glowing enthusiasm, which no experience seemed likely to subdue. I remember once in attempting to describe a picture of a lake by moonlight, she at once conveyed an idea of its peculiar loveliness to my mind, by exclaiming: "Oh! it was so thrillingly beautiful, that as soon as I saw it I began to whisper!"

We were almost sorry when the beach appeared, our drive had been so pleasant. But we were soon quite as happily engaged in gathering shells and watching the distant sails. We here noticed a very beautiful phenomenon, which I have since been told is a common one. We saw the shadow of a ship inverted in the clouds. There was something so unearthly in the delicate softness of the outline, that you might have dreamed an angel, looking down from Heaven, had seen the winged wanderer of the sea, and, charmed with its majestic beauty, had drawn its likeness there. It reminded me of an idea, which, I think, I have heard a Swedenborgian express, that the things of earth will have their likeness in Heaven, only softer and purer and more beautiful. I have read somewhere of a man, who, standing on the summit of the Pic du Midi, saw a monstrous figure in the clouds imitating his movements, which proved to be his own shadow; and I thought how ludicrous at first must have seemed to him the sight of a giant returning his bow from the sky, as if the man in the moon had made his appearance in good earnest at last.

After a lunch, which we had brought with us and spread upon a large flat rock, taking our wine from the snow-white hollow shells with which the place abounds, we amused ourselves with scribbling on the beach, and many a sweet and many a silly verse did the restless waves erase. Two only of these impromptu effusions still linger in my memory. Some one had written the name of a favourite bard in the sand, and another, indignant at the sacrilege, inscribed the following beneath it:

What! write the Poet's name in sand!  
A name that rings throughout our land;  
Linked with bewildering music, such  
As tremble to a seraph's touch!  
See the next wave, in reckless play,  
Will wash the hallowed word away.  
Oh, rather let it live, impressed  
In yonder granite's changeless breast.  
Nay, even that to time must yield;  
Where, then, may we that word engrave?  
Oh! be our hearts its shrine, its shield!  
'Twill there defy Oblivion's wave!

The other was composed on seeing a child at play with the waves:

They come! they come! the laughing waves;  
And each thy pathway lightly laves,  
And at thine eager feet flings down  
His crown of foam—his dazzling crown!

But thou dost gaze in sad amaze,  
And wonder where the gems have fled,  
That seemed to wreath with starry rays,  
Before he came, his shining head.  
Ah, thus the hours of after life,  
To thee, are all with glory rife;  
And thus thou'lt sigh, as now dismayed,  
To see that treacherous glory fade.

We returned in time to see the sun set from the summit of Turkey Hill, a somewhat lofty eminence near the house, commanding a prospect of great beauty and variety. No language can describe the glowing splendour of the scene, as we reached the highest point of the hill. The rich woods—the calm and verdant vale—the winding, gleaming stream—the distant heights—the heaving sea—and, fairer than them all, the graceful drapery of the landscape, the gorgeous ever-changing clouds, paling gradually from the glowing gold and purple to the violet and rose! I never felt so much the want of words in describing scenery as when viewing one of those magnificent sunsets, which are, I believe, peculiar to New England.

In the evening we were invited to a ball at the hotel, where the beaux and belles of the village were all assembled before eight o'clock, and where on a floor, elastic as Hope, as my friend poetically observed, we tripped it merrily till midnight, and then walked home through the woods by the light of the full harvest-moon.

"Ah!" said Miss L., as we reached the door of the cottage, "it seems, sometimes, as if I could hear old Time himself sighing as he goes by to leave such scenes behind."

Written for the Lady's Book.

## O, COME WITH ME.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

### 1.

Oh! come with me to the stately halls,  
Where fashion her airy votaries calls—  
Thine eye would scorn such rural bowers,  
Couldst thou gaze on luxury's glittering towers,  
And thy hand would scatter the flowers we wear  
To gather the gems that are glowing there.

### 2.

Away, if thou wilt, but not for me,  
Those heartless scenes—I had rather be  
The humblest of the maids who dwell  
On the sun-bright slope, or the shady dell,  
'Than one who has made her cold, bright home  
In marble hall, or ancestral dome.  
Oh! follow me, where the joyous throng,

### 1.

To music's strains, are gliding along—  
Let us there our useless garlands spread,  
They will not fade 'neath so light a tread—  
Time never will leave a print of care  
On hearts so light, or brows so fair.

### 2.

I may not go. The serpent leaves  
Its track o'er the blossom that luxury weaves—  
And thorns are rankling beneath the lig  
That gilds like a glory, the brow of night—  
The lamps are dim where those gay forms flit,  
To yon lamp that nature's God has lit.

## 1.

And is it so? Does the secret thorn  
Lurk 'mid the scenes that such gems adorn?  
Does the heart immers'd in the joys of earth,  
Though cover'd with smiles, feel an aching dearth?  
Does the soul, that immortal cravings fill,  
Still sigh when the notes of the banquet thrill?

## 2.

'Tis Nature speaks through those saddening tones—  
Thy inmost spirit her triumph owns.  
Then come to her altar—with incense come—  
Bring the soul's pure vows, and the heart's young  
bloom.  
They are God's own temples—the fields and bowers—  
Their curtains, the skies—their garlands, the flowers.

## 1.

Adieu to the pomp and the splendour of Art—  
Thou hast touched the living springs of the heart,  
The rock is broken—the waters gleam,  
The rays of truth on its pure waves beam,  
The flower returns to its native wild—  
Receive oh! Nature, thy erring child.

*Florence, July 2d.*



Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE MURDERER'S FATE.

OR,

## THE EFFECT OF CONSCIENCE.

A TALE.

SOME few years since there resided in Walling Street, in the city of London, a gentleman named George Bell, a respectable wholesale merchant, who had in his employ two young men as clerks; the eldest, John Clark, was his nephew, the son of his sister, and the youngest, Charles Forbes, the son of a deceased friend. These young men had so far obtained the confidence and esteem of their worthy employer, that in order to reward them for their assiduity and attention to business, he took John Clark as his partner, and Charles Forbes as his senior or principal clerk, and for twelve months after this change had taken place, Mr. Bell had no reason whatever to be dissatisfied with the confidence he had thus placed in them. In the course of the succeeding year Mr. Bell began to entertain doubts as to the true character and integrity of his nephew, as his apparent inattention to business, repeated absence from the counting-house, as well as an evident alteration in dress, personal appearance, and manners, all conspired to convince Mr. Bell that his nephew had contracted habits of extravagance and dissipation. At the end of the second year of their partnership, Mr. Bell prepared himself for the worst; and on a final settlement of the co-partnership accounts, it was discovered that John Clark had misapplied considerable sums of money, received by him on account of the firm, and which he had not accounted for: this circumstance, serious enough of itself, coupled

with absence and inattention, induced Mr. Bell to dissolve the partnership, and dismiss him at once from his confidence. Forbes, on the contrary, had so closely applied himself, and such were his business habits, that he became every day more valuable to his employer, so that on the dissolution of the co-partnership with his nephew, he made Forbes the offer of a share in his mercantile concern, which was thankfully received.

Clark from this time viewed Forbes with an extreme jealous eye, and on various occasions, where chance or business threw him in his way, and particularly when the former had been indulging himself with an extra glass of wine, would openly charge the latter with using unfair means to supplant him in his partnership, and to prejudice his uncle against him.

In the following summer after Mr. Bell had taken Forbes into partnership, the former proposed that the latter should leave London for a month, with a view of relieving his mind from the anxiety and pressure of business, and enjoy the country air, for the benefit of his health and spirits, having but a few months previous lost his mother. He accordingly left town in his chaise, and made his way to Abington, in Berkshire, intending to visit Oxford, Staffordshire, and several other places adjacent.

He arrived at Abington early in the morning, and on stopping at the head inn, was informed that the races commenced that day. He immediately proceeded thither, and had not been long on the ground, when, to his great surprise and regret, he observed John Clark, dressed in a fashionable manner, mounted on a fine blood horse, with his betting book in his hand, and appearing on very familiar terms with several gentlemen of rank and fortune, well known on the turf, and seeming to take great interest in making and taking bets of considerable amount on the approaching race.

Forbes considered in his own mind it would be far better he should forego the pleasure of the race-course, and at once leave a place in which, it was more than probable, he would come in collision with Clark, and immediately made up his mind to leave the race-ground. After indulging himself with a short ride to a neighbouring village, he made his way to the King's Arms Inn in time for dinner, congratulating himself, that by this plan, he should effectually escape the disagreeable presence of Clark.

He sat down to dinner in company with several gentlemen who had attended the races, and after dinner the wine passed rather freely, and Forbes not being a man that indulged to excess, felt that he had taken rather more than his usual quantity; but as it was race-time, he conceived that he might relax a trifle from his usual and accustomed habits.

About seven o'clock in the evening, to his no small surprise and extreme regret, Clark entered the room, and immediately recognized Forbes, and told him he had seen him on the race-course, but supposed that as he was now his uncle's partner, he was too proud to acknowledge him. From his manners and articulation, Forbes was satisfied that Clark had drank very freely before he entered the room, and became extremely alarmed for the consequences, well knowing his habits and disposition. He had fully made up

his mind to take no more wine; but Clark having met with two gentlemen, he had known in London, proposed that they, and his old friend Forbes (as he was pleased to call him) should enjoy a bottle, and, if agreeable to all parties, they would play a hand at whist. Forbes endeavored to excuse himself by indisposition and fatigue, from travelling, but having learned from the waiter that Clark had taken up his abode at the same inn, and had already engaged his bed, he thought rather than cause any thing unpleasant, (as Clark appeared quarrelsome,) he would yield to his wishes, in opposition to his own better judgment, being determined before he rose in the morning, to take his departure and proceed on his journey, and thus escape any further intercourse with him. The wine was brought, as also the cards, and after taking a few glasses, they cut for partners, when Forbes and Mr. Clark were cut in.

They played several rubs pretty sociably; more wine was called for by Clark, and soon afterwards, at the request of Forbes, a change of partners took place, and it was proposed, and agreed, to play for a sovereign a point. The wine was freely circulated, and in the course of the evening, Clark displayed his pocket book, which contained a large roll of Bank of England notes, pulled out his purse, which appeared full of gold, and took out several large gold pieces, which he used as counters. They continued playing until a late hour, and after drinking sundry bottles of wine, Forbes felt himself almost overpowered with its effects, and declined playing any longer. He had lost but a small sum, but Clark lost many pounds, and on pulling out his purse, and emptying the contents on the table, and afterwards counting over his gold, he rose up and swore with an oath, that he had been robbed, and that Forbes was the thief. Poor Forbes, half intoxicated as he unfortunately was, and dreading the consequences, declared upon his honor he had done no such mean act, and offered to be searched, at which Clark rose up in a great passion, rang the bell, called in the landlord and waiters, and then publicly charged Forbes with the theft; the gentlemen who played with them, denied that any unfair means had been used, and they offered to be searched if required. Clark finding he could not succeed with this attempt to injure Forbes, then openly taxed him with being the sole cause of inducing his uncle to dissolve their partnership, in order to make room for himself; and as he continued to drink more wine, became extremely violent and abusive. Forbes, by the advice of the landlord and the gentlemen left the room, and having settled his bill at the bar, desiring to be called at day-light in the morning, retired to bed.

He was shown to his bed by the chambermaid, which was through another bed room, and on asking who was to sleep in the one he had just passed, the servant informed him that Mr. Clark had engaged that room. He was not well pleased at this information, and was almost induced not to sleep so near one who had shown so unfriendly a disposition towards him; but as he observed a strong lock and key to the door, and from the state in which Clark appeared to be, from the quantity of wine drank, he concluded when once in bed, he would soon fall into a

profound sleep, and that he should not be disturbed by him. Having made fast his door, he went to bed, but did not sleep very soundly, and in the course of two hours, he heard Clark come up stairs assisted by a waiter, and in a very short time from the noise which proceeded from his bed room, he satisfied himself, he was sound asleep from the effect of the large potation of wine he had previously taken.

Forbes had a very disturbed and unpleasant night, and about two o'clock in the morning, he thought he heard groans and a noise in Clark's room, as though some one was struggling hard; but in a short time all appeared quite still, and he did not even hear the hard breathing which just before was so distinct. He became greatly agitated; the circumstance of Clark's displaying so much money before strangers; the charge of theft made by him; the prejudice and unfriendly feeling which had been shown towards him the preceding night; the proximity of their rooms, all struck him most forcibly that some important event would be the result, and as it was a fine moonlight morning, he determined upon opening his door and ascertaining at once if any thing had actually happened to him, and if he was alive or dead. He accordingly unlocked his door and approached Clark's bed, and having withdrawn the curtains, he saw poor Clark lying on his back covered over with the bed-clothes, but all appeared perfectly still, not even a breath was heard. He attempted to wake him, but to no effect; he therefore concluded he must have died in a fit of apoplexy, there not being sufficient light to perceive blood upon the bed-clothes, and as he was in the act of turning from the bed, some one gently opened the bedroom door, but on perceiving a person recede from the bed, towards the adjoining room, the stranger immediately retreated and closed the door. The reader can better conceive poor Forbes's feelings and state of mind under those circumstances than the author can attempt to describe, and he evidently foresaw the misery and trouble in which he was likely to be involved in consequence of his unfortunate meeting with one whom he thought he never again should see after he left him on the race-course in the morning.

He now began to consider the course he should adopt. At one time he thought of alarming the house, and state to the landlord all he had heard, and his apprehensions on the subject; then, again, the sudden and unexpected appearance of the stranger in Clark's room, who must have seen him in the act of retiring from the bed in which Clark slept—this latter circumstance alarmed him much; he, however, returned to his own bed, but did not close his eyes.

At a very early hour in the morning, one of the waiters rapped at his door and announced the hour. He immediately got up and dressed himself, and having put up his clothes, the servant again attended to take down his portmanteau, and his horse and chaise being quite ready he drove immediately out of the inn yard, and in the direction towards Oxford. Such was the state of his mind at the time he left the Inn, that his manners excited the observations, not only of the hostler but the waiter, both of whom asked him if he was not ill—to which he replied,

he really was; and he heard them say, as he turned from them, "that is the gentleman who was charged with theft last night."

No sooner had he left the Inn yard, than the waiter went up stairs, but soon returned with apparent alarm, and announced that the gentleman who slept in the adjoining room to the one who had just left, was dead and cold in his bed, with several wounds upon his person, and the bed clothes covered with blood. The alarm was immediately given; the landlord and several gentlemen got up, and went directly to Clark's room, where they found the unfortunate man, with six or eight deep wounds inflicted, as was supposed from the nature and depth of them, by one of the swords usually carried in canes, they being of a triangular shape, and from the manner in which the body appeared with several scratches and smaller wounds upon the arms. The victim must have struggled hard, and made considerable resistance with his murderer. The room was searched to see if any such instrument was to be found, but on looking into Forbes' room a small sword-stick, exactly corresponding with the nature and extent of the wounds inflicted, was found under the bed in the sheath, but covered with blood not then quite dry, and on looking upon the table, Clark's breast-pin, set with a valuable diamond, was found, stuck in the cloth. These circumstances, combined with his sudden departure, his suspicious behaviour on leaving, the statement made by the waiter, that on going to Clark's room just before his retiring to rest, to see if he wanted any thing, he saw a person retreat from Clark's bed, and enter the room occupied by Mr. Forbes, and as he appeared partly undressed, he supposed it must have been that gentleman.

The pocket book was found in Mr. Clark's coat pocket, containing a large roll of notes, and also the purse of gold, and it did not appear, as far as these gentlemen could form an opinion, that any portion of his money had been taken from him, and they concluded in their own minds, that beyond a shadow of doubt, Forbes must have been the murderer. Application was immediately made to the proper authorities, and several officers sent off in the direction taken by Forbes, and in a few hours, he was brought back in their custody, in a most wretched state of mind. He was examined before the Mayor, who forcibly advised him to employ an eminent attorney to counsel him under his unfortunate situation, and after a very attentive hearing, he was fully committed to jail, on a charge of wilful murder. As the judges were to enter the town the following week on their summer circuit, he would have to remain little more than one week before his fate would be known. His lawyer immediately wrote to Mr. Bell to request his immediate attendance upon the melancholy occasion, and he also wrote to his agent in London, to retain two of the most eminent counsel in that city, and no exertions or expense were spared for his defence on the approaching trial. Mr. Bell was greatly alarmed on receiving the letter, to find that his unfortunate nephew had been murdered, and the murderer his friend and partner. He could not believe it possible, but, however, lost no time in hastening to Abington.

After a long consultation with Forbes, in com-

pany with his attorney, in which he gave a detailed account of all that had taken place, from the time he saw the unfortunate Clark at the race-ground, to the time he left the inn, and although impressed as he was with an idea that Clark was dead, he concluded his death must have proceeded from a fit of apoplexy, and never for a moment supposed he had been murdered. He protested his innocence in such a firm and determined manner, that both Mr. Bell and his lawyer were satisfied he was not the perpetrator of so foul a crime; and that the act must have been committed by some person connected with the inn, who either had taken but a small portion of the money, or had been prevented by some circumstance from accomplishing the act of plunder.

The judges commenced the following week, and on the Friday, Forbes, attended by his friend Mr. Bell, and several gentlemen from London, appeared at the bar, together with his attorney and counsel, to conduct the defence. The Clerk of Arraignment having read over the indictment, and the prisoner being called on for his plea, he in a firm and manly tone of voice, plead not guilty. The case was opened by the prosecuting counsel, who took an extensive view of the whole proceedings, and with considerable talent, detailed the crime as one of the most foul cases of murder that ever came before a Court of Justice, and having dwelt at some length on all the various features, as connected with the commission of the crime, and that the whole would be supported by evidence so clear and unequivocal, that the Jury must, of necessity, find the prisoner guilty. All the leading facts having been fully established by several witnesses, the principal witness was the waiter, on whose testimony poor Forbes' life mainly depended. His name was Charles Rogers, he had not been long employed as a waiter at the inn, and had lived several years in London. He swore most positively as to the dispute between the deceased and the prisoner—his taking the former to bed—their sleeping in adjoining rooms—his going up stairs to the deceased's room, when he saw the prisoner return to his own; the agitated manner he appeared on the following morning, and his hurried departure from the inn—the finding of the sword-stick—and the breast-pin in the prisoner's room, which were left, no doubt, by mistake from the perturbed state of his mind. The counsel for the defence cross-examined this witness with the utmost severity, and on no trial did ever counsel display more talent and tact, than was shown on this occasion; but such was the determined nature of the witness's character, that he never contradicted himself, nor did the counsel for the prisoner discover the least discrepancy in his testimony, although he was before the Court several hours, and underwent a most rigid cross-examination. Upwards of a dozen witnesses, consisting of Mr. Bell and particular friends of the prisoner, who had known him from a boy, all testified as to his previous good character, his humane and benevolent disposition from childhood upwards, and their firm belief, notwithstanding the evidence that he was innocent. The Jury, after an able and impartial summoning up by the learned Judge, with suitable comments on various parts of the evidence, without retiring from

the box, gave in their verdict of guilty. Immediately after which the judges passed the awful sentence of the law, and left poor Forbes for execution on the following Monday.

The witness, Rogers, left the Court and Inn immediately on his discharge, and it was not known to what part of the country he removed. Forbes was accompanied to the prison by his friends, who were fully impressed with his innocence, and that he had unfortunately become the victim of a wretch, who, to save himself, had sworn away the life of an innocent man.

Mr. Bell and friends took their last and solemn leave of their unfortunate friend: the scene of parting would have melted into tears the most hardened villain that ever breathed, could he but have witnessed it. The jailor happened to be a man of humane feelings, and being satisfied in his own mind of the innocence of Forbes, from what passed at his trial, and from the conversation with him previous and subsequent to conviction, determined, whatever might be the consequences, he would, if possible, aid his escape from prison.

After Forbes had retired to rest in his cell the jailor unlocked the door, and calling him, stated his belief in his innocence, on which Forbes, in the most solemn manner, took his oath on the sacred volume, which he had been reading in order to prepare himself for the awful change, that he was innocent of the charge of murder, or any attempt whatever upon the life of the unfortunate Clark. The jailor then requested him to take off his own dress, and substitute that of a female, which he had provided for the occasion, and after giving him instructions to make towards the woods, and by all means avoid the high road, and proceed without delay to his friends, then in London, who, no doubt, would furnish him with the means of removing to a remote part of the country, by which he might ultimately escape. Poor Forbes, upon his knees, blessed his benefactor, and having dressed himself in female attire, took an affectionate farewell, was immediately led out of prison, and took his departure, according to the instructions given him. On the following morning the door of his cell appeared to have been forced open, and the prisoner gone, but no one knew how, or by what means he had effected his escape. The sheriff and other officers of justice were greatly alarmed, but no suspicion attached to the jailor, and after a useless search for upwards of a week, without success, all further pursuit was given up, and indeed it afforded much real satisfaction to many, to think the unfortunate man had escaped, as they believed him innocent.

Forbes made his way to London, and having purchased, at a village, a basket of apples, and some ballads, went directly to Mr. Bell's house, and knowing that he rose early in the morning, he placed himself near his window, and having seen him, made his way into the parlour, where he found him in the greatest distress; he immediately made himself known; Mr. Bell was rejoiced to see him, and before he could be seen by any of the domestics, he was conducted into a dark lumber room, at the top of the house, the door was locked, and Mr. Bell took the key. He now called in his old and faithful coachman, on whom he could depend, and told him to pre-

pare for a long journey into the country, and to have every thing ready by seven at night, that he would have to drive a gentleman to a small village, near the sea-side, in the western part of England, and on starting he would give him full instructions, but was not to communicate his business, or where he was going, to any one as he valued his esteem. Mr. Bell, in the meantime, wrote a letter to an old widow lady, a Mrs. Walters, a particular friend of his, living on a small income, recommending the bearer as a lodger, one who would probably remain some time for the benefit of his health, and gave his name as Henry Talbot. Having visited his friend, and supplied him with sufficient cash, and instructions for his future mode of living and conduct, he prepared his portmanteau of clothes and linen, and every thing was now ready for his departure.

At the appointed time the faithful old servant, who had been apprized by his master of every particular, and who was extremely partial to Mr. Forbes, took up his passenger, and in a short time they were off the London stones, and on their way to the west of England, and on the third day arrived at the village of C—. Mr. Talbot (as the author must now call him) altered his personal appearance by shaving off his whiskers, and changed his mode of dress to a very plain suit, went out but little, kept no company, amused himself with drawing, and was quite proficient in the art of miniature painting, played the flute, of which he was a master, and with a select Library of choice books, he thus passed away his time. His opposite neighbour, a Mrs. Weldon, was the widow of a naval officer, of small independence, with an amiable and accomplished daughter, in her eighteenth year, of agreeable person, extremely handsome, proficient in music and singing, played the piano and harp charmingly, drew and painted with considerable taste, and (as Mrs. Walters his landlady informed him after they had become acquainted), both mother and daughter were extremely anxious to find out who Mr. Talbot was, and his profession, in fact all about him, as they wished to cultivate his friendship.

Not more than three months had elapsed, from the time that this communication was made to him, that Mrs. Weldon and her daughter were taking a walk in the evening of a very sultry day, and having entered a large meadow in which there were many head of cattle, they became alarmed by the sudden appearance of a furious Bull, who was making rapidly towards them. Owing to the fortunate appearance of Mr. Talbot the animal was diverted from his course; the ladies escaped unhurt, and Talbot with slight injury.

He accompanied them home, and having spent some time in their company, he was much pleased with Miss Charlotte Weldon's style of playing and singing, and really felt much pleasure in their society. He often visited them, and would frequently accompany Miss Weldon upon his flute, either at the piano or harp, praised her skill of drawing and painting, and gave her much information in these delightful accomplishments; in short, their attachment appeared reciprocal, and Mrs. Weldon felt delighted that her daughter had at last met with a gentleman, who, from

education and address, appeared in every respect calculated to make her happy.

Mr. Talbot felt a sincere attachment for Miss Weldon, and was perfectly aware from expressions which had fallen from the mother, that he need only declare his passion, and it would be reciprocated by her daughter; but poor Talbot knew his present situation, and nothing could induce him to offer himself as a lover, whilst he remained a convicted felon, although an innocent man.

Mrs. Weldon was a lady of humane feelings, and as no medical man resided within ten miles, she, from reading and knowledge on medicinal subjects, and experience in the healing art, generally attended upon all those who, from poverty, and other circumstances, sought her assistance.

About twelve months after they first became acquainted, she returned about four o'clock one afternoon, and found Talbot accompanying her daughter with his flute, when she informed him, she had been to see a male patient, whose case was one of the most extraordinary she had ever met with. The poor man was evidently laboring under some violent affection of the brain, and she feared he would baffle all her skill. She described him as a man about forty years of age, of rather forbidding features, who was married to a woman who supported him and herself by washing; but from what she had learned, the wife was fond of liquor, and of rather a loose character. The man constantly kept his bed, although he slept but little, took very little refreshment, except broth, and complained that his head was dreadfully affected, and that he could sleep but little at night, which gave him the appearance of being always in a state of stupor. She had prescribed for him, but she feared it would have but little or no effect, and she begged Mr. Talbot to step up and see him, and endeavor, if possible, to ascertain his previous course of life, and if his mind was not haunted from remorse of conscience. Having been informed that the man's name was John Collins, he bent his way immediately to his cottage, and having introduced himself into the bed-room, he took the poor man by the hand, and began talking to him. The patient, after looking him hard in the face for a few minutes, cried out, "Thank God he is alive," and immediately fainted, and fell back on his pillow. Talbot could not account for this extraordinary conduct—he had no recollection of the man's features or name, he called his wife, who came into the room, half intoxicated, and when he explained what had occurred, "Oh," says she, "that is nothing to what he plays off at times. Why," says she, "Sir, he will often get out of bed in the night, and walk up and down the room, calling out, 'oh, that poor young, innocent man, I hope he is safe, I must find him, I must save his life,' and then he will return to his bed, and say, 'well, it is no use.'"

He then asked her how long he had been married to her, she said about two years, and that nearly all that time he had never done a day's work, but that she had to maintain him. He soon came too, and when he looked up, said, "Oh, Sir, your presence has done me much good, I find myself much better, pray, when will you come again, come often, and read the Bible to

me, and I should soon be well. This language coupled with what his wife told him, astonished him much, but the features of the man had so much altered from disease and confinement, that it never occurred to him, it was he who had been the principal witness on his trial. He left the cottage, promising to call again in a few days, and on his way home called on Mrs. Weldon, and mentioned to her the strange manner of her patient, and how astonished he seemed at seeing him—the expressions he had used—and his request to call again soon.

Mrs. Weldon agreed with Mr. Talbot, that the poor man labored under the effect of some heavy crime, which with the effect of conscience produced the malady, which rendered his existence miserable, and his life a state of wretchedness.

His visits were frequent, and he would often read portions of scripture to him; this seemed to afford him great relief, and he would stop him, and cry out, "Oh, Sir, could you always be with me, I should be happy, as your presence is such a relief to my troubled mind." He would sometimes ask him what it was that troubled him so much. His answers generally were, "Oh, Sir, that I cannot tell you at present, but I will that you may depend upon; but pray come every day, and I shall soon be well;" and from these visits he evidently appeared more cheerful, could eat a little, and occasionally sat up, and his spirits appeared much better. Talbot had taken cold, and had kept his room several days, and a week elapsed without seeing his patient, during which time the poor man relapsed into his former melancholy, and although Mrs. Weldon called, and talked to him, he repeatedly said no one could do him good, but that kind, good gentleman.

Mrs. Weldon and daughter having been absent for two days, shopping at the neighbouring town, returned on the Saturday afternoon, under sensations the most acute and distressing imaginable, with a newspaper containing a notice for the apprehension of Charles Forbes, for the wilful murder of Mr. John Clark, upwards of two years since, who had broken prison, and was supposed to be concealed in some small village, near the western coast of England, giving an exact description of his person, and offering a reward of £500 for his apprehension. Mr. Talbot on learning from his landlady, that Mrs. Weldon and her daughter had returned, went over to welcome them home; but the appearance of the mother and daughter was such as to convince him that some serious event had happened, as they appeared to have been crying; indeed, poor Charlotte the moment she saw Mr. Talbot, burst out into a flood of tears, and fainted in his arms, whilst she grasped in her hand the fatal newspaper, containing the reward for his apprehension. He immediately asked Mrs. Weldon the cause of such distress, who, with tears in her eyes, handed him the paper. His eye immediately caught the notice, being in large letters, read it, trembled, changed color, and appeared dreadfully alarmed.

By this time poor Charlotte had so far recovered as to be able to sit in her chair. Mr. Talbot thus addressed Mrs. Weldon and her daughter. "I can easily conjecture the cause of this

sad, and to me distressing scene; in this paper, I observe a reward offered for the apprehension of a murderer, and from the description, which is so correctly given, neither you, nor any one else, can be mistaken; and," added he with strong emphasis, "my name is not Henry Talbot, but the miserable and unfortunate Charles Forbes, the convicted murderer of John Clark, but, thank Heaven, wretched as I am, and whatever I may appear in your opinion, I am no murderer! but as innocent of that foul charge, as yourself."

The doors being closed, he sat down and explained to Mrs. Welden and her daughter, all the particulars of the trial; his escape; and his object for coming to that part of the country. In short omitted nothing that would tend to remove an impression on their minds, that the house, which had been to them the refuge of the distressed, did not at that moment contain a murderer.

When he had finished, Mrs. Welden, as well as her daughter, expressed themselves satisfied of his innocence, but it was impossible under existing circumstances, he should remain there, or continue his visits, and urged his immediate removal from the place.

The following day being Sunday, and not having seen the sick man for several days, he called in the morning on his way to church, being determined to visit the House of God, and implore his divine aid and assistance in the cause of injured innocence. He was met at the door by the wife, who was quite inebriated; she asked him for money which he refused, and she made some rude observations, as he entered her husband's bed-room. The poor man on seeing him rose up, seized him by the hand, and declared to him he had been most miserable, since he last saw him, and was fearful he would not return, as his wife had told him he had left the village. After some time spent in his company, and a promise to see him in the afternoon, he took his leave and went to church. On leaving the cottage, the wife stopped him, and again asked him for money, which he refused, she told him she would soon do his business for him, as two men dressed like London Police officers had made enquiries of her at the Ship Public House, for such a young spark as himself, and she had given them information where to find him, and had their money for doing it. This alarmed him much, but under all circumstances, he determined to go to church, and on entering his pew he observed two strangers who eyed him often, and from their dress and appearance, he was satisfied they were Bow Street officers, and in pursuit of him. On leaving the church, they followed him pretty close, and as he increased his pace, he found them close at his heels, and the next moment, one came on each side, and addressed him, by saying he was their prisoner. They allowed him to proceed to his lodgings, and on his way, they informed him of the nature of their business, and produced a warrant for his apprehension, as the convicted murderer of John Clark.

Poor Forbes now concluded he should soon end his days by a speedy and ignominious death, for a crime, of which he was innocent; and the officers having procured a post chaise and four,

they allowed him to address a short note to Mrs. Welden, bidding her farewell, and assuring her she had not misplaced her confidence, the chaise drove off at full speed, on the road to Abington. Not long after it had left, the wife of the sick man entered his bed-room in a state of intoxication, having received five pounds for the information given to the officers, and in a tone of exultation, told her husband he had had a very pretty sort of gentleman to read the Scriptures to him, and to give him spiritual advice and consolation; but he would not trouble him any more, she had done his business for him clean enough, for she had caused him to be taken up for a murder he committed at Abington, in Berkshire, upwards of two years and a half ago, and if he had been properly dealt with he would have been hanged, but he contrived to get out of prison. During the time the wife was giving this account, the poor man appeared horror struck; his eyes rolled about with anger. He jumped out of bed, dressed himself as if nothing had been the matter with him, and told his wife that the gentleman she mentioned, was no murderer, but the man that murdered poor Clark was himself, and that he would save his life and give himself up to justice. He went immediately to the village constable, asked him to get a chaise to convey him to the nearest magistrate without delay, or the poor gentleman would be executed for a crime he had not committed. The constable thought the man insane, and refused to comply with his request; but after his repeated applications to be carried before a magistrate, and not being able to travel on foot, he procured a one horse chaise.

In the course of an hour they arrived at the house of a justice of the peace, who, after learning the wretched man's account, and from what he had previously read and heard, he committed his confession to writing, and sent off his servant to the sheriff of the county, to take charge of the unfortunate man, in order that he might be conveyed to Abington without the least delay. He stated in his written confession that after he had assisted Mr. Clark to his bed, he determined to murder him in the night, and to obtain possession of his money; and as Mr. Forbes slept in the adjoining room, and they had not parted good friends, he thought he could contrive to fix upon him the commission of the crime. That he committed the murder at the time Mr. Forbes heard the noise and groans in the adjoining room, and that he intended to have robbed Mr. Clark, but was prevented by seeing some one in the room, which caused him to return, and he was afraid to make the second attempt. That he conveyed the sword-stick under the bed, and put the breast pin on the table after Mr. Forbes had left the inn, and he then became so much alarmed that he was fearful to approach the corpse afterwards; and having signed his confession, the sheriff in a chaise and pair set off immediately for the town of Abington.

They travelled all night and the following day and night, and arrived in the town of Abington on the Tuesday morning about eight o'clock, when they observed the streets thronged with people, and on making inquiry as to the cause, was informed it was the execution of a murderer who had escaped from prison upwards of two



years ago. This information greatly alarmed the man in custody, who, from his previous debilitated state of body and mind, was almost dead, and had not the sheriff used proper remedies at the different Inns they stopped at on the road, he could not have borne the extreme fatigue.

The sheriff immediately made known to the crowd that he had in his custody the real murderer, and to send on the information, in order to stop, if possible, the execution; this had the desired effect, and in a short time the chaise was seen approaching the prison. On their arrival at the place of execution they observed Mr. Forbes already prepared to undergo the awful sentence of the law, but on the nearer approach of the chaise, all further preparation was suspended. The sheriff immediately alighted, and handed to the sheriff of Berkshire the written confession of John Collins, and with great difficulty assisted in removing him from the chaise. He begged to be brought into the presence of Forbes, and, on seeing him, he used all his strength in endeavoring to grasp his hand, and having uttered these words, "Thank God I have arrived in time to save him," fell backwards, and immediately expired. Mr. Forbes knew the man the moment he saw him, and then it struck him most forcibly, that his previous state of mind, his apparent pleasure at all times on seeing him, arose from a conscientious feeling, that as the real murderer, he ought to save him from a premature and ignominious death.

Mr. Forbes was taken back to prison, in order that the authorities might have sufficient time to inform themselves of the facts, as connected with the confession, and after two days, every thing being proved satisfactory, an order was obtained for reversal of the judgment against Mr. Forbes, and he was immediately discharged, receiving the congratulation of his friends and the public at large.

Mr. Bell having been sent for, was present at his release from prison, and they immediately proceeded to London. Forbes stated to Mr. Bell the various circumstances, that had thrown him into the company of Mrs. Welden and her amiable daughter, and the affectionate regard he entertained for the latter. Mr. Bell approved of his views, and he immediately wrote to the mother and daughter, informing them of the extraordinary event which had released him from so heavy and serious a charge, and that as he had now returned to his former occupation in life, and with sufficient means to make her daughter happy and comfortable, proposed in company with his friend, Mr. Bell, to visit them in a few days.

They left town the following week, and having arrived at the village of C——, were received by Mrs. Welden and her daughter with feelings of extreme delight, and in a few days, Mr. Forbes led to the church the amiable and accomplished Charlotte Welden, to whom he was united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Mr. Bell giving her away: and after spending a week, they returned to London, where they contrived to live happy and respected, by all who had the happiness of their friendship and society.

## THE STAR OF HOPE.

BY MISS MARY BOYLE.

With fevered brow she sought the freshening air,  
And cast one wild though tearless glance on high;  
Burst from her parted lips the uttered prayer,  
Burst from her weary heart the heavy sigh.

A loud, an earnest, deep, convulsive prayer,  
The hope of years concentered in a word,  
She called on Heaven a sister's life to spare,  
And God's bright mercy bid her prayer be heard!

Absorbed in agony, her head she raised  
To that blue sky where worlds of brightness roll,  
As on a planet's radiant orb she gazed,  
Mysterious hope rekindled in her soul.

And, O! while joying in a sister's love.  
In gentle fellowship they pass their days,  
Still may the frequent glance she sends above  
Ne'er fall unmoved upon that planet's rays!

Ah, fear it not—where'er her footsteps roam,  
Though far the clime, and distant be the sod,  
That star shall win her wandering spirit home,  
And lift the incense of her praise to God.

*Naples, 1834.*

For the Lady's Book.

## FEMALE EDUCATION.

LETTER FROM A HUSBAND TO A WIFE.

Mrs. HALE:

If the following letter, upon a deeply interesting subject, meets with your approbation, by inserting it upon the pages of your highly interesting and useful "Book," you will greatly oblige  
A SUBSCRIBER.

Lancaster, Ohio, Dec. 2, 1837.

M——, June 10, 1835.

DEAR F——,

Having a few leisure hours from business to-day, I have taken my seat, in order to give you a few thoughts upon a subject important and highly interesting to us both, and one that should command our deepest solicitude,—the education and management of the little JULIA.—I feel impressed with the importance and responsibility in which you and myself stand in relation to her, and have reflected somewhat at large upon the errors and misconceptions of duty on the part of parents generally, in the education and government of children.—I have resolved in my mind a few desultory thoughts upon the subject, which I have to-day committed to paper, intending to present them to your consideration, with the single request, that you will read them attentively; and if, in your future management of her for whose benefit they are intended, you shall discover any suggestions of importance, I hope the fact of their being communicated thus early, will be no just cause for their being forgotten or disregarded. The re-

mark of ADDISON, that "there is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as advice," however true in its general application, I am confident will not hold good as between you and myself.

It is an undeniable fact, that in the prosecution of business, or in the discharge of duty, either to ourselves or to others, nothing is more important, and yet nothing, perhaps, is less generally attended to by the great majority of mankind, than the adoption of a few simple and practical *rules* for the government of our conduct while in the transaction of such business, or in the discharge of such duty; and I *know* you will appreciate it rather as an act of kindness than dictation, if I suggest to you a few thoughts for your serious consideration in regard to this important and interesting subject.—From the hasty manner in which they have been drawn up, as well as from my inexperience in such matters, they are undoubtedly not what they should be; but such as they are, I am confident you will give them all the attention and consideration which they deserve.—I have arranged them under the following divisions:

I. In the first place then, my dear F——, let this solemn and important truth be strongly impressed upon your mind, that the moral destiny of the little JULIA, whether for good or for evil, is principally, if not exclusively placed in your own hands—that it belongs to *you*, in the high and responsible character of a mother, to train her budding intellect into a ripened and unblemished maturity—to mould her feelings and habits of thinking and acting into a strict conformity with the principles of virtue, and to elevate her moral sense above the frailties and frivolities, which, without intending to be sarcastic or cynical, I *must* say, characterise but too many of the sex.—Who can say what influence a mother's teaching may have upon the formation and development of character?—Who is there, who recollects any thing of a mother's habits and conduct in early life, but feels that he owes much of his ideas and moral perceptions to her influence and example?—I venture to say that no individual who has risen to distinction, whether in the annals of crime or of virtue, but can trace back the *cause* of such pre-eminence either to the indiscreet indulgence or moral precepts of maternal education.—This high moral responsibility now rests upon you,—one eminently calculated to call out the better feelings of our nature, in the endeavor to promote another's happiness and welfare.—In that, as yet, innocent and unconscious little creature, you have an exhibition of all the elements which go to constitute all that is vicious or all that is virtuous in human nature.—You have placed before you, in that dear little miniature of humanity that cherub-like epitome of all the passions and all the feelings of our common nature, an object, if not a source, both to itself and to ourselves of much good or much evil, in after life. God grant that she may be so reared and so instructed as to partake alone of the first, without a tincture of the latter.

II. There is, perhaps, no part of a mother's duty less understood, or, at least, less prudently practised, than that of correcting a child for any little misdemeanor that it may be guilty of.

Upon such occasions, the conduct of some mothers resembles that of a fury more than a woman of sense and discretion. After threatening a child for its inattention to her commands, time after time, until it no longer believes her, all at once, upon some new exhibition of disobedience, she flies into an ungovernable passion, seizes the little delinquent, and belabors it most unmercifully with any thing she can lay her hands upon, using, all the while, the most vulgar and indecent language, by way of menace and intimidation. The consequence is, the child does not know what it is whipped for or thinks it has been extremely abused for doing that which it has been so frequently permitted to do with impunity,—and thinking so, it strives most lustily to rival its mother's violence, by its own vociferous screaming. Then follow, by way of peace-offering and pacification on the part of the mother, the most endearing epithets of condolence, and any quantity of sugar plumbs, sweetmeats, &c. This is a great and grievous fault, and should be guarded against with the most assiduous care. In regard to the little JULIA, always endeavor to keep your temper cool and calm, but your purpose firm and determined, when chastising her for any misdemeanor she may have committed. Never allow yourself, upon such an occasion to get into a violent passion, or show any petulance of feeling. Children, however young in years, have more powers of discrimination, and observe the things around them with a more scrutinizing intelligence, than one half of the parents of the present day are aware of. If a child discovers its parents to be peevish and inconsistent in their conduct, it will either become disgusted and rise superior to the example set before it, or it will imitate and adopt their character and habits—the latter of which is by far the most usual exhibition of the human mind, in its earlier and more ductile manifestations of character. When you threaten her, therefore, do so seriously, and with a full determination of carrying it into execution, if she disobeys you; and when such chastisement is absolutely necessary, (and it should never be resorted to unless it is so) never let it appear to her that you are gratifying your own passions, rather than correcting her own misconduct; but impress her mind fully with the duty of obedience and the propriety of good behaviour.

III. In all your intercourse with her, although you should undoubtedly be affectionate and even playful in your daily treatment of her, never allow your manner to sink into the common badinage of the day, or the namby-pamby manifestations of maternal love, which we see every hour in the modern nursery, but always maintain a proper degree of elevated self-respect (the true dignity of the mother) and you never will be mortified in after life, by any want of respect on her part. How often do we see, even in grown up daughters, a degree of contumelious disregard and disrespect to paternal wishes and feelings, which is utterly unworthy of a civilized state of society, and subversive of that kind and considerate attention, that dutiful and affectionate acquiescence, so peculiarly due from a daughter to a mother! And yet, if we look into the cause of this state of things, we will find, nine times in ten, that

the fault is exclusively on the side of a mother, in her early indulgence and want of discretion. Far be it from my intention to advance a single idea that would tend to repudiate, or even diminish that state of confidential and unsophisticated interchange of thought and feeling, which should ever exist between the mother and the child; amid all the heartless selfishness and treachery which break the ties of other relations in life, *that* should be preserved holy and inviolate; but notwithstanding this proposition, I still think it possible for even a mother to be too familiar with her daughter.—Now, do not be startled at this declaration. I do not mean that a mother should be in the least reserved in any thing, however delicate, that has, or may have, the most remote bearing upon the happiness or welfare of her daughter; but I mean that there are many little weaknesses in a mother, (because all who are human have some weak points) which should be most scrupulously concealed from the observation of her child. For instance, how common is it for many mothers to entertain their daughters with the repetition of the lowest species of gossip, the veriest dregs of scandal, that ever emanated from the vile sinks of petty detraction. This is a degree of familiarity which should not exist between *any* persons of genteel pretensions, much less between a mother and her daughter; between whom, on the one side, there should exist the highest respect, and on the other, the deepest solicitude. From our child's imbibing this disgraceful habit through your example, dear F——, I have not the least apprehension, but if from her intercourse with her associates in society, she should ever evince a disposition of the kind, crush it in the bud at once; depict to her the disgraceful consequences of so vile a habit, and she will arm herself against its influence, and discountenance it for ever.

IV. Upon the subject of a child's dress, although my notions may appear trifling and frivolous, yet if you will look round among your juvenile associates, perhaps you may discover in their habits some reason in my views in this particular. There is no person more ready than myself to acknowledge the propriety, and even importance, of a proper attention and regard to personal appearance; because that attention is not more in accordance with what is due to a proper spirit of self-respect in ourselves, than it is a decorous manifestation of regard for the good opinion and respect of others; but in our attention to such appearance, we should endeavor to be genteel rather than showy; plain, rather than extravagant; more anxious to wear a diamond in the heart, than in the ears, or upon the fingers; and more ambitious of intellectual than of personal or mere physical superiority. To be sure, extravagance in female attire, is less reprehensible than in that of the male; because, in the intercourse of fashionable life, much more depends upon their personal appearance; but nothing can justify a foolish and improvident expenditure, such as we frequently see displayed by those who can but ill afford it. The passion for dress and ostentatious parade, I am confident from the little observation I have made, is sown at a very early age in the female mind; through

the indiscreet lavishment of finery, and trinkets, and toys, which too many mothers mistake for an affectionate solicitude for the welfare and happiness of their offspring. A child from the age of three to ten years, should be dressed neatly and with correct taste—it should be early inducted into the habit of personal cleanliness, and incited by a just pride of personal appearance; but it should not be bedazzled out with laces, and feathers, and flounces, and furbelows, more like an infant circus-rider, than a child intended to be educated in a rational and proper manner. Such foolish decorations are indicative of any thing else than good sense in parents; but if it involved nothing more than their folly, it would be a subject of but trifling comparative importance.—Its effects, however, upon the character and disposition of children, cannot be other than pernicious; and being so, the practice should be discountenanced by all sensible and discreet mothers.

V. Never foster or encourage selfishness in a child, especially in a daughter.—Nothing is so beautiful an adornment of the female character, as a pure and disinterested benevolence.—It is that, more than all else, which marks the distinctive traits in the character of the two sexes; it is that peculiar and amiable sweetness of temper in the female constitution, which gives to woman's character all its loveliness and all its influence, and makes her, as she really is, when thus happily constituted, a "ministering angel" upon earth. It should be a mother's highest happiness to exhibit to society such a specimen of her moral culture; it should be her daily care to check any ebullition of passion, or any evidence of vicious propensity, calculated to mar the beauty of her workmanship. There is a native vanity and selfishness enough in the human heart, without giving aliment to its growth, or encouragement to its development.—The passions will cultivate and take care of themselves; the great object of education should be to give impulse and energy to the moral and intellectual faculties.—Without such artificial incitement, the passions will fructify and expand themselves with fearful power, and ultimately overcome those salutary and conservative checks of the moral constitution, without which man is but a rudderless vessel, completely at the mercy of the winds and waves of a tempestuous life.—There is some, I may say, an imperious necessity for selfishness in the other sex, who have to struggle with a world that is full of it; but with a female, there is no such necessity, or at least not to the same extent, because the theatre of her influence and power is circumscribed within the limits of the domestic circle, where all the social and milder virtues should blend in a harmonious interchange of affection, and in a bland exercise of a pure and disinterested benevolence. There is no way better calculated to make a child selfish and overbearing in its disposition, than the manner in which many parents manage their servants in relation to their care of it. They are made to gratify every whim of the child, however capricious; minister to every desire, however improper; and submit to every indignity, however disgusting. Children indulged in this manner, become perfect little tyrants.

Sure of being sustained in their conduct, however exceptionable, by their parents, they exact the most exorbitant services, and manifest an insolence of manner, which so far from displeasing or alarming the parent, is frequently appreciated and commended as the most promising evidence of *spirit and talent*. Such a course of conduct is extremely improper, and should not be encouraged.

VI. Always endeavor to be clear, distinct and uniform, in your discriminations between right and wrong. The just appreciation of right, as distinct in its acquirement from precept, is not so much an intuitive faculty as some writers upon moral philosophy have intimated. The philosophy of LOCKE, whatever may be its errors in other respects, is certainly sound in regard to the inanition of the human mind in its original condition, unaffected by surrounding circumstances. The formation or creation of primary ideas of right and wrong in the infant minds, depends entirely upon the doctrine of induction. There is no such thing as *innate* principle in the philosophy of original intellection: the mind, like the body, is the creature, if not the result of circumstances; it is moulded according to the influences around it; different combinations of circumstances produce different combinations of mind. If this theory be true, how important is it to act with circumspection and prudence in the presence of children, who watch our conduct closely, and copy with equal facility, both our virtues and our vices. In your elucidations, therefore, of that which is right, as distinct from and superior to that which is wrong, always observe the strictest consistency of reasoning. Let no temptation, however inviting, seduce you from the most rigid adherence to this rule. Never call that right to-day which you have repudiated as wrong yesterday, and you will thus erect in her young mind a fixed standard of discrimination between right and wrong, that not all the sophistry and ingenuity of false reasoning during her subsequent life, can ever unsettle or disturb.

VII. Never practice deception, however innocent in its nature, either with the child herself, or with any one else in her presence. This is a very common, and a very pernicious fault with most of mothers. Nothing could be better calculated to destroy that confidence which every child should feel in its parent, than a deceitful and double-dealing spirit, exhibited in the daily conduct of such parent. The child that has observation enough to discover this trait in the character of its mother, will always doubt her most solemn statements, and be sceptical in its belief with regard to her professions generally. And although a child, under these circumstances, may *possibly* be obedient and dutiful, yet it never can feel that respect and veneration which a correct and consistent mother so naturally inspires in the breasts of her children.

VIII. "*Every man thinks his own geese swans*" is a maxim founded upon the universal principles of the human heart; and if it were changed into "*Every mother thinks her own children perfect*," it would answer quite as many illustrations in every day practice. This is an inveterate prejudice, but it is far from being a discreditable one, because it is an evidence of warmth

of affection, though it certainly manifests any thing else than a sound and discriminating judgment. In any difficulties that may occur between your child and those of others, never allow your feelings to become excited before you have a true and impartial statement of all the facts connected with the matter in dispute. This is another great error in the conduct of a great majority of parents. They think their children, like the regal estate in the English government, *can do no wrong*; and consequently when any of these little infallibles get into a quarrel, or perhaps fight with those of their neighbors, the idea that *they* may be in the wrong, never once enters their minds; and upon these occasions, instead of each properly correcting their children, they seem to strive who can say the most low and vulgar things of each other; thus affording a fine example for their respective children to applaud and imitate. These ebullitions of a too common prejudice, which we frequently see taking place between mothers of even refined and elegant general manners, are not only ridiculous and discreditable in themselves, but they have a very injurious influence upon the dispositions of their children; inasmuch as they naturally induce them to believe that they have an indisputable *right* to infringe upon the immunities and privileges of others with impunity. A habit of thus sustaining children, whether they are right or wrong, will tend to destroy all ideas of social duty, and instil into their youthful minds a spirit of captious and ill-natured contention, which may follow them through life, and not only make their own situations unhappy, but all those with whom they may be connected.

IX. I recollect reading, a few days since, in some of the Magazines, Blackwood's I think, an admirable essay upon the subject of the style of language which mothers generally use in conversations with young children, and was forcibly struck with the truth and propriety of its criticism. I myself have been frequently astonished at hearing even sensible and well-informed mothers address their children in a style of affected endearment, more becoming a finical old maid's address to her favorite poodle, than of rational and intelligent creatures. For instance, what must be a child's idea of correct language, when its ears are eternally greeted with expressions like the following: "*Poor baby wants to tum to its muzzy*," "*tum Turley, and div muzzy a buff, dat's a dood tild*," &c. &c. These ridiculous corruptions of the "King's English," you may frequently hear mothers using to children who are two or three years old, an age when they should have learned to pronounce words with tolerable correctness and perspicuity.

X. There is a great deal of diversity of opinion among parents as to the kind of punishment a child should receive for doing that which is wrong; and there is quite as much diversity, also, in the different *degrees* of punishment adopted by them in relation to the misbehaviour of their children. Severe whipping is as repugnant to kind and correct feeling, as it is generally ineffectual in working a reformation in the little delinquent itself. Personal chastisement should be resorted to as seldom as possible; and then only from absolute necessity. When, through some

improper dereliction of duty on the part of the child, the mother thinks it necessary to resort to the rod, it should be used with a full and clear explanation of what it is used for, without the addition of a single epithet, and with no more words than are necessary to the communication of such explanation. The mother, on such an occasion, should not allow herself to be betrayed into any violence of manner, but should preserve a cool and even temper. She should not afterwards, as too many do, use any arts of persuasion to hush up and pacify the child, but should make it take a seat quietly and submissively beside her; and when necessary to speak to it, do so in her ordinary tone of voice, and with her usual kindness of manner. The child will then *feel* that it has been in the fault, if for no other reason than the apparent justice of the punishment, as evinced and exhibited through the dignified and dispassionate deportment of the mother in administering it; and that child will love and respect its mother in proportion to the consciousness which it feels of having done wrong.

XI. The world, my dear F—, is a great mirror, in which we may see ourselves fully and faithfully delineated; so, that to understand the world in all its Protean shapes and aspects, we should also perfectly understand ourselves. In giving a daughter, however, an insight into the character of that world, in which she will have some day to enter and act her part in the great drama of life, too much care cannot be taken in presenting her with a true and faithful picture of all the lights and shadows of human character. That is, the picture should be drawn to life, without exaggeration, as well as without extenuation—"nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." The natural gloom of the canvass should be relieved by the redeeming light which human virtue and human excellence can shed upon it—so, that, while she may not, with a full knowledge of all the world's corruption and wickedness, sink into the dark and sunless philosophy of the cynic, she may also not become, through her innocent unconsciousness of evil, a credulous enthusiast, in looking only at the sunshine of its existence. This representation she should have, in order that through the same means by which she would be prevented from herself becoming an adept in the wiles and deceit she would also be saved from falling a dupe to the snares and temptations of that world. Much of the diversity of character and conduct which we see exhibited in social life, results from a difference of instruction in regard to this subject—and if the dark and bright sides of the picture of human life were presented in their natural, stripped of all their artificial, aspect, at the same time to the youthful mind, that mind would exercise the proper discrimination in their contemplation, and thus blend the two extremes into a correct and rational appreciation of truth, unexposed to the delusions, and unseduced by the temptations, of error. Upon her arriving, therefore, at that age in which children usually begin to take an interest in such matters, in your descriptions of the gaities, amusements, and pleasures of fashionable life, which you may see fit to offer her as a stimulus to exertion on her part;

in endeavoring to excel in those accomplishments which lend a charm to the intercourse of young society, do not neglect to warn her against the hypocrisy, the selfishness, and the treachery, which lurk beneath its sunny waters, in order that she may be armed against its assaults, and come out harmless from the fiery furnace of fashionable rivalry. But in thus giving her an insight into the nature and propensities of the *species*, you can do so without animadverting upon *individual* character—a course of conduct that would naturally tend to make her the most despicable of *all* creatures, a common retailer of gossip and scandal.

XII. Upon the subject of religious, as distinct from an abstract moral instruction, it would perhaps, be as incompetent as it is improper, and certainly out of place, for me to say much. It is a subject, indeed, upon which I have allowed myself to think and reflect very little; perhaps too little; but that it is one of great vital importance, philosophically considered, in all its bearings upon human feelings and human conduct; that it has done much to elevate the moral sense and restrain the vicious propensities of mankind in all ages and under all circumstances, there can be no reasonable doubt. In its effect, however, upon the mind, or rather upon our final destiny, it is a matter of comparative indifference as to our belief, whether professional religion, as expounded through its technical creeds, or the great ultimatum of humanity, death, will furnish the only infallible revelation of the sublime mysteries of a future existence. Mankind may fight, and theorize, and debate, upon this question for a thousand years to come, as they have already for more than a thousand years that are gone, and they will know as much as they now do, of its profound and unfathomable incomprehensibility. That is a point which human knowledge, however mighty in its grasp; however deep in its researches, can never comprehend. Whether as a system, religion is founded upon the principles of reason, as some philosophers, eminent for talents and mere abstract intellectual, unaccompanied by high moral power, have contended that it is not, or whether it is a great and inevitable truth, capable of the clearest demonstration, as learned doctors of the church of equal profundity of intellect and knowledge, have labored to prove, it is not now my province or wish to inquire. I acknowledge my insignificance in such acquirement, and my utter incapacity to tread the intricacies of so metaphysical a labyrinth. But whether the philosophy of that religion as now understood and adopted by the Christian world, be based upon the great principles of eternal truth, or owes its existence to the prolific invention of human ingenuity, there can be no doubt in the mind of any individual who understands human nature, that it is the source of all that is virtuous and elevated, in human conduct. To your own wishes, then, dear F—, I leave it, whether she shall be instructed in any of the peculiar tenets of professional religion; because that is a subject, either in regard to the little JULIA, or to yourself, upon which no interference of mine shall ever obtrude itself. I deem it of the utmost importance, however, that her mind

should be early imbued with the beautiful spirit of rational, unfettered piety, and the excellence of an enlightened moral instruction. If my views would have any weight in the formation of your determination in this particular, I would recommend that you be extremely careful not to warp her mind into bigotted or sectarian notions; that you discard the conflicting and ridiculous dogmas of the various creeds, and bring her up in that catholic spirit of benevolence, and that charitable appreciation of the feelings and motives of others, which is the true characteristic of a mind impressed with a just sense of the impartial and universal love of Deity.

I have now, my dear F——, presented you with a few hasty and desultory thoughts upon a number, of what I conceive to be, important points in female education. They are affectionately and kindly submitted to you, not in the spirit of command or dictation, but with anxious desire to aid you in the serious discharge of a duty, which but few in your situation seem perfectly to understand, and still fewer consistently and methodically practice. Adopt them as your own, if you think they are worthy of it—but reject them at once, if they do not coincide with your own ideas of what is due to so important a subject. From the limited means of observation which I have enjoyed, in consequence of the isolated condition from domestic affairs, which has marked the greater portion of my life, the opportunities of knowing much of the habits of children has been, of course, denied to me. My knowledge, therefore, of this subject, must necessarily be more theoretical than practical, in consequence of that fact. I do not, then, urge them upon your attention as containing infallible truths; they are presented to you in a spirit of deep and anxious solicitude, for the welfare and happiness of one dear to you and to myself, and I only ask of you to give them that serious consideration which the subject, not the author, so imperiously demands.

Affectionately and devotedly yours,  
D—— P——.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE TREASURED HARP.

"All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That he said, was too closely associated with the idea of her self: it belonged to the little story of their loves: for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice."—*Sketch Book.*

Go, leave that harp!—twined round its strings  
There's many a magic spell,  
Leave that untouched,—the strain it brings  
This heart remembers well.

Let that remain!—all else beside,  
Go scatter to the wind!  
The chords that won my home a bride  
No other home shall find.

It hath a power,—though all unstrung  
It lies neglected now,  
And from her hands 'twill ne'er be wrung  
Till eath these limbs shall bow!

It hath no price,—since that sweet hour  
She tuned it first, and played  
Love's evening hymn within the bower  
Her youthful fingers made.

A spirit like a summer's night  
Hangs o'er that cherished lyre,  
And whispers of the calm moonlight  
Are trembling from the wire;

Still on mine ear her young voice falls,—  
Still floats that melody,—  
On each loved haunt its music calls,—  
Go! leave that harp and me!

Boston, Dec. 1837.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE THREE PICTURES.

BY LOUISE H. MEDINA.

"Life may change, but it may fly not;  
Hope may vanish, yet can die not;  
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;  
Love repulsed, but it returneth."

*Shelley's Hellas.*

"Look upon this picture, and on this."  
*Hamlet.*

BRIGHT, beautiful, bewitching yet faulty, Florence Rivers, how in these days of perfectioned paragons and unerring monsters shall your biographer attempt to describe you? How shall the record of your too often misguided actions, be submitted to those critical eyes used to peruse the faultless, godlike, heroic and sublime sayings and doings of such models of propriety, as the world ne'er saw? How shall the pen which relates your folly, your sorrow, and suffering, invest you with the name of heroine, when almost every attribute of such a being is wanting—when you neither attitudinized like the statue which enchants the world—talked blank verse like the player queen in *Hamlet*—lived upon immaterial air like a *cameleon*, nor achieved wonders of goodness enough to call Socrates from the tomb of the mighty past, to behold the impersonation of his goddess—*Virtue*. Nothing of all this did you or could you do. Oh! fair and fascinating, but foolish Florence Rivers. Yet such as you were—yea, such as to this day you are, capricious as an April day, yet with all its sun shiny, showery beauty, impetuous as the rushing stream, yet bright and pure as its waters, such as you were and are—you are my heroine.

In the hall of your fathers, that spacious, low built flower-entwined southern mansion, which stands far away in fair Florida, there are three likenesses of you. I loved you ere I knew you by looking upon them. I loved you still more since I saw you five times more lovely, and fifty times more mischievous than even they bespeak you. There you are in the first large,

group, hiding in all the wild exuberance of bounding youth, behind the laburnum tree, tossing that nondescript, bright plumaged bird which you have perched in your hand, so lightly into air, as if you would send it winging to its native skies, and yourself follow after. With what a delighted glee you look back upon your baffled seekers! How arch, how mischievous is the smile that is lightening over your face! Every disordered ringlet which is wantoning over your young heaving breast has grace and wilfulness in its curls—every careless fold of your torn and disarranged dress bespeaks a wild recklessness of custom or control. You never gave sober, solemn sittings for this beautiful picture, fair Florence; a young artist who witnessed the hide and seek, and had that bending, buoyant form impressed all too forcibly upon his memory, painted the picture from recollection, and embodied the scene for ever.

The second is a full length portrait, and was taken by your own desire, as a lasting memento of your severest trial. It represents you arrayed in the robes of a Sultana, for a masked ball, the rich satin gorgeously embroidered with gold, seems to heave and swell beneath the proud panting of the breast it covers, and the tiara which binds the brow, expresses not more imperial command than the haughty eye and curling lip. No smile graces that mouth which seems made for the home of love, but in its place a bitter sneer seems to defy and scorn the world. The left hand holds a mask, the right extends a miniature, (just drawn from the bosom,) with a cold and proud gesture. Can this be the same bright, joyous hider in the garden? The features are the same, but their expression—how different! It is an unpleasant contemplation, turn you from it to the third. Why how is this? Who have we here! By the side of a couch, but indistinctly seen, kneels a Sister of Charity. Her hands are folded in anguish on her breast, and her raised countenance seems appealing to Heaven for mercy. What unutterable woe is there! How hopeless, yet how resigned is that face! Yet the loose, coarse dress and close cap cannot hide the matchless symmetry of form and feature, nor yet can that despairing expression utterly change the lineaments of Florence Rivers. It is herself. How graphic, how deeply interesting are all the pictures; how full of moral lesson, how descriptive of life's varied changes; how corrective to passion and pride!

#### PICTURE I.

All thoughts, all passions, all desires,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
Are all but ministers of love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

Coleridge.

Colonel Wilton Rivers, the grand father of Florence, might have had engraven on his tomb stone, that he was the friend and fellow soldier of George Washington, in synonymous terms that he was a just, brave and honorable man. An Englishman by birth, an aristocrat by blood, and a high tory by education; he was still, wonderful to relate, free from prejudice and

pride; he served as a volunteer in the British service, under General Braddock, and fought side by side with his immortal friend through that disastrous campaign. Inspired by example, and elevated by his patriotism and piety, with Washington, also, he resigned the British service, and gave his arm to the cause of the cradled Goddess—American Liberty. He lived to see her in her full grown glory, spreading rich blessings over the favored land in which she had raised her noblest trophies—he lived to rejoice in a virtuous wife and affectionate children, then full of years and honors, he was laid down to his rest, near to where the ashes of his loved and honored friend had consecrated the spot to grateful recollection.

In the vast concourse of strangers who visited the new Republic, came distinguished foreigners, of the name of Meronville. Adèle, the daughter, was seen by Washington Rivers, the only son of the revolutionary hero, and no sooner seen than loved. He was young, *distingué* and wealthy. Mad'elle Adèle de Meronville thought he would be no despicable match. She threw on him the softest glance of those bright black eyes, and sighed, '*Ah! qu'il a l'air noble!*' then very prettily blushed at remembering that the southerner spoke French. The heart of Washington became uneasy—it was dangerous ground.

"You gentlemens Americaine not at all feel de what you call love, *ou ne compred pas tu, une grande passion, une affaire de coeur—ah! I much wish*"—

"What does Mad'elle de Meronville wish?" asked Rivers, as the perspiration began to drop off his nose; and if he had been sufficiently composed, he might have added, in the impassioned words of an English poet, Lord Littleton, when his mistress gazed at the moon, "Wish not for that, beloved, alas! I cannot give it thee."

"Only dat I not have no heart at all," responds the fair Adèle, pressing a small hand most sentimentally over the region, where, embedded in cambric and lace, her heart might be supposed to lie.

"And why—wherefore?" gasped out Rivers. The odds were ten to one on Adèle—the goal in view, and the favorite as fresh as at starting.

"Because, *parceque*—ah! Monsieur Rivers, me must not tell dat to you!—*Ah ciel!* what do I say! *Pour l'amour de Dieu*, let me go!"

The game was up, the race was won, the Adèle won the plate of matrimony, and the Washington Rivers was a loser indeed.

This trifling sketch of the mother of Florence has been given as an excuse for her foibles—brought up until sixteen years of age, by a frivolous coquette, even the sound principle and sterling sense of her father, could not wholly counteract the baneful influence on her mind, and amidst the rich seeds of many virtues, the tares of bad example and worse precept sprang up, to be consumed only by the purifying fires of adversity. We have said that Florence Rivers had little of a heroine about her, except one, however—her rare and marvellous beauty. Oh, glorious as the Creator's last and loveliest work was that bright face, where every God had seem-



ed to set his seal! Bright as the twin born stars were those dark eyes, in which as in the sleeping waters of the Isle of Founts, all heavenly things were glassed, and that pure, transparent cheek, Nature and Truth seemed to have chosen as a tablet to record their purest feelings on. In the unerring grace of every unstudied movement, in the rich music of every silver sound dwelt the charm, 'the might, the majesty of loveliness,' and the beholder would feel, as he gazed on Florence Rivers, that if Virtue were not throned on that fair brow, never did deceit dwell in such a gorgeous palace. A slight scene at the early age of twelve, will better describe her, than a volume of words.

"Look, my beautiful Florence, what your father has presented you, to go to the ball to-night," exclaimed Mrs. Rivers to her daughter, at the same time holding up a pair of pearl bracelets.

"Mon dieu! is not this a charming birth-day present?"

Florence was in raptures. She tried on the bracelets—she turned to the glass and blushed. Florence began to feel that she was beautiful.

"Where is Phœbe to dress me? That stupid girl is so slow! I am dying to see how my new white satin fits me. Phœbe—why I say Phœbe! Go some of the slaves to call her—how dare she keep me waiting so?"

A dozen of negroes of all sizes came out of their burrows at this command, and after a short lapse, the tardy Phœbe arrived to dress her young lady, and stand a no gentle reprimand for her dilatoriness. The girl, who was a white servant, made no reply, but exactly as the white satin dress, richly ornamented with blonde, was to be put on, Florence's eye fell on Phœbe's hands. She started back. "Why, you nasty, untidy girl, what on earth ails your hands? They are as black as a nigger's; are you not ashamed to handle my beautiful satin with those filthy paws? Go and scour them."

The girl colored deeply.

"They are not dirty, Miss Florence, they are only stained."

"That's false!" exclaimed the Southerner's daughter, "the very sight of them has made me sick. I would sooner stay at home forever, than be touched by such hands—pray leave me, and send Marston, my mother's maid, to help me."

In much emotion, and with tears in her eyes, Phœbe obeyed her young lady's rough command.

"Missee," said an old slave called Lucretia.

"Well," responded Florence, fretfully.

"Dar's not dirt, dat white gal's got a poor ole moder sick wid de rheumatize, she rub ole moder's legs wid doctor's stuff, and dar's what blacks her hands so."

Every drop of blood rushed in burning shame to the cheeks of Florence.

"Old and poor!" she said hesitatingly.

"Hay—ya, Missee, poor ole white woman, poor cretur!—no such fortin as to be a nigger slave, wid a good massa and plenty to eat."

"Where does she live, Lucretia?"

"Whar does she live!—oh, dar yonder, in dat ole miser'ble shanty.—Tank de stars, I'm ole nigger."

"Go and leave me now, Lucretia, go away."

†

The slave obeyed, and Florence wrung her hands in agony unutterable. "Shame—shame on me! what have I done? Insulted an affectionate daughter, trampled on an aching heart, oppressed the virtuous sufferer! And I have nothing, not one *sous*—not a picayune to give her! Oh! that these delicate hands of mine were black as hers, or as my own heart, to punish me!"

The carriage was at the door; Mrs. Rivers waiting, but Florence not to be found. There lay the satin dress, but its destined wearer was invisible. Enquiries were then made, messengers dispatched, and scoldings given, in the midst of which entered Florence, with red eyes and a flushed face. Mrs. Rivers opened fire.

"Florence! where in wonder's name have you been all this time?"

"Out, Madam."

"Out! and alone!" vociferated the unwise parent, taking no cue from the visible distress of her child. "Out, and alone! Where? I insist on knowing."

"Mother, let me be with you alone," murmured the agitated girl, who was now surrounded by all the household.

"No, Miss; *here*—explain to me *here* the meaning of all this. I want no private prevarications, let your account of yourself be public."

All the moral pride of Florence rose to her aid—her cheek flushed, and her downcast eyes were proudly raised. She advanced and took the hand of Phœbe, who was standing back, anxiously feeling for her dear young mistress.

"Publicly, then, be my shame confessed, and my apology made. Mother, I have this night behaved in a manner unworthy my father's child, unworthy the name of Christian. My fretful vanity insulted this worthy girl, and I have sacrificed my darling vice, the love of dress, as an expiation. Phœbe, I have given my pearl bracelets to your poor old mother; will you forgive my unfeeling insult?"

Mrs. Rivers actually gasped with passion, but before her folly could turn the generous flow of her daughter's genuine humility into stubborn wrath, Mr. Rivers fortunately made his appearance. He had heard all, and now took his daughter's hand,

"My child, you have done well; reparation was in your power, and you have made it. I will redeem the bracelets at the price of comfort to Phœbe's mother, and you shall not wear an ornament again until this day twelvemonth. Go, now, my Florence, and be light of heart; you are more dressed in your love and repentance, than if you were decked in the diamonds of Gollconda."

With such different preceptors can it be wondered at that Florence, at the age of sixteen, was a mixture of generosity and caprice, principle and pride?

Among the distinguished visitors who thronged to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Rivers of Florida, was Francis Wellesley, Lord de Vere. He was a younger son of one of England's noblest families, and had chosen the sea for his profession, where his own merit and his connection's interest, had speedily advanced him to the rank of Post Captain.

Many years constant service abroad had much impaired his health, and he had been attached

to the English embassy to America, as nominal Secretary of Legation, on leave of absence for two years, for the purpose of recruiting it. Very soon did Mr. Rivers discover in his quiet, reserved guest, one of the master spirits of the age; a man who, had he lived in stirring times, would have been a Brutus, a Leonidas, or a Buonaparte. Grave and calm almost to a fault, deep was the stream of intellect and resolve which flowed below the unruffled surface; in all posts of danger requiring rapid presence of mind, and indomitable fortitude, De Vere was the man selected to fill them: with him action so instantly followed words that it had become a proverb with his men,—"The Captain's word and blow, doubtful which comes first,"—and yet never had either fallen unjustly. Stern and cold in matters of duty, he was feared as a martinet on the quarter-deck. Generous and mild in private life, he was worshipped as an angel by those who knew his goodness: liberal to a fault—he was a miser only of human blood—yet even in that he was lavishly profuse with his own, and they who followed him to face danger, were sure he was the first man to brave it in its fiercest onset. Little, it would be thought, had such a man to attract the volatile Florence. But the mystery of the human heart no eye may read—the very contrast of their dispositions first moved her curiosity—the unbending politeness of his attentions piqued her pride—the profundity and power of his knowledge commanded her respect—the unpretending modesty of his demeanor, joined to the report of his chivalrous actions, won her admiration, and the manly dignity of his face and form, enchained her love. Yes, Florence—the flower of Florida—the sought—the courted—the wayward Florence, yielded to a stranger her heart's first love.

"Why then idolatry! Aye, that's the word  
To speak the deepest, broadest, wildest passion  
That ever woman's heart was swayed withal."

And was De Vere, the phlegmatic, cool, reasoning philosopher wholly unmoved by the beautiful Southerner. No: few men could be so, and certainly not De Vere; but he had early been the slave of passion—had sown the wind to reap the whirlwind, and bought at last, with the sacrifice of tranquillity and peace of mind the fatal necessity for controlling passion by reason. He was fascinated by the youthful beauty's brilliant manners, interested in her many excellent traits of temper, and not altogether unmoved by the tale which his knowledge of women, easily read in her crimsoning blush, her faltering speech, and starting tear, whenever he addressed her. Still she was a coquette—yes, and a most tyrannical and inconsistent one too; and De Vere turned from the contemplation of her heavenly face with a sigh. The struggle between philosophy and nature was soon to be resolved.

An invitation to pass some days at the villa of a wealthy New Orleans merchant, included Lord de Vere, and after a little hesitation he determined to accept it.

"I will see her surrounded with admirers, and overwhelmed with flattery. I will narrowly watch if this paltry homage supercedes her feelings for reason and me; if so, why then fare-

well at once, fair Florida, and this your sweetest daughter! Beautiful as thou art, and dear as thou would'st be, were thy mind equal to thy face, I would sooner trust my ship on the breakers, than my happiness in thy hands, oh, loveliest Florence!"

And the philosopher descended to the saloon, to await the appearance of Miss Rivers. She was already there, very simply dressed, and bending in exquisite grace over a harp, whose chords she was lightly touching.

"Ah, Lord de Vere, I am bidding farewell to my harp, I am sorry to leave my favorite harp even for a week."

"There will, probably, be other instruments at Mr. Trevanion's, Miss Rivers," remarked the unsympathizing philosopher,

"Yes, but not this *one*," she replied thoughtfully, "there may be hundreds handsomer to look on, and sweeter to hear, but none endeared to me by the associations of this."

Her eyes were cast down, De Vere felt sure that she alluded to duetts played on that harp with former lovers.

"She is taking a wrong course to make me speak," thought he, "besides, I detest manœvering;" then aloud, "may I be permitted to ask Miss Rivers what those soft associations were connected with this harp?"

"It was my mother's."

The reply was but in four words, but the holy pathos of a child's affection, infused into them a deep melody that spoke to the very soul. De Vere had heard no favorable account of Mrs. Rivers—but she had loved her child, and dearly had that child returned her love. She was gone, and her daughter's heart remembered not her faults, but sacredly enshrined her good qualities—hourly to love and to regret them.

The hand of De Vere has clasped that of Florence.

"Florence," he said softly, "dear Florence."

Her heart heaved—the hand was softly stolen round her waist—she could not forbear her triumph, and sprang laughingly away, exclaiming,—

"*Madre de Dios*, pray do not become sentimental, for there's nothing in life I detest so much; and see, too, you have thrown my orange blossom from my girdle—the very blossom young Trevanion gave me, and I promised to wear it for his sake. You really are extremely amazing, *Monsieur Le Philosophe*!" And stooping to recover her flower, she pressed it to her lips, and went out of the room carolling gaily. He gazed after her.

"And you really are extremely fascinating, *ma belle Florence*: but you never will be Francis Wellesley's wife."

They both were wrong.

Above a week had passed away in the luxurious villa of Mr. Trevanion, and, as De Vere had rightly conjectured, Florence yielded herself wholly to the delights of coquetting with, and tyrannising over, a horde of flattering admirers. Indeed, so numerous were her vagaries, so inconstant her caprices, that daily was the noble heart of her real lover becoming weaned from his attachment—and deeply was her excellent father shocked to behold the alienation of what he so anxiously coveted for his wayward child

—a rational, manly husband. It was at this beautiful seat, called Versailles, from its resemblance to its far-famed namesake in points of scenery, and which, situated immediately on the river, afforded all the various amusements of boating, fishing, and watching the steamboats, that the incident occurred which occasioned the first picture. Florence had made capture of an extraordinary nondescript species of a bird, with which she would fool all day, and immoderately caress, to the extreme discomfiture of her suitors. Nothing gave her more delight than to run away with her chirruping pet, and Beatrice-like, hide, to hearken to the dispraise of herself, which, unlike the heroine of Shakespeare, gave her unmeasured amusement.

Amongst her suitors was one who, like young Edwin, bowed, but never talked of love. This was the talented young artist who beheld and portrayed her hide and seek; and her heartless encouragement of this poor youth completed the measure of De Vere's disgust.

One night, when he had retired earlier than usual, sickened with gaiety, angry with Florence, himself and all the world, and terribly oppressed by the intense heat, he was awakened from his restless couch by a strange rushing sound.

"It must be a steamer on the river," was his first thought; but the noise was too near, too loud for that.

He arose hastily, and threw on his clothes. Can it be a fog from the water which encircles the farthest wing of the house so densely? No, it deepens—and look! gracious heavens, it is followed by flame—the villa is on fire! Often and often had Wellesley stood upon a gun while smoke and flame had whirled and blazed around him, but never before had he felt the sickening fear which now appalled his heart, as he beheld that part of the villa where Florence slept, on fire. To drop from the balcony to the ground, to alarm the sleeping inmates—to rush wildly along to the burning wing, were but the actions of a minute—the slight door gave way to his tremendous rush, and in he burst, wildly calling on the name of Florence! And now as if in fierce derision of their festal fires and gala lights, the magnificent but terrible element rushed up in mighty tongues to the skies, blazing, crackling, rolling its volumed masses like a victorious foe, far and near, while its hot breath scorched the cheek of Wellesley, and seemed to woo him to his grave. A wail, a sound of woe, directed him; he rushed to the direction whence it proceeded, and beheld the father and daughter locked in each others arms.

"De Vere, thanks! oh merciful God!" exclaimed the agonized father. "De Vere, save—oh, save my child!" and he sank senseless on the ground.

"Florence! beloved, dearest Florence, come!"

"And leave my father! oh, noble, excellent De Vere, save but my father's life—think not of me; 'twas I, 'twas I that brought him here! Leave him not to perish thus dreadfully, as you would save me from madness and despair—save, oh, save my father!"

"I will, I will," exclaimed the agitated man, "but you are my first care! Delay not on your life; come—come!"

She dropped from his arms to his feet.

"Hear me, De Vere—hear me on the brink of a dread eternity! Hear the weak, the wayward Florence, call God to witness how she loves you! Aye, dearer than life to me you are; yet here I swear, if you make me guilty of parricide, in murdering my best, my noblest father, I never will see you more! No, my first, fondest friend, guardian, father, we will die together!"

In the commanding agony of majestic despair, she wound her arms around her father's body, and fixing on De Vere her flashing eyes, seemed to defy him to tear her thence.

"Bravest and noblest girl," he cried, "the God that made you as his most perfect work will not desert us now! Wrap yourself in this cloak, and follow, follow closely my beloved!"

He raised the senseless form of Mr. Rivers: Florence, with a shriek of joy, assisted him; then pressing her white lips fervently to the brow of De Vere, she said,—

"In life or death I loved you only."

Blinded by the smoke, almost suffocated by the flame, De Vere felt nothing but that kiss,—yet, when reaching the outer door, who shall speak his unutterable agony to find that Florence had not followed them. She had probably fallen, her high wrought strength had given way, and even in death her dauntless courage had uttered no cry or groan. Phrenzied with passion, infuriated with despair, De Vere dashed down the form of the senseless father; with one wild plunge he threw off the hold of those about him, and rushed again into the burning building. All now was flame, the steps scorched, crackled, and gave way as his desperate step touched them; large flakes of fire hissed and shrivelled on his clothes and flesh, rafters rolled around him, yet with a strength mightier far than death, yea, stronger than Fate, and immutable as Heaven—the strength of *Love*—he rushed along, and reached the chamber. Already had the dancing, billowy flame invaded the room—already had it encircled the form of the death-like Florence, as with a halo of light—grasping and wrapping her in his ample cloak, De Vere cast but one glance behind him, then springing from the verandah, he leaped, with his precious burden, into the waves below, and at the same instant the roof fell in, and all was one crashing ruin!

A low convulsive murmur passed through the crowd, and seemed as the knell of the beautiful being, they believed to have perished, and her devoted lover; but it changed in a moment to a rapturous shout of joy, when the gallant sailor was seen buffetting the waters with one arm, while the other closely grasped his rescued treasure—another instant he has sprung on shore, and unscathed, except by fear, has laid the daughter in her parent's arms.

"May the God who delights in virtuous deeds reward you, my noble son," faltered the old man, "and bless you both together! Take her—she is yours—bless heaven, bless you, my children!"

A faint streak had come to the cheek of Florence, and light dawned in her eye; she placed her small cold hand in his, and drew it against her heart. It was a tacit assurance that for him that heart beat alone; he smiled, strove to speak, reeled, and fell senseless at her feet. For weeks

the life of the gallant Wellesley was in exceeding danger :

"Oh! then to die had been to die most happy,"

But fate had willed it otherwise.

## PICTURE II.

"Alas! how slight a cause may move  
Dissention between hearts that love!  
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied;  
A something light as air—a look  
A word unkind or wrongly taken—  
Oh! love that tempests never shook,  
A breath—a touch like this hath shaken."

Moore.

As we do not pique ourselves, like the celebrated Ariosto, on following one person exclusively through every hour of the time our story embraces, we shall shift the scene, and with an Asmodeus-like facility, transport ourself and readers to a small group assembled in an elegant boudoir in Broadway. This little party consists of three not uninteresting persons; each busily employed in their several occupations.

Reclining on a sofa, with a heavy volume in his hand, is stretched a gentleman, in whose frank and noble features few traces remain of the severe suffering he has endured; and who, but that he still rests his left arm in a sling, might be forgotten as the hero of that terrible night at Versailles. The book he holds is Gibbon's Rome; but he appears more interested in the rise and progress of his companion's work than in the Decline and fall of the Roman empire. Indeed, had the great historian himself viewed the object of contemplation, he might have pardoned the inattentive reader, for never yet did human eyes rest on a fairer face than that which graced the young lady of the group. She is in youth's loveliest season, and although her dress be that of a mourner's, her brilliant face, and gay employ, puts her sables to shame. Before her lies a satin dress, already blazing with all the gold of Ind, but to which she is adding a stomacher, and cestus of superb jewels, and so much is she occupied by her glittering paraphernalia that she heeds not how anxiously the student on the sofa is watching her. The third person is an old lady, who sits knitting a purse in the recess of the window, looking the very fac-simile of Pope's 'no character at all'—the person to play propriety without being *Madame de Trop*, one who sees nothing but what is glaring as the daylight, or hears aught but what is loud as thunder. The gentleman first broke the silence.

"You seem to be very busy with all that tinsel and foilstone, Florence; it would not require a great stretch of imagination to suppose you a young lady about to make her first appearance on any stage."

"Tinsel and foilstone," indignantly retorted the offended lady; "what sort of a judge are you, De Vere, if you can't tell the difference between gold bullion and precious stones, and their imitations only."

"Well, all is not gold that glitters, Florence, you know, and the garish semblance is too often mistaken for the solid reality; but may I ask to

what purpose all that gorgeous paraphernalia is to be applied? I came here to read 'Prometheus' to you this morning, and I find you too deeply involved in the study of satin and gems to bestow any attention on Shelley. What are you about, I pray you?"

Florence blushed, and answered to that part of her betrothed husband's speech which could be most conveniently replied to.

"I am sure, De Vere, I am most anxious to hear Prometheus; so pray begin, and I will give you attention, for fine language and fine reading together is a treat for the gods."

A smile played over the features of the sailor at this *bon bon* to his vanity, and with a pleased expression he took up the volume.

"Wait one moment until I find the fringe—stay, Mrs. Montague, have you any more gold spangles? Don't you think Janson should have worked gold leaves between the diamond storks? The *séduisantes* should be brocaded to match the lappels. Oh! go on De Vere—I'm all attention."

Before the first magnificent speech of the Titan had progressed half way, Mrs. Montague sidled on tiptoe up to Florence with the spangles, and a low whispering issued, which subsided into dumb motion on the reader looking impatiently up; then Florence dropped one of her jewelled stems, and routed about in search of it, quite assured it was under De Vere, or covered by his book. He stopped good-humouredly, and assisted in the search; when the lost treasure was found, he proceeded uninterrupted towards the close of the celebrated, the unequalled *curse*, when at these sublime words—

"Let thy malignant spirit move  
In darkness over those I love,  
On me and mine I imprecate  
The utmost torture of thy hate,"

an exclamation from Florence stopped him.

"'Tis very magnificent," he said, interpreting it into one of pleasure.

"Oh, it would be," replied the girl, eagerly, "it would be divine did not the setting of the rubies fray the satin. Oh, look Mrs. Montague! look, *bon mère*, the stomacher will fray the satin!"

Up started the *bon mère*, and eagerly did both examine the ruffed satin. Wellesley threw down the book with a scarcely audible 'Pish!' resolving that nothing should tempt him to unbind Prometheus again to women. Again did the splendid dress attract his eye, and his attention was now fully stirred. He repeated his enquiries concerning its use.

"'Tis for the *bal costumé* of the Princess Pulaski," replied Florence at length, affecting an unconcern she did not feel. De Vere looked very grave.

"My dearest love, surely your good nature has carried you too far," he said. "You are spending your time, and even lending your personal jewels to trick out, in meretricious splendour, some lady who chooses to risk her good name, by visiting a foreigner of such doubtful reputation as the Princess (so called) Pulaski."

"Some lady!" repeated Mrs. Montague, with a wondering stare, "why, Lord de Vere, Florence herself is going!"

"Certainly I am," said Florence haughtily—"I have never seen a *bal costumé*. And, as for

the Princess, all New York visits her, and why should not I?"

"And did all the world visit her, Florence Rivers cannot, must not, shall not!" said De Vere. "Nay, Florence, unbend that look of pride. I say again *shall not*! Are you not my betrothed wife? Is not your honour mine, your happiness my care? Am not I the rightful guardian of your spotless name, the friend, the protector named as your safeguard by a dying father? Shame! shame on you, Miss Rivers! Look on the sable garments which trap your person with a mockery of woe! remember the sad, the recent cause which has alone delayed our marriage, and then insult your father's memory, if you dare!"

Francis Wellesley had commanded two hundred men by a word—by a motion of his hand led them to risk life and death; through scenes of danger, horror and blood, he had never mistaken or quailed. But he knew not how to rule a woman, and that woman the proud, impassioned Florence Rivers. To be thus reproved, shamed and commanded—and before Mrs. Montague, a dependant! To be ruled thus imperatively, and by a lover! The blood rushed wanton through her frame, and her limbs shook with emotion; then rising with extreme pride, she said—

"Lord Wellesley De Vere will find I can at least *dare* to reject his impertinent and officious counsel, and cast from me with scorn the rude and unmanly counsellor. I thank you, Sir, for showing me the bane, since I bless Heaven, the antidote is still in my power. Lord Wellesley will understand that Miss Rivers would be alone!"

De Vere struggled with himself and attempted to take her hand.

"Forgive me, my dear Florence, if I have too rudely spoken. I am, you know, a plain blunt sailor, and little used to dress my words for ladies ears. My blood too warmly resented the idea of my Florence, my sweet, pure, unsullied lily, mingling in the reeking pollution of the haunts of fashion. Nay, a nearer and more jealous resentment spurns the idea, that these sables, which alone have kept me from my coveted joy, should be put off to grace a demirep's assembly. Come, lay aside these hateful trappings, and with them our only disagreement! Think of the matter of my words, and let their manner be forgotten!"

Florence gazed full and coldly on his face as she made answer. "Both are to me so indifferent, that I am quite willing to forget them. The dress I will assuredly lay aside, as certainly to resume it this day week for the Princess Pulaski's ball!"

As she spoke she slowly retired, bending to the last on him a look of mingled pride and defiance.

Mrs Montague opened a volley of common phrases, such as, "Dear me I'm very sorry."

"Bless me, if I had known I would have never told you." "Good gracious, why I declare she's quite angry," &c. &c.—and followed Florence, leaving Wellesley in no enviable mood. He bit his lip, and walked the room murmuring to himself,—"Absurd! positive! obstinate," and such other superlatives as served to vent his

spleen. Soon, however, it turned upon himself—"Blockhead that I was! Did I think I was hailing the masthead, or giving the order to board, that I must be so loud and rough? Surely she cannot mean to quarrel with me! Why did I not coax or reason her into giving up the accursed ball, instead of blustering like a land lubber, as I am? Hark! she is coming! Dear Florence!"

But no dear Florence appeared; only a servant to remove the unfortunate cause of dispute—the contested gala dress. De Vere sent a message entreating to see her. Miss Rivers was engaged. He wrote a few lines earnestly desiring the same—it was returned unopened. Miss Rivers had gone out. Thoroughly ruffled, the philosopher in love took his leave, heartily cursing foreign Princesses and *bals costumés*, women's caprices and his own roughness. In fact, from the time that Florence had been so nobly rescued by De Vere, her intense gratitude, kept alive still more anxiously by his severe sufferings, had given him little to complain of from the variations of her temper; then the rapidly succeeding death of her father had subdued her feelings and manners to a quietude by no means natural to them. In the first torrent of her grief, she had refused to fulfil her engagement with De Vere until a year had elapsed, and he, respecting her sorrow, had unwillingly acquiesced in the decision, but fearing the effect of such absorbing grief on her delicate frame, he had drawn her to New York, and provided a suitable establishment and chaperon to reside with. But half the stipulated probation had past, and the young heart of Florence had risen with a rebound, which, joined to her natural pride and coquetry, now threatened to disturb the hitherto uniform tenor of their loves. In truth, the belle of Florida was oftentimes inclined to demur at the coolness and reasonableness of her philosophic lover; no jealous doubts or trembling fears appeared to disturb his sober certainty of waking bliss; no raptures or extacies elevated the woman he loved into an angel before marriage, that he might have a reason for wishing her in Heaven soon after. There was a quiet command, an acknowledged sort of superiority about Wellesley, that piqued her pride. And now that he had absolutely offended her, she resolved to make him more humble and more grateful, for his unparalleled happiness in possessing her affections.

To bring a sensible man to folly is a difficult and unwise task. Few women who attempt it succeed, or if succeeding, still fewer know when to stop in their dangerous triumph.

Every day, and almost every hour, did De Vere attempt to see Florence, in vain; at last he wrote.

TO MISS RIVERS.

My beloved Florence,

Mine I still call you, although the strange inconsistency of your present conduct, leads me to fear you have only deceived yourself and me, in admitting that you loved me. Let, I beseech you, this unnatural estrangement cease. Far be it from me to debar you any pleasure; give me only a husband's right to protect you in the giddy whirlpool of fashion, and then mix freely with

that society which your youth and beauty is so well fitted to adorn. Believe me love, I *know* that the lady whom you wish to visit, is no proper companion for the daughter of my friend—for the wife of an honorable man. Dismiss this foolish resentment from your mind, and think, my Florence, how much easier it is to wound than heal an affectionate heart; how facile to yield to temper; how difficult to return to reason. I wait for you in the saloon, there let me again see the Florence Rivers I know and love.

FRANCIS WELLESLEY.

In a few minutes, an answer was returned, written in pencil below his name.

ANSWER.

As the person Lord De Vere wishes to see, must be either a child, a fool or a slave, I know of none such who answers to the name of

FLORENCE RIVERS.

The cloud began to deepen on the open brow of the sailor, and a stern aspect of thought, to supersede the light vexation, which had hitherto dwelt there. He did not write again in haste, but reflected long before he resumed the pen.

TO MISS RIVERS.

The intended wife of Wellesley De Vere cannot frequent the drawing room of the Princess Pulaski; let Florence Rivers pause, ere she takes a step that never can be recalled!

Now had Florence arrived at that painful pass where to yield was mortifying, to proceed fatal. A thousand times did her better feelings prompt her to throw the dress on the fire and rush down into the arms of De Vere, and, unhappily, as often did her pride withhold her purpose. As irresolute and unhappy she paced the room, her eye suddenly fell on a miniature of her father; to her excited imagination, the placid eye looked reproachfully upon her; she burst into tears; threw open the door, and in a moment was in the saloon below. He was not there! He had left her to reflect before she replied. Fatal mistake! to a being who ever acted from impulse! She sank listless and half angry upon a sofa.

"Little does he care for my answer! He does not love me! He is too cold, too calculating to love! Perhaps he respects his promise to my father and wishes to be honorably free of his engagement! I will not baulk him! He shall see that I have pride, have stoicism as well as he! I will go to the ball, I will *not* stay away for the fear of losing an indifferent lover. He shall see that I too can be stern, cold and philosophic."

Alas! when did ever passion reason rightly? Florence forgot for how long a time the cold stoic had besought her, and now only remembered that he threatened. In this ill-omened mood, a visitor entered, well calculated to cast oil on the troubled waters. This was Everard Trevanion, a fashionable and most unprincipled man, who had long loved Florence, and been repeatedly discarded by her father, from a conviction that no *roué* could make his darling daughter happy. Ill as he could reconcile to himself, this refusal, still less could he forgive the calm superiority of De Vere, and in several instances, where the profligate levity of his manners, had

been rebuked by the contemptuous rebuff of the proud Englishman, a quarrel would have ensued had not cowardice, as usual, accompanied villainy. But these affronts, though unresented, rankled deeply, and the study of a safe revenge on De Vere, occupied much of Trevanion's thoughts.

"Fairest flower of Florida, do I find your leaves bedewed with tears? How? is it possible one so lovely, so loved, can know sorrow but by name?"

"You mistake me, Mr. Trevanion; pray let me go," said Florence, infinitely annoyed at this attack.

"Pray tell me first whether you are to be at the Princess' to night? Vain will prove all the festal lamps if your eyes are absent. What? will not your husband lover, your *Sultan master* permit it? God! Miss Rivers, can you—you so adorable, so superior to every other woman, stoop to an arrogance which none other would bear?"

"If your strange speech relates to Lord Wellesley, be assured, his opinion or his will, concerns me not."

A sardonic smile, curled the thin lip of Everard Trevanion—he bowed with a polite incredulity. The eyes of Florence flashed with impatience.

"I shall be there to-night."

"You think so now," he answered, "but De Vere has publicly said, he will not permit your presence."

Florence colored scarlet—"His words then are as false, as his interference is unjustifiable! Go I shall, and you shall give me your attendance there. My dress is that of a Sultana, Mrs. Montague's an *Obi* woman."

Still the wily villain appeared unconvinced, and affected to lament that her will would inevitably be controlled. Burning with indignation, piqued by Trevanion's implied reproach, carried away by the headlong reaction of feeling, she caught up a pen and wrote.

TO LORD DE VERE.

What the intended wife of Francis, Lord De Vere, may, or may not do, concerns me nothing. If he desires to see me this evening, at the Princess Pulaski's I will be found

His lordship's obedient servant,  
FLORENCE RIVERS.

The fatal note was sealed—was sent—the die was thrown—the fiat had gone forth.

With this insane act departed all the energy of the wayward girl; in silence, she received all the compliments and raptures of Trevanion, and long after he had gone, she sat still as stone, bewildered and afraid to think on what she had done. The hours wore on, each seemed to strike upon the bare nerves, as they sounded the approaching time. No letter from De Vere—no message. Still she hoped—"He will not, cannot give me up! He will give way, will consent that I shall go, and then I will relinquish it also. Relinquish it! Gracious Heaven! what is there to give up? Is this pleasure? Is this triumph?"

The time for dressing arrived, and in agony unutterable, Florence beheld herself arrayed in the gorgeous robes of a Sultana. Up to the

last moment, it is probable, she would not have gone, but just as she was dressed, her servant announced that Lord De Vere was below. Not the exile, when the threshold of home is kissed by his feet; not the reprieved criminal, when he has felt the fatal rope; not the released captive, when Heaven's breath bathes his brow—confest such deep, such soul felt rapture, as bounded in the heart of Florence with this welcome news. She prest her hands on her breast to still its inmate's throbs, and with her fears banishing all her regret, she schooled her brow and carriage, to a more than common pride.

"The victory is won! the triumph mine! How could I distrust the power of that beauty, before which so many have knelt as willing slaves? Be quiet bounding heart! Look scornful glistening eyes! never must De Vere imagine how deeply, how devotedly I love him."

She then received the finishing touches to her gorgeous dress, and taking up the mask, she slowly descended to the saloon, where De Vere awaited her.

He started visibly at her appearance, and, for a moment, emotion shook his manly frame to tremor; but soon mastering himself, he advanced to her calm, but cold, with a countenance composed, but very pale.

"I have waited on you for the last time, Miss Rivers, to resign the documents of a useless guardianship, and return the semblance of what, only through mistake, I loved. These features are fair, but 'twas not their rare and regal beauty won my love, I believed that in them shone the light of truth, purity and tenderness; I was deceived! their sole attraction gone, take back the worthless lineaments; me they never more can pain or charm!"

He extended the letter of her father, appointing him her guardian, and a miniature of herself, with an unembarrassed and somewhat scornful air. Alas! for Florence Rivers! had he but been silent; had he evinced the smallest sorrow, she would have fallen at his feet and besought his pardon—but thus stoical—thus contemptuous! The demon of pride rose paramount in her heart—she drew his miniature, still warm, from its lovely nestling place, and haughtily presented it to him, saying—"Lord Wellesley De Vere has conferred on me the last obligation in his power. I thank him for returning the pledge of a mistaken child, who, believing gratitude to be love, was willing to sacrifice herself, however repugnantly, to its trammels."

"Enough! enough! Miss Rivers—it becomes not even the memory of attachment, to load it with taunt or invective—it has past forever! Yet if, as the friend of her father," the voice of De Vere became tremulous, and his manner less tranquil, "Miss Rivers would allow me to acquaint her of the great impropriety, if not worse, of the company to which she goes this evening."

"Be your advice brief then, as it is unasked," said Florence, extending her hand to the bell, "or I shall hardly hear it! Let Mrs. Montague and Mr. Trevanion know that I am ready," she said to the servant, who attended the bell. And then once more presenting the portrait, which he had not taken; her swelling attitude; malign smile and regal robes, presented the *second picture*.

"Take it, Lord De Vere, and when you next offer it tell but the lady, how much its features belie the character of its reality, and she will spurn it from her as now does Florence Rivers!"

It was over! she had renounced him, and was mingling in the motley crowd, supported by strong excitement to a flow of wild spirits. Soon came the scarce covert *double entendre*, the gross flattery, the rude gaze, which made her blush equally for herself and the company she was in. Close to her, Trevanion remained, assuming all the permitted airs of a favored lover, and even these she allowed, as a defence from the bolder presumption of strangers.

"Oh! take me hence! This is no place for me! He said—he knew it! Have I not one friend left to rescue me from this breathing pestilence?"

"Am I not your friend, your lover? Take my arm, cast this mantle round you—your carriage waits, this way Miss Rivers."

"And Mrs. Montague—where is she?"

"Already in the carriage. Come, the crowd thickens, lean on me—so—draw up fellows! Do you not see your lady? In—in dear Miss Rivers!"

Agitated to fainting, she was in the carriage and fast rolling on, before she found Mrs. Montague was not with her, but so earnest, so respectful were the attentions of Trevanion, that she merely exclaimed, "Home! home! oh! let me be alone! Alone—ay, now and forever alone!"

Wrapt in mortal misery she heeded not the time, the distance, until, suddenly, she felt the wheels rolling on the smooth roads. She caught the check.

"They have mistaken—they are going wrong."

"No, it is through Hudson Street they are going, you know it is not paved! (It was not then.) I ordered them to do so, to save you from the jolting of the *pave*."

She sunk back satisfied, and roused not again from her lethargy, until the carriage stopped at a retired house, on the Harlem road, there the strong lights flaring in, showed her that it was not her own carriage or servants. She would have screamed, but clasping her in his arms, in a moment the villain bore her in, and throwing to the doors, stood with folded arms and sardonic smile, contemplating his intended victim. At once all her pride and energy returned. She sprang up exclaiming—"Insolent! What may this outrage mean? Is it thus you woo a heart once refused, and now scorning you more than ever?"

"Fairer lady, no! In truth I woo no bride, yet do I love you, charming Florence, and never more shall prudent father or haughty lover come between us! Yet will we have no marriage trammels, gentle Florence, for—

"Love light as air, at sight of human ties,  
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Florence, with sparkling eyes, "touch me not! taint me not with a breath! I have youth, health and strength, I will resist your dastard brutality to death! Kill me you may, or overpower me by blows, but



never shall your tainting touch dishonour the living Florence!"

One moment's rude struggle past, the next a strong arm sent Trevanion reeling to the ground, and a clasp—oh! how unlike the brutal force of his, supported her sinking frame. Her senses reeled, yet a voice that might have recalled her from the grave, distinctly, she heard to say—

"You are safe! your carriage waits you! Fear nothing, slight has been the magic that brought me here—gold revealed the damning plot, and the memory of friendship saved you! Come."

The weeping Mrs. Montague received Florence in the carriage, her deliverer sprang up outside; at her own door she was lifted out, insensible to all but one kiss pressed on her pallid brow, and the murmured words—"And now—happiness and home a long farewell!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Six months after, this paragraph was copied from the Florence papers—

"Married on the sixteenth, in the great Cathedral of San Marco, Francis Wellesley Lord De Vere, to Salonie, youngest daughter of the Comte del Etruvia. The happy couple set off for the Palazzo of the British Ambassador, a near relation of the bridegroom."

And shortly after there was another announcement in the gazettes of New Orleans—

"Died, in the eighteenth year of her age, Florence, only daughter of the late Washington Rivers, of Trianon, Florida."

### PICTURE III.

"Oh! woman, in our hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light, quivering aspen made  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!"—*Scott*

"Good morning, to your excellency and the gazette! which is, I presume, fully as important a part of your ideality this morning as the very eyes which are so rivetted to it! I trust I do not disturb your studies, Lord Wellesley?"

"By no means, Lady Wellesley, pray come in," said he rising, as the beautiful lady held the door of the library, half hesitatingly, ajar, "pray come in, Salonie, I am not engaged."

"There! I have made the effort and am, actually, past the charmed threshold! Madre di Dios, why I don't see much difference in a learned room and any other, but for the quantity of books! Pray, my good lord, what are all those old nasty volumes full of?"

"Words, words, Salonie—but was it to make enquiries concerning books you arose so unusually early, and ventured hither in search of me?"

"Not exactly!" replied the volatile lady, coloring and seating herself at the breakfast table, "but now I am here, I will taste your chocolate a l'Anglaise. Oh horrid! perfectly undrinkable, what frightful stuff! Mercy defend us! what invasion of the Huns is this?"

Merry voices now sounded without; the door opened and in bounded two beautiful children, accompanied by a Sister of Charity—the boy

sprang to his father's side, and the lovely young girl was soon established on his knee, each eagerly recounting the exploits or interests of the morning's walk.

The fair brow of the mother clouded.

"Really, my lord, I had no idea you had such a propensity to dry nursing, or I should have before promoted you as pap and panada maker in general. Pray send away the brats while I am here, I do not often intrude."

"And they never *can*, at least to their father. These, Lady Wellesley, are my regular morning guests, and I cannot displace them even when so highly honored as this morning, by you."

"Oh very well, my lord! my business is easily told; I want *billets de banque*, that's all; for I have not a paoli left."

"Surely, Lady Wellesley, you jest! I supplied you, but a week ago, with money for six months expences. Where is it?"

"Gone—lost—gambled away at *ecarté*!"

"Come with me, dear children," said a low sweet voice of winning mildness, and the children ran to Sister Louise, who led them from the room.

"Salonie," said De Vere firmly, but gently, "if there be one vice more disgusting than another, in the iniquitous round permitted by fashion, it is that of gambling! A female gamester! All delicacy, all womanhood is lost in the sound! Moreover my fortune, large as it is, will not bear such unheard of extravagance, and for my children's sake, I will not injure it. Salonie, for reasons best known to myself, I have permitted you the most boundless freedom; here it must end however. The name of my wife must, at least, be protected from such a degradation as this!"

"I but do as others do!" said the lady, sullenly.

"Then I have been the more to blame to leave you amongst a circle so unprincipled," replied he.

"But I will not leave them!" exclaimed the beautiful spoilt creature, bursting into tears, "I will not be treated like a baby! I will not be ruled by a tyrant! I will go away—I will be separated."

Her string of sobbing invectives were broken by a sweet, solemn voice, which said—

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!"

De Vere appeared to feel the words, for he arose, and taking the hand of the pouting lady, he said—"Sister Louise is right, we are joined for life, and why make its path more weary by folly and discordance. Listen to me, Salonie, for I mean kindly, whatever debts you now owe, tell me, and I will cheerfully pay them, but from this moment, your word must be pledged to avoid gambling!"

Sullenly and ungraciously was this compromise accepted, and De Vere was left alone. He paced the room in agitation.

"Ay, fool that I was, I made the evil, and now I curse it. Pride and passion wrecked my early hopes, and then dazzled by the lustre of childish beauty, I married one who has neither pride, passion, principle or sense. Dazzled by beauty! Was I? Ah, no! it was my coward heart that longed to chain itself lest it should fly

again to its loved former bondage! Oh! Florence! Florence! What wert *thou*, and what a thing is this?"

"What has Lord De Vere tried to make it?" asked those strange deep tones of melody again, and De Vere saw the Sister of Charity standing by him.

"Has he not sworn to love, protect and guide? Has he done it? Shall the pilot who slumbers at the helm be held scatheless when the vessel runs among the breakers? Shall the man who marries a lovely child, and leaves her to her own foolish guidance, be held clear to man and God if she makes ruin of her peace?"

"Strange being, you say rightly, I have been to blame—I will rouse myself to more attention. Yet how can you, who never knew what passion was, (a low shuddering sigh from Sister Louise made him start), or if you did, relinquished it for the chilling rites of austere religion; how can you give counsel to a heart whose wild emotions you cannot comprehend?"

"There is ONE to whom all hearts are open," solemnly replied the Sister of Charity. "He has given to one and all a rule of conduct. Stormy may be the passions, and dark the fears, but He can bid the warring waves be still!"

Strange and mysterious were the stories told of that gentle being who had joined the Sisters of Charity, under the name of Sister Louise. Great sorrow, some said great guilt, had evidently been her lot, for no one ever heard her step sound joyous, or the low tones of her voice lose, for a moment, their solemn sadness. Young she was, but such glimpses of her face as her short veil displayed, was startling in its livid plainness; few saw her partake of earthly food, none ever looked upon her sleeping. Rich she was, and came highly recommended to the Superior, by whom she was allowed a greater liberty than common. She used it, however, but to stand by the bed of sickness, or soothe the hours of death. To Lord Wellesley's children she was very dear, they had become accustomed to her quiet pace, and were no longer frightened by her voice of strange and hollow sweetness. To them, the fearful features, covered by the nun's veil, spoke not of disease or deformity; they loved Sister Louise, who taught them, nursed them, watched and waited on them, with the zealous love of an affectionate mother. Nor was it to the children alone Sister Louise was valuable, to their giddy, thoughtless mother, she was a guarding spirit, now soothing away a causeless irritation, now warning against a covert evil, and even frequently supplying the wild extravagances of headlong ruin.

By De Vere she was seldom seen, and to him there was always something about her appalling. The mystery, which is natural to Italians, is repugnant to an Englishman; her unearthly voice; her noiseless step; the fearful glimpses of her corpse-like features, joined to the passionless manner of her speech, all combined to give the idea of a spirit, revisiting the earth to mourn its career of earthly sin.

Some weeks past since the last scene, and, in spite of the friendly offices of the Nun, conjugal harmony seemed farther off than ever between the ill-assorted couple.

Wrapt up in study and research, the greater

part of De Vere's time was spent in the excavations of Herculaneum, and he soon wearied of offering repulsed attentions to his vain and frivolous wife. With his mind occupied by a buried city and a gone-by generation, he took too little notice of what was doing in that living world he breathed, but did not exist in.

Lady Wellesley, on the other hand, a mindless, soulless, heartless woman of beauty and fashion, was highly indignant that her sensible husband did not kneel to her charms of beauty above two months after their marriage; she looked in the glass and saw that the talisman was not broken, nor ever dreamed of strengthening its power by the charms of temper or of mind. The admiration of others, still was left her, and in this she indulged with all the freedom of an Italian; the love of dress and ornament too held a strong power over her weak mind, and to indulge to extreme in these, she commenced that finale of all ruin—play. She was sitting in her boudoir late one evening holding in her hand a magnificent bandeau, just handed her by her maid.

"How magnificent! What a size, and how pure their water! Oh, Babette, can I return them? How they would sparkle in my hair! What was that the poet said about my hair, the other night? 'Stars to gem the darkness of her hair,' and that was only an aigrette, and this is a bandeau! But then the price? Pay for them I never can, and if I accept them as a present from the Prince, the price will be—"

"That of virtue, lady!" answered a voice, and the Sister of Charity came forward and motioned, coldly, to Babette to leave the room.

"Ay, lady, look well on those bits of sparkling stone, their price is that of virtue, peace of mind, and hope, honor to a noble husband, fame to your spotless children! Put them from you, they are enwreathed with living fire, and will burn to madness the brain, blight the heart, and scorch the young life's blood! Put them away; they are the bribe of the seducer, the bait of the betrayer!"

"How, Louise, what mean you?" asked the lady.

"What I say, lady; those bits of glittering ore are the spells of the demon who would ensnare you. Once wear them, once taint with them your matron brow, and you are lost, body and soul! Do you hesitate? Are you angry that I should command you to be saved? Thus then hear me," and, in deep emotion, the Sister of Charity knelt at the feet of Lady Wellesley, "hear me! hear me! Once I was fair and beloved as thou art; for some damning toy, some glittering gaud like this, I cast love, hope, happiness, yea life itself away. To be as of the dead, to hold a vampire life, living upon memory alone, to be an unloved, solitary, wretched thing; this is the curse yon tawdry toy will work you! Have mercy on yourself! Have mercy upon me! Let me not have sinned and sorrowed in vain! Learn from my dreadful fate to shun the rock I split on! Cast from you the doom of death and live!"

Nothing could equal the passion with which the Sister of Charity uttered these words; tears indeed she shed not, but deep sobs convulsed her bosom, and she clung to the robe of the lady

as though pleading for her own life. All weak minds succumb to strong emotion, and Lady Wellesley irresolutely laid the gems from her.

"They are so beautiful!" she said with a sigh, "and, ah Ciel! I cannot, dare not offend him by returning them, for I already owe him a larger sum than I can pay, and you know Wellesley won't pay my play debts, so I *must* keep them!"

"No! no! no!" exclaimed Sister Louise, "it matters not what you owe, you shall pay it, I have the money, I will give it you!"

"You! Sister Louise?"

"Yes I have it! Little matters it who goes without, so *you* are saved! And, oh lady! for the love of God, for the sake of your own sweet beauty, for the honour of—of—your noble husband, for pity of your lovely children; see him no more! Promise, swear to me you will see the arch destroyer no more!"

Subdued, though not convinced, by the overpowering energy of her strange companion, Salonie gave the required promise, accompanied by hysterical tears and sobs; the Sister of Charity saw the casket returned, she rose slowly and staggered to a small apartment set apart for her, she entered, gazed fearfully around, secured the door, then removing from her face the enamel mask she wore, she gave free vent to tears and sighs. "She is saved! She is saved! I have not lived in vain!"

We pass now a period of some months, to come to a well remembered time when the malaria, which usually infests Rome and its vicinities yearly, burst out with a tremendous violence which resembled the plague in symptoms, and was almost as fatal in its effects. Thousands fled the infected city, none remained save those whose daily subsistence obliged them to face the ravages of pestilence, or those whom some all engrossing passion had made indifferent to its fury.

With the first alarm, the Sister of Charity had asked and obtained permission to take away the children to a distant convent of her order, situated far away, amidst fertile vallies and pleasant waters; something too she had muttered about Wellesley himself, but, in this case, her advice was disregarded. He smiled at fear.

"It is the dissipated and intemperate, that alone need fear: the pestilence will not attack a studious book-worm like myself. I could not now leave Rome without interrupting the course of study which I have followed so laboriously. But Lady Wellesley and the children will do well to leave the city."

Little persuasion was necessary to Salonie, to induce her to join a fashionable party, who contrived to carry with them, into the beautiful solitudes of nature, the noisy disturbances of fashion and folly; the less, perhaps, because Prince R—, her devoted *cavalier servente*, was to make one. She went, and De Vere was left alone in the almost deserted mansion.

Various circumstances combined to detain Sister Louise with the children, longer than she had at first anticipated; when she returned, disease was at its height, and terror aided the work of death. An universal panic prevailed; parents left their children, and husbands their wives; the young saved themselves by flight, and left the aged to die in their infirmity; all natural

feeling or affection seemed suspended in the one great fear—that of death.

To the palazzo of Lord Wellesley, the Sister of Charity first went, but found its halls deserted. The magnificent saloon stood open, the rich furniture and massive plate lay a prey to the spoiler: not one of all the pampered train of menials, remained to guard their master's property in the hour of danger. Struck with unutterable fear, Sister Louise passed on to the private apartments of De Vere; in the outer antechamber a man lay stretched upon the floor as in deep slumber—it was the sleep of death. She recognised the favorite valet of De Vere, and with a throbbing heart entered the inner chamber,

Extended on the couch, drest as when he had first thrown himself down, lay the form of De Vere, apparently in the last stage of the terrible malady. With a suppress shriek, the nun rushed to him and raised his head, life still beat in his breast, but so feebly that each throb seemed as if it would be the last. Accustomed to illness, and possessed of unquailing fortitude, she gave not way to terror or despair, but instantly set about ventilating the room, and adjusting the couch of the sufferer. As he felt the free air, he faintly opened his eyes and murmured 'water;' the nun had with her a medicine of rare efficacy in cases of the prevalent malady, and she found no difficulty in pouring some down his parched and burning throat; then with almost more than woman's courage, she resolved to leave him for a while to bring more regular assistance with her. What will not woman's love and faith achieve?

In the course of a few days De Vere was rescued from the brink of the grave by the persevering and undaunted attention of a poor Sister of Charity. She procured an old nun from her convent to assist her in nursing, and prevailed, by heavy bribes, on two men to remain in the house and take charge of all its valuables. All medicines and nourishment she administered to the patient herself, and night and day watched him with unwearied charity. Just as the disease had turned, and, although reduced to infantine weakness, the patient might be considered recovering, Sister Louise received a message which gave her visible uneasiness. For the first time she prepared to leave her charge, recommending him again and again to the care of the old nun, and entered a conveyance which was waiting to take her to the splendid mansion where Lady Wellesley was laughing away the hours, little knowing or caring of her husband's fate. At the moment the silly, unprincipled woman was listening to the flatteries of a man who, couched at her feet, was pouring sophistry into her ear, and polluting her matron purity by words of lawless love.

"Give yourself to me," he said, "my beautiful, my beloved; fly from a heartless, unloving husband to the arms of adoring love; give me but your assent, nay, but look on me with those dove-like eyes, and who then shall part us?"

"One who comes from her husband's bed of suffering, perhaps of death!" answered the Sister of Charity, sternly passing in between them.

"Infatuated, heartless woman, rise and come with me. Come, ere the violated duties of a

wife and mother be broken never more to reunite! Come, ere the soft tones of the seducer be echoed by the hissing scorn, the loud reproach of a whole world! Come, ere the fiat of guilt, of sin, and of sorrow, be irrevocably registered!"

"Vastly well preached, Mistress Nun," said the gentleman, "you have the exact tone of a death-bed homily; but be pleased to carry your prayers and your preaching elsewhere, here they are not needed."

"Silence, fool!" exclaimed the Nun, in a tone which, notwithstanding its hollowness was powerful in its scornful indignation; "silence man, lest I proclaim thee what I know thee, impostor, coward and villain! Ay, bully and bluster as you may, I know you, Everard Trevanion! False Prince, false heart, false every thing! He who would strike against a husband's right, a husband's curse stick to him! May the tears of the unconscious infants he deprives of a parent, blister his flesh and mildew his bones! May the infamy he drags down upon his victim fall ten-fold heavier on his own head and sink him down to hell! Coward! Cheat! Villain!—I know you, Everard Trevanion!"

As if a thunderbolt had fallen before the guilty pair came the burst of passion from the generally mild and placid Nun. Covered with confusion, the false Prince dared neither reply or deny—and his silly companion, astounded at his silence, suffered herself to be led from the room, unresistingly, and placed in the carriage by Sister Louise.

"Listen to me, oh vain and foolish woman! once more in your own despite are you saved, and your noble husband, if spared by death, shall never know that your wish has sinned. Be warned—beware! Now is the time, the only time that remains to you for redemption, refuse the mercy now offered to you and sink forever to infamy and ruin!"

Unmoved by the generosity of her strange companion—untouched by the danger of her husband—uncaring of aught but herself, and unthinking of any thing but flattery and pleasure, the unprincipled woman did again refuse the offered mercy. On the next day she was missing, and soon tidings came of her elopement with the pretended Prince R—. But retribution followed closely on her cold blooded guilt; in passing, in their flight, some infected village, the adulteress sickened with the malady, and alone, deserted in the first hour of danger by her destroyer—forsaken and wretched, the guilty woman breathed her last; one of the thousand victims to vanity and fashion.

And Sister Louise? Did she desert the post she had voluntarily assumed? Oh no! through the long watches of the night she knelt and prayed by her reviving patient, she gazed upon his face, already beginning to show the hues of life, and blest her God for all his mercies.

One night, when her charge slept more than usually sound and tranquil, she had removed the enamelled mask, which she always wore, and kneeling by the couch, her thoughts were, involuntarily, murmured aloud.

"Yes, I feel—I know that my sin is forgiven! In this great mercy of my God, I read the pardon

of my early fault and folly! And oh merciful Father! who dost judge our erring hearts with love and piety, grant but that I may see him once more restored to peace and happiness, and then let me never behold him more!"

"Florence! Florence Rivers! My own—own Florence!" exclaimed De Vere, who was raised on his arm and gazing intently on her.

She uttered a wild scream—he repeated her name and faintly stretched his arms—she fell into them, and once more was Florence Rivers clasped to the heart of De Vere!

Few words are necessary to explain this, the third and last picture. After her parting with the man her heart idolized, Florence, tortured by remorse, and maddened with regret, fell into a long and dangerous illness, from which, in her impatient misery, she prayed never to recover. But Heaven was kinder to her than her wish, youth and strength of constitution, gradually conquered the disease, but as repeatedly she had been reported dead, there was little difficulty in humouring her wish, to be considered so by the world. She chose her retreat in a convent, at Charleston, where she would have taken the vows, but was legally unable until she should be of age, and here it was that she formed the romantic desire of hovering near, as a guiding guarding spirit, the happy wife of De Vere.

Her great command of money easily overcame all objections to her joining the community, and wearing the dress of a Sister of Charity, although not professed one of their order, the good Abbess received her as one performing a penance for sin, and never had reason to regret her compliance.

For three years then had Florence Rivers, the young, proud, beautiful Florence lived as the lowly, penitent nun, humbling her pride to menial services, and learning the small value of beauty at the bed of disease and death. Over the unfortunate wife of De Vere, she had watched and sorrowed as for a second self; with indescribable torture, she had beheld the effects of her own folly, in wrecking the happiness of De Vere; with repentant love, she had devoted her time to supply a mother's place to his neglected children, and never—never once, to the praise of her truth and purity be it spoken, never once, did she allow the man she loved, a chance of believing her still in life. Now her probation was past, she had found her peace in finding out its bane; she had received, in deep humility, a bitter lesson to pride and passion, she had repented in lowliness of spirit. The good deeds she had done, unhoping of reward, had returned in tenfold blessings on her own head, and, no longer the proud, vain, self-willed Florence Rivers, she gave her hand, in devout thankfulness, to him to whom her faith had been so deeply proved.

His dream of domestic bliss now fully realized, De Vere's indifference to sublunary matters vanished most miraculously: if he became less of a student, he grew more of a husband and father, happy in his home, blest in his love, restored to life and life's best blessings, he acknowledged, with gratitude, the merciful hand which from adversity had drawn the precious jewel of content, and lived each day more rapturously to bless and love the Sister of Charity. In danger

and disease she had, practically, fulfilled the poet's beautiful apostrophe of woman's devotion,

"Oh! let me only breathe the air,  
The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,  
And whether on its wings it bear  
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!"

And now, in the fullness of love's reward, surrounded by the beautiful and the blest, she proved that a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband. Returned to fair Florida, the home of her fathers, dispensing around them the happiness they enjoy, long long may they tread the path brightened by love and hallowed by virtue.

"May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all  
And daily dooms some joy to death,  
O'er them let years so gently fall,  
They shall not crush one flower beneath!"

Written for the Lady's Book.

### SERENADE.

Awake love, wake, for the stars are bright,  
And the mountain winds are still:  
Awake while the spirit of the night,  
Guards the valley, deep, and hill:  
Silent is all, save the sound that comes,  
Like the rush of a spirit's wing,  
Audible now on the air that hums,  
From every growing thing.  
Wake from thy slumbers love,  
Wake, while I sing;  
Into the numbers, love,  
Thy sweet voice fling.

Our song shall sweep o'er the silence deep,  
And the strains on the ether swimming,  
Shall swell o'er the vale, o'er the hill and the dale  
Like a chorus of angels hymning.  
The forest shades, and the scented glades,  
Shall echo the notes as they pass,  
And the sleeping hare shall spring from his lair,  
And bound through the shining grass.  
Wake from thy slumbers; love,  
Wake while I sing;  
Into the numbers, love,  
Thy sweet voice fling.

Wake, love, wake, for the maiden moon,  
Is tripping above the lea;  
Night's queen she comes, and her light will soon  
Beam through the lattice on thee.  
The dew-drops now in her silver sheen,  
Are shining like diamonds bright,  
They cluster thick, and the forest green,  
Seems laden with stars to night.  
Wake from thy slumbers, love,  
Wake while I sing;  
Into the numbers, love,  
Thy sweet voice fling.

Away o'er flower, o'er brake and bower,  
The music sweetly sweeping,  
Will waken the fays on the spangled braes,  
That now are so snugly sleeping,

Awake love, wake, ere the morning break,  
For the stars are waning fast,  
And the moon rolls on to another zone;  
Wake, ere the night is past.  
Wake in thy charms, love,  
Wake while I sing,  
Into my arms, love.  
Thy sweet self fling.

J. N. Mc. J.

### WHY WOMEN WERE MADE LOVELY.

I HAVE often thought that the only form in which despotism is endurable is when it is exercised by a beautiful woman. There is such a dignity in the pretended unconsciousness with which she wears her authority, yet so evident a relish in the exercise of her power! With what a condescending swan-like ease does she look down upon us inferior water-fowl! How serenely happy is her existence! She has no need for circumspection. Customs are cobwebs to her; and all the ordinary restraints of society only foils wherewith to set off her celestial superiority. Nature has taken care of her motions. *She* has no need to observe how her arms are placed, or whether her body has the bend graceful, or whether her eyes express *nonchalance*, or whether her toes turn out, or whether others' glances are searching out her conscious defects. So far from it—she is not even aware of the existence of such sensations of doubt—the torment of all those who are ill at ease on the score of their personal appearance. One can conceive an inexpressible felicity the portion of the possessor of such charms. I cannot think but that there must be a kind of instinctive pleasure in the use of those fine limbs—a consciousness of the fire or the soft languishment of those expressive eyes. Everything a really handsome woman does is so naturally graceful that one cannot help fancying there may be in them a capability for a kind of pleasure which ordinary mortals cannot enjoy, a pleasure arising from an intuitive harmony of motion. At all events we have imagined an ineffable spirituality of enjoyment in the existence of angels, intimately connected with their supposed perfection of form; and it will but be one step farther to suppose the same to belong to a lovely woman, who surely is in the next degree of being to the angels.

I have an hypothesis as to the motive which dictated the expenditure of so much of the divine art in fashioning the superlative loveliness of woman—in making her that pure typification she is, of all that is majestic, all that is soft and soothing, all that is bright, all that expresses the one universal voice of love, in the creation. To work out one's own hypothesis is, perhaps, one of the most agreeable offices in literature. The only thing in the actual world at all comparable to it in pleasant labour is the first sitting on a well made French glove. The gradual easing of the fit on the fingers—then the broad expanse of dazzling softness in the palm—and finally the full perfection of the delicate outline (especially if you have a hand to be proud of), all these typically express the progress of that labour of

love—the working out your own hypothesis. Hypothesis is the first born of philosophy, and, like all first-born, is still her favorite child.

It seems to me highly probable that the beauty of woman, and her fascinations, were ordained towards an end, compatible with our ideas of what will be the ultimate condition of man, but which is still very far from being attained. The province of woman in the human economy seems very analogous to that of the moon as contrasted with the sun—it is a regulating, refining power that she exercises, and, as the moonlight flings over the creation a hue of purity and spirituality, so does the influence of the peculiar mould in which the female mind is cast bring out, in an atmosphere of heavenly benignity, all those finer emotions in the heart of man which are lost in the glare of the high noon-tide of his being. But that woman is really designed to play a much more important part in the world than she heretofore has, appears to me to be the natural conclusion to be drawn from her past history. I also hope to show satisfactorily that it is to her beauty we are to look as the great feature which is to characterize her ultimate triumph. It is this that has been her power through all ages. Our religious records almost begin with a startling evidence of it, for all men seem to agree that, but for Eve's fascinations, Adam would never have been weak enough, or bold enough, (as the opinion may be), to commit that act which first sullied the purity of the human soul. The ancients paid ample tribute to the power of beauty. Its worship is the invigorating spirit of their mythology. The Venus of their creed—truly the only one of their pantheon to whom a consistent idolatry was paid—is the very ideal of beauty, and her irresistible power the typification of that which woman was to exercise on earth. Jupiter could not resist her—Mars was her slave—and even the wild deities of the woods and plains are reclaimed from the lustful savageness of their ideal nature by her, or by her fair shadows, the nymphs of the fountains or the groves. The middle ages, so barbarous in all things else, in the respect of women anticipated a far future time. When the ferocity of the feudal lord, or of the barbarian conqueror, could be restrained no other way, woman stood forth in all the winning dignity of her loveliness, and the victor became a slave. Thus was the consistency of nature preserved. While the man was in what may be called the preparatory state of his nature—while the thirst for glory, and the uncontrollable workings of manly strength, carried him on as by a flood, and left him no leisure nor any taste for the pursuits of the intellect—woman held her ascendancy by the power of her beauty, aided by the natural ingenuity which seems a happy device of nature for setting it off to the best advantage—a kaleidoscope kind of variability, presenting the same splendid materials in a thousand ever changing forms.

Thus it appears clear from the past, (and to this we may add the evidence of the present as regards many countries of the earth), that whatever may have been the state of man, whether he have been utterly brutish, or whether he have been martially disposed, or whether he have been as now, lost in voluptuous indulgence, the beauty and fascinations of woman have placed

her in the ascendant. Now, the deduction I am about to draw from these premises will startle my fair readers, and, I trust, provoke the indignation of the males. My hypothesis is, that the scheme of the creation has been misunderstood as regards the relative position of the two sexes, and that although the superior strength of man has enabled him hitherto to maintain his self-created dignity of "lord of the creation," yet that the intent of nature always was that, ultimately, the other should be the predominant sex. Every thing that passes before our eyes helps us towards this conclusion. The reign of brute force is now over; and that of intellect and feeling is at hand. Woman, hitherto driven by the necessities of her situation to preserve her ascendancy by the power of her beauty only, can now enter the bloodless lists of mental conflict on fair terms of equality. What is the evident result?

The present age has already afforded irresistible proofs that the female mind is of a texture far finer than that of man, and that it is capable of producing, with the additional charm of a spiritual refinement in all the higher branches of thought, specimens of art worthy to bear away the palm from any male creation ever put forth. Very well. Then the conclusion is irresistible, that the time is not very far distant when male and female intellect will be generally on a par, and further, that in certain departments of mind the latter will shoot a-head. When, however, the omnipotent fascination of beauty is added to this intellectual equality, or superiority, what on earth is to prevent the fair from being the dominant sex? From that moment they must be. For the only ground of man's superiority heretofore—the rule of might as opposed to right—having been exploded by the improved sentiments arising out of intellectual cultivation, what has man left with which to compete with woman for the superiority? The result is as inevitable as the foundation is true. So, if there be any man on the face of the earth who would be disposed to murmur at such a rule, let him at once set himself to work to put a stop to that spirit of mental improvement which seems to actuate the age; for the necessary consequences of the subjection of that portion of man's nature in which he is allied to the brute—his physical strength—will be the immediate reversal of the position of the sexes, and the establishment of Woman on that throne which would seem to have been always her right, and to fill which she is so admirably fitted by the beauty with which nature has adorned her.



There are three celebrated coral fisheries in the Mediterranean, but corals are procured in many seas. The best is procured in submarine caverns. It is enlarged by the insects which generate it, like vegetables. It is ten years in attaining its full height of a foot. There are nine shades of red, and several of white coral. It grows in depths from 60 to 600 feet. In growing it preserves an exact perpendicular direction. In the South Seas the little animal raises the bases of islands of this hard material, carrying it nearly to the surface of the water, forming at first dangerous shoals, which ultimately become fertile islands.

# I DON'T THINK I'M UGLY.

A BALLAD

SUNG BY MRS. KELLEY,

IN THE MUSICAL FARCE OF THE LOAN OF A LOVER.

ARRANGED BY B. C. CROSS.

*Presented by J. G. Osbourn, for the Lady's Book.*

*ANDANTE.*

*Pia.*

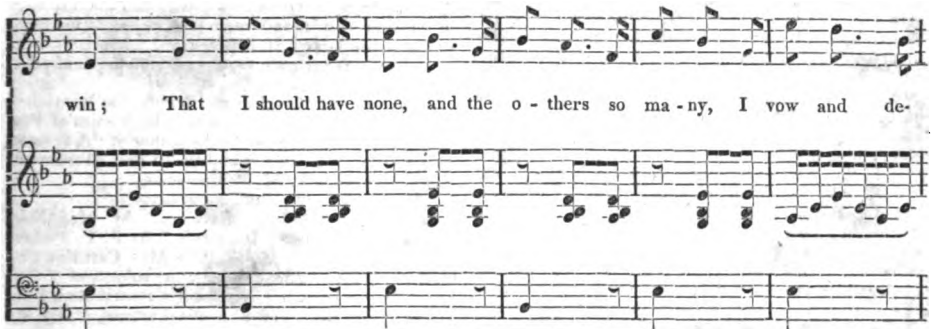
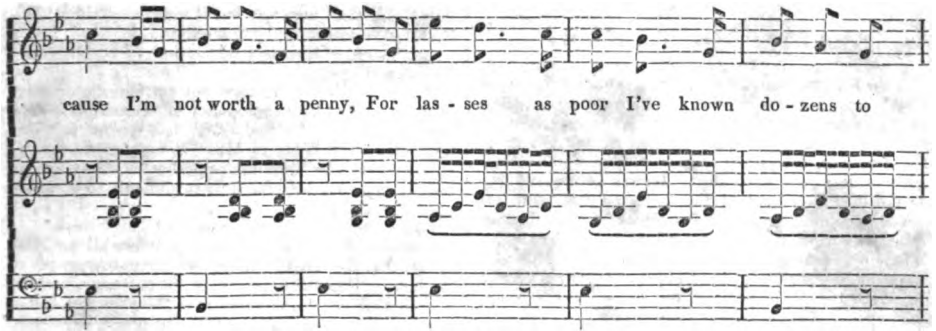
I don't think I'm ug - ly, I'm on - ly just twen - ty, I know I should

*p*

make a most ex - cel - lent wife ; The girls all around me have lo - vers in

plen - ty, but I not a sweetheart can get for my life. It is not be-





## THE ART OF PRINTING.

Before the art of printing, books were of incredible price. From the 6th to the 13th century many bishops could not read, and kings were scarcely able to sign their names; and hence the use of seals and sealing. These were the ages in which superstition, witchcraft, and priestcraft obtained so universal an ascendancy. From 500 to 1200 all learning was in the hands of the Arabs, Saracens, and Chinese. Copying was, in ancient Greece and Rome, a productive employment; but it afterwards fell into the hands of the monks, who copied chiefly theology. A good copy of the Bible, on vellum, employed two years; and the works of either of the Fa-

thers still more. Jerome states, that he had ruined himself in buying a copy of the Works of Origen. Of course, copiers altered and vitiated, corrected the language, interpolated, &c., according to their honesty, taste, faith or party; and hence the endless controversies among critics and theologians about words, phrases, and paragraphs. It thus appeared that, at the Council of Nice, in 325, there were 200 varied versions of the adopted Evangelists, and 54 several Gospels preserved in various Christian communities, but so scarce that no Roman historian or writer appears ever to have seen them.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE *Feralia* also called *Feboua*, a festival in honor of the dead, was observed at Rome, on the 17th or 21st of February. It continued for eleven days, during which time presents were carried to the graves of the deceased, marriages were forbidden, and the temples of the gods were shut. It was universally believed that the manes of the departed came and hovered over their graves, and partook of the offerings which the hand of piety and affection had bestowed. Their punishments in the infernal regions were also suspended, and during that time they enjoyed rest and liberty. Hence is derived the name of February, during which the oblations were made.

It cannot but strike the most indifferent observer, what an immense influence is exerted by every age upon all succeeding it; controlling, in a great measure, their modes of thought, fashioning their manners and costumes, and modifying the forms of social intercourse. Who would have thought that Rome, though crumbling in ruins, after ages of supremacy would have handed down to distant times so many memorials of its former greatness? Who of us that does not know, that even in the names of our months, and the days of our weeks, the spirit of ancient Rome is breathing still?

It is thus that every age exerts its influence for "weal or wo" upon all subsequent time. And in no way does a nation make itself felt to remotest ages so surely, so deeply, as in its literature. This reflection should serve to elevate the aims of all who have any influence on the intellect of a people. Even those works which are chiefly intended for the amusement of a leisure hour, have an important bearing on the modes of thought and manners of society. This we feel when we examine those contributions which our friends so beautifully supply. Often, if we consulted our own inclinations, should we delight to give a place, because we feel that it would give so much pleasure to the authors, and stimulate their improvement—but the indispensable duty we are bound to fulfil towards our readers, that of furnishing an intellectual treat of the highest excellence, obliges us to observe a strict and important scrutiny.

"Poetry is a very substantial thing," says the Editor of the Boston Quarterly Review, (a new periodical which we commend to the notice of all readers who like moral doctrines, and bold reasoning), and truly we are of his opinion. We have substantial evidence that it is a favorite employment of literary aspirants. As a people we believe the Americans produce more poetry or rhyme in a given period than any other nation. Our Box is overflowing with evidences of the poetic feeling—and, in some examples of poetic power.

Here is a poem which, if we have room, will appear in the March number.—"The Origin of the Diamond"—and worthy to be set in the pages of the Lady's Book. The next article?

Secretary.—Is poetry also—entitled 'Fancy and the Rain-drop.'

Editor.—Hardly the season for such a theme. The scene of the poem is laid in Autumn. The effect of the description is always enhanced by a conformity to the appearances of Nature at the time our periodical is issued. We think a description of the flowers and foliage of June would be in bad taste for the January number. The poem, however, shall appear in its season.

Secretary.—Here is another.—'The Death of Wolf.'

Editor.—That poem has been on hand a long time. It is the production of a young writer—and has considerable merit. As Canada is now the theatre of revolution and warfare, a recurrence to the battle which gave to England possession of that country, may be interesting. Place it on file for publication.

Secretary.—Here is a long prose article—"Review of the Young Ladies' Friend."

Editor.—It is by one of our most valued correspon-

dents, and shall appear; but it must be divided. We shall not have room in one number.

Secretary.—Here is a novelette—"The Sisters"—by Ellen Perry.

Editor.—A story we have not yet had opportunity of examining. The appearance of the article is very neat and lady-like. The writer has spared no pains to render it readable in MS. We commend the example to all who write for periodicals; many an article is rejected because it is so difficult to be deciphered.

Secretary.—Here is an essay on 'The Times.'

Editor.—In which the author ascribes all the calamities that the world endures to the extravagance of the ladies. The derangement of the currency, and the war in Florida, the depression in the prices of cotton and the loss of the Home—all are owing to female extravagance. That there are faults of this sort we admit, but the writer has very much over-estimated their effect. All the money expended by the ladies of America in useless ornaments, does not equal a moiety of the sum wasted, and worse than wasted by the men, in the single luxury of Tobacco!

Editor.—What have we on hand for the next number?

Secretary.—"The Solitary Beauty," by our valued correspondent, Mrs. Hoffman—"The Victim of Passion," a Tale of the East, by the author of "A Sermon in a Garden," in this Number—"The Murderer's Story," by Miss A. M. F. Buchanan.

Editor.—A most promising writer.

Secretary.—"Margaret Haines," by Mrs. Seba Smith—"A Writer's Rhapsody," by J. T. Pickering—"Cold on my Bosom," by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz—A communication upon the subject of "Cotton," from a Lady in Tennessee—a contribution from Greenville Mellen—and a poetical article, "To My Sister," by R.

## DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

FIGURE I.

The Dress is of pale fawn colour. The body is made nearly up to the throat, with a collar of a new form. Tight sleeves, finished at the lower part by several rows of pointed ruffles, and surmounted by a sleeve in the Spanish style, which is a large puff coming to the elbow, and divided in the length by small bands. The sleeve is ornamented with a fancy silk trimming; and a cord and tassel corresponding with the superb one that forms the belt. The cape is in the 'peasant fashion,' of the material of the dress, edged with a silk fringe. Bonnet of thick silk, of the colour of the dress; a round and close brim, with a drawn lining of yellow crape; the crown is trimmed with ribbon only.

FIGURE II.

Morning Dress.—Dress of Jaconet muslin. The body plain, and made to cross in front, (see plate;) sleeves without gathers at the shoulder, and perfectly tight all the way down, (being cut in this crossway from the material,) with the exception of a single puff exactly above the elbow; two frills, not very wide, from a heading to the puff; the sleeve is finished at the wrist by a lace ruffle. The skirt of the dress is ornamented with a deep flounce; underneath the body is an inside kerchief of cambric quite high, and trimmed with a lace frill at the top.

The Camel in the East, is the most valuable servant of man. It eats little and drinks less; the milk makes cheese and butter; shoes and harness are made of his skin: and of his hair tents and clothing; while for burden, he is the ship of the desert, and his power exceeds that of the horse in travelling.





# THE LADY'S BDDK.

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MARCH, 1888.

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Written for the Lady's Book.

## QUEEN VICTORIA.

The plate, in this number, is not given to compliment a queen. Victoria we consider as the representative of the moral and intellectual influence of woman throughout the British empire. In this view, her accession to the throne is, and ought to be, a subject of deep interest to her sex in every quarter of the world.

The reign of female sovereigns has, in England, been signally happy for the cause of human improvement. Under Elizabeth, besides the general prosperity of the people, there was a pure morality of private character observed, and a taste for learning diffused through society, which we shall seek in vain to find under the kings which preceded or followed. Her own strong mind was imbued with the spirit of classical lore, and prepared to welcome that burst of intellectual glory with which the genius of a Spencer, a Shakespear, a Bacon—has brightened and beautified the English language. Would those great lights of poetry and philosophy, whose lustre still irradiates the civilized world, guiding upward and onward the march of thought and career of fancy—would they have burned with as pure a flame in the gross atmosphere of the brutal Henry, or of the sensual Charles?

All high poetic genius is, in its original element, an aspiration for the excellent and the beautiful; it seeks for these in all things; its divine mission is to discern whatever is lovely and good, and so to picture these to the common intellect as to exalt the hope and aim of humanity. The degradation of genius which has, not unfrequently, been effected by licentious and tyrannical men in their character of sovereigns, (*never by a woman*;) is one of the most fatal omens of the utter debasement of public morality and private virtue. Had Dryden lived in the reign of Elizabeth, or under the influence of the good queen Anne, how different, in all probability, would have been his literary career! The reign of the latter sovereign was resplendent with talent of the highest order.

Then arose those giants of learning, whose names have made the seventeenth century famous in the history of mind.

That the moral influence of these two female sovereigns aided, in a very essential manner, the development and direction of the literary talent which adorned their respective reigns, we think no one who studies the annals of those times attentively will doubt. This right moral influence, which woman by her nature is formed to exercise on all within her sphere, is the power which a queen may make so effective in promoting the highest and best interests of virtue, learning, social happiness and national improvement. There was never a time when this moral power might be so gloriously employed as now. The empire of physical might has, in Christian Europe, nearly ceased—at least, if endured, it is not justified. The "reign of intellect and feeling" should be ushered in by a woman.

Victoria has come to the throne under many peculiar advantages. She is in the bloom and beauty of youth, when, as woman, she would be sovereign over men's affections. She brings to her high station all the intelligence which the most careful education could bestow, to fit her for her duties. She is watched over by maternal affection, and seemingly enshrined in the hearts of the whole British people.

With such signal advantages, we will not say from nature and fortune, but through the ordering of a wise Providence, she has also the inestimable privilege of living in an age when the moral power of right principles, of truth in its simplicity is, in a measure, understood—when woman is taking her true place, side by side, with man, his companion and helper in the work of civilization and Christian progress.

And here is an object worthy the ambition of a queen; that of promoting female education, and rendering her own sex capable of wielding, judiciously, the immense moral influence they are destined to possess.

We do not say, with Aimé-Martin, that "the only universal agent of civilization is our mothers;" but we do assert, that on maternal influence, more than on any other earthly cause, depends the character of the child; and that men will never be wise while women are ignorant.

An American lady, visiting Oxford, and beholding the princely manner in which the education of young men had been provided for—that there were accommodations and provisions for educating ten times the number who were actually enjoying the privileges of this noble institution, thus justly remarks: "What fountains of wealth have flowed into this place to build these *nineteen* massy colleges—their various chapels—libraries, and other appendages. Had some of this money been expended to afford judicious training to the mothers of the youth now upon the stage, it is probable that the colleges, though fewer, would have been better filled, and with more orderly and moral young men than many of the students are reported now to be."

To the cause of female education, as offering the best means of improving the moral condition of society, we hope that Queen Victoria will devote her most sedulous attention. Judging from the tone of the journals, public opinion in England is fast awakening to the importance of this subject; and the time for action has nearly arrived. Let the queen reflect on the injustice which the intellect of her own sex has suffered since the days of "Boadicea"—what thousands and millions of money have been lavished on the education of men, while not a single female seminary has been endowed and permanently established in the British empire, nor the education of women recognised as necessary by the English government, or provided for by the public, in any manner. What would the sons of old England have done to advance science and arts, learning and religion, had their mental improvement been as little cared for as that of her daughters has been? And yet, notwithstanding all this neglect, these soul-depressing disadvantages, female genius has already added an imperishable wreath to England's fame; and also contributed its full quota to aid in the moral enlightenment of the public mind. But how much greater would have been the advancement in knowledge and virtue, had female education been what it ought to be!

It is characteristic of female talent, that its exercise, almost without exception, has for its aim the promotion of goodness, of happiness, of purity.

Woman has seldom written from the promptings of ambition, to display her scholarship, establish a theory, or to mortify a rival. Nor has she written from the desire of pecuniary gain, from party excitement or private friendship. Philanthropy, patriotism, gratitude, sympathy, pure affection and humble devotion—these are her inspirers. Her offerings on the altar of public intelligence are given because she dares not withhold them. It is her duty. Her little flower of feeling or fancy may contain a healing virtue, more efficacious to society than the fruits gathered from the loftiest specula-

tions of man's philosophy can ever afford. Thus she reasons—and she is right. Count the number of authors who, during the last sixty years, (since when the diffusion of knowledge among the people has only been attempted) and see how large a proportion of those, whose productions have contributed most to the improvement and enjoyment of the young, to domestic happiness, to the promotion of benevolence and humble piety, are women! Many of these have gone to their reward in that world where there is no distinction of sex, but all the good are as the angels in heaven.

To those eminent female writers who are still active in their intellectual and moral duties, the highest tokens of public regard are due.

Victoria, we are informed, discharges the office of queen with a grace and dignity which wins all hearts. She has prorogued and opened parliament, visited in state the city, and dined with the lord mayor. But to us, American women, the most interesting act she has performed is the unobtrusive one recognizing female talent. She has, we understand, pensioned, from her private purse, three eminent literary ladies, Miss Joanna Baillie, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Mitford. We hope the report is true, and that this benefaction is an earnest of the encouragement which she is intending to accord the genius of her own sex. By this means she will acquire a renown pure as virtue and imperishable as thought. Her reign will as far exceed in glory that of all other female sovereigns, as moral exceeds physical power.

Semiramis founded the most magnificent city the world ever saw: all that remains is a heap of rubbish.

Zenobia led her armies to battle and conquest, and for a time divided the sceptre of the earth with imperial Rome: the sands of the desert now sweep over the palaces of Palmyra.

Isabella of Castile, by her steady confidence in the character of Columbus, and her generous zeal in his favour, deserves to share with him in the glory of discovering a new world. But the event proved to be a fatal evil to her own country and kingdom.

There is no such thing as a glorious, enduring fame for woman that is not based on the moral and intellectual elevation of the human character.

Victoria has now the opportunity of securing such a wreath of bright honour for herself as no queen ever before enjoyed. Let her bear in mind that every added degree of respect to which she can entitle her sex will proportionally exalt her own character. May she prove, by her own pure example, that a *woman* is worthy to sway the sceptre of the greatest empire in the world.

EDITOR.

The following description of the personal appearance of the queen is extracted from R. Shelton M'Kenzie's correspondence with the New York Star.

The queen, as you know, was eighteen in May. She is an agreeable-looking young woman, with a blonde complexion (not a clear

blonde, but the sodden hue which people get who reside for some time in London.) Her eyes and hair are light. She wears her hair in the plainest manner, usually drawn behind the ears. In the back it is dressed *à la Grecq.* Her forehead is good—the skin tight on it, but not so tight as to give the glossy appearance of polished marble, which looks very ugly. The lips rather full, pouting and red. Her teeth are regular, and not particularly white, nor does she show them much when she speaks. Her nose is almost aquiline, and I would call it her best feature. She has rather high cheek bones, and her face, when looked at in front, appears too broad and flat to be handsome. In a word, she is an agreeable, good-humoured looking, but by no means a handsome young woman. She is apparently in good spirits, and laughs frequently.

The queen's neck is longer than the due proportion warrants. Her head sits well upon it. Her waist is small. Her hands and feet are small; the hands white and plump, with taper fingers, loaded with many neat rings.

Were you to see the queen on her throne, or on a chair, or on horseback, you would think that she was fully of the middle height, but when she rises you see that she is of the "dumpy" genus. The fact is she sits as if she were five feet five inches high, and she stands more than three inches less. This is owing to her legs being disproportionably short. This disproportion causes her to walk indifferently—waddling along in fact.

To carry off her want of height, she is fond, on state occasions, of having her train borne by two very little pages—youngsters of ten years old.—But as ill luck would have it, the Marchioness of Wellesley, Marchioness of Lansdowne, Countess of Mulgrave, Duchess of Sutherland, and other ladies about her person, are tall women, and the contrast makes the queen appear of lower stature than she really is.

Written for the Lady's Book.

# ALTHEA VERNON; OR, THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

A NOVELETTE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Continued from p. 63.

## CHAPTER VII.

The day being unusually cool for the season, and the glare of the sunbeams veiled by a frequent succession of passing wind-clouds, Althea proposed to Julia that they should take a stroll on the beach. Julia gladly assented, saying, "As the gentlemen are all away, and the fashionable ladies retired to their rooms, we can enjoy our ramble free and unconstrained."

When they came out into the portico, equipped for their walk, they saw already on the beach, a number of children of all sizes, but with them only one lady, whom, on reaching the place, they found surrounded by a group of

little girls, watching with much interest, the progress of the waves as they rolled in to the shore.

The lady was very plainly dressed: her face was concealed by a cottage bonnet and a green veil, and her figure by a large shawl. She seemed to enter *con amore* into the amusement of the children.

"Now," said she to the little girls, "let us each choose our own wave, and see which will make the finest burst of foam when it breaks. That little one in the middle is *my* pet." "And that very large one shall be mine," said one of the children. "And that other large one mine," said another. "I like every thing large." "There is a still higher wave coming for me," said a third, "and that mammoth one is my choice," exclaimed a fourth.

There were shouts of delight as the favourite billows rose higher and higher, till, bursting at their ridgy tops, the white foam poured like a minor cataract down their green, transparent sides.

"Ah!" said the lady, "my little wave, like many little people that rise from a small beginning, is steadily increasing in size and consequence. See, now, how it mounts above its companions; here it comes! What an immense burst of foam; like a young Niagara. And what a cloud of spray flies round, as it dashes against the shore, dilating itself far and wide into bubbles of froth."

"After all," said one of the little ones, clapping her hands exultingly, "my wave has left the greatest number of crabs behind it. See, how many it has thrown out on the sands!"

"Poor little black things," said another of the children, "there they are, all lying upon their backs, tumbled head over heels. I am sorry to see them sprawling, and struggling, and looking so frightened. I hope the next wave will wash them all back again into the sea."

"Let us poke them into the water with these bits of stick," said a third little girl, "the boys are coming this way with their baskets, which I dare say are nearly filled. We will not let them get these also."

In the mean time the lady had taken up a crab in her hand, and, after making to the children some remarks on its conformation, and inducing one of them to handle it, (though the timid little girl had at first declared that it seemed to her like a monstrous black spider) the animal was returned to its favourite element. The lady then assisted her young companions in searching for shells and sea-weed.

Althea and Julia passed on and found a number of boys dispersed about the beach, apparently the children of families staying at the Marine Hotel. Most of them were, very properly, arrayed in brown holland frocks, girt with broad leathern belts, and their large straw hats were secured by strings, tied under their chins. There were two or three in fine cloth tunics, braided and frogged, and elegant tasselled caps, which they carefully and uncomfortably held fast on their heads with both hands, amid the sarcastic jokes of their unconstrained and conveniently-dressed companions. Some of the boys were catching crabs, others were col-



lecting large mussel shells, and admiring the brightness of their rainbow colours: some were watching the low and rapid flight of the petrels dipping their pinions into the brine; while others were speculating round a piece of timber, thrown on shore by the waves. It was evidently the fragment of a wreck: some vestiges of cabin windows being yet apparent, draped with masses of tangled and dripping sea-weed. Of the letters painted on the stern, a few could yet be discerned; but so broken and defaced, and with such chasms between, that nothing intelligible could be made out of either name or place. The sight of this melancholy relic of what had once been a vessel, threw Julia into a fit of musing on the dangers to which her lover was exposed. Althea mused also, but it was on the vastness of the mighty Atlantic, and on the glories of the European world that lay beyond it.

After extending their ramble round the eastern point of the beach, the two friends turned their steps homeward, and found, as they came back, the same little party of young females. The lady, with her veil thrown aside, and her shawl hanging on her arm, was singing, like another Ariel, accompanied by several of the girls, who were dancing at the same time—

Come unto these yellow sands,

And then take hands:

Curtsay when you have, and kiss'd,  
(The wild waves whist.)

All which directions were gaily obeyed by the young sea-nymphs.

"That charming song!" said Althea to Julia, "even in reading the words, 'the sound is an echo to the sense.' And then it has been so beautifully set, and the air is so sweetly appropriate. Often as I hear it, I wish indeed to be a sea-nymph, and to sing and dance to it for ever."

"Will you join us now," said the lady, "and 'foot it featly here and there,' among our imitation nereids!"

Julia, at first, timidly drew back, but in another moment followed the example of Althea, who had taken, at once, the offered hand of their invitress. Two lively girls received them with a curtsay and a kiss, and they danced with an animation and a vivid sense of enjoyment seldom known in the ball-rooms of the present day.

It was not till they all stopped to take breath, that Althea found herself at leisure to look at the lady, who did not herself join in the dance, but stood by singing the air delightfully, and now and then directing the movements of her young companions by a graceful gesture of her hand.

At this moment a shout from the boys, of "Ships, ships," drew all eyes towards the sea, and they beheld two gallant vessels, their sails set to a fair wind, and their heads directed towards Europe. They were two of the New York packets going to sea on their appointed day, one for France and one for England. The boys, of course, knew the names of both, and, far off as the vessels were, saluted them with three loud huzzas; a ceremony that boys never omit an opportunity of performing.

"Oh!" said Althea, "how I envy the passengers in those ships!"

"I do not," replied Julia, in a low voice, "for they have just had the pain of parting with their friends, and they know what sad hearts they have left behind them, and what a tedious time must elapse before those that they love can be apprized of their safety. Oh! that long, dreary, anxious two months, which must always intervene between a departure for Europe and the arrival in America of the first letters!"

"And now," said the lady, "I think we had best turn our steps homeward, or hotel-ward, rather. Our attention has been so much engaged that we have not observed the rapid progress of the tide, which is coming in so fast that in a few minutes our late dancing-ground will be a sheet of surf. I must assemble my little friends, for I see they are scattered all over the beach."

Then, calling by name to the pretty little girls, and a fine little boy, who all addressed her as "Cousin Milly," she desired them to collect their companions immediately, as the sands would soon be covered with water. Our heroine reminded her companion of the perilous situation of Sir Arthur and Isabella, when overtaken by the tide in their walk home from their visit to the Antiquary.

While the lady was marshalling her little regiment, Althea and Julia took their leave, and proceeded towards the hotel, regretting to each other that *bienséance* forbade them to presume farther upon an acquaintance so slight and accidental.

"I never in my life," said Althea, "felt so great a disposition to cultivate an intimacy with an entire stranger. I should like to do all in my power to render her situation tolerable."

"Why what do you suppose her situation to be?" asked Julia, smiling at the energetic imagination of her friend, which was always prone to create a romance, or a picture, or a drama, out of every thing.

"I fear," replied Althea, "this young lady is one of those unfortunate beings designated as poor relations; and, as such, sustains the united offices of companion, governess, and nursery-maid to those children that call her cousin."

"Still," observed Julia, "she does not look at all unhappy. On the contrary, she seems full of life and gaiety, and was very much at her ease with you and I."

"Glad, no doubt," said Althea, "to escape a little while from the bondage of toad-eating. (By the by, how I hate that vile word!) However, I am happy to see that they do not allow her to go about in the mean attire that generally falls to the lot of humble cousins."

"I should not suppose her to be very humble," pursued Julia, "but her dress, I think, is plain."

"True," resumed Althea, "yet her bonnet, though entirely without a bow, and having no more ribbon than that which crosses the front and forms the strings, is of very fine straw; her collar is of real cambric, edged with thread lace; her gown is cachemere, of the best quality; and as to her tartan shawl, you know

every body has one now, for convenience; and the sea-air this morning may certainly be called bracing. I think it probable she has another shawl."

"No doubt she has," said Julia, "for warmer weather and greater occasions. Did you see this young lady at breakfast?"

"No," replied Althea, "though she might have been there, notwithstanding, at a distant part of the table. Or perhaps she breakfasted with the children in their eating-room, which you know, at this hotel, is separate from that of the grown persons. Poor thing! I pity her, and should like to seek her farther acquaintance; as I suppose nobody here will notice her at all. Or if they do, it will be with that air of condescending graciousness which is often more insupportable than downright insolence. I can just imagine her history.—How many such I have read!"

"If you had not," said Julia, smiling, "the case you had so readily made out for this stranger lady would never, perhaps, have entered your head."

"See," observed Althea, looking round, "she has brought all the children away from the beach, and some of them are playing about in the vicinity of the house, while others seem to be accompanying the lady and her young cousins on a land-ward ramble. She is, evidently, quite *au-fait* to the care of children, and knows well how to keep them amused, having, doubtless, served a long apprenticeship to the business."

## CHAPTER VIII.

As our two young ladies approached the portico, they found lounging there, on several chairs, the patroon of Schoppenburgh, accompanied by a very ill-dressed man, in gray speckled cotton stockings, thick clumsy shoes, buckled on his ankles; chequered pantaloons, of surpassing coarseness; and the shortest possible frock coat, closely buttoned; a party-coloured handkerchief round his neck, with not an atom of shirt-collar visible above it, (a fashion which would give a look of vulgarity to even a complete gentleman, if such a one could be induced to adopt it) and a remarkably ugly white hat. Nearly his whole face was coated with a growth of coarse bristly hair, of a brindle colour; his whiskers, mustacheos and beard all uniting *en masse*. On seeing the ladies, he strolled to the far end of the piazza.

"Who is that disgusting man?" inquired Althea of Billy Vandunder, as he rose to offer some of his chairs to herself and Miss Dimsdale.

"*De gustibus* without any *disputandum*," replied Billy, "you may well say that. Between you and me and the post, I'm of your opinion, as far as looks goes. But that's the great Englishman, Sir Tiddering Tattersall, who has come over in something they call a *yatcher*, to buy a trotting horse; having seen our famous Tom Thumb that was taken to England. Him and I have had a great deal of talk about horses. He has told me all about the great race between Skim-milk and Pipkin; and of another, where Cat-lap came in just half

a nose before Brown Stout. That was touch and go, wasn't it? Shan't I introduce you and Miss Julia? It's fashionable to know Sir Tiddering Tattersall—high *bonn ton* and *alley-mode*. Didn't you see him spying at your faces with his double eye-glass, as you came up from the shore? He said you were nice girls; and you know, from an Englishman, that's a great deal. Now, really, Miss Vernon, I must introduce you if it's only to spite the Conroys. You'll see how their backs will be up. Never mind his dress. You know foreigners, when they come to America, are often in *forma pauperis*."

We will not investigate the motives of our heroine in allowing this introduction to take place; and Julia Dimsdale, as usual, timidly followed the lead of her friend.

"Chawming weather, madam," said Sir Tiddering, "though I suppose you Yankees consider it monstrous cool for the season."

"Allow me to put you right," said Vandunder, "these ladies ain't Yankees, sir, nor I ain't neither. We're all clear New York."

"Excuse me, Mr. Vandunder," said Sir Tiddering, contemptuously, "the best informed people in England call all Americans Yankees."

"More shame for 'em," said the patroon. "Suppose we was to call all English Cockneys, would not that be *very vicy*, and tit for tat?"

Sir Tiddering replied only with a supercilious stare, which, reminding poor Billy that his opponent was a man with a title, caused him to check his ebullition of sectional prejudice—a prejudice which, to our great misfortune, is cherished too strongly, and manifested too absurdly by much wiser Americans than the patroon of Schoppenburgh.

"You've a vast deal of saund here madam," said Sir Tiddering to Miss Vernon, who had been highly diverted with the recent controversy, "more saund than rocks. I understaund that this Rockaway place is in the state of Long Island."

Billy Vandunder half tittered at the word "state."

"No," replied Althea, "Long Island is not itself a state. It is part of the state of New York."

"I think I have heard of *Rhode* Island too," pursued Sir Tiddering, "or are Long Island and Rhode Island the same?"

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Billy, outright—but stopped short, recollecting himself.

"It can be of no importance," said the impenetrable Englishman, "whether the place is one or two. But pray, Mr. Vanblunder, in what state then is Rhode Island?"

"In its own state," answered Billy, thinking he might now indulge in a laugh at his own wit, of which, however, the point was not likely to reach the Englishman.

"Your sea, madam," said Sir Tiddering, ad-

\* In a splendid atlas, published a few years since in London and Edinburgh, the writer has seen a map of the United States, in which Indiana is located between Virginia and Kentucky; and *Franklinia*, a new state, (of whose existence we Americans are not yet aware) divides Tennessee from North Carolina. When a map of America is in preparation by British publishers, would it not be well for them to take an American map as a model?

dressing himself to Miss Vernon, "is quite on too large a scale; it struck me so all the time I was crossing it. And so are your rivers, and lakes, and all that sort of thing—monstrous tiresome, I assure you."

"Have you been up the Hudson yet," asked Althea.

"No, madam. I understaund that to be one of your show-rivers—something in the style of the Rhine. I did the Rhine one summer, and found it a monstrous bore. When we were nearing Ehrenbreitstein, and Drachenfels, and all that sort of thing, I made a point of going down into the cabin that I might not see the artists sketching, and hear the people raving. As to the Hudson and the Nawth River, I don't intend to do either of them, because they are in every body's mouth, and I hear so much boasting about their scenery. Now I've come to a free country, (as you call it) I'm determined not to tie myself up to any rule, but to do just as I please."

"What!" exclaimed Vandunder, "will you go back to England without seeing Catskill! I was up there once in a thunder-gust, and it was fine to see how the lightning operated upon the mountains."

"Catskill!" cried Sir Tiddering, "Ah! that's another place I've resolved not to see, for the same reason. I knew it was Catskill, or Fishkill, or Schuylkill or some such bawbarous name that so many of your people have been boring me with. I got enough of rocks and mountains and all that, when I was doing our own lakes. Nice things they were though, till I broke my Claude Lorraine glass, and then I left off looking at them. Saddle-back is sweet, and so is Helvellyn. I saw some queer looking men sitting about on the crags, and suppose they were the lake-poets; Southey and Wordsworth and all that sort of thing."

Althea caught herself softly repeating, from Scott's beautiful little poem,

"I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,  
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty  
and wide,"—

The two young ladies (who had not availed themselves of the offered chairs) now took their leave, and the patroon of Schoppenburgh galanted them into the hall, from whence they proceeded up stairs to rest awhile, previous to dressing for dinner.

"Those two worthies in the piazza," said Althea, "are both well mated and well contrasted. They are fit companions; though not alike in any thing but absurdity."

"But why," inquired Julia, "does Sir Tiddering Tattersall go about in that slovenly and unbecoming attire!"

"I know not," replied Althea, "except that (as he just notified us) it is his intention to do whatever he pleases. Probably he may not please to appear as a gentleman while in America, though obliged to do so in his own country. Or, like Cherubina's lover, Lord Altamont Montmorency, he may have made a vow to be vulgar for one year. But, seriously, I have heard of English people (women as well as men) who, during their visit to America, have indulged in

a slovenliness of dress and manner that, in their own country, would have excluded them from respectable society; implying all the time that any thing was good enough for the Yankees."

Just then, Mrs. Conroy, in her wrapper, opened her door, which was near the head of the long passage, and, first looking up and down to see if any gentlemen were in view, she beckoned to the young ladies, and said to Julia, but at Althea—

"Julia Dimsdale, as your own aunt, and the sister of your mother, I consider it my duty to let you know, that I saw you from my window flirting with two gentlemen, openly, in the public portico of this hotel; which conduct is highly improper at an hour like this, when there can be no lady present to matronize you."

"Indeed, aunt Conroy," replied Julia, "I did not say a word to either of the gentlemen."

"But I did," said Althea, "I am the delinquent, and the only one, for Julia Dimsdale neither joined in the conversation, nor was willing to be introduced to Sir Tiddering. And allow me to say, madam, that both of them are gentlemen to whose acquaintance neither yourself nor the Miss Conroys seem to have had any objection. But if I have done wrong I am sincerely sorry."

"What is perfectly proper for the Miss Conroys," said their mother, "may be highly improper for Miss Vernon and Miss Dimsdale. But there is a fitness in things, a natural distinction, a knowledge of observances, a certain tact, without which there is a degree of impropriety—you understand me, Miss Vernon."

Miss Vernon did not, or would not understand her at all, and made no reply. The two young ladies then retired, in silence, to their respective apartments; poor Julia with tears in her eyes, and Althea with a glow on her cheek, and a half smile on her lip, trying to suppress a perverse inclination to flirt in reality with either or both of these delectable beaux, for the purpose of teasing Mrs. Conroy.

## CHAPTER IX.

The company were all assembling in the saloon to await the summons of the dinner-bell, except Lansing, Selfridge, and the other gentlemen that had gone on the fishing excursion. Sir Tiddering Tattersall was there, whispering in a corner to Billy Vandunder, and putting up his double eye-glass at every body that entered. The patroon of Schoppenburgh did not take kindly to the incessant whispering of his companion (having sense enough to know that it was a violation of good manners) and was visibly annoyed at the sundry jogs, pokes, and treadings on toe with which it was seasoned; yet he could not resist his desire that every one should see how familiar he was with Sir Tiddering Tattersall. The Miss Conroys sat opposite; looking as if they thought it a pity two such delectable beaux should be wasted on each other. Several gentlemen, known to Mr. Dimsdale, (among them a handsome young French merchant) requested an introduction to the ladies of his party.

Mrs. Conroy, inwardly fretting and outwardly smiling, sat between Mrs. and Miss Vandun-

der; the latter being absurdly and profusely over-dressed, as is often the case with provincial belles. In truth, the real reason of her only appearing at dinner and in the evening, was because Miss Wilhelmina suffered so much when in full costume that she was glad to relieve herself by getting it off whenever she could; happy to indulge in the delights of a loose wrapper, and slipshod feet.

"Who is that girl," said Sir Tiddering to Billy, "that has laced her body-clothes so tight she has to hold her mouth open to get her breath?"

"I see a great many girls with their mouths open," said Billy, "they're almost all talking."

"No," pursued Sir Tiddering, "this one is sitting as mute as a fish, and looks as if she was not up to talk. I mean she with the monstrous bunch of hair at the back of her head, sticking out like a horse-tail, now the dawmp has taken out all the curl."

"I see several with them horse-tails," said Billy.

"Pshaw—This one's hair is tied so tight that it has drawn her eye-brows up to a point, and stretched her eyes wide open as well as her mouth."

"All the ladies seem to have their eyes wide open," said Billy.

"Pho—I tell you this is quite a caricature of a woman. How queer she would look going through her paces. I should like to see her trot off, for she has forced her feet into a pair of slippers which pinch her so that her insteps are swelled out over them *à la pincushion*."

"That's nothing now for girls' feet," observed Billy.

"There, that's she, just opposite," proceeded Sir Tiddering, "she is just now reining in her head. She, with her sleeve-holes almost down at her elbows, skewering her arms to her sides like the wings of a trussed fowl. That girl in the party-coloured, large-figured dress that looks like curtain stuff."

"A good many of the ladies have big-figured dresses, that look like curtain stuff," remarked Billy, trying to put off the moment of acknowledgment.

"What a sap you are," said Sir Tiddering. "She, I tell you, with the queer-coloured cameo brooch, that looks as if it were made of bees-wax or yellow soap."

"Oh! that," replied Billy, "that's Miss Wilhelmina Vandunder of Schoppenburgh. Between you and me and the post, it's my own sister that you've been pulling to pieces all this time."

"Your sister, is it?" said Sir Tiddering. "Whew! I'm in a pretty mess now, I suppose."

"No," said Billy, "I'll take it as a joke."

"Well then, introduce me, and I'll help you to quiz her."

"Quiz my sister!—What! not to her face—Well, that's rather of the ratherest. No, no, I can't go that."

"What a green-horn you are," proceeded Sir Tiddering, "I always found it capital fun to quiz my sisters. I have three or four, I believe, but I do not recollect seeing any of them these five years. I suppose they are some-

where. They seem to write now and then; but I've no time to read their letters."

"I don't believe you are in earnest," said Billy. "Have you got no family affection or brotherly love?"

"Pho—that's all gone by—If it were not, how could we exclusives get along? Did you know that I am an exclusive?"

"Exclusive of what?" said Billy.

"Why how mystified you look," laughed Sir Tiddering. "Exclusive of every thing I don't like, to be sure. But you Yankees make fools of your females. It is a monstrous bore when a man comes from England, to find himself obliged to make way and give up to them as you do; and to be expected to forego his own convenience for the benefit of every thing, high or low, old or young, that happens to wear a petticoat."

"We are all brought up to it here in America," replied Billy, "so it don't go the least hard with us; and to them that has had no bringing up it comes natural. Now as to my mother and sister, though I see their quiddities plain enough, (for I'm uncommon discerning) and laugh at them myself, sometimes, when I can't help it; yet, what I say is this, no man shall quiz them to their face while I am by. If a woman should laugh at them, they must take their own parts."

"Why, you're quite upon the high ropes," said Sir Tiddering.

"No I a'n't," said Billy, "I'm only excited. That's my mother setting beside Mrs. Conroy."

"Yes, I know her, the stout person in the great cap—they are nice foils to each other—for Mrs. C., with worrying and fretting to get husbands for her silly daughters, has worn herself to a skeleton."

"*Summum bonum*," said Billy, "that's true enough."

"Well, they're not sharp enough to catch me, I promise them," pursued Sir Tiddering.

"Nor me," said Billy.

"My mind's made up," continued Sir Tiddering, "not to marry under fifty thousand in England; and a Yankee woman will have to bid higher for me. What's the amount of the southern heiress that's expected here from Boston next week? Boston is it, or Amboy?"

"Amboy!" exclaimed Billy, laughing, "what puts Amboy into your head?"

"Why, I don't know," replied Sir Tiddering, "I am sure you have such a place, for in one of our best novels\* there is an American, and a principal character too, that was a merchant in one of your cities called Amboy. I only read when I'm sick; but this Mr. Lewiston is a capital character—an American to the life. I think, if it's a place that's at all come-atable, I'll take a journey to Amboy."

"Do," said Billy, giggling, "it's very come-atable. I should like you to see Amboy."

"Well, as to this Boston heiress that they are all talking about—some rice-planter's daughter I suppose.—What is it you call her?"

"Miss De Vincy."

"Yes, Miss De Vincy. You have all sorts of names here in America; French, Dutch,

\* Inheritance.

Italian, Scotch, Irish; and every one thinks it his duty to uphold some other nation beside his own. Now I suppose, for your part, you'd take it in dudgeon if I was to laugh at the Dutch."

"To be sure I would," said Billy, ruffling up. "You'd better not do that, if you don't wish to excite me. Dutch is honourable in Schoppenburgh, and all over the state of New York. Ask Lansing—he has Dutch blood in him."

"And another of your states is Dutch too, is it not?" said Sir Tiddering. "I think I have heard, but I forget which—Massachusetts or Michigan, or some such name."

"I suppose you mean Pennsylvania," replied Billy, "but you are mistaken there, for the Pennsylvania Dutch are nothing but Germans. In Philadelphia, it is fashionable to be Spanish; but I expect there'll be a change soon, for that fashion's lasted a good while."

The dinner bell now rung, and the company prepared to obey its summons. "*Omnium gatherum*," said Billy, surveying the crowd as he conducted his mother and sister to the dining-room.

"Will you not dine with us to-day, for once, Sir Tiddering?" said Abby Louisa Conroy, looking sweetly back from the arm of an indigent lawyerling.

"Quite impossible," replied Sir Tiddering. "To dine by broad day-light is too bawbarous. And I have ordered for my own table at seven, a consommé, a *mazquerreau*, a *blauquette* and *bechamel*, some *rissoles*, a *tourte*, and a *timbaulle*."

"Billy," said Mrs. Vandunder, aside to her son, as they were commencing their soup, "take an opportunity and try to get out of that there Englishman what them things is which he is going to make his dinner of to-night. They seem to have strange names."

"French, mar, French," said Billy.

"So I was thinking," resumed the old lady, "though I cannot well make out the difference between French and Latin. I have learnt some French dishes already, since I've been here, for I always read the bill of fares laid beside the plates. A gentleman was so kind as to explain to me that *navy dories* meant gilt turnips; though, after all, the gilding was nothing but a dab of yolk of egg—I could put it on myself, for that matter. *Collarets in champain* I found out of my own accord, for I'm pretty 'cute; and any body might see, with half an eye, that they were only chicken's necks. There was a good deal of thin gravy about them, but I doubt the champagne."

While the company were at dinner, Sir Tiddering amused himself with strolling about the piazza, whistling, and humming a tune, and looking in at the dining-room windows. So many of the gentlemen being absent, *beaux* were scarce at the table; and the Miss Conroys *en attendant mieux*, were glad to avail themselves of two gentlemen not at all in society. To poor Miss Vandunder, who seldom spoke, and had no talent for listening, the dinner was extremely tedious, as well as tantalizing, the Miss Conroys having cruelly told her that it was unfashionable for very young ladies to eat much, even if they were fresh from boarding-school.

Althea and Julia saw, at the other end of the table, a glimpse of the lady they had met on the beach. She was accompanied by a very plain-looking, middle-aged couple; and, as our heroine compassionately remarked, they were seated among the people that nobody knows.

"There is cousin Milly," said Althea softly. "I see, even at this distance, that she is in the same cachemine that she wore on the beach, with only the addition of a white muslin pelerine. Her hair is quite plain, and she has no ornament of any description about her. Poor thing! how she must feel in a place where every one is so much dressed."

"Still," said Julia, "I wish it were not the custom to dress so much at watering-places. It is very fatiguing, very troublesome, very inconvenient, and takes away nearly all the pleasure we should otherwise feel in escaping from the city during the warm weather."

"And yet," replied Althea, "it seems to me so very natural to wish always to look as well as we can."

In the afternoon Mr. Dimsdale and his little party went out in the carriage, to take a ride of a few miles round; during which they passed a vehicle containing cousin Milly and her companions, the plain-looking gentleman and lady, and the three children that had been with her on the beach; to which was added a fourth, a little fat thing, about three years old, whom Milly held on her lap. On returning to the hotel, Mr. Dimsdale, at Althea's desire, inquired at the bar, the name of this party; and was answered that they had arrived only on the preceding evening, and that the gentleman had put them down in the book simply as Mr. Edmunds and family, of Connecticut.

In the evening there was a beautiful sunset. The wind had subsided, the waves were gradually lessening in size and settling into a ripple. A few clouds yet hung in the west, painted with the richest shades of purple; but below them the horizon was one broad glow of golden red, amid which the setting sun poured a flood of radiance on the heaving ocean. The sea-birds were flying home to their nests, and the fishing-boats were all coming in; among them the one which had been chartered by the gentlemen for their day's amusement out on the deep sea. Mr. Dimsdale and his ladies (who were enjoying the sunset from the portico) saw them arrive; and Althea met Selfridge with a look of delight, which in an instant dispelled all thoughts of the patroon of Schoppenburgh, whom he now felt ashamed should have caused him a moment's uneasiness. They lingered in the portico till even the upper edge of the crimson and dilated sun had sunk behind the darkening water, and till the last curlew had winged its flight across the sands. And when our party met at the tea-table, and Selfridge found himself again beside Miss Vernon, his spirits rose with his happiness, and he felt quite "in the vein" to join Lansing in a lively account of their fishing excursion.

After tea Althea enjoyed the pleasure of the brilliant saloon which she had disconcerted her admirer by regretting the night before. She was full of animation, and looked beautifully; and Selfridge devoted to her his whole

attention. Lansing divided himself pretty equally among the most agreeable ladies in the room; and the patron of Schoppenburgh had fallen again into the hands of Miss Phebe Maria; while Abby Louisa was obliged, for the present, to accept the civilities of one of the young men that was not in society, and that thought it an honour to be seen speaking to any member of the Conroy family. The young Frenchman introduced by her father, talked, in his own language, to Julia, who answered him timidly but in very good French.

Things were in this state, when our heroine observed at the other side of the room, sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds, the young lady of the beach. "There is cousin Milly," said Althea, in a low voice, to Julia. "See, directly opposite, in the plain, close, white gown."

Selfridge, who had partly heard her, glanced across the room, and his countenance assumed a look of pleasure and surprise.

"Excuse me one moment, Miss Vernon," said he; and he hastened immediately across the saloon, and paid his compliments to the young lady in question, who held out her hand and received him as if on terms of intimacy.

"I am glad," said Althea, again addressing Julia, "that Mr. Selfridge knows her. The poor girl must be so happy, amidst this crowd of strangers, to meet with an acquaintance. But see, she has risen and taken his arm. Perhaps he has kindly invited her to promenade with him. No, they are coming this way!"

She paused on their approach.—In a few moments they stood before her, and Selfridge introduced Miss De Vincy, of Boston.

To be continued.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEUM,

Emblem of friendship, lovely flower,  
(Meet gift from friendship's hand)  
Like thee, when skies autumnal lower,  
Her brightest charms expand.

Her friends, like thine, in Flora's bowers,  
Long faded from the view,  
Have fled, perchance, with summer hours,  
As bright and transient too.

But o'er these scatter'd relics sere,  
Thy perfum'd sweets are shed,  
As friendship's sympathetic tear  
Embalsms the lovely dead.

Sweet flower—though verdant—fragrant—fair,  
'Midst winter's cheerless gloom,  
Death must, at length, those charms impair,  
And give them to the tomb.

But friendship shall the blighting frost  
Of death itself defy,  
And renovated beauty boast,  
In climes beyond the sky.

S. E. K.

Newton.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## LINES,

ON VIEWING THE BEAUTIFUL EDIFICE, DEDICATED AS THE ASYLUM OF THE DEAF AND DUMB; HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

BY GREENVILLE MELLEN.

### I.

There! stand for ever—God will hold thee up,  
While lesser things of earth shall pass away—  
Such is the fate that mingles in the cup  
Of human hopes and human destiny!  
Sure heaven will bid thee stand, unscath'd by  
time—

Thou—consecrate to him, the Architect sublime!

### II.

Holy retreat of the unspotted soul,  
That cannot hear the world's loud tongue proclaim  
Its tale of nothing o'er the madd'ning bowl,  
Where pride and genius sink to guilt and shame—  
Thou shalt survive, a glory to mankind,  
When we shall make our graves, nor leave a name  
behind!

### III.

There is no noisy mirth within thy halls,  
Tho' the full flood of life is rolling there—  
A thousand tongues—but still no echo falls—  
A thousand prayers—but still no sound of prayer!  
A thousand hearts there pour the votive song—  
But silence wings the note—and wafts it heaven-  
ward on.

### IV.

There is no sound of mourning in thy halls—  
Tho' thousands there may lift the tearful eye—  
But living stillness moves along thy walls,  
Where ears are stagnant to eternity!  
A breathing silence—where one feels alone,  
As if all souls from this mortality had flown!

### V.

God has seal'd up all lips—and made them still—  
Has clos'd all ears—and bade them hear no more—  
And now no discord wakes a warring will,  
Or waves unholy break on Passion's shore!  
Peace is the watchword on this hallow'd ground—  
Religion speaks in silent eloquence around!

### VI.

O God! thy dispensations none can tell—  
No human heart can tell how dark may be  
Thy visitations on us—for the spell  
Of mortal knowledge centres all in thee—  
Who art in thy far home—unknown and high—  
Alone, and One, in thy unchanging majesty!

### VII.

But these shall lift their speechless lips to thee—  
And offer their hearts' incense at thy throne,  
That they can grasp creation with the eye,  
And see that man is thine—and heaven thine own!

### VIII.

O! 'tis a glorious thing in man to raise  
So proud an altar to his Maker's praise—  
'Tis a high offering laid on reason's shrine,  
And almost makes humanity divine!

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE SOLITARY BEAUTY.

BY MRS. HOPLAND.

"Oh! what a noble mind was here o'erthrown!"—*Hamlet*.

It is generally thought that remarkable beauty has a tendency to increase the vanity inherent in human nature, (however limited its pretensions) and that few women possessed of it, in an extraordinary degree, will fail to seek the homage of admiration in the gay and busy scenes of life. The court belle and the village maiden; the young *debutante* and the handsome matron; however modest by nature, or correct in conduct, are believed to be willing to receive the incense of eyes which appear dazzled with the radiance of their own; and by no means averse to the whispered applause which very generally follows their appearance.

It is yet certain that the most perfectly beautiful woman I knew in early life (when beauty was a much rarer spectacle than it is at present) lived, and had long lived, in such absolute seclusion that, to have seen her face, to have heard her voice, was an event in a person's life; and, as the one little girl who was permitted to play with her little girl, (in consequence of my mother having been the god-mother of her Selina,) I remember being frequently subjected to many questions, as to the features, person, and dress of Mrs. Hughson, who never entered any house but her own; never left it, save for a place of worship, which she drove to in a close carriage, wearing a close bonnet, and then seated herself in a corner pew, surrounded by curtains, which she never left till the congregation had dispersed.

Being persuaded fully, at that time, that the wide world contained nothing so beautiful, queen-like, graceful and endearing as this retired lady, who, as time advanced, became still more inaccessible, in consequence of ill health, I grew, in time, anxious to learn her early history, which was related by my grandmother, to whom she was much attached, and who had known her from her birth. In giving so much of it as had occurred at that period, she developed her character also; and since a very useful lesson arises out of it, and sincere piety can scarcely fail to be elicited by it, I venture to offer, as much as I recollect, to the readers of the Lady's Magazine.

In the first place, I must be allowed to depict, as well as I am able, the lonely being, whom neither time nor circumstance has dislodged from my memory; and whose constant courtesy and kindness made, of course, the greater impression on my mind, from being confined to myself during the season of infancy and girlhood.

Though very lively, and perhaps guilty of an inclination to romp, notwithstanding a strong tendency to the sentimental, I well remember, that I never entered the library which was Mrs. Hughson's usual sitting room, without being sensible that the exuberance of my spirits was suddenly tamed, and that I required the kind inquiries of her silvery toned voice to reassure

me. She communicated an impression of sorrow, subdued, indeed, but still sorrow; yet I never saw her otherwise than calm; and her smile was heavenly. She was dressed, as I understood other people had been, at the period of her marriage, about a dozen years before; and this dress never was changed within my memory. Other persons had immense heads of hair, prodigiously frizzed out, with caps stuck on the top, from which hung ribbons and lappets. This mighty superstructure was balanced by a bell hoop below; laced aprons, puckered cuffs, beneath which were cambric sleeves surmounted with frills of edged cambric; and, altogether, every person claiming to be a gentlewoman, was one mass of flutter and furbelow.

Not so Mrs. Hughson; yet, even then, I thought her the finest lady, as well as the greatest beauty in the world. Her fair, and perfectly oval face, was surrounded by the most delicate lawn, or Mechlin lace, which trimmed a mob cap; and her shining auburn hair, parted at the forehead, and brought down on either side of the face, in the fashion now worn. She had always a black gauze bonnet on, which completely hid her face if she looked downward; and at all times shaded the upper part; and it was whispered, that even the old postman, James, had never half seen her. Be that as it may, I have. Her forehead was neither high nor low; her eye-brows formed a perfect arch, and were narrow, yet full. Her eye-lashes were beautiful, and she had the habit of suffering them almost to hide the most magnificently brilliant hazle orbs I have ever seen. Her nose was a model of beauty; and the form of her mouth and chin perfect. Her figure was excellent, so far as it went; but she was a little woman, with exquisitely lovely hands and arms, (arms were then seen constantly) and a foot that might have rivalled that of the Duchess of York. Nothing could exceed the fineness of her skin, the purity of her white neck, the delicate rosy tint of her soft, full cheek; nor do I remember this gift of nature changing, materially, during the period when I had the privilege of seeing it, which I apprehend must have been from about her twenty-seventh year till towards her fortieth.

A gray silk gown in summer; a black satin one in winter, with fine lawn linen, always delicately smooth; lace mittens; diamond rings and mourning ones; a small cross of the finest brilliants, with a massive watch, finished the costume of this interesting widow, who, possessed of a noble fortune, two fine boys and a daughter, as lovely as herself, a mind highly cultivated and an unsullied name, thus voluntarily shunned the world she was eminently calculated to adorn. It is time to look into the cause.

Mr. Hardwicke, a man of good, but reduced family, had been married many years, and had amassed a large fortune before he had the happiness of becoming a father. A fair girl was then born to him, which was welcomed as the immediate gift of heaven, for both himself and spouse were, not only religious persons, but a branch from the Cromwellian puritans. When this child was about four years old, another daughter entered on existence, and soon exhib-



bited that extraordinary beauty for which she was ever afterwards so remarkable.

Mr. Hardwicke had retired into the country two years before his first daughter (Milicent) was born, and found in the cultivation of his garden, and the improvement of his pretty dwelling, his chief amusement; to which might be added, his care of an invalid wife. No wonder the nurture and education of his daughters at once occupied his mind and completed his scheme of happiness. Looking down upon general accomplishments and pursuits, he sought not that his idolized children should share them; yet capable of estimating the value of knowledge, and fond of reading and music, he procured for them a good library, in distinction from the theological controversies best loved by himself, and procured a decayed gentleman of known abilities, to instruct them in singing and playing on the guitar and harpsichord.

Time passed—The flowers, thus “born to blush unseen,” on the borders of the Derbyshire moors, though alike petite in person, and bashful in manner, expanded into early womanhood. The eldest was lively, energetic, and of evidently superior mind, despite the veil which timidity flung over her manners; but the youngest, with equal abilities, was apparently incapable of any mental exertion. She had been a perfect idol to her parents, who had almost exchanged their worship of the Creator for that of the creature he had conferred upon them; and Milicent, in the generosity and affection of her nature, had united with their blind indulgence in spoiling the beauty and darling of the family, to whose will and pleasure, from her very babyhood, every creature around her had been rendered subservient. Though the circle was narrow, since she saw none beyond it, the effect was conclusive.

That Selina must have been blessed by nature with the happiest disposition, we cannot doubt. That her religious and moral principles, had been deeply imbued and clearly defined, we must be certain, since even this mode of conduct had neither given haughtiness to her manners, nor acerbity to her temper. She was indeed wilful, and perhaps obstinate; but in her mildness and her affection, these errors were neither noticed by others nor suspected by herself. A single smile could make her peace for any error of which she had hitherto been guilty towards any one beneath the roof—beyond it, she was deemed a kind of beneficent angel, to the dependent, with whom alone she had intercourse.

Just at the time when Milicent came of age, the property of a nobleman, in their immediate neighbourhood, was placed on sale; and, for the convenience of purchasers, divided into two portions; one consisted of mills and farms, well tenanted; the other of a noble, though ancient dwelling, pleasure-grounds, and proper complement of lands. Mr. Hardwicke had long enjoyed the idea of becoming the head of a family, and perhaps inducing a son-in-law to transmit his name to posterity; and he therefore hastened to transfer his property to a medium most calculated to effect that purpose, and render the means by which he had procured wealth forgotten.

The purchases being effected at about equal cost, he declared his intention in the business to be, that of endowing each of his daughters with an estate, giving the eldest her power of choice, as the only right of primogeniture; seeing that they were equally dear to him. To the surprise of all who viewed the localities, Milicent resigned the noble mansion for the more homely property; for, seeing she was young, pretty and clever, they concluded she would take the stately old hall and the beautiful grounds. They knew not that her sisterly love had, with unostentatious kindness, resigned that which Selina ardently desired.

The affair was much talked of, especially in the nearest market town, which was one of great commercial importance, and that where Mr. Hardwicke had gained the means of thus bestowing dowries of no common kind upon his daughters. It was understood that these interesting girls could be seen at their parish church; and there alone; and this was only three miles from the town in question. At the time of which I speak, young men—fashionable, handsome, agreeable young men, were not ashamed to go to church;\* indeed, I have understood they would have been ashamed not to do it. The consequence was, that several went to the little chapel at E——, and one, a young merchant of known wealth and excellent character, moreover, a slightly man, of pleasant address, saw Milicent and soon professed himself her lover.

It may be remembered, that Rosamund, in Miss Edgeworth's novel of *Patronage*, was thus distinguished, previous to the beauty of Isabella awakening the same emotion. In the present case, such an effect was more likely to take place, from the difference in the age of the sisters; but increased acquaintance in the family only confirmed the predilection. Milicent felt grateful to the man who could give her the preference; and, forgetting that she too was pretty, she attached herself sincerely to him who had distinguished her; and after the lengthened acquaintance her father and the times required, she became the bride of Mr. Allingham, and prepared to do what Selina declared she was incapable of doing—leave the paternal mansion.

At this time it was so decidedly the custom to make grand weddings, that even our secluded family permitted the bridegroom to invite many guests. The most important was Mr. Hughson, a man of large estate, ancient family, great learning, elegant manners, and excellent character. He was the last of his family, and had spent much of his time in travelling; it was understood for the purpose of regaining his spirits, which were evidently depressed. His person was tall and graceful; his features alike intelligent, benevolent and handsome; and there was an air of superiority about him which, notwithstanding his evident aversion to distinction, evinced his right to consideration.

During the two years courtship of Milicent, Selina had become eighteen years old—her exquisitely moulded form had assumed woman-

\* Is it otherwise in these days?—En.

hood; her blushing cheek had subsided into a character of decision as well as sensibility; yet still much of the trembling run-away-girl remained in her disposition. She thought much and she talked well; but it was only to her mother and sister: and the thoughts of appearing before strangers, at once excited her wishes and her fears, whilst all idea of losing Milicent awoke her sorrow. Her exquisite beauty, her perfect naivete, her changing feeling, and her unaffected gracefulness, made an impression on the astonished and poetically-minded Hughson, which might have been expected in a man of his character. An imaginative man, who loves for the first time, in his thirtieth year, if he allow passion to seize him at all, abandons himself to its fullest influence—the beauty was idolized now, more than she had ever been.

But whatever might be felt—approaches fifty years ago were made with caution—indeed, intense passion can never be unaccompanied by fear; and though Mr. Hughson had rather wandered through the world than lived in it, he could not fail to see, that this was a jewel the parents would be loth to part with, whilst it was equally evident that “more was meant than met the ear,” when Selina protested against sharing her sister’s fate. As might be expected, his feelings soon were evident to all, and ere long revealed to Allingham, who undertook to ensure the consent of the parents, on the supposition that they would not refuse an alliance so advantageous, more especially as the enraptured lover was willing to resign his own distant mansion and take up his abode in the hall, which would shortly be resigned to Selina as her dower.

But whilst Allingham was advocating to Mr. Hardwicke the cause of his friend, his wife, with equal sincerity, but far deeper solicitude, entered on the topic with her sister, to whom the state of her lover’s heart, we may be assured, was well known, however silent his tongue had been. To the great surprise of the beauty, Milicent advised her, “by no means to admit his addresses, even if her father wished for their union.”

“He is a good and amiable man, my love; moreover, a truly religious one; and from his age and wisdom may be supposed peculiarly suitable to be the guide and guardian of one so young and beautiful as you, especially as he is willing to live so near our parents: but I must tell you the *truth*—a most painful task I think it, though my husband holds it light.”

“What can you mean, Milicent? Not that I care about it. I have no wish whatever to change my situation.”

“I rejoice to hear you say so—my news will be the less painful.”

“But what is your news?”

“I have been told that his family were afflicted with melancholy amounting to derangement; and that more than one have died by their own hands. That your rejection will be fatal to his happiness; that it may even drive him into this dreadful state, haunts my mind continually; but the possibility of your becoming the partner of one so afflicted, is far more terrible; therefore I was determined to warn you.”

And at the same moment Selina determined not to be warned. Her admiration of Mr. Hughson was already excited; and to this she added profound pity, and all the more generous feelings of her nature arose to plead his cause, united (unconsciously perhaps) with a desire to prove that she would not submit to the influence of a sister, who had hitherto furthered her wishes, not thwarted them. So vehemently did she now protest against the possibility of such vague charges influencing her, that Milicent was induced to believe that she was really fondly attached to Mr. Hughson; and their conference ended by an extorted promise from her, not to interfere in an affair so delicate; and on which the happiness of two persons, tenderly attached, depended.

The health of Mrs. Hardwicke became so bad, that she earnestly desired the marriage of Selina to be concluded so soon as it was finally settled. The generosity of the bridegroom was commensurate with his happiness, which was such as entirely to remove even the fears of Mrs. Allingham; yet she could not forbear earnestly to advise her sister to leave no means untried for its perpetuation. “Mr. Hughson is too fond of books, too much given to thinking, and your retired dwelling is more calculated for the indulgence of solitude than is good for a man of his turn,” said she.

“I love him for that,” Selina said. “I have been brought up in retirement myself, and we shall suit each other.”

“It will do very well as long as he continues to find his whole soul absorbed in you; but I am told a time comes when every man finds a want of men, in the way of society. Should it come soon, be prepared for it; go into the world with him, and the pride he will have in his wife’s beauty will preserve the power of that beauty. At all events, induce him to hunt, shoot, cultivate—in short, do any thing but sit alone and muse.”

They married, but none of these things were done. The husband absolutely adored his wife, and the wife (to the surprise of all those who supposed that freedom and fortune would inspire the young beauty with new desires and habits) was content with his devotion. The narrow circle of acquaintance with which they entered life, became still more contracted; and by the time an heir was born, few persons considered themselves authorized to offer personal congratulations.

During his lady’s confinement, Mr. Hughson returned to those studies, and that habit of indulging in reverie, which his sister-in-law considered, *most justly*, to be injurious to a man of his sombre and nervous temperament. He became pale, languid, and abstracted; and although his pleasure, as a father, was evidently intense, it was frequently accompanied with agitation even to tears, and solicitude for Selina’s health, and he sought to regain composure in seclusion; a seclusion he never afterwards abandoned.

The young mother in her child found a new world, and, unquestionably, the sweetest and most engrossing her heart had ever known, and which she was the less likely to abandon, because her husband praised her care; her pa-

rents approved them; and the whispers of the world, so far as they penetrated her solitude, extolled them.

A fair girl soon succeeded the boy; and the death of first one parent and then the other, exercised the feelings and proved the tenderness of Selina's heart. A third child soothed her sorrows by occupying her mind. Young and beautiful as she still was, she was now the busy mother of a family, which had followed each other so rapidly as to alarm her husband and dependents for her health. The tenderness of the former was unabated; but the latter had begun to think their master "*rather odd*." He was, "for sure the best gentleman the sun shone on; he helped every body; but then, good Lord! how like a fool he gave away his money!"

Mrs. Hughson had become the mother of a fourth child, as lovely as those which had preceded it; and which were indeed, as their nurse termed it, "*perfit pictora*," before it became her lot to know, by any possibility, that money, or the want of it, had any thing to do with her happiness. When her monthly nurse was leaving her, her purse was minus, to her own surprise; but she considered it immaterial; and the first of these, now regular periods, when her husband visited her, she asked him to give her twenty pounds.

"I have only got ten in the house, my love. I know it from the circumstance of being obliged to refuse the bailiff who (poor silly man) wanted fifty to buy sheep."

Mrs. Hughson well knew the bailiff to be a clever and useful servant, who at that season frequently expended a hundred or two advantageously. She mused a moment, and then observed, "that it was awkward to want cash; it was true, the ten pounds would do for her *now*, but she should soon want more, as the children were almost without frocks, and her own income would be wanted for winter dresses, the parish schooling—various things."

"John Lord's children want both frocks and shoes—the half of them are barefoot at this moment."

"I will see after them when I go out," said the lady.

"I *have* seen after them," said Mr. Hughson. "I went yesterday, and there was nobody in the hut but the blind grandmother; so I put some money in her apron and then I stepped behind the door. Well, Selina, was it not a droll trick? When her son came in she said, 'Look, James, the 'Squire has been here, and given me four pence halfpenny.'"

"It was not very droll, surely, to give the poor soul so little."

"Little! I had given her nine guineas; the very last guinea I had; but she could not see them you know."

The folly, the madness of such conduct pierced the very heart of the unhappy Selina. A deathly paleness overspread her countenance, and her head sank on the back of the chair in which she sat. Much alarmed, her husband applied every possible restorative. On her recovery he left her, with an assurance that, much as he disliked leaving the house, he would the following morning himself go to the neigh-

bouring bank and procure her all the money she could wish for.

"Certainly, my dear, you must get us a hundred pounds to put on with."

Selina's head pressed a sleepless pillow that night; but most unhappily, for all parties, the result of her cogitations ended in a determination to conceal her own fears, and that tendency she more than suspected in her excellent and much-to-be-pitied husband, from every human being. Nor was this resolution abated when, on his return, she was informed "that he had indeed received ninety-five guineas at the neighbouring town, all of which he had sown in the ditch by the roadside as he returned; having no doubt they would soon spring up and bear an abundant crop for the use of their dear little ones."

From this time Mrs. Hughson received money and paid it, so far as she was able to do so, without awakening the jealousy, or exciting the anger of one whose thick coming fancies varied frequently, and were all of a gentle, but melancholy nature, and benevolent in their tendency. It was found, that of late he had given away all the money he received, and of course was in debt; but this pecuniary derangement was soon settled—not so that of his mental and bodily health, which every day waxed worse; and the fear of revealing the state of the former, induced his anxious lady to waive procuring medical assistance for the latter.

After a time, seclusion in the library was exchanged for long, exhausting, solitary walks on the desolate moors which opened beyond his mansion; and to question him on his object, or watch him beyond his garden, was an offence resented with an acrimony hitherto unknown to his gentle spirit. After one of these absences, prolonged for two days and a night, he was found in a path leading homewards; worn out and speechless with fatigue; he was carried home, and breathed his last on his own bed, the only consolation which remained to his wretched widow, who now lamented over him as lost by her negligence and her misconception of his situation.

Unable to bear the scene, she removed into her sister's immediate neighbourhood, and the hall was let during her son's minority. She was devoted to her children; and all, save the youngest, who died the victim of the shock his mother had received, grew up singularly handsome, and possessing much of the ability for which their father had been distinguished. In due time they all returned to the hall, for the heir was not likely to marry for some years. He had a passion for chemistry, and sought to indulge in it in retirement; and his mother encouraged the love of solitude in which she had herself remained all the years of her widowhood.

Why pursue my sad tale?—Would that imagination, not memory, dictated. In about three years' time, this affectionate son and amiable gentleman, terminated his existence by his own hand; and, within a little time, his fondly attached brother followed his example, apparently from the effects of that grief and shame which completely overwhelmed him.

Terrible as these afflictions were, yet time

soothed the pain it could not cure; and in the tenderness and loneliness of her Selina, the sonless mother could not fail to find consolation, more especially as no symptom of that morbid affection, evidenced even from infancy in the boys, was apparent in her. With this treasure still in possession, she endeavoured to attain resignation, and hope the best; and year after year rolled by, and all was well.

Well with the mind, but not so with the beautiful frame which enclosed it; for seclusion from society rarely suits the young; more especially when they are the intelligent and the cultivated. Selina shrunk from every breeze as she had long from every stranger; and would probably have become, at thirty, a valetudinarian for life, if matters of business had not compelled her mother to receive visits from a stranger. This was an elegant and worthy bachelor, of superior attainments, and similar tastes with themselves; and having once ceased to fear his return, both ladies enjoyed his society; and, in the course of a few months, to the surprise of the few who knew them, Miss Hughson, the beauty, the peeress, the invalid, was married.

But the canker worm was in the rose. The delicacy which had been nurtured till it became disease, rendered her unequal to the duties of a mother; and after one year of happiness, the flower which had so long breathed its sweetness unseen, sunk into the tomb, leaving a sickly babe and an almost heart-broken husband.

From this stroke, Mrs. Hughson never, even partially, recovered. Her last ties to earth were broken, her last prop taken; and she sunk unresistingly, though slowly, to the tomb; for rarely does grief release its victim quickly, even when half a century has pressed upon it also. She lamented to her sister, when it was too late, that she had not mixed more with the world, and formed those friendships, or permitted herself to share in those amusements which might have ameliorated her early sufferings, and softened her present desolation; and earnestly desired to procure company for her son-in-law, as the only alleviation his case admitted.

A stranger to the improvements of medical science, in consequence of her seclusion, she did not advert to the possibility of help being afforded to her husband and her sons; but she well remembered, that anger with her sister, first prompted that decision which doomed her to a life of unceasing anxiety, exchanged only for the severest anguish.

Even to the last (I was told) her beauty was no farther impaired than by the loss of her colour and the abated lustre of her eyes; and that in death, her finely pencilled features were still lovely.

It is not often that a beautiful woman, married to an idolizing husband, and blessed with a good fortune, will be found blameable in consequence of her exclusive devotedness to her children, and perverse renunciation of all society; but that such errors may exist, this lonely, generous, and, in many respects, amiable person, is a proof. Her history, thus briefly touched upon, calls upon all the young and fair to examine into every particular connected with him

whom they are about to marry; and, being married, to remember the importance of that vow which binds them to the duties of wedded friendship. It is the holiest and completest bond a Christian can engage to fulfil; and demands, not only the exercise of the affections, but the judgment; and, in some cases, though very seldom, the sacrifice of even praiseworthy partialities are *apparent* but not *actual* duties.

London, 1837.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### "COLD O'ER MY BOSOM," &c.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

AIR—"Since then I'm doom'd."

Cold o'er my bosom the tempest is sweeping,  
Shelter me, love, from the pitiless air—  
Chill are the night dews that round me are sweeping,  
Oh! but more chill are the tears of despair.

Dark was the hour, when allur'd from thy dwelling,  
'Wild'rd I roam'd from my haven of rest—  
Near me, in wild wrath, the billows are swelling—  
Shield me, love, shield me, once more in thy breast.

Sad is thy welcome—Oh! sad and upbraiding  
Breathe forth the accents once melting with love—  
Roses of joy—on thy cheek, they are fading—  
Garlands of hope—they are rent from the grave.

Smile on the wanderer—languishing, fainting—  
Weary and wan, at thy feet I recline—  
Angels! the prayer of the doom'd thou art granting,  
Take my last sigh, love, and blessing 'tis thine.—

Written for the Lady's Book.

### DESULTORY THOUGHTS.

DURING a residence of some months in a village of one of our northern states, I had acquired a reputation for literary tastes, partly on account of my secluded habits, and partly because my room was decorated with a book-shelf, containing some of the light works of the day. I had chosen the situation for the promise of retirement it held out to me; not for the purpose of scientific research, or with the view of adding my mite to the already overflowing literature of the age; but simply because it suited my mood, at the time, to indulge in the "dolce farniente" of a country life. I chose my retreat far from the bustling hurry of our cities, where people seem to walk the streets for no other purpose save that of seeing in how short a time they can accomplish certain distances; and almost ready to knock down their best friend should he impede their progress.

Whilst the summer months lasted, I was left almost entirely to myself, though some little courtesies were even then proffered; not as the mere forms of politeness, but as the kindly offerings of the heart, and in pity to my apparently lonely situation. At first, I will confess, they annoyed me; but as the days of autumn grew shorter, and my walks were more circumscribed, I began to feel grateful for these attentions; and it was rather with a thrill of pleasure that I received an invitation to join a

reading circle, which was to meet weekly, at the houses of the different members.

Now it was strange that I, who had come thus far, expressly to get rid of the society of my fellow beings, should be so much pleased at the prospect of again associating with them; but the fact is, I had had time to get tired of myself, for, however delightful I might fancy my own company, the indulgence of four months had given me ample time to look with more complacency on that of others. How forcibly was I reminded of the story, in which the love of a prince and princess was punished by a fairy and genius, who had willed their affections should be otherwise bestowed, but were continually baffled by these obstinate young persons. At last they constructed a palace, which should contain no other human beings except the lovers. At first they were delighted; but soon the sameness of each other's society wearied them, and at last hatred so possessed them that they sought the most distant parts of their dwelling, to avoid each other. Who could imagine a better "place of vengeance?"

The mind requires a diversity of objects, and it can never fully appreciate its choicest blessings but when placed in comparison with what is less interesting.

But to return to my reading circle; the evening at length arrived for our first meeting; and with a palpitating heart, lest my own powers should be called into requisition, I joined the party assembled. A book of travels was produced; and then the question arose, as to who should commence the awful operation.

"Oh not me, for the world," exclaimed one young lady, pushing the offered book from her with a desperate motion, "I should be frightened to death at the sound of my own voice;" (but be it known, it would not have been an unusual sound to her) "do let some one else begin;" and, accordingly, another was requested to open the meeting.

"Dear me, no; I'm sure I can't; I should be so terrified, I should certainly lose my voice."

"Well, will you," addressing a young man, who literally shook as with an ague, when he found all eyes turned on him.

"I had rather not, I don't read well," he gasped out, and then shrunk behind his neighbour, to avoid being again called into notice.

All this time I had observed a consequential little man, who seemed to sit uneasy, and fidgeted about on his seat whenever a person was addressed. He could now bear it no longer, and, half indignant at being thus passed by, he seized the book and offered his services.

"Oh me," was the universal cry, "we did not ask you, because we knew no one would be willing to read after you—you read so beautifully."

At this my attention was roused, and I prepared myself to be much entertained, as I had always exceedingly enjoyed good reading, though it was seldom I had had an opportunity of being gratified.

He commenced, and, involuntarily, I started, for his stentorian voice was raised to its utmost pitch, and was sent back by the walls of the small room in which we were placed, sounding on the tympanum of the ear not unlike the hal-

loing through a speaking trumpet within whispering distance. I am sure my nerves have scarcely yet recovered from the shock. But this was not all they had to encounter; for the writer, being rather poetical, had interspersed various quotations throughout his book, which the reader gave out with wonderful effect; his voice, at one moment, seemed sunk to the lowest depths of which it was capable, and then would rise aloft very much like the roaring of the wind on a stormy winter night. It was an effort at declamation, that would have raised the hair upright on the heads of Forrest or Booth. He certainly did not stop to spell any of the long words; but Johnson would have been puzzled to have found a definition for some of these as he pronounced them. I now comprehended that, in the country, a good reader is one who can the fastest and the loudest mispronounce words of three or four syllables, calling them any thing but what can be understood, and which would even make the leaves of Walker open of themselves.

After my return home that night, my mind naturally cast a retrospective glance over the scenes of the past evening; and however ludicrous they appeared to me at the time, the ideas they suggested were quite to the contrary, and I fell into a train of thought which led me wandering from past ages, with all its chivalry, yet benighted ignorance, and through the gradual progress of education, until I at last arrived at our own bright era of the cultivation of intellect. In what other age has science attained so wonderful a degree of perfection? That in which, fifty years since, would have appeared like the effects of magic, and which in the good old days of Salem witchcraft, would have martyred the inventor, is now regarded with admiration indeed, but not with wonder. Literature is marked with unprecedented variety; and though master spirits have lived in other times, we can boast of having been cotemporaries of their rivals.

If the bolder energies of man have thus progressed, woman has not been idle. The homely occupations of our maternal ancestors have given place to the development of intellect, and the bewitching charms of lighter accomplishments. What my cogitations have been, concerning this change—whether the world has been benefited by it, and whether the peculiar duties of woman have been better fulfilled by her endeavours to instruct the world, not only over her domestic scenes, but through a wide circle of friends, than when she lived secluded and unknown beyond the inmates of her own family, spinning and weaving, (not the threads of an eloquent discourse, or the mysteries of a romance, but the substantial garments of her husband and children,) it matters not that any should know save myself. The opinion of so humble an individual could have no weight on a question upon which so much has been written, and I therefore leave it for abler hands than mine, to discuss and settle it, if they can.

On the evening aforesaid, my thoughts wandered over a wide range of space; and I looked back to those heroes and their "lady-loves," whose history has formed the theme for bard and novelist; but who were ignorant, not only

of writing, but even of the letters of the alphabet. What should we say if, in these days, a hero was depicted with no other excellence than that derived from corporeal strength; yet who has not lingered over the prowess of Cœur de Lion, and felt his heart beat high even at the name of Du Guesclin? Perhaps the Troubadours formed an exception even in those early times, of the refinement produced by cultivation; but it is extremely doubtful, whether they numbered reading and writing amongst their accomplishments. Valour and reckless daring, mingled with an almost idolatrous veneration for woman, were the subjects of their lays. If their own class was sometimes commemorated in their songs, it was not until after the troubadour had sought for fame in the ranks of war, that he might win the lady of his heart; for the damsels of those days thought little of the power of intellect, compared with those personal feats which shine in story.

We can find, in every age, solitary examples of learning; but for many a day they were seldom found beyond the walls of the monastery, where literature lay buried. By degrees, however, men began to feel the want of something beyond the excitement produced by the battle field; and peaceful occupations became more respected. But although the higher classes began to appreciate the intellectual faculties, yet the cultivation of the nobler powers of the mind was limited to very few. Elizabeth of England, and Mary of Scotland, might challenge admiration, even in these days, for the various talents they possessed; and Mary united to a classic education the refinement and lighter accomplishments of a later age. Still, although herself so bright an example, many of the highest nobles of her court could not write their own names; and, with the exception of her four Marie's, few of the females of her kingdom understood much of the noble art of reading. That there were subtle controversies carried on in her rude country, all who have read her unhappy story know too well; but these were chiefly confined to the clergy, and perhaps displayed full as much party spirit as learning.

Slow, indeed, was the progress of education; and gradually was it diffused over all classes. It was reserved for our own age so to facilitate the means of improvement that, in our country, they are certainly placed within the reach of even the poorest person. Perhaps it is a fault, with us, that education is carried to the extreme; and youthful minds are too apt to be overworked. This chain of thought would seem to have but little connexion with my evening's amusement; and yet I was insensibly led to it by that very amusement; for, with this acknowledged tasking of almost every power, it seemed strange to me that one faculty should be allowed to lie nearly dormant, from the want of proper cultivation to expand it; and whilst so many accomplishments are indiscriminately lavished on both sexes—while music and drawing are taught in almost every school, why is it that reading should be so much neglected? And, in reality, many a highly finished gentleman and lady might sympathise with the poor man who said, that reading had been neglected in his education. It is this which produces such

general diffidence in reading aloud; and which makes almost every one, like my friends of the reading circle, willing to throw the task on any person they consider abler than themselves. If, in early life, this art was more inculcated, and a clear enunciation, with proper intonation, was more attended to, and young persons were taught to look upon it as an accomplishment, indispensable to the perfection of refinement, this distressing embarrassment would be no more felt by those who were called upon to read, than is experienced by the skilful musician when requested to sing. And fine reading is, in itself, music to a cultivated ear. Declamation is too often mistaken for it; and we sometimes hear the ranting of the stage carried into the private circle. I once knew a gentleman who thought to give greater effect to what otherwise would have been delightful, by such a series of gesticulations, that the gravest person could not suppress a smile. Beautiful reading needs none of these factitious aids; but by the simplest intonation of voice can carry the author's meaning to the inmost soul of the hearer; and whether pathetic or ludicrous, sublime or calmly beautiful, the feeling is duly impressed on all who listen.

Our orators, both of the pulpit and the bar, as well as those in the legislative councils of our country, might be benefited by early attention to this neglected art. Few appear to understand that the voice needs cultivation and practice in reading, almost as much as is necessary to produce a fine singer. These remarks can only be applied in a general sense, for no one can deny that we have splendid specimens in each department of oratory; but I do wish that the rising generation could be made to understand the graceful effect produced, even in common speaking, by the cultivation of the voice, the clearness of the enunciation, and a strict attention to the rules of pronunciation. If possessed of these, you have only to understand the meaning of an author, to render yourself a pleasant companion, especially in a long winter evening in the country.

In a woman, who is more particularly a fire-side ornament, there can be no accomplishment more interesting. There are a thousand ways in which this talent can be called into requisition. The temperament of woman is essentially poetical; from no other lips do the productions of our sweetest bards sound so melodious; they should therefore cultivate the art of giving force and expression to each fine sentiment. In fulfilling their office of nurse, around the sick bed, in what way can they soothe the sufferings of their friends more kindly than by lulling them to forgetfulness of themselves by the magic of beautiful thoughts, beautifully uttered. This is, to be sure, an acquirement that cannot be displayed in general society; but does it not become hallowed by the reflection, that its influence can only be felt in the holy precincts of home?

After arousing myself from this reverie, I determined to put the thoughts on paper, for the benefit of future reading circles, that they may not, like the ill-starred one with which I commenced, be utterly annihilated for the want of proper attention in the days of school-life. A.

For the Lady's Book.

## TO MY SISTER.

*With a Manuscript Volume of Poems.*

"In the desert a fountain is springing,  
In the wide waste there still is a tree;  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Which speaks to my spirit of thee."

Byron.

Dear sister, though the heartless world's applause  
I covet not, and down life's stream would glide,  
E'en as the bark that leaves no track behind,  
Yet I would make thy fond and faithful breast  
An urn in which love with its sweet perfumes  
My memory may embalm, when the bruised reed,  
That oft has borne the buffet of the storm,  
At last is broken, and my fevered pulse  
Shall thro' no more with anguish.

On my locks  
The untimely snows of age are cast, and lines  
Are traced upon my features: yet my heart  
Is grayer than my head, and furrowed o'er  
With deeper wrinkles than deform my face.

The God that formed the soul, alone, can know  
Its secret workings—its mysterious pains,  
Of impulse and of action, when the blood  
Wrung from the spirit and the oil of life  
In incense offered up to knowledge, make  
The son of genius wearier than the hind,  
Who when the toil of day is done, throws by  
His spade and lieth down to pleasant rest.

And life to me has been a fevered dream  
Of restless aspirations—wild desires,  
Corroding cares, fears, phantasies; and hopes  
That lured my youth, yet mocked my manhood's  
growth,

And now, when all the 'life of life' has fled,  
Presentiment and melancholy fold  
Their ebony wings above a heart, consumed  
E'en like the Phenix in its own lone fire.

Yet still, amid the ruins of the past,  
Dear sister, I have treasured up thy love,  
E'en as a priceless pearl, and on these leaves,  
That bere enfold my miniature have traced  
The features of my mind; while I essayed  
My melancholy song, or tried to string  
The silent harp of Judah, that when low  
My head is laid in ashes, and the chords  
Are broken of the poet's lyre, my form  
And mind, forgotten, else by all the world,  
Distinct in all their features may remain  
Within thy faithful memory enshrined.

E'en as the visit of the bird of spring  
Has been thy presence; and thy gentle smile  
And cheerful voice have wiled my mind from thought,  
Recalled the faded rose upon my cheek,  
And through my heart diffused the glow of joy;  
But thou wilt go away, and I will miss  
Thy smile at evening, and beside the hearth  
Will see thy vacant chair; and o'er my brow  
And melancholy cheek again will fall  
The pensive shadows of a darkened soul.

And I will woo again the silent night,  
When thou art gone, and weave the plaintive song,  
Whose echoes soothe my melancholy mind.  
And when life's dream is o'er, I joy to think  
That I, who struck to humble notes on earth  
The trembling string, 'mid patriarchs and kings,  
And Israel's royal singer, shall essay  
Heaven's highest theme, and sweep the golden lyre,  
In ceaseless praise, to God and to the Lamb.

B.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MARGARET HAINES.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"And she must lay her conscious head,  
Her husband's trusting heart beside."

Byron.

THE scene of our story opens in one of the many beautiful harbors of Maine, and being the birth-place of our principal character, it will be proper to give a more explicit description of the locality than we otherwise should.

Upon each side of the Harbor appeared a Cape, stretching out into the sea, and protecting it from the heavy swell of the ocean—a small green Island, covered with low trees, which added much to its picturesque appearance, rose in front, and left a channel on either hand sufficiently deep for the largest vessels. Few harbors are more safe, beautiful or commodious than this, or would seem more to indicate the location for a great commercial city; and probably the want of a sufficiently rich, and well-cultivated back country has been the only barrier to its prosperity. Notwithstanding its great natural advantages, the harbour of — presents nothing but an insignificant village, of perhaps twenty houses, to the innumerable vessels that yearly enter its noble anchorage, as a retreat from the terrible storms that sweep along our iron-bound coast.

At the commencement of our story it was less than even at present. A group of low, ill-built houses might be seen, to each of which was attached a small patch of ground, illy cultivated, containing a few potatoes, beets and onions, and one corner devoted to a few herbs, supposed to possess great medicinal virtues. Occasionally a lupin, four o'clock, or even lady's delight might be seen struggling to the light, showing that these beautiful creatures, that seem to shadow forth woman's destiny, even here assert their influence over her taste and affections, though under circumstances least calculated to call them forth.

We must enter the smallest of these houses, though by far the neatest and most tasteful in its appearance; for a few morning glories have been placed in a box under the window, and the half-closed blossoms, and abundant leaves, are clustering in rich luxuriance round the lattice. There are many other articles, such as one would hardly expect to find in a dwelling of so extremely humble an exterior; all showing the busy taste of woman, that will always make the 'desert to blossom as the rose.'

About the year 17— might be seen at almost all times when the weather was fine, a beautiful child, with large black eyes, and a profusion of dark hair, curling over her shoulders, gathering smooth shells, and rounded pebbles, along the shore of the fine harbour of —. It was Margaret Haines, the orphan grandchild of a respectable widow, somewhat advanced in life, who occupied the neat little dwelling we have described. Mrs. Haines had been a woman of



great vigor of character, and strong original mental capacity; but age and sorrow for the loss of her husband and three sons, all of whom perished at sea, in following the hazardous career of the sailor, had impaired her powers; and being thus bereaved of all other natural objects of attachment, she concentrated her affections upon Margaret, the sole relic of her children. This deep attachment for her grandchild became, in some degree, elevated by the blending of a deep and ardent piety, that grew more fervent as the light of life waxed dim in the socket. Still Margaret was left almost entirely to the guidance of her own will. She was never weary of wandering about the sea-girl rocks, of watching the snowy gull poised upon the crested wave, the active hawk diving for his prey, and the proud, but treacherous eagle, from his lonely crag, watching the sports of his victims in the still air beneath him. Her naturally vigorous and enthusiastic character imbibed new strength from the circumstances of the locality in which her lot was cast, and strange and exalted emotions swelled the breast of the lone child, in her daily intercourse with the majesty of nature. The romantic stories, too, with which her aged parent nightly beguiled her ear, exerted their influence upon her character, and gave the coloring to her destiny; based as these stories too often were upon the workings of dark and fearful passions, the power of wealth and beauty, and the omnipotence of love.

She related legends of her "father-land," of high-born and beautiful ladies, of gallant knights, of border chivalry, and the fascinations and splendor of aristocratic life. Margaret listened to these stories, and loathed almost in childhood her lowly lot. As she grew older her little glass told all too faithfully the story of her beauty, and the rude expressions of admiration, that daily fell from the lips of the sailors, as they passed her on the sea shore, served more deeply to impress it upon her mind. One told her she moved as proudly as a ship under full sail—another likened her neck to the white breast of the sea-gull, and another pronounced her arm as round as a mackerel. However rude the comparison, a tribute to her beauty was always intended, and always understood. Thus Margaret soon grew too proud for vanity—and expected homage as a matter of course. Nature had given her a form that could never look vulgar in the coarsest garments, but with an instinctive taste, she arranged them to an appearance of elegance. The gifts of the fishermen and sailors also served to augment her toilet till it became the envy of all her companions; all, but the gentle Hannah, afterwards the wife of young McKenny, whose humble and better constituted mind had early learned to detect the errors of her friend, and with all her lowliness of spirit, yet with the confidence of a virtuous mind, she had sometimes even dared to reprove them. Notwithstanding this she was the best beloved of all Margaret's associates.

Many a rare and splendid shell found its way to the rough mantel of her grandmother, and her little room was always neatly, and even tastefully arranged. Thus a passion for dress and a consciousness of beauty became strong characteristics of Margaret. She acquired a disinclination for the feminine employments that usually

engrossed the attention of her companions. Though whatever passed through the small fingers of Margaret was perfect in its kind, yet she seldom made any such exertion, and her grandmother, from excessive tenderness, seldom exacted it.

She would shake out her abundant hair, and twine the long soft curls over her fingers, parting it over her noble brow, and let it fall in long wreaths below her slender waist, confined only at the back of the head by a clasp of silver. When her toilet was completed, she would seat herself on a low stool at the feet of the aged matron, and turn her brilliant eyes to the dim orbits of the dame, her arm resting upon her knee, and her splendid figure exhibiting a languor of repose, that the proudest belle might have envied. Then would she listen to the tale of some chivalrous knight, or haughty lord, who were willing to renounce land and title to win the love of some lowly lady, gifted with transcendent beauty; and Margaret would inwardly sigh, that none such were likely to woo her from her lowliness and obscurity. Though scarcely a youth in the vicinity had been refused a curl from the head of the beautiful Margaret, yet none had ever dared aspire to the love, or crave the hand of the proud girl. She treated all with a haughty courtesy, that could not be misunderstood. Thus passed away the first sixteen years of her life with nothing to disturb its monotony, except the workings of her own powerful imagination.

"I think there will be a storm," said the old lady, looking from the window, where Margaret stood watching the vessels as they successively doubled the capes, and curved gracefully across the harbour, to cast anchor under the lee of the shore, "the sand is flying thickly from the north-east, and the dark, tumbling waves are becoming white with foam."

An exclamation of surprise escaped the lips of Margaret, and the old lady hastily adjusted her spectacles, and turned her head in that direction. The object of their attention was a light built schooner, with raking masts, and taper spars, that looked altogether too slender to support the press of canvass, under which she was moving gallantly before the wind, her painted waist gracefully cutting the water, and her pointed stern heaving up a mass of foam before her, or, as the sailors technically called it, "carrying a white bone in her mouth!"

She rounded the cape in gallant trim, and moving safely, but somewhat recklessly amongst the vessels that had already come to anchor, approached the shore nearer than any had hitherto done, and coming round with a graceful sweep, cast anchor within a stone's throw of the cottage of Margaret.

The use of the spy-glass has created almost a new sense to the sailor; and it is probable the commander might have reconnoitered the pair of handsome eyes, that were surveying his vessel with so much curiosity. Be that as it may, a boat soon pulled for the shore, and a young man, in demi-nautical costume, was seen approaching the dwelling. His dress was of the favorite hue of the sailor—blue; buttoned snug to the throat, with a standing military collar, and the front laced with black braid. A slight, but not

ungraceful swing, and that peculiar air of assurance, that usually distinguishes his class, added to an erect and extremely well-proportioned figure of about the medium height, and a countenance of perhaps twenty-five years, set off by a pair of penetrating black eyes, and whiskers somewhat profuse of the same color, made up a personage not likely to pass unnoticed.

All this Margaret observed as he approached the dwelling, so that when his knock became audible, she hesitated to obey the summons. But recollecting the infirmities of her relative, she opened the door.

Whether the appearance of Margaret was altogether superior to what he anticipated, or whether he had no specified object in view, is left to conjecture; certain it is, that after his first courtly bow, he hesitated, stammered, and his confusion, perhaps, becoming contagious, the cheek and neck of the proud girl glowed crimson as she asked in a low tone if he would enter. The stranger obeyed, uttering something about a long voyage, and want of fresh provision. The sympathies of the old lady were instantly enlisted—she had always loved a sailor, partly from the peculiar circumstances of her life, but more from the loss of her three brave sons. Then the winning smile, and noble bearing of the stranger recalled the recollections of her youth, and restored the channels of almost obliterated memories. We need not say they had their effect on the imagination of Margaret.

The twilight darkened, and yet the stranger lingered—the simple meal was spread upon the table, and he stayed to partake it. Margaret had never looked more beautiful—her usually cold, haughty demeanor had given place to an evident desire to please—she became animated, and even slightly embarrassed as she encountered the admiring looks of the stranger.

During a pause in the conversation, the long, deep roar of the ocean, like the battling of a far off host, came in solemn grandeur on the ear. Margaret, as if awed at the majesty of the sound, raised her head, and said,—

“Hark! do you not hear the sound of the great deep, the voice of many waters? How sublime! how grand is that mysterious chiming of the far-off billows, lifting themselves in their strength as if in contempt at the puny fabrics of man’s ambition!”

It is doubtful whether the stranger noted what she said, but he did see the glowing cheek, the animated eye; and the look Margaret encountered on bending her eye to his, fixed her destiny for ever.

The heavy drops of rain began to patter upon the window, and the wail of the wind as it swept by in fitful gusts, warned the stranger it was time to regain his bark ere the fury of the elements and darkness of the night should render it difficult to do so. But we must not stop for details.

The vessel of Raymond Barton remained in the harbor long after the storm had passed away, long after all others had departed. The dark, swarthy-looking sailors seemed to avoid all intercourse with the people on shore, and were constantly seen lounging idly about the rigging, smoking their cigars, listless and inactive.

In the meanwhile the handsome stranger with

Margaret by his side, was seen wandering about the picturesque shore, or sailing amongst the gem-like islands that rose from the breast of the ocean. At length strange surmises began to be whispered round; the craft was pronounced a most suspicious looking affair—the stern looking sailors were decided to be exactly fit for dark and bloody deeds; some even began to talk of the propriety of procuring a search warrant.

Then, too, Margaret’s wardrobe was replenished with some articles altogether too magnificent to be found on board a common merchantman.

How much the jealousy of the young men of the village, who might naturally be supposed to feel some degree of resentment at beholding the uncommon favour with which the stranger was treated by the despotic girl, had to do with the reports now current, it is impossible to determine. Certain it is, she had more than once since the appearance of Raymond refused a curl from her head, of which she had formerly been so lavish, and this, too, when the suppliants were bound on a long voyage, and might never return.

Nothing could equal the indignation of Margaret on learning these reports. Yielding to the impulse of her excited feelings, she mentioned them to Raymond. It could not escape her penetration, though she scarcely noticed it at the time, that a shade of anxiety crossed his brow, which was instantly dispelled by an expression of determined daring that accorded better with the general expression of his countenance.

“The dastardly wretches!” he exclaimed, “why don’t they come manfully and tell me what they think, and they should search my vessel from binnacle to hold. But I defy their malice, and will lie here till my vessel rots in the harbour, sooner than yield to their suspicions!”

This was too much in accordance with Margaret’s own character to fail of its effects; what was her surprise then on looking from her window the next morning, to behold the waters sleeping tranquilly in the early light, and not a solitary mast or sail any where visible on the broad horizon. Whatever were her feelings, she had too much pride, too much native self-control to give them utterance.

If her grandparent even observed the growing paleness of her cheek, or even divined the cause, she never uttered aught concerning it. Indeed, her own growing infirmities made such unwearied demands upon the poor girl’s time and strength, that they alone seemed sufficient to account for her altered appearance. Margaret was little likely to complain of any circumstance, that secured her from the prying eyes of her companions. She had no right to expect their sympathy, nor did she desire it. She chose to suffer proudly alone.

At length the sufferings of the aged drew to a close. Poor Margaret wept in solitude over the only earthly friend, who had invariably loved her and all the peculiarities of her character. In the excess of her sorrow she scarcely heeded the lapse of time that brought about the period when she should receive an answer to a letter, dictated by her aged parent, in which she desired an opulent relative to receive the friendless orphan into her family. Alas! Margaret had few accom-

plishments to recommend her, and the letter rather desired her friends to discharge this obligation to the fatherless, on the score of christian duty, more than any merits the poor girl might be supposed to possess.

The response was couched in words as cold as it is possible for language to assume. Even Margaret with all her ambition was shocked at the necessity of incurring so ungracious an obligation. We must pass over the particulars of her departure—All but Hannah, the affectionate, faithful Hannah, pronounced her a cold, heartless girl to leave the home of her childhood with so little regret. Perhaps, as Margaret was constituted she had enjoyed less than her companions supposed—and the circumstances of the last few months had cast a gloom over her whole existence. None knew that the disappearance of Raymond was unexpected to herself. She pronounced his name to no one, not even to Hannah; but the cruel reports respecting him worked like barbed arrows into her very being. It was averred that loud and violent words were heard from the schooner the night of her departure, and some declared they had heard the clashing of arms. Every day as the memories and imaginations of the relatives became more excited the stories became more marvellous.

We must change the scene now to a splendid saloon in one of the most fashionable streets of New York. At one end of the room was a group of young people collected around a tall, radiant looking girl, who had just risen from the piano. It was Margaret Haines, dressed in some degree conformably to the prevailing mode, but still modified by her own exquisite taste.

At the other end sat an elderly lady and gentleman, who seemed to regard Margaret with uncommon interest.

"Who would have thought," said the lady, "when our poor old aunt desired us to receive her grandchild into our family, we should have received so transcendently beautiful a creature. She will create a tremendous sensation when we bring her out. Why, when she wrote me, I pictured to myself a long, awkward girl, with red hair, and a freckled face, that we couldn't make any thing out of."

"I told you," said her husband, drily, "that her mother was very beautiful."

"Aye," returned the other complacently, "beautiful for a fisherman's wife, but that you know is very different, and not to be compared with the cultivated beauty of our cities."

A slight look of incredulity passed over the countenance of the gentleman, but he remained silent.

Whether Margaret retained her recollections of the stranger of — harbour, subsequent events must determine. Certain it is, her wonderful beauty had acquired a more elevated cast, now that suffering had called new and deeper attributes of the mind into activity. The book of knowledge, too, was now opened to her in unstinted measure, and the naturally powerful and unexhausted mind of Margaret seemed to grasp intuitively at what others acquired by laborious study. She became absorbed in her studies, and had her relative been less ambitious, less eager to launch her upon the whirlpool of fashion,

Margaret Haines might have been a being to be loved and worshipped like some far off radiant star in the heavens, instead of becoming as she did, like a meteor, dazzling, indeed, but to go down in the darkness of everlasting night.

We must not dwell upon particulars—we must not tell of the "tremendous sensation" Margaret did create in the circles of fashion; we must not tell of the suitors that aspired to her hand, nor the wealth that was laid at her feet. It is doubtful whether Margaret would have ever blended her destiny with that of another, but for the solicitations of her friends. Often, after the excitement and triumphs of an evening, the proud beauty might be seen in the secrecy of her chamber, with drooping figure, and a countenance indicative of the deepest anguish, her eyes fixed upon a simple ring, that circled her finger. It had been the gift of Raymond. If left to herself Margaret would have felt the utter cruelty of giving her hand at the altar, while her heart remained filled with the image of another. But Ambition was undermining the small remains of principle, and Fashion was steadily moulding her to her own standard of selfishness and hypocrisy.

A splendid Packet was on the eve of departure for Europe. A crowd of passengers of both sexes were collected upon the deck, watching with absorbed interest the setting sun and the light wind as it gently curled the wave that was about to waft them from the strand. A plain but elegant carriage drove upon the wharf, and a gentleman, apparently an invalid, handed a lady on board. She was closely veiled, but the step, the air, at once betrayed the superb beauty of New York. As she entered the cabin she was observed to start, attempt, ineffectually, to retreat, and then faint in the arms of her companion. It was Margaret, the wife of Mr. Canning—pale as marble, and apparently suffering from some horrible emotion. A general whisper was circulating at the strangeness of the incident.

"Try to compose yourself, Margaret," whispered her husband, tenderly, "you are attracting a great deal of observation."

She started, and opening her eyes she seemed for an instant transfixed by those of a dark-looking stranger, who had been attracted to the spot. Margaret's cheek was observed to assume an even more ashy paleness, but summoning that self-control, that always so remarkably distinguished her, she presented her hand to her husband, and retired to her apartment.

Many were the conjectures as to the cause of the incident; but as the feeble state of her husband's health demanded all her attention, and she seldom appeared in the room appointed for the general intercourse of the passengers, the wonder soon died away.

When the weather was fine she occasionally promenaded the deck, closely veiled, supporting the feeble steps of her husband, who failed with alarming rapidity. At these times she studiously avoided all intercourse with others, and barely raised her eyes, except to look out upon the glorious expanse of waters. Her devotion to her husband now became as much a theme of admiration as her beauty, and every heart sympathised

with the being so beautiful in person and lovely in character—all were ready to weep with her in the trial that so soon awaited her.

Alas! they could not see the heart. Were that laid bare in the human bosom, for every eye to behold, how many should we turn from with loathing and disgust whom we now regard with reverence or admiration.

Mr. Canning was a man splendidly endowed by nature, with a heart, too, of the most delicate sensibilities, and the warmest attachments. That he was first attracted to Margaret by her external beauty we need not deny, but his admiration ripened into the most ardent affection by what he supposed the graces of her mind and heart. A few months intercourse with his wife convinced him that she had deceived him in one cruel particular—that her heart had never been his own, notwithstanding her marriage vow. The murmured words of her slumbers convinced him that the idolized being, who rested upon his bosom, cherished a rival in her heart. Of her integrity, her delicacy and general propriety he could not doubt, but why had she concealed any circumstance so intimately concerning her peace from him! There was the error of Margaret, and most bitterly did she deplore it; she dreaded a moment's solitude with her husband, for then she felt as if his penetrating eye might fathom the secret of her thoughts. It is probable he might have too often suspected the current of her thoughts for his own quietude. Yet he never upbraided her, never even sought a confidence she seemed so anxiously to avoid. But the conviction that another occupied the heart of her who had promised at the altar to love but only him, was more than even his spirit, strong and exalted as it was, could support. He felt, and felt truly, it was a cruel hypocrisy: she had made the marriage vow an impious mockery. Margaret saw his saddened smile and sinking health, and felt that her secret was read by the one from whom, of all others, she would wish to conceal it.

There had been a calm of many days—the sails hung idly upon the masts—the creaking of spars, and rattling of shrouds had ceased, and the huge fabric lay motionless upon the waters, scarcely rising in the long swell, more than the breast of a babe in its quiet sleeping. Mr. Canning was evidently approaching the last bourne. He appeared to be sleeping, and Margaret, abandoning her usually selfish reflections, gave herself up to true heart-felt sorrow for the loss she was about to sustain. Her attendant, whom she had sent upon deck for the fresher air, returned, and silently placed a billet in her hand.

Margaret glanced at the incoherent scrawl and turned deadly pale—it read,

MARGARET,

Grant me one interview if you have any compassion upon the being who has always adored you. Believe me when I say, I can explain all.

RAYMOND.

She compressed her lips, and tore it piece by piece—then turning to the pale face of her husband, beheld his eyes sadly fixed upon her.

"Margaret, it is as I suspected; you have

never loved me, and the object of your attachment is now on board."

Margaret gasped with horror—her husband tenderly stretched out his arms, and she concealed her tears and agony upon his bosom.

"Do not try to explain, Margaret, I can read all your pride, your ambition—but let that pass—you have tried to promote my happiness, and that, at least, is a virtue—but it was a cruel, cruel sin, my own wife, to conceal that horrible truth from me. May God Almighty forgive you as"—his voice ceased but with a strong effort he closed—"as entirely as I forgive you."

Margaret raised herself from his bosom, and he, whom she had so much wronged, the noble, the generous Canning, lay a corpse before her.

"That horrible dream is accomplished," she cried with the fixed look of despair—"my hypocrisy has sent one of the noblest of hearts down to the grave—I am the murderess of my husband—though guiltless in the eyes of man, before thy searching eye, O God! I feel that I am a vile, guilty murderess."

The remains of Canning were consigned to the deep; and for one brief period Margaret's better feelings seemed likely to prevail. She shed tears of sincere, remorseful sorrow for him whose noble affections she had so illy requited. Bitterly did she feel that he, who was most worthy of her love, was forever removed from it. True he had forgiven her—that was in accordance with the greatness of his character—but a withering conviction pressed upon her, that her sin in the eyes of Jehovah was never to be pardoned. She had made a mockery of one of his holiest of sacraments; she had crushed one of the noblest hearts he had ever created. Her tears were those of remorse rather than repentance. As the workings of her mind assumed a darker and more hopeless hue, the image of Raymond began to intrude itself into her reflections, and she dwelt more frequently upon traits more nearly assimilated to her own, than upon the manliness and virtues of Canning, whose image began even now to grow indistinct and visionary. At this crisis, as if to add the last grain that should preponderate to her ruin, came a letter from Raymond.

It was filled with the most extravagant protestations of attachment, there was a lame attempt to account for the suddenness of his departure from the harbour of —, and ended by urgently begging an interview, as they were now approaching the shores of Europe and might never meet again.

The pride of Margaret served to retard, though it did not prevent her fall. She shrank from open intercourse with one, who seemed to have been a stranger to all, though she saw with pleasure his elegance of demeanor had installed him a general favorite. Unwilling, however, to abandon all hopes of a future meeting, she thought proper to address him in writing. As the latter is characteristic, and explains some things to which we have only referred, we shall give nearly the whole.

"That your Star has ruled my destiny, I dare not say for good, I will not deny. That I once loved you, and you urge the fact strongly in your letter before me, I will not attempt to conceal—

but that I should continue to do so, notwithstanding your treachery, must be imputed to the weakness of our natures—we cannot cease to love though it may have become our duty to do so—we do not always love those we ought to love, and, alas! we too often fix our affections upon those least worthy of them. Think not, Sir, to gain aught from this confession—I am no longer a child—no more to be duped: no, I can glory in feeling that to you, at least, I have been faithful, though treacherous to others—and more, I feel a strange gratification in knowing that, however lasting may have been an emotion, it is still to be conquered—to be torn up root and branch.

“You speak of my agitation on entering the vessel—a part you construe properly, but a part was the result of circumstances, now become too dreadful to be lightly touched upon.

Years ago, but after our first interview, I had a strange, horrible dream, that I could never forget. It was graven on my memory as with a pen of iron. Thrice did I awake, and thrice was that dreadful vision presented before me. I might, and ought to have been warned by it—but it is now too late!

“Methought I was in a sumptuous cabin, every article of which was painted upon my memory—that a noble looking man, my husband, was turning a last look of expiring, but patient agony, upon me—you were by my side—and I had murdered him from love to you.

“When I entered this vessel everything recalled that dreadful dream. All was the same—all has been accomplished—you are here—I have seen my husband expire, and his last look recalled with fearful distinctness the expression I saw in my dream, the same look of sorrowful forgiveness—and I—I feel in my heart as the murderess of my husband—I never told him the state of my heart, but he more than suspected it—he loved me almost to idolatry, and it was a withering reflection to know it was not returned. I had miscalculated my powers of concealment, and of endurance.

“Neath the splendid robes of the bridegroom I might have seen his funeral shroud. In pronouncing the marriage vow I sealed his fate, and my own doom was pronounced. For I went there, in the presence of the majesty on high, with a falsehood upon my lips.

“Leave me to my fate, and the reflections that may, perhaps, prove salutary.”

Here is a lapse of a few years—Margaret and Raymond had met, and their destinies were united. They had travelled through the principal cities of Europe, staying long in the gayest and most fashionable. Everywhere had the voice of adulation reached the ear of Margaret, till she became intoxicated with the voice of flattery and the whirl of pleasure. She more than suspected that he, whom she now dared to call husband, did not travel merely for the gratification of taste—his correspondence seemed to be extensive, and he secretly held intercourse with those whom she rarely if ever met in public. Did he in fact belong to that desperate class of men whom the youth of her native place more than suspected? and was he now opening a more extensive communication with men of a like character abroad, for the sake of greater facility in

carrying on their depredations by means of foreign correspondence.

Margaret shuddered at the thought—but she recklessly closed her eyes to the conviction, till it was too palpably forced upon her.

She was again upon the waters. It was a noble barque, of almost fairy construction; so perfect was it in every part—so calculated for speed and safety. Raymond had said it was built expressly for the pleasure of his beautiful bride.

The vessel was steady on under a fresh breeze, the alert and well disciplined sailors active at their duty, and the clear notes of a pair of birds singing amongst the branches of some rare exotics, that decorated the cabin of Margaret, were almost as merry as in their native groves. Margaret, habited in a robe of crimson velvet, turned back from the snowy chest, and confined at the waist by a girdle, sparkling with diamonds, was reading, reclined at length upon the sofa. She flung the book aside, and presenting a jewelled finger, called a bird to alight upon it. Both came, and one perched upon her shoulder. As their full notes ceased, she became aware of loud, stern voices, apparently in high altercation upon the deck, where she knew her husband and the officers were engaged at their wine beneath an awning.

“I say,” said a harsh voice, you’ve done nothing since your connection with her—we shall be clean run out.”

Another, whom she knew to be the ferocious looking Michael Cox, said,—“Here have two craft, laden with gold, gone by, but my lady’s nerves musn’t be shocked at the clashing of steel and the sight of blood.”

Then the loud, stern voice of her husband demanded silence; he spoke in a suppressed voice, and she could not distinguish a syllable. The reply of Hopkins, second in command, reached her with horrible distinctness.

“You’d better be rid of her, Raymond; she is far too nice for a Pirate’s wife—make her walk the plank—many as fine a woman has done it before her.”

Margaret stayed for no more—her determination was taken. Opening a cabinet she seized a pistol, and proceeded to the deck. For one brief moment she stood eyeing the fierce group before her, who were instantly silent at her approach; her high brow, pale with determined courage, her cheek flushed, and her eye kindling with the spirit of daring intrepidity that glowed in her bosom. Her eye quailed not, her hand shook not at the perils that surrounded her, for her nature was strung for the trial.

Raising the pistol, with her finger upon the lock, her lip curling with bitter scorn—“Where is the dastard that dares to speak of my destruction? Let him but name it again, and this shall be his answer,”—and the ball whizzed over the head of Hopkins.

A shout of approbation escaped from the lips of the crew.

“She is worthy to be a pirate’s wife—she shall preside in our councils.” Margaret waved her hand in token of silence.

“Talk of my walking the plank? I scorn the wretch that dare attempt it; he little knows the nerve there is in a woman’s arm. You dare not,

no, you dare not pollute me with a touch of your finger. Woman, as I am, there is not one among ye that can match my courage, aye, or my vengeance either, if ye dare provoke it. I preside at your councils—never; I despise your craven blood-thirsty employment. But I will not live in the way of your booty,” she added, with proud scorn.

“Raymond,” she continued, her voice sinking in a gentler tone, “I know that what you order will be obeyed. As your wife I ask you to return to port, put me on shore, and I will find my way home, aye, to the home of my childhood,” and the proud lip quivered with her woman’s weakness.

A murmur arose.

“She will betray us,” cried one more daring than the rest.

Raymond sprang to his feet, and a pistol flashed in the light; Margaret with silent majesty, waved her hand, and then placing it upon her heart, she looked solemnly upward—“Never! so help me God!”

“We believe her,” shouted they on all sides.

“Will you do as I desire!” said Margaret, with a firm but saddened tone.

Raymond gave a few hurried commands to his crew, and then followed the haughty steps of his wife to her apartment. No sooner had she reached her room than the revulsion of feeling became tremendous. A fearful gulf seemed to yawn at her feet, and she fainted.

But it is time we should bring the story of a being whose moral attributes were so vacillating, and unlovely to a close. We must return to the Harbor of —.

In the cottage we have before described, which had now become the dwelling of Hannah, the former friend of Margaret Haines, lay a female of perhaps thirty, who had certainly once been possessed of remarkable beauty, and which appeared to have been marred, less by the operation of time, than the indulgence of strong passions. Indeed, as she lay stretched in the attitude of an invalid, one might be inclined to say,—

“Thou can’st not minister to a mind diseased,”

for it was pretty evident that it was less physical than mental suffering that agitated the lady. Her rich robes and delicate complexion contrasted strongly with the homeliness of everything about her. She was stretched on a low bed, covered with a blue and white kiverlid, as it was here called—made of cotton and wool, the blue being thrown up so as to represent a true-lover’s-knot, a favorite pattern amongst the young girls, who usually weave these counterpanes. The coarse, but snow-white tow and linen sheet was turned down, and the folds of the ironing were plainly visible on these as well as the pillow cases of the same texture. Rich shawls, and costly garments were suspended about the apartment, and the fingers of the lady were covered with jewels. It was Margaret, returned to the home of her early days, a disappointed, an irritable, wretched woman. A deep and pervading anguish preyed upon her spirits, and dried up the fountains of life.

A deep groan escaped the lips of the sufferer, and she turned her head from the light—her at-

tendant was instantly at her side, though a better observer would have perceived it less the expression of physical than mental suffering.

“Will you have any thing, Ma’rm? Where is your pain now?”

“Every where,” responded the invalid, petulantly.

“Aye, aye, I know what that is,” said the other, sinking heavily into her seat; “at the time I had the ‘cute rumatis, I was just so; for five weeks it was——”

“Can’t you stop that creature’s prating?” said Margaret, to her old friend Hannah, who now entered the room—but poor Betsey had got fairly started on this all fruitful subject, and she went on in spite of the interruption. The invalid groaned with the excess of vexation.

“Aye, aye, that was the way with me, groan, groan, and I felt as if it was a deadly sin, for me, a christian woman, to make such ado; but I could not help it——”

“Don’t, Betsey, now,” said the young woman mildly, “Margaret would like to rest.”

“Rest! I should’nt think such groanings, and startings and snappings seemed much like it. She’s in an awful state of mind, Hannah McKenny, and it is your duty, and my duty, to warn her faithfully, that her blood be found not on the skirts of our garments. Look at the trappings and gewgaws, the gold and the silver, the chains and the bracelets, and the mufflers; the bonnets and the ornaments of the legs, and the head-bands, and the tablets, and the earrings; the rings, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, the hoods and the veils—as set forth in the prophecy of Isaiah, and say, is not a curse denounced against these things? And how did she come by them, Hannah McKenny? how did she come by them? I am no believer in ghosts and dealings with the spirit of darkness, but a christian woman with my hand upon the Bible—but why——?”

“Don’t Betsey,” said Hannah entreatingly, “Margaret can’t bear this now—wait till she is better.”

“No, Hannah McKenny,” cried the old woman, rising from her chair, “I must speak, or the very stones would cry out against her; how do you or I know but this sickness is unto death; and can we warn the stiffened corpse? You would cry peace, peace, when there is no peace, but I must lift up my voice, I must cry aloud, and spare not; perchance this backsliding daughter may hear and repent, and turn unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon her, and to our God, and he will abundantly pardon her. But I say if these things came as they ought to come, why was it that last night, just before the crowing of the cock, when I sat with my Bible in my lap, engaged as a christian woman ought to be engaged, why was it, I say, that strange creepings of the flesh passed over me? I felt my grey hair rise, as it were, upon my head, and these dim eyes saw mysterious shadows upon the wall, aye, and moving about the room—strange voices seemed to come up from the sea, and the long, deep, heavy roar thereof, bore other sounds than the chafing of its own waters? Shrieks and wailings fell upon my ear—I heard the clashing

of arms, and the rattling of shrouds, when the vessels in the Harbor were anchored at too great a distance for a sound from them to be borne to mortal ear."

"Peace your raving," cried Margaret, unable longer to restrain herself, and eyeing both with a look of scorn, for Hannah, imbibing the superstitions of the highly wrought imagination of poor Betsey, had sunk into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"Are you, Hannah, such a weak fool as to heed the ravings of that miserable maniac?"

"I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness," said Betsey, dropping the tone of enthusiasm she had before assumed, and speaking in a calm and solemn air—"I say, Margaret, that strange rumours respecting you have reached us years ago, and now that you have come amongst us, it may be to die, I warn you to repent, and confess your sins before it be too late." Then tying a handkerchief over her grey locks, she left the dwelling.

Margaret grew more composed after the departure of Betsey, her countenance assumed a gentle and even playful expression, and her voice a silvery tone.

"The old scarecrow fairly frightened you, Hannah, I had thought you were made of sterner stuff—had you seen as much of the world as I have, you would scarcely turn pale at the ravings of a crazy old dolt, like poor Betsey."

"We have never thought Betsey crazy; she is one of the kindest of nurses, except that she will talk a great deal of her own aches, but then she is one of the most devout christians in the parish, and our minister——"

"Hush your nonsense, Hannah," said the other playfully, "that minister of yours seems to be an oracle; I should like to see him, only, I suppose, he would feel bound to warn me much in the style of old Betsey."

"Would you like to see him?" said the other eagerly, "he is not at all like Betsey, but so humble, so meek and prayerful. I wish you would see him, it might help to cure you of your stern, proud ways. O, Margaret, when I see you so proud, and decked as you are, I can scarcely believe you are the same girl that used to wander with me around the white beach and rocky shores, your little bare feet twinkling in the light, and your curly hair dancing in the sunshine. O, Margaret, you are strangely altered."

A pang seemed to contract the face of Margaret, and she turned her head from her companion.

"Do you not sometimes wish you had staid at home, Margaret, and been content to live and die here?"

"Live and die here!" said the other, scornfully, her black eyes and rich complexion eloquent with emotion, "no, never! I have been in the glittering ball room, amongst the wealthy and beautiful, and hundreds have bowed to what they were pleased to call the supremacy of my beauty—I have moved with a proud step in the halls of nobles, and the palaces of kings, and the murmur of admiration has followed me on every side. I have trod the deck of as gallant a ship as ever sailed the ocean, and the eye of the most reckless and daring has quailed beneath my glance. I have held men entranced at the splen-

dor of what they termed beauty, and awed by the power of mind. No, no; I was never made to lead this mushroom life, and I only wonder what strange fantasy it could have been that brought me back here."

While she uttered this with flashing eye, and in a deep, rich tone of voice, Hannah shrank back, awed by her terrible beauty. Strange and fearful thoughts crowded upon her mind, to which she dared not give utterance in the presence of the strange, radiant being before her.

"Margaret, had you spent your life here, you might not have found so many to call you beautiful, and O, Margaret, it is a sad, dangerous thing, but might you not have been more happy, more innocent." Then dropping her voice to a sweet, timid tone, she continued,—"May not what you call a fantasy that prompted you to return, have been, after all, the strivings of the spirit with you, urging you back to virtue, to innocence, and to God? Margaret, slight not the sacred voice—let me entreat you to forget your pride, your vanity, and listen only to the still, small voice of the Spirit, saying, 'return unto me, O, backsliding daughter, and I will have mercy upon thee.'"

"Really, Hannah," said Margaret, "I couldn't have believed you could preach so well—I have listened to that oracle of yours to some purpose."

Shocked at this heartless piece of sarcasm, Hannah burst into tears.

"I can pardon you, Margaret," she said, in a low voice, "but I tremble for you."

Margaret was moved. "It is so long, Hannah, since I have had a spirit like yours to deal with, that I hardly know how to treat it. But, seriously, Hannah, I know that you are right—my soul tells me so. But who is it makes our destiny? I never appointed mine, and why should I be accountable for it? Deeper and stronger feelings were given me than to you, Hannah, and if they have led me astray, I am not the aggressor, but the victim."

"O, no, no," said Hannah, earnestly, "you are all wrong. Margaret, I feel it, but I cannot reason with you. Much has been given you, and much may justly be required. O! Margaret go back with me—do you not see a placid looking matron bending over a bare-footed child, with curly hair, whose eyes are cold, and hands clasped, and do you not hear the murmur of those lips imploring the blessing of God upon its young head, asking for virtue, holiness, and that peace which the world cannot give or take away."

"You will drive me mad, Hannah—the prayer was never answered, and why should it not have been? I was guiltless then——"

"But as you grew in years, Margaret, you forgot to watch as well as pray—and your beauty has been a snare to you: and oh! Margaret, I fear at last you forgot to even pray when Raymond——"

Margaret recoiled as if from the sting of a serpent—"No more, Hannah," she said sternly, "I have already borne too much from you."

A dead silence ensued, and Hannah sat listlessly, parting the soft hair from the forehead of one of her children, who had entered the room, and Margaret had turned to the window,



apparently agitated by deep and painful emotions.

Little more is necessary to be said. Margaret lived many years, and at length died as she had lived—a proud, imperious, wretched woman, seeking sympathy with no one. She seemed chained to the spot of her nativity by some undefined hope, perhaps that of seeing Raymond once more; perhaps he might have promised to return—for she spent the greater part of her time in watching the vessels as they entered and left the harbour, and would often rise ere the dawn of day to scan those that might have come to anchor at night. But, whatever might have been her expectations, she died without their ever having been realized.

Portland, Me.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE DIAMOND.

### PART I.

#### I.

By a haunted well,  
In a lonesome dell,  
Sat an earthly sprite complaining;  
The earth was young,  
And the moon, late hung  
In the heavens, was slowly waning.

#### II.

"Oh! sister fair,  
Sweet sprite of air,"  
Thus told she her fancied sorrow:  
"I long to roam  
In thy ether home,  
And thy light wing fain would borrow."

#### III.

"There are brilliant hours  
In this world of ours,  
A flower is our dewy bath;  
On humming birds we  
Ride merrily,  
Mid perfume seeking a path."

#### IV.

"In a nautilus thou  
The blue deep shall plough,  
With a sea-sprite gallant and gay;  
The neres\* all night  
With their rosiest light,  
Shall gladden thee on thy way!"

#### V.

"I will clamber up  
To an acorn's cup,  
At the topmost branch of yon oak;  
Be our trysting there,  
Sister in air,"  
And she gained the cup as she spoke.

#### VI.

"I have come to thee  
In this broad oak tree,"

\* Neres. These insects shine like glow-worms, but with a brighter splendour, so as at night to make the element appear as if on fire all around.

A sweet voice murmured low;  
"Sweet sister mine,  
This wish of thine  
Hath ill you may not know:

#### VII.

"There are terrors dread  
Around me spread,  
Though I guard me from them well,  
But to impart  
My secret art  
Is forbid by mighty spell!"

#### VIII.

"Give me thy wings!  
Prate not of things  
I deem as gossamer light;  
In their rainbow hues,  
I soon will lose  
This brown dark earth to sight."

#### IX.

The air sprite sighed,  
And nought replied  
To her sister's rash demand;  
But her gay wing doff'd,  
And her robe so soft,  
Placing them in her hand!

#### X.

Her wing which made  
Of the violets shade,  
The earth sprite scorn'd in pride,  
And her mantle light  
A sunbeam bright,  
She careless threw aside.

#### XI.

Oh! fair to see,  
In that giant tree,  
Were those sprites in their changed array;  
Their kiss was heard  
As the chirp of a bird,  
When they parted and flew away!

### PART II.

#### I.

Over the earth  
With spritely mirth,  
Like a glow-worm the air sprite sped,  
Then nestled her in  
Through the wainscot thin,  
Where a poet's couch was spread.

#### II.

While for a theme  
To his soothing dream,  
Bright scenes from afar she brought,  
And the voice of fame  
To that dreamer came,  
From that glimpse he slumbering caught.

#### III.

On such an eve  
As genii weave  
For their high banquetting,  
She would dance along like a shooting star,  
Only glowing brighter far  
O'er the blossoms of flowery spring.\*

\* A very curious phenomenon was observed in Sweden by M. Haggern, lecturer on Natural History. A flash of light darted repeatedly from marigolds and some other flowers. The most intense

## IV.

Full many a night  
Thus passed the sprite,  
And many a smiling morrow;  
Undimmed and gay,  
From May to May,  
With never a thought of sorrow.

## V.

For when the year  
Grew cold and drear,  
And snow-drifts covered the ground,  
She wrapped her close in that sunbeam warm,  
And heeded not the gloomy storm,  
Which howled and whistled round.

## VI.

One morning fair  
This sprite of air,  
On a bubble to sea did float;  
Her oar a shred  
Of gay gold-thread,  
Her awning shade a mote.

## VII.

Blithely awhile,  
In nature's smile,  
She bask'd in her vessel frail,  
But the bubble burst,  
And the sprite immersed,  
'Mid the folds of a nautilus sail.

## VIII.

She freed her quick  
From her prison thick,  
And before its master stood,  
While the timid flush  
Of her mantling blush,  
His noble soul subdued.

## IX.

Earth is now old,  
But ne'er has been told  
A tale of more ardent love,  
'Than the nautilus king  
To the sprite did sing,  
Her tender soul to move.

## X.

"Come thou with me,  
Beneath the sea,  
Where dwells our ocean queen;  
On wild sea-flowers,  
In pearl hung bowers,  
'Mid caves of matchless sheen!

## XI.

There glowing the light  
Refracted bright,  
Comes at noontide the ocean through:  
And each glimmering star  
From its cyrr far,  
Yields its tribute of beauty too.

## XII.

"Have you e'er seen  
An Indian screen,

With mother-of-pearl inlaid;  
Such are the views  
Of countless hues  
In that home of the gay mermaid."

## XIII.

As the harp of the winds when it low replies  
To the passionate prayer which the zephyr sighs,  
The air-sprite breathed assent.  
One arm he placed  
Round her tiny waist,  
While one the wild sea-monsters chased,  
As down through the deep they went.\*

## PART III.

## I.

Through the arid fields,  
Where no raindrop yields,  
Its tribute fresh and pure;  
Where the sun's fierce blaze  
Has never a haze  
Its scorching beams to obscure.

## II.

Through these realms so wide  
The earth sprite hied,  
First rushing on buoyant wings:  
But languidly  
On her pinion free,  
Anon was her journeying.

## III.

Her pulse, (the vein of a passion flower,  
By Flora strung in sportive hour;)   
Throbbed faint and slow in the sultry sky:  
The amber wreathed round her forehead proud,  
Melted away like a sunset cloud,  
To the tears in her pensive eye.

## IV.

As when through Fancy's misty veil,  
We view the fair scenes of a fairy tale,  
And brilliant each object there appears,  
Yet in Reality's full sun,  
The glistening visions, one by one,  
Will melt, alas, in tears.

## V.

While faint and wan  
Still travell'd on  
The vainly sorrowing sprite;  
Thus spake she—soft  
As gales that waft  
The spirit of delight.

## VI.

"Would I were back on my own green earth,  
Slumbering calm on the scented turf,  
With the dew from some gentle Naiad's urn  
Poured o'er my brow,  
So fevered now—  
Ah! would I could there return!

## VII.

She saw afar,  
Near the vesper star,

glass could detect no insect, and it was supposed to be produced by the falling of the pollen on the dry petals, as it was never seen in damp weather, and only in the months of July and August about sunset.

\* The nautilus when a storm comes on, or when disturbed, draws in sufficient water to make it specifically heavier than that in which they float and sink to the bottom. — Vide, Encyclopædia.

A peri\* fair to view;  
Whom a dive did chase,  
For her ruby vase,  
Brimming with crystal dew.

## VIII.

Nearer they came!  
And the breath of flame,  
Of that dive was withering;  
The startled sprite  
Sought to shun his sight,  
And urged her fainting wings.

## IX.

In vain, in vain!  
In his grasp she's ta'en,  
And bound by an eye-lash strong,  
While in the delay,  
Far, far away,  
The peri had sped along.

## X.

The dive bore the sprite  
Through the fields of light,  
To the chain that upholds the sun,†  
In each link of gold  
Sat a demon old,  
Who a beautiful peri had won.

## XI.

With one sleepless eye,  
Guarding wistfully,  
Their captives sorrowful,  
Who sadly wait,  
Till the voice of fate  
Calls them back to their ancient rule.

## XII.

He hurried her on  
Unto Hadez throne.  
All around was terrific and dark,  
Lighted but by the fire,  
Which his vengeful ire  
From his eyeball cast spark by spark.

## XIII.

"I bring thee, oh! Night,  
A rebel sprite,"  
Thus the dive unto Hadez said:  
"I the culprit found  
From her broad realms bound,  
In Regret's wide region strayed:"

\* The Persian Magii teach that there are two principles governing the universe, one of good and one of evil. That good existed from the beginning, but that evil was created. That these two principles are at constant war with each other, success fluctuating from side to side; which arrangement of things will continue for some thousands of years; when Yezend, the spirit of light and good, to whom belongs the peris will finally conquer, and exterminate Hadez, the spirit of evil and darkness, with his subjects, the dives.

When a dive takes a peri prisoner, he immures her in a cage, which he hangs in the highest trees and lofty places.

Young heroes are according to the annals of these wars, sometimes chosen from among the princes of the east, by the peris, as champions, and meet with most marvellous adventures in the service.

† According to Anaxagoras the sun was anciently supposed to be hung by a chain in the heavens.

## XIV.

"Presumptuous sprite,  
Thy daring flight,"  
The demon scowling spoke,  
"Merits thy doom  
A living tomb  
I sentence—and never revoke.

## XV.

"Many a child,  
Of ambition wild,  
From thy race has been brought to me;  
I have doomed them each  
To be diamonds rich,  
In the yellow sands of the sea!"

## XVI.

A vivid flash  
From beneath his lash,  
Pass'd rapidly o'er the sprite.  
It vanish'd apace,  
And in her place  
Shone a diamond dazzling bright.

## XVII.

Her mantle late a lucid cloud,  
Congealed into a tomb and shroud,  
Round her aerial form:  
Those drooping wings of Iris-hue,  
Confined, yet fluttering shone through,  
Varying with colors warm.

## XVIII.

"I bind thee with fell  
And hateful spell,"  
The demon said—"now heed it well;  
Envy, ambition, and perjured love,  
Its loathsome, venomous power shall prove.

## XIX.

"As the bird is lured from his course on high  
By the fatal charm in the serpent's eye;  
The lover who meets thy baleful gaze,  
Shall waver and change with its flickering rays;  
The eye that dwells on thy lustre gay,  
Remorse shall fade with tears away:  
The silent music of beauty's smile,  
Discordant will glow by thy subtle guile:  
And the anguish and crime which thy race will give  
birth,  
Shall be darker and fiercer than aught on earth.

## XX.

"But if ever a young and faithful heart,  
From love can scorn thy witching art;  
And when the sun in refulgence bright,  
Rays thee in flashes of living light,  
Will spurn thee afar on the sea like a leaf,  
Lest the one beloved might have cause for grief—  
By the pure devotion of that high deed,  
Thou wouldst from my spell be forever freed,  
For nothing on earth can so powerful be  
As warm, true-hearted constancy!"

The next day's sun  
That rose upon,  
Dark Gani's\* turbid wave,  
Saw the earth-sprite  
A diamond bright,  
Where crafty mullets† bathe.

\* Gani, a diamond stream in the kingdom of Golconda.

† The mullets are proverbial among fishermen for their treachery, whole nets full have often been known to make their escape.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## COTTON.

BY A LADY OF TENNESSEE.

Of this invaluable plant, to the cultivation of which so much attention is paid by the people of the southern and south-western States, little is known either in the eastern States, England, or in any other place, except where it enters the market for manufacturing consumption.

The cotton seed is planted about the end of March or beginning of April. After the old stalks have been pulled up and burnt, the ground is prepared much in the same way as for the reception of grain. When planting time begins, the slaves repair to the fields, some with great hamper baskets filled with seed, which they throw in heaps for the use of the droppers, (those who put in the seed) some with ploughs and horses, and others with the coverers. Three hands work to a ridge, the foremost one guides the plough and opens the ridge, the next drops, whilst the third (close in the rear), lightly encloses the seed with a small instrument, called a coverer.

It is now allowed to remain until it appears above ground, when it requires continued tending with the hoe, to keep up the ridges and to destroy the weeds, which would very easily choke it and prevent it from growing.

The stalk grows up straight from the ground, producing first two leaves opposite, small at first and very rough, but they expand until quite large. As the plant grows it continues to bear leaves opposite, but different in shape to the former ones, these being large but crenated, with the under side white and downy, the upper very green and smooth; it continues growing and branching, reaching from three to ten feet in height, (but this entirely depends on the soil and climate) until the end of June when the blossoms appear; these are about the size and shape of the *Althea* flower, but of a much coarser and tougher texture. Each flower grows on a small short stem issuing from the main stalk, and not from the petals; they open in the morning quite white, but, curious as it may seem, they assume a reddish hue during the night, preserve their new beauty the following day, and on the third contort, and soon wither from the stem, leaving the young bolls distinctly visible where they fell. These, with favorable weather, soon grow of the size, and nearly of the color, of an English walnut when half ripe, but the exterior is smoother, of a brighter green, and has quite a gloss; and there are indentures all around them from the base to the apex. As they come to maturity they blacken and gradually burst between each one of them, exposing to view, in every compartment, the cotton as white as snow and soft like down. Each division of *lock* encloses five or six seeds. When ripe each boll is picked of the cotton, and left on the stem. The same plant has to be picked many times as all the bolls do not come to perfection at once, and a field apparently cleared of the crop on an evening, on the morrow will appear as though a shower of snow had fallen during the night;

and in this manner crop picking, which commences in autumn, often lasts till the time of putting in the next year's seed.

The seeds are separated from the down, which is then baled for exportation by means of a machine called a *gin*. Some of these are worked by horse power, others by steam; these seeds contain a quantity of oily matter, which is valuable for burning in lamps: they are considered very nutritious food for cows and swine. The luxuriance of the cotton varies materially according to the soil and climate, even in the same State. Much greater crops are raised in some parts than others. Tennessee, for instance, may be said to have at least three distinct sections of soil. That part east of the Cumberland mountains, is generally barren and unyielding, and not at all calculated for planting; in the centre of the State moderate returns are made in a good season to the planter, for the care and toil of the year past, whilst in the extreme west, (called the western district, including the whole state west of the Tennessee river), the soil is well adapted to the growth of this plant, producing fine crops.

Cotton, like most other things of southern growth, is extremely tender and easily destroyed. It thrives best in a rich, soft, alluvial soil, and requires a hot sun to ripen under; a draught parches it to death, and heavy rains will wash it away; but its greatest enemy is frost, which has the power to injure it when bursting in the boll; a cold night or two will destroy the work of a year, and the disappointed planter frustrated in all his plans and hopes for the coming year, may sit down quietly and calculate his losses and creditors accounts.

South Carolina and Georgia were the great cotton states; now Mississippi and Alabama carry the day, the soil is rich, and most of it new: a great part of it never having echoed to any foot-fall but the red man's. Various tribes still hold possession of both these states, but, doubtless, they like the rest of their unfortunate brethren, will soon be either exterminated or forcibly ejected, and driven over the frontier, there to seek hunting grounds amongst the mountains, by their insatiate and ruthless foe—the white man, whose only law in this, as in similar cases, is that "might makes right."

It is possible that Texas and the southern part of Arkansas will, at some future period, as cotton countries, entirely supersede every other ever known. Tracts already appropriated are said to produce two thousand pounds of seed cotton\* to the acre, and require planting but once in three years; the crops of two intervening years growing from the fallen seed.

No person can be arrested in a fair except for debts contracted there, or promised there to be paid. This is ancient law, opposed to the turpitude of modern legislation, and the villainy of legal practice unrestrained by benevolent legislation.

\* Four pounds of seed cotton are equal to one pound of cotton.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### STANZAS.

#### *On a very sudden and affecting Death.*

Oh, what a victory was here,  
Dread tyrant! o'er the mortal part;  
Long shall affection's bitter tear  
Deplore the triumph of thy dart.

O'er yon pale form a husband bows;  
Around, her lovely children grieve;  
The church who heard with joy her vows,  
The poor she may no more relieve!

And was there then no meaner breast!  
Wherein the shaft might entrance found!  
Where fewer claims of Nature prest,  
Where fewer hearts would feel the wound?

Alas! that bosom now is cold,  
So warm, so pure, so good, so kind!  
Alas! that thou should'st be so bold,  
O, Death! or man should be so blind!



Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE VICTIMS OF PASSION:

#### A TALE OF THE EAST.

"These shall the Passions wound and tear,  
The vultures of the mind."—Gray.

"Curs'd from the cradle, and brought up to years,  
With cares and fears."—Lord Bacon.

THE celebration of the august and imposing rite of admission to the priesthood of the ancient and venerable order of Seva, had drawn together a crowd of persons from various parts of the southern district of India, to witness the scene in the great temple of the God, in the river-island of Iswara. The ceremony was now over, and the multitude had dispersed. One person still lingered near the altar; it was he who had just assumed the vows of a priest.

Godari was the younger son of a powerful and distinguished officer of the state. If abundant wealth, worldly honor, and high mental endowments could have secured the happiness of their possessor, there had been few whose blessedness had equalled his; but it was the misfortune of Godari to be born with that morbidness of feeling and susceptibility of passion which are the bane of comfort in every condition of existence. The temper of his spirit was moody and intense; he could look on nothing with moderate and healthful impressions: but every emotion which swelled his bosom was splendid ecstasy or bitter grief. The whole chord of his moral sensations was attuned to a key so much higher than that of the persons around him, that the daily intercourse of life caused between them and him an endless jar and discord. The necessary inferiority and unavoidable restraints of childhood, had distressed him with a kind of torture; the playful taunts and sprightly sarcasms of his equals, which others forgot as soon as formed, sank into his mind with a rankling bitterness.

So vivid was his own consciousness that he never could escape from it, or view the world in any other relation than as his single friend or enemy; every thing and every person seemed to be always interested in him. He was dowered with all the sensibility, and some of the power of a poet; and the painful instincts of a lofty spirit he had suffered from his youth with a troubled mind. From the high-seasoned banquet of Apician miseries which a temper, fastidious in torments, daily prepared from the occurrences of common life, there was the fascinating refuge of the world of fancy; and thus, feeding on the dream-food of luscious visions, was the appetite of his mind still more diseased.

In addition to the sufficient curse of an over-sensitive heart, it happened, unfortunately, that the elder brother of Godari was a person of a nature and disposition the very opposite of his own. Cold, callous, and unfeeling, he took a savage pleasure in tyrannizing over the tenderness of his brother; he hourly vexed his soul with deep and aching insults, and stung him into madness by cruel irritation. The very presence of so uncongenial a spirit, stirred up by a species of magnetic influence a dark strife of struggling passions. His father, also, though kindly natured, was of the world, worldly; he had breathed the petrifying air of a court until his temper had become stern, hard, and inflexible. His son found in his forceful spirit nothing cognate to his gentle wishings. His father put down all romantic and dreamy sentiments as false and noxious; and ardent minds, when they despise or condemn a passion or a principle, often forget to allow for its existence. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising if Godari looked back upon his past life as a dark and distressful memory of woe.

If the overthrow of personal quiet and happiness were the mere result of such exquisite susceptibility as we refer to, light would be the curse of such a portion compared with the whole evil actually wrought. The reaction of such suffering upon the moral frame is the darkest part of all. The sad history of such persons may be briefly written: their sensibility makes them miserable, and their misery makes them wicked. Their life is a truceless war against inward anguish; where others are free to debate principles, or decide on conduct in reference to honor, or justice, or duty, they are absorbed by the consideration of the effect upon the feelings. They dwell ceaselessly on self; for what indeed is genius, in any of its forms, but intense mental selfishness? They desire not to love but to be loved. This racking of the peace of the heart wastes away the moral being, and crushes down the spiritual integrity; the inevitable engrossment of private ends and motives saps the vigor of that virtue whose source and support is self-oblivion. From such intolerable depression the victim of susceptibility takes refuge in an opposite frightful ruthlessness and malignity. The native hunger after sympathy creates a craving in the heart which, if it be not satisfied with love, will deaden its pangs with the narcotic stimulants of abhorrence and fiendish detestation. Thus did the young Godari, a being made for purity and peace, often resile from the softness of human feelings to the ferocious stern-

ness of demoniac hate; and, by the fretting of imtemperate kindliness, transformed in feeling "from a slave to an enslaver," he coped in fancy with the actual world, and sitting in his lonely chamber, meditated schemes of power with the tortuous cunning of Satanic malevolence. Soon flinging from himself in imagination all restraints of piety, he sprang suddenly into the endless void of atheism, and felt for a time a high relief from the smothered vehemence of natural feeling. But soon did this idle oscillation of benumbed feeling—this "waste of passion unemployed"—this *life in death*—of lonely and unanswered aspiration—become more grievous than the restraints of truth. He found that the *idea* of an empty universe—an idea that cannot be grasped or grappled with—despotizes over the mind with tyranny far more crushing than that of the thunder-armed God of heaven. He felt that unbounded vacancy annihilates the finite spirit. The suffering of this state of existence drove him back to belief. He became deeply religious, and felt in that sheltering thought, a deep and perfect peace. Passion died away within him; the simple purity of boyhood new-garmented his soul. He found in the calm ardour and exhaustless interest of celestial love a sufficient object for all his aspirations. He had felt, when he thought of mingling in the action of the busy world, that there was no object on earth large enough to fill the wants of his wish; he had felt that all must be embraced or all would be lost: and that impossible striving after universality had made him wretched. Now, the single thought of God was enough to satisfy his peaceable hopes.

Religion assures peace to its followers, not by gratifying the passions, but by changing the nature. He who, with dispositions and feelings unaltered, hopes to find in piety a refuge from the griefs and sorrows of the world, will be mistaken. That devotion which is sustained by the natural ardors of the heart, is delusion. Holiness comforts mankind, not by satisfying existent wants or soothing existent griefs, but by withdrawing the sting of irritation from accustomed sources of sorrow, and teaching us to find new pleasure in new feelings. Godari felt happy in cherishing holy thoughts, yet was not the frame of his desires transformed. Such faith might flourish in the calmness of solitude, but there was danger that it might give way in the trials of temptation. Sometimes even in the quietude of his lonely thoughts, his passions rose and overmastered his control, and he relapsed into the wild and intoxicating freedom of defiance. But he soon returned to saner counsels, and felt joyous again in the peacefulness of prayer. The time now drew nigh in which it was necessary for Godari to make choice of some profession; for the ancient laws of that country forbade any to live in idleness. The thought of any worldly enterprise was intolerable to him; he believed that he could not succeed in any profession of that sort, and that the highest success would be ineffably paltry. He therefore chose the priesthood, and after many debates with his father, and many sneers from his brother, it was finally decided that that should be adopted. Let it not be thought that Godari was insincere; he cordially believed all the dogmas of his creed, and earnestly clung to the sentiments which they

inspired as the only consolation in life. Still were his wishes but half purged, and his heart but half-illuminated. He looked upon religion rather as a refuge than as a mission; he adhered to it rather for the present happiness which it afforded than by the compulsion of a strong sense of duty. His profession was rather the choice of a refined selfishness than the results of a thorough sacrifice. In fact, the young man had not fully realized what he had undertaken; and it is the misfortune of those who, like himself, are cursed with the possession of imagination, never fairly to realize anything in life. They see nothing through the colourless light of actual life; but a roseate mist of delusion spreads itself around them, and becomes the atmosphere of their minds. To such men there is nothing agreeable in looking within, and dwelling amid the agitation of an unsatisfied heart; therefore, all their thoughts are outward and restless; they exist out of themselves in the creations of the visionary faculty. Fancy, like a coral-working insect, builds up a rich and summer dome around them, which then becomes their being. They are bent to fill up a picture or a story which imagination sketches; they think only of opinion, and never attain the consciousness of their true state until some great calamity—some striking of the great clock of life—suddenly crushes down the net-work tracery of fancy.

The ceremony of his entrance on the priesthood was, as we have said, completed; and none remained in the temple, except the young devotee. There was a gloom and weight upon his spirit which he could neither conquer nor account for; it was not that instinctive foreboding of ill which we sometimes feel, but merely a dullness and ungeniality of feeling. Perhaps it was the natural effect of the fatiguing pomp which he had just passed through: perhaps it was an uneasy feeling produced by the want of sympathy from his family in the course which he had adopted; perhaps it was a shade cast upon the glass of his spirit by the breath of some passing dream—for so small a thing as a forgotten vision of the night has power to colour the substance of our being. It was to overcome, if possible, this "stified, drowsy, unimpassioned grief," that Godari remained by the deserted altar. He endeavored to compose his thoughts by pious recollections, and to drive away the dark shadow from his heart.

He presently rose and turned to a room joining the main temple, and separated from it by a hanging curtain. As he approached it he thought he saw the figure of some one standing upon the other side. He withdrew the folds a little without noise, and felt breathed upon his face, a soft, warm and delicious air, "so sweet that the sense ached at it." He paused a moment to inhale the ambrosial smell, and then moving the curtain, beheld the loveliest woman he had ever seen, standing and looking attentively upon a picture hung upon the wall above the curtain. Her countenance was all-roseate with the bloom of splendid intelligence: her complexion was as freshly soft and brightly pure as the dewy tints of a new-born flower; her features were gently proud with the high-born grace of purity and fine recession of a queenly innocence; and with a swan-like majesty,

The mantling spirit of reserve  
Fashion'd her neck into a goodly curve.

Her startled glance fell upon the intruder, and then fluctuated with a painful timidity. It was a dove-like eye that seemed a spheroid soul; you might have loved and worshipped it apart from its possessor. In the breast of young Godari the bright conflagration of love was kindled in a moment.

It would be difficult to determine which party was the most embarrassed. They both stood bowing towards one another for some time, blushing deeply, and looking on the ground. At length the lady spoke.

"My brother left me here," she said with an agitated voice, "while he has gone to see if we could be permitted to look at the curiosities of the temple." And what a voice! There was a spirit in the sound; the gushing tones seemed angels uttered into immortality: there was a breathing life upon the words that pierced and played upon the hearer's heart.

"Certainly," said Godari, "on any day that the rooms shall be open, they will be infinitely honoured by your presence. To-day, however, they are closed, and no exception of persons is made. Yet to you, I am sure, that even now they will be open. To you I am sure that neither that nor anything else will be denied."

"O, no," said the strange lady, "I cannot think of opposing any of the usual laws. It is not a matter of any consequence," and she was moving away.

"Will you suffer me to bring you word," said Godari, "of the time when the rooms are open?"

The lady bowed.

"And will you promise to come?" said Godari, taking hold of her hand, and looking in her eyes with a supplicating impression, which it was impossible to resist. The lady smiled with an embarrassed air, and looked sideways at him.

"Promise me," continued the lover with the most persuasive accent.

"I will," said the other, half unwillingly, and making her escape at the same time from the room.

Like the dazzling blaze of sunlight, through a cloudy day, making an unconsuming flame of all the air, was the infinite illumination of the passion that blazed forth in the darkling mind of young Godari. In the experience of the spirit, unity is not completeness; individual consciousness is never wholly realized until it embraces with the being of another. As, in bodily feeling, sensation is our only evidence of the existence of the senses, so does the weird brightness of the soul lie hid in sluggish apathy, until the reaction of another heart hath shot life into its torpid frame; then, roused by the wave-like pulsing of its strength, it rears its giant limbs, and swells its towering crest. Ere sympathy has sprung upon the heart, the spirit seems struggling into being; when first "the mirror of an answering mind" reflects the warmth of the appreciation on the desponding thoughts, then the soul flashes into splendid life. Feeling, indeed might suggest, and those utterances of revealed truth which teach that by fellowship and unity the light of the divine life is cherished,

might support the notion that the immortal soul is not a self-breathing essence, incorporate in the frame, but is the mystic union of two lives—an all-hued Iris binding hope to hope.

By love, those aspirations which have been dull and dumb, are quickened by a glorious energy; our darkling ends and aims are tipped by the sunlight of a splendid purpose. Those longings after good which, when the heart would have rayed them toward distant objects, were turned and deadened in itself, are winged with a sweeping, endless flight. Love is a real bliss, with the unreal wideness of a shapeless hope; it is a victory before the war; the lustre of a triumph, unsoiled by the dust of the race. Thenceforth, joy is not an occasional and confined emotion; it is the *state* of the heart; it lies at the source, and mingles with the first fountain of the thoughts, and like a tinted crystal sphering a star-like fire, colours each springing beam of light. The lover breathes an exhaustless air of bliss—floats on an ebbless tide of joy. For all delights, his thoughts are all-sufficient to themselves; and, deep-enriched in sheltering peace, hope resting on the breast of memory, carols its floating chaunt of joy.

As well might a man, by slow-kindling and successive bonfires, attempt to stutter forth the startling glare, whereby the lightning with its one swift flash displays the skies, as a narrator to convey by slow particulars, and cold details of action and impression, the flood-like force of instant love, whereon the soul is floated far from all its moorings. Godari felt as if a fiery minister of life had whirled through his thoughts with the speed of a völlunge, and lighted the dull grief of his heart into a blaze of gladness. He was panting with the agitation of this exciting interview. Whether accident had hitherto prevented his meeting with one whose presence was fitted to disturb his soul with the might of quivering feelings, or whether his proud and jealous temper had felt a lonely joy in turning softness into scorn, certainly never till now had masterless love possessed his being. The sullen cloud that had eclipsed his days rolled away into the distance of long-forgotten years. When the first tumultuous ecstasy had passed, and his calmer mind began to hover about the edges of the one imaged thought that possessed his memory, that recollection seemed to him a secret treasure which he might visit to refresh his heart and think of with delight in all his troubles, an ever-blooming and still-budding bliss to which his pained soul might turn and sigh away its grief.

Godari had taken the precaution of sending an attendant after the lady to ascertain where she resided, and had resolved on visiting her on the following day. The night was passed by him in tasting the sweetest thing the mental sense can ever know—a lover's fragrant fancies and nectared hopes. Independent on the keen pleasure of these delightful thoughts, the rich relief from the agonizing pressure of the morbid terrors which had weighed upon his being, which was afforded by the absorption of sensibility in an inward subject had been sufficient blessing. The tyranny of externality no longer crushed his freedom; he breathed a regular and unchecked breath. Rid of the spectatored thralldom of his



former slavery, his fancy gamboled in its covert lawns. His scheming heart—for the poet's heart will still be scheming—shaped goodliest scenes of happiness, and incidents of pleasure; he framed a thousand histories of wedded joy, all to be told of his future life. Roaming through all the dizzy worlds of dreamery, companioned by her loveliness, her presence made the blest more blissful. Leaving the young dreamer to his thoughts of pleasantness, let us turn for a while to another scene.

The summer shadows were beginning to lengthen through the ancient forest which was skirted by the deep and rapid river Caveri, when the young king Goroyen rode through the wood to enjoy the freshness of the rising breezes. This monarch, while yet a boy, had been called to assume the throne of the southern district of India; and was in the habit of compensating himself for the annoying absorptions of business in the morning, by long and solitary rides through the royal forest in the afternoon. It was on the same day that Godari had taken his vows, that the king, after being present at the ceremony, and having returned to his palace to dine, mounted his horse and set out on his usual excursion. The father of Goroyen, who was a man of solitary and meditative disposition, had built a lodge in the heart of the forest and furnished it with the utmost luxury and elegance, as a place of retreat and privacy from the business and bustle of his court. The rooms were arranged every morning by a confidential servant from the palace, but no attendant resided at the house and no one was entrusted by the king with the key. Goroyen visited this place almost every afternoon, and its silence and solitude rendered it a delightful spot for reading or for thought.

The king was riding leisurely along, within sight of this lodge, when he was startled by a wild cry of terror and distress, issuing from beyond a thicket of underwood which concealed the view. The cry was followed by a loud crashing of limbs and rustling of leaves, and the king spurring his horse quickly around the obstructing bushes, beheld with consternation, a young and delicate woman flying with breathless rapidity, and closely pursued by a terrible wild boar. The lady in a few moments sank to the earth, in horror and affright, and the ferocious animal was about to spring upon her, when Goroyen threw himself from his horse, and drawing his sword with inconceivable swiftness, confronted the monster in the full rush of his violence. The boar, suddenly jerking his tusks sideways, inflicted a wound upon Goroyen, and brought him to his knee; then, drawing back, lowered his front and dashed with all his vehemence at his bending foe. Goroyen planted himself firmly upon one knee, threw out his other foot and fixed it against a root, then supporting one end of his sword against his breast with one hand, and directing the blade with the other, was prepared to receive the assailant on the point of his weapon. The animal made one spring; the steel met and clove the centre of his skull: in a moment, he lay dead upon the body of the king.

Goroyen was stunned by the violence with which the enormous creature had leaped upon him; but, soon recovering, extricated himself

from the lifeless load that rested upon him, and turned towards the lady whose safety had urged him to this contest, and who still lay where she had fallen, pale and insensible. The first conviction of Goroyen was that she was dead.

Without a moment's delay he raised her lifeless form in his arms, carried her to the lodge which was close at hand, and laid her upon a rich velvet sofa in one of its rooms. He resorted at once to all the modes of restoration which he could think of; he called her, shook her, begged her to come to life; then threw water in her face, and loosened her dress behind, that her returning breath might not be obstructed. Finding that none of these appliances were effectual, he knelt down and looked intently in her face; partly fascinated by her wonderful and peculiar beauty, and partly to see if no signs of vitality were discoverable in her countenance. He then threw himself beside her on the sofa, and clasped her to his bosom in the hope that the warmth of his person might quicken the coldness of her frame. In a little while she heaved a deep sigh, and presently after opened her eyes, and closed them again; she then drew a long and difficult breath, folded Goroyen to her bosom, and muttered—"My brother."

The king, delighted with her restoration, imprinted eager kisses on her cheek. The lady again opened her eyes, and fixed them upon him.

"It is not my brother," said she, but without any surprise or agitation.

"It is one who loves you," replied the other, "with more than a brother's love."

"Are we quite safe?" she asked, gazing intently in the air.

"Entirely."

"Oh, what a horrid scene! a few minutes after you left me, I was hastening home, when a horrid animal sprang out of a thicket, and ran directly towards me. I thought I should have died with terror. I tried to run, but I felt so weak that I could scarcely move. The animal was just upon me, when you, my brother, appeared. Oh! oh! what I felt when I saw you," and she burst into a flood of burning tears.

Goroyen rose from the couch, and kneeling on one knee, watched her blind emotion, without interrupting the natural course of her feelings. He was deeply touched, as well by her beauty as by the interesting exhibition of uncontrollable disturbance. As the violence of her sobs abated, and she grew more composed, he took her hand in his with kindness, and said in an affectionate tone,—

"Well, the danger is now passed; you are entirely safe now."

The lady started, and fixed her eyes in astonishment upon the speaker. The indulgence of her excited feelings in tears had calmed her agitation and recalled her wandering thoughts to the reality of her position. She raised herself up on the sofa and looking wildly round upon the gorgeous furniture of the apartment, exclaimed, "where am I? Who are you? What place is this?" Then looking down to where her falling dress had exposed the exquisite fairness of her bosom, she raised her hand hurriedly to conceal her breast, and blushed like scarlet.

Goroyen was enchanted by the graceful con-

fusion and maiden delicacy of the lovely girl; and pressing her hand gently to his lips, said in a tone of profound respect, "Be assured, madam, that nothing but the eye of the purest and sincerest love has looked upon those charms." The lady blushed more deeply than before.

Goroyen was silent. The stranger, after struggling with her embarrassment, and essaying in vain several times to speak, said in a broken voice, looking upon the ground, "I—I thought it was my brother. I am indebted, to you, I suppose, for my life. How shall I display my gratitude and—and regard?" Then fearing that she had said what she ought not to have done, she hung her head and trembled with perplexity.

"Chiefly," replied the royal wooer, "by assuring me that you are not hurt in the least."

"I am not hurt at all; but—but, cannot I go home?"

"At any moment that you please; yet I shall be most honoured and delighted if you will remain. Listen to me. This place is sacred from all intrusion. Your presence will give me pleasure. If you will stay here a little while, I pledge to you my stairless honour, that nothing shall occur that can possibly embarrass or offend you, and that I will obey your directions in every thing. And, that you may feel yourself protected, put this little dagger in your belt."

As she was extending her hand to receive the weapon, her eye fell upon a little stream of blood creeping slowly along the carpet. She started up, exclaiming with alarm, "You are wounded."

"Not the least; the merest scratch," said Goroyen, who, in the warmth of interest, had forgotten his wound.

But in attempting to raise himself from his knee, the necessary strain upon the sinews of his limb, caused him such acute suffering that he cried out, in spite of himself. Forgetful of his boast, he was fain to crawl to the sofa and stretch himself upon it, with a countenance expressive of extreme pain.

"Does it give you much pain?" said his companion with solicitude.

"Not much, my love," said Goroyen in a kindly tone, at the same time frowning with anguish.

"I will dress it for you," said she.

"My darling!" said Goroyen, in an incredulous tone, "what should you know about dressing wounds? You had better let it alone."

"No, indeed, I can dress it very well. Will you not let me?"

"You may try it, if you like. But you will kill me I am sure."

The lovely surgeon began her operations. The congealing blood had caused the dress of the king to be stuck to the flesh, and the removal of it inflicted severe pangs upon the patient. "Oweh! my sweetest!" was the exclamation which the first motion elicited: "Booh! my dearest cherub!" marked the second: "Bah! you loveliest dear!" was roared at the third.

At length the operation was completed. "Do you find yourself better?" asked the successful surgeon.

"Much," replied the king, "and shall be still better if you will do one thing more."

"What is that?"

"Kiss me," said the modest patient.

There was something so frank yet so delicate about the countenance of Goroyen, that he inspired confidence and ease in all who came near him. Though the lineaments of his face could not have disclosed his rank, they would have told you at once that he was a thorough gentleman. The lovely lady seemed to understand in a moment the playful refinement, and unpresuming familiarity of his manner; she only pouted with her pretty lips, and said "I shan't."

"By the by," said she, "I wonder whereabouts we are. Do you know?" And she looked with curiosity about the room. She then walked to the window and looked out. "Good gracious! this is the king's lodge. There is no other building in the forest. I tell you what, the king often rides at this hour, and if he comes and finds us here he will be terribly angry. What shall we do? We had better get out as soon as possible. How in the name of goodness did you get in?"

"There is the key," said Goroyen.

"There are but two persons who ever have that key," said she, looking at him with a certain queeriness; "the king and his private servant."

"Might it never occur to you, you perverse little angel! that I was the private servant of the king?"

She paused a moment, and looking keenly at him. "No, no," said she, shaking her head, "you have not the appearance of a servant."

"Then," said Goroyen, smiling kindly towards her, "I must be—"

He stopped and looked enquiringly at her. "The king!" she exclaimed with surprise and awe. An Indian monarch is looked upon as belonging to a superior order of mortals. The colour fled from the lady's cheek, and she bowed with the deepest reverence.

"Nay, nay, my darling!" said Goroyen, "do not tremble at having conquered a king. By my faith, I must renounce my rank, if it deprives me of the privilege of your affections. Come to me," said he. "I told you that you would be an unskilful surgeon; for while you cured one wound, you inflicted a deeper. That wound," he continued, pressing her to his bosom, "only yourself can heal."

Leaving the lovers in the solitude of sacred feeling, let us return to the history of young Godari. The servant whom he had sent after the lady whom he had met so suddenly, and whom the reader has doubtless discovered to be the same whom the king had rescued in the forest, returned with the intelligence that her name was Chatrya—that she resided a little beyond the termination of the forest, and that she belonged to the ancient and honourable tribe of the Samides, the descendants of an old dynasty of kings who had been dethroned ages before by the founder of the present reigning family, and had since lived in entire seclusion, within a separate district, totally disconnected with every other family in the kingdom. Besides the interest of such pure and illustrious blood, there floated around the history and position of this tribe, or family, an air of romance, which far-

ther enfeathered the fancy of Godari and made him still more anxious to meet her again.

Two or three days elapsed before the engagements of his office allowed him leisure to leave the temple long enough to visit her. At length, an unoccupied afternoon occurred, and mounting his horse, and obtaining a very precise direction from his servant, he set out towards her residence. In front of the house, above the door, was a little terrace of flowers, upon which a large window opened from the second story. As Godari drew near he recognized the form of Chatrya stooping down to examine one of the flowers. She raised her head and saw him, and instantly retreated within the window. The heart of Godari beat with strange and painful quickness. He almost repented of his enterprise, and actually slackened his pace considerably, to protract the period of meeting. He pictured to himself so vividly the first encounter with the lady, that the scene, with all its pleasing terrors, seemed present before him. "Function was swallowed in surmise, and nothing was, but what was not." He found himself bowing several times in his saddle, in nervous and involuntary rehearsal of the opening act.

He at length gained the porch, and asked if Chatrya was at home. The enquiry was a mere matter of form; without thinking about an answer he was about to enter, when the servant replied that she was not. Godari was thunderstruck. He had seen her himself at the window; and he stood for a moment balancing in his mind between the fact and reply, in confused surprise, and then turned from the door.

A man does not feel while he fancies. The young priest had nearly finished his homeward journey, before his senses had so far pierced the thick mists of imagination as to receive from beyond them, the impressions of disappointment. Still he did not feel aggrieved or vexed; hopes, such as he had scaffolded about his being, were not to be dashed down by so slight a repulse. He imputed the denial to some mistake or accident, and looked forward to his next visit as assuredly successful. That second visit he made a few days after, and met with the same cold refusal. This time, he was stung and irritated. He was convinced that Chatrya must be resolved not to meet him again, for certainly, she might either have appeared or offered some explanation. He rode home in a savage humour, and felt mad and desperate all the evening. From these annoyances of "reality's dark dream" he took refuge in airy visions of success: he imagined himself in her company, happy and beloved, and thus his equanimity was soon restored. Pleasing fancies soon renewed pleasing hopes. He began to think that he had been hasty in his conclusion of failure. It was very probable that Chatrya was really absent from home, at the time of his last visit, and that the case in fact stood where his first repulse had placed it. Dropping that from the consideration, there was no reason whatever to despond or be surprised. He might almost return to the full satisfaction of his first fresh hope. He determined, however, for the sake of bringing matters to a point, that when he called again, he would make an appointment for bringing her to look at the temple, according to her promise,

which, till now he had almost forgotten, was the avowed object and pretext of his visits.

Accordingly, after some days, he again took his way through the forest, which afforded the only approach from the temple to the residence of Chatrya. After riding a little way, he fell in with the king. By the established law no one was allowed to pass through that wood except the king, and though the prohibition was not penally enforced, yet as it was known that the king loved to be there alone, all who went through it took care to keep as much as possible out of his way: Godari therefore felt a little awkward in intruding upon him. The priesthood, however, constituted a high elevation in rank, and the family of Godari was so much connected with the court, that there had always existed as much familiarity between himself and the king as was practicable between a subject and his sovereign; these considerations and the affable bearing of the monarch soon set him at ease and they rode on together in familiar conversation. After a little while the king turned to him and said, that he had an appointment at his lodge at that hour which would render it necessary for him to leave his companion; and smiling with a peculiar expression, rode off through a narrow path and left Godari alone. The latter suspected the nature of the engagement, but his own thoughts were too much interested in a similar manner to suffer him to blame the conduct of the king.

A brisk canter soon brought him to the brow of a hill from which there issued a fine spring of water. He stopped his horse to let him drink, and in the silence of the breezeless air, he presently heard a sound of motion among the leaves and branches at a little distance which he at first imputed to a playful squirrel. In a moment, however, he heard the low humming of a sweet human voice, that floated, flake-like, on the yellow air, and seemed the vocal incense of a happy heart. He raised his eyes, and at the bottom of the hill saw his own Chatrya. With one hand she was swinging her bonnet by its string and carrying in the other a choice bunch of flowers. The first impulse of Godari's gladness to spring forward and embrace her, was arrested by a feeling of wonder at her presence in this place, and curiosity to discover the object of her walk. A vague feeling of suspicion, too shadowy to be combatted, and too dark to be forgotten, crept over his mind. He stood motionless till she was out of sight, and then dismounting walked quickly in the direction which she had taken, until he again came up with her. He followed her till they came within view of the royal lodge. The heart of Godari sank within him, and a sense of inexpressible mortification came upon him, as he saw that her steps were directed towards it. She tripped gaily along, as soon as she saw the house, and running up the steps, the door opened to her as to one expected.

Godari leaned against a tree, breathless with dismay. His frame grew rigid with the force of unutterable feelings. Scarcely master of his actions, he walked towards the lodge, and observing a window in one end, accessible by a little effort he climbed noiselessly up, and looked within. In the midst of a room, furnished as became the secret place of royal luxury, on a couch of rich-

est crimson, he saw Goroyen and Chatrya lying in the tenderest embraces of love. He looked for one moment; and in that moment the curdling coldness of a demon's temper crept over his spirit and froze his soul to adamant. It was one of those instants that are epochs in the calendar of the soul, transforming it thenceafter ever. Godari sprang to the ground, another creature. In Chatrya had been "garnered up" his happiest memories, his purest thoughts, his holiest hopes. In her had been hooded all his spiritual being; she was the inner world of loveliness wherein his gentler feelings were sheltered and expanded; her memory was the air his virtues breathed; she was his youthful heart; his stainless mind; she was the flower upon his stalk of life. She was

"to his soul  
Its soul; was to his fancy its bound world  
In which it lived, and moved; all else beyond  
Darkness annihilation."

When her idea had been fixed in his thought, it related back through all his life, and absorbed into itself all that was good in all his musings or experience; with her, these perished. As when the autumnal blast whirls through a yellow tree, and what it found a rich and leaf-clad plant, is left a dry and wintry trunk, was the awful desolation wrought in the breast of Godari. He felt no regret or pain: stern and destructive violence of mind devoured all softness. He cursed himself for having been the bubble of a weak and womanish feeling, and the dupe of what now seemed the most trivial passion in the world. Till this moment he had been a boy, begirt with boyhood's self-forming atmosphere of tenderness: but now he waved and whistled down the wind all gentleness of thought, and thrilled with unblenching manhood's steel-nerved force.

Godari felt that he had staked his destiny upon a single cast, and that had gone against him. Henceforth his portion was such selfish gain as, by the onward might of abandoned fury, he could work out for himself. He rode home calm and composed; one might almost say, happy. Feeling in him was crushed and swept away; and feeling is, to a man of sensibility, a source of far more misery than joy. All that system of perception and impression, of which the beating heart is the centre and support, was paralyzed; and his whole consciousness resolved itself into a cold, impassable and scheming intellect. His former susceptibility from opinion, and his relations to others, was gone. His feelings had been wrenched into utter numbness.

Days passed on and the young priest grew sterner and more relentless; for the sources of moral vitality were dried up within him. Religion perished with the softness of his heart; for when impressibility is gone, belief is a dream: we acknowledge and deride or defy. The only passion which burned within him was ambition; and that attached to him, rather from the mental pleasure which intrigue afforded, than from the prospect of grateful desire which success held forth.

To detach the king from Chatrya, revenge as well as restlessness suggested; to marry the

king to his own sister, was a purpose following close upon. The first of these objects he saw an easy manner of accomplishing. To the sect of Neva, of which Godari was a priest, it was usual for the king and nobles of the country to be at some time admitted; for the order was honourable, and held forth high promise of favour in a world to come. This was the religion professed by the ancestral family of Goroyen, who had vanquished and exiled the race of Samide kings; and in the oath taken by the king at his admission, there was inserted a promise never to speak to, or sit or eat with any of the tribe of the Samides. It was not usual for the lay members, of this sect, to take the vows till late in life, for they imposed a greater strictness of life, and austerity of conduct than was usually agreeable to the eagerness of youth; some solicitation and management on the part of Godari was therefore necessary, to prevail upon the king to be initiated into this sect. His consent, however, was at length obtained, and he yielded to the wishes of his friend, profoundly ignorant of the existence of the prohibitory clause, which we have spoken of, in the oath.

A day was accordingly appointed for the ceremony to take place, and at the appointed time there assembled in the temple all that the country held of distinguished, beautiful and great. By the private order of the king, a favourable place for viewing the scene was reserved for Chatrya, who, being informed of all the proceedings by Goroyen, looked forward to the event with great curiosity and interest. When she occupied her seat on the anticipated day, her heart beat high with gentle pride and gratified desire: she cherished the delightful thought that she was the sole object of all the affections of that envied personage, upon whom so many admiring eyes in that bright company were fixed. By the identifying doubleness of love, appropriating to herself the silent tribute of regard which was visibly offered to the youthful monarch, she felt, as one mingling unseen among the crowd may feel, the unknown author of an act which all the crowd applauds. Goroyen, meanwhile, went through the successive ceremonies with grace and dignity, and at length arrived at the solemn oath. The high-priest recited the successive clauses, and Goroyen pronounced them after him. When he came to that part in which it was necessary to renounce all connexion and communication with the Samides, the king started with surprise and embarrassment. To repeat those words with that sincerity with which he was performing the entire service, was utterly inconsistent with that relation to Chatrya, which nothing would induce him to renounce; to mar the order of the solemn ceremonies, and break up the assembly by refusing to continue his part, was not to be thought of. His brain grew dizzy with the perplexity; the clearness of his thoughts was confused by the influence of the observant multitude, and the holy and venerable countenance of the officiating hierarchy; his head swam round with overpowering disturbance, and he insensibly pronounced the words that divorced him for ever from Chatrya.

The disorder and agitation of mind with which Goroyen sought his chamber, when the services were over, cannot be easily described. Bred

in the strictest integrity of principle, he could not tolerate the idea of violating so sacred an oath; yet, on the other hand, honour and affection, and every impulse of piety, duty and desire, forbade him to desert one upon whom his love would soon entail the cares and sorrows of a mother. He paced his room in distraction of thought, and distress of heart, during the remainder of the day, and meeting with no suggestion that afforded him light or consolation, finally resolved on sending for his friend Godari, to obtain the benefit of his counsel in this difficulty.

Godari listened to his disclosures with gratifying interest: sympathized with him in his distress: pitied his unfortunate position: and pondered profoundly upon the best course to pursue. He showed him that this was a case in which inclination and duty were opposed to one another, and pointed out to him the necessity which always existed of disregarding one's own feelings whenever they were at variance with the dictates of duty. To this principle the well-regulated mind of Goroyen cordially assented; but between the obligation of his oath, and that of his connexion with Chatrya there arose apparently a conflict of equivalent duties. Godari went on to say that as far as the king himself was concerned, the paramount force of his vow was manifest; and that as respected Chatrya, every obligation was performed if by any means her happiness was secured. If, therefore, the king would provide for her all those things which would promote her comfort and enjoyment, he might fairly consider himself as absolved from the duty which rested upon him. This seemed to clear the difficulty very well, and Goroyen was delighted with this satisfactory exposition of the case. His own sufferings occasioned by the separation from the only person whom he loved he threw totally out of view, resolving to cling to the right at all possible events and hazards. He gave directions to Godari to assign the lodge as the residence and property of Chatrya, determining himself never to visit it again; and he placed in his hands a liberal sum of money for her use. Satisfied by his own judgment, and the assurance of the priest that he had performed his duty, he determined to conquer the feeling of attachment which had held him to Chatrya, and as a mean of succeeding more fully in this, to fix them, if possible, on some other object. This state of inclination was exactly that which was required for the effecting of Godari's ambitious intentions. While the affections of the king were hovering, as it were, at large, doubtful upon what to alight, and willing to adopt any object that should present itself, Godari directed one of his creatures to represent delicately to Goroyen that the sister of the former cherished an ardent but concealed attachment for him. Such a representation, when made to a man of kind nature, will almost invariably accomplish its purpose; with one of Goroyen's refined sense of honor, and especially at a time when he was peculiarly susceptible, it was certain of success.

Goroyen was deeply touched by the statement which was made to him, and lost no time in presenting himself to the lady, and offering his hand. The wish to forget Chatrya in the ardour of another pursuit, united with the attractions of the person herself; and in a short period the ap-

proaching nuptials of the king were publicly announced.

Let us turn now to the gentle victim of these priestly machinations. Chatrya, with her eyes intently fixed upon the king, sat listening to the oath which he was repeating. The fatal words of separation from herself fell upon her ear without, at first, producing any surprize or emotion. She concluded that she had not heard the words aright, or that something would presently follow to explain or qualify them. She had seen Goroyen the very evening before, and his manner at that time suggested nothing less than an intention of parting from her. As the oath, however, concluded without anything which could relieve her alarm, her heart gradually sank within her; a heaviness crept over her feelings which she could not dissipate. The mere imagination of being alienated from her lover, her only support and comfort, made her sick in spirit. She sank into a dreary reverie, till the heartless noise of the dispersing assembly aroused her to her lonely fears; she had nothing else to do but make her way home, and wait until some intelligence could reach her from the king. A cheerless walk was it for poor Chatrya to reach her home; the gladness of her soul was dead within her; for her, "the splendour in the grass, the glory in the flower," was gone: the desolate hue of her own thoughts, seemed spread over the landscape, and everything, once bright and genial, seemed now frieze-clothed in dismal gloom. She reached her father's house, and there lingered out the heavy, hungry hours, till the time arrived at which she had been accustomed to meet Goroyen at his lodge. She then set out with something of hope but none of dread, to take that path she had so often trod in gaiety and joy; one who had seen her hasty step would not have thought "how ill was about her heart." She gained the lodge, but it was closed and silent. While she was standing upon the steps in the deep quietude of her heavy disappointment, she heard a sound of footsteps on the adjoining path, and her bosom heaved with anxious expectation; but a carelessly whistled song which presently smote upon her ears, showed that it was only a passing ploughman. How that whistling jarred upon her feelings! She walked down from the door, and paused in front of the lodge. As she looked up at the building she was sure she saw Goroyen peeping at her from behind one of the curtains. She threw out her hand with delight, and called to him that she saw him plainly enough; but the object did not move, and upon changing her position she perceived that she had been deceived by the shadow cast by one of the trees. The iron of cruel anguish entered into her soul. She walked around the lodge, and into the road which was near it, feeling as if she should fall to the earth. She listened to the dropping of twigs among the leaves, till she seemed as solitary as if she were standing in a desert. Occasionally a dog ran contentedly along, engaging attention as he passed by, and then leaving her more hopelessly alone. But to the griefs and the joys of life Time is alike relentless: and the "cloud of night" descended drearily around her path, "as if she had not sought a lover." She resolved to wait just so many minutes longer, and then, if Goroyen did not appear, to retrace

her steps as she had come. The time was nearly past when a flash of hope was again kindled in her breast. She distinctly heard the tread of a rapid horseman in the forest; she was sure it was the king, and was almost resolved to go home before he came, in order to punish him for his neglect. The sound grew louder and louder, and not a doubt remained in her heart. She walked back to the door of the lodge, sighing for very excess of joy, and picturing the pleasure that soon awaited her. Tracing, in fancy, the scene of their first meeting, she forgot for awhile to observe that the sound of footsteps was no longer audible. Surprised, at length, at the long delay, she paused her breath in sudden alarm to listen for the noise—but nothing was to be heard. She ran back to the road, and “e’en with the very scrutiny of her soul,” she listened for his coming. She heard in a moment the faint sound of a horse’s hoofs upon the hill which wound along the edge of the forest. It was manifest that the horseman had passed round the wood. She heaved one long and burdened breath, and sank into deep and utter despair. A stone seemed to lie upon her heart. She tried to weep, but could not. Sorrow rested on her spirit with the hopeless weight of guilt.

On the following day Chatrya again came to the lodge, and again returned home, but on the third her strength was not sufficient to bear her from her door. She was soon seized with a violent, malignant fever; she became delirious, and her ravings disclosed the dishonorable connexion with Goroyen. Chastity, among the Samides, was the first of virtues; no pardon was granted, or allowance made for any who erred. The father of Chatrya, a stern and proud hearted man, renounced his daughter at once; the moment that she was sufficiently recovered to walk, he gave her a purse of gold, and turned her from his house. Destroyed in character, ruined in health, broken in spirit, without anything to vary the dull desolation of unpitied desertion, except the stings of regret, and the pangs of conscience, Chatrya went forth from the house of her childhood. Incapable of judging of her course, she wandered on till she reached a cottage, inhabited by a woman, who bore the reputation of a sorceress. She tottered into the house, and sank upon the floor. The hag, who perceived her condition, poured forth a torrent of abusive and irritating language, which wrung Chatrya to the very soul. The old woman was, however, pacified by the sight of gold, and consented to receive the unhappy girl as a lodger. Before long she gave birth to a child, and the companionship of the little creature relieved her sorrows. From him she might hope for sympathy and kindness: she would have something to love, and some one she might care for.

She was one night pressing her infant to her bosom, and shaping some faint plans of future comfort, when her child was seized with one of those sudden difficulties of breathing, which so often assail their tender lives. The mother rose to procure something from another part of the room, and when she again laid her hand upon her child, it no longer breathed. In the silent solitude of midnight she stood a childless woman.

For Chatrya there remained no farther hope;

she was stripped of the last promise of consolation; her health forbade her to leave her bed; and she was doomed to lie daily exposed to the taunts of the harsh woman who attended her, and to the goadings of her own tortured mind. Shall it be wondered that her temper gave way, or that her spirit became harsh and malignant? “Distress,” says the wise Duke of Newcastle, “sours the mind of even the best of men.” There seemed to remain nothing for her but “to curse God and die.” From the weary load of despair her only relief was—hate.

Meanwhile, to her road of suffering and shame, Godari had been running his parallel courses of villainy and deceit. He had converted the lodge to his own use, and put the money of the king in his pocket. Farther than to desert her, he cared not to persecute her; leaving it to the ban-dogs of Poverty and Infamy to hunt her down the precipice of woe. Well knowing that to one of her condition, life was agony and circumstance was grief, he dismissed his revengeful thoughts toward her from his memory, and thought no more about her. But his malignant spirit towards the king was not yet exhausted, nor was his ambition yet sufficiently gratified. By the laws of the country none but males were allowed to ascend the throne, and on failure of the blood relations of the reigning king, his male connexions by marriage succeeded. No male relations of Goroyen survived; and it was manifest to Godari that if the queen were now dead without issue, he would himself be the heir presumptive of the throne. To place upon his brow the envied coronet of sovereignty, it was only necessary that the king and queen should cease to live. Accordingly, this remorseless friend and brother resolved speedily to destroy both of them. An accident, ere long, presented a means which promised success.

The king was one day riding alone some distance from the city, when he met a woman in the road, whose miserable appearance so much affected him that he stopped to make some enquiries as to her condition. She was sallow and wrinkled, though apparently not with age; her hair was floating carelessly in the wind; and her tattered garments barely protected her from the cold. Goroyen addressed some questions to her, and his penetrating eye discovered, as he looked more closely at her, that this abject person was no other than the object of his former love—Chatrya.

Shocked at such a result of misery to others from his own conduct, he demanded if she had not received the benefits of the provision which he had directed Godari to make for her, and learned with inexpressible indignation that the malignant priest had intercepted his intended kindness, and left the object of it to perish in desertion. Goroyen explained to Chatrya all the circumstances of the case—spoke to her with kindness and regard—a language that had long ceased to greet her ears—declared to her that his love had never failed, and assured her nothing should hereafter be wanting that should contribute to her happiness.

“It is too late,” said Chatrya. “There remains no happiness, and but little time, for me on earth. It is a comfort for me to know that you did not purposely turn me over to neglect and

want. The things of earth no longer interest me, but I will not die until that cold and selfish priest has tasted the dregs of the cup of vengeance."

When Goroyen reached the palace, he sent for Godari.

"I have seen Chatrya," said he, pale with excessive rage. "What have you to say?"

"Simply to enquire," said Godari, coldly, "whether she was as miserable as she deserves to be?"

"You admit, then, the villainy which stands charged against you?" said Goroyen, gasping for breath.

"And only regret," said Godari, "that part of the suffering it produced did not light upon her accursed lover."

"Leave me," roared the king.

The instant that the king had mentioned his having seen Chatrya, Godari knew that he had him in his power. He might defy his vengeance, for an easy calculation of time assured him that he could destroy the king sooner than the king could punish him. The mode which he proposed was briefly this: In the river of Cavery, near to the temple in which he officiated, there was a fall of water above sixty feet in height. On one side of the cascade there rose a huge lip of rock, about eighty feet above the upper bed of the stream. It happened that Godari, in rambling recently among the rocks that stood piled around this eminence, had clambered up to the very summit of the ridge. On the top of the great rock he discovered a crevice or niche, which was open towards the direction in which the stream was flowing, but hidden for a long distance by higher projections, from any observer on the shores. He was standing in this niche and looking down upon the horrid chasm of waters below, when he observed that a little platform of stone, which had been carved out ages before by a superstitionist, upon the lowest level of the water, was directly below a huge piece of rock that lay loose upon the top of the eminence where he stood, and so singularly balanced that a very slight motion would suffice to cast it down. This platform had been used for a long time as a standing-place for persons who were required to bathe their heads in the falling waters of the sacred river Cavery, in expiation of certain crimes, as required by the sect of Seva. The strictness of the order had been so much relaxed of late, that an instance of this sort of purification had not occurred for many years; but Godari as he examined the place could not help remarking, with the fertile invention of a scheming villain, that if any one were standing on that platform, the precipitation of this great stone upon their heads, would be a mode of destroying them, as beautiful as it would be safe and efficacious. Of this "gained knowledge" he now determined to make use for the removal of the King.

As soon, therefore, as he went from his presence, he hastened to the archives of the temple, and took down a volume of the institutes of the religion of Seva. He turned over the leaves until he found a blank space upon one of the places large enough to contain a couple of written sentences. Imitating with admirable skill the chirography, in which the rest of the book

was written, he inserted a paragraph to this effect among the rules of the order: That if any King, after taking the oath to abstain from holding any verbal communication with a Samide, should by accident or design hold any conversation with one, he should the moment the fault was discovered, burn incense in the temple for two days, and then, together with his queen, perform the usual ablution on the platform on the Caveri, before transacting any other business. As soon as Godari had finished the writing he took the book, and proceeded to the room of the high priest, and laid the passage before him. He informed him that the king had been holding communication with a woman of the forbidden race: and calling his attention to the peculiarly strong language of the injunction in question, suggested to him the propriety of now putting it in force.

The venerable priest, with a placid smile, read the sentence alluded to by Godari, and applauding the learning of his young friend for discovering a passage in the sacred institutes which he confessed had escaped him, he directed the usual deputation to wait upon the king with an order to appear at the temple. This direction Godari obeyed, with the substitution of sending for going; and having done all that was requisite, retired to his chamber to make his reflections.

"A most fortunate thing, this of the king's meeting with Chatrya!" said he to himself when he was alone. "In the first place it enables me to disappoint both of them in their plan of taking vengeance upon me. In the second place, it gives me a much earlier chance than I should otherwise have had, of sweeping the throne and placing myself upon it. This deputation will soon reach the palace, and from its arrival, all business there is suspended. The only precaution I have to take is to keep clear of all the services of this occasion."

Goroyen gave a respectful reception to the officers, and consented at once to the course which was proposed. He laid aside the intention of proceeding against Godari, until the ceremony was over, and went at once to the temple to commence the burning of incense.

The crisis was now approaching. The third day of the ceremonies, the day appointed for the purification of the king and queen on the platform in the river, had arrived. Before the earliest dawn, Godari had risen and gained the rock which was to be the scene of his operations. He ascertained that the stone, which he was to cast down, would alight directly upon the platform, and that even after it had fallen he would be entirely invisible from all those spots that would probably be occupied by spectators. There was no danger of his being interrupted or discovered, for the elevation in which he was hidden was usually called "The inaccessible;" and as it was directly above the place where the king and queen were to stand, no one would think of occupying it on this occasion. The niche or step on which he stood was pretty narrow, and hung directly over the deepest part of the stream, at a height of an hundred and forty feet. As he supported himself against the sides of the rocks which rose around him, he could just discern, under the bubbled surface of the pool beneath, the sharp top of a yellow rock.



Godari counted the hours in his perilous situation, until the time appointed for the ceremony arrived. At an early period in the day numbers began to collect along the contiguous shores; he heard their movements and their voices. At length a shout from the multitude announced the coming of the royal couple. Godari, by leaning over a little, saw them pass directly under his feet, and gain the platform, where they were again hidden from his view. The time had arrived for the execution of his scheme. He raised his hand to push the huge stone, which was to accomplish his object, when he felt his hair gripped by a steel-like hand, that scraped his skull as it gathered his hair in its grasp.

His blood ran cold within him. To bend back his neck sufficiently to see the person who had seized him was impossible, with the certainty of his being precipitated from the ledge. He stood, therefore, motionless.

"It is Chatrya," said a shrill voice above him; and the arm which held him was drawn forward, so as to compel him to look into the abyss beneath. The mind of Godari tottered as he gazed, and his breast seemed to collapse with horror. At that moment the multitude perceived the woman, and all eyes were directed towards her.

"Let the king and the queen leave the platform, and go upon the shore," cried Chatrya; and she was instantly obeyed.

"The priest Godari placed himself here," she continued in a loud voice, while the deepest silence reigned over the crowd, "for the purpose of throwing this rock upon the king," and as she spoke she touched the stone, and it thundered down, and swept the platform away in an instant.

A deeper silence ensued among the multitude—the silence of horror and expectation. It was broken by the voice from the summit of the rock.

"Upon the neglectful lover and the perfidious priest, Chatrya is alike avenged."

Clenching the hair of her victim more firmly in her grasp, she sprang from the rock, and in a moment the ruined pair were buried beneath the waves.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### A SISTER'S LOVE.

No sister's kind and gentle tone  
Now wakes my heart's responsive start;  
With trembling hand to clasp mine own,  
Or twine like ivy round my heart.

In youth two cherub beings joy'd  
To claim as sisters all my care—  
Bright happiness too soon alloy'd,  
They died and left me to despair.

Long years have waned since those bright hours,  
When Fancy wove her glittering thread,  
And Hope entwined her fairest flowers—  
Alas! now faded, sear and dead.

Not lengthen'd years nor parents' smiles,  
With brothers generous—noble—blest,

Nor wife nor children's potent wiles,  
Can e'er efface them from my breast.

An aching void is in my heart—  
Of love a shattered, broken chain—  
A harp untouched by human art,  
Or touched, all silent must remain.

Oh! cherish well, ye favour'd ones,  
A sister's pure and holy love,  
Uncheck'd by alight or wrong, its tones  
Were fitting for the realms above.

A. McM.

### ANTHOLOGIA OF SELECTED POETRY.

No. XV.—Continued from page 14.

#### TWO BLANKS TO A PRIZE.

In the lottery of life, lest dame Fortune beguile,  
This great truth we should ever premise,  
That although the bright goddess may simper and smile,  
She has always—two blanks to a prize.

If a husband you'd take, miss—or you, sir, a wife,  
From this maxim divert not your eyes;  
For of one and the other, I'll venture my life,  
There are more than two blanks to a prize!

If in law you're entangled, why then, silly man,  
As a friend give me leave to advise;  
Slip your neck from the collar, as fast as you can,  
There are fifty—two blanks to a prize!

And if for preferment, you're striving at court,  
Or by merit expect you shall rise;  
Then your chance is not worth, sir, three-fourths of  
a groat,  
There are ninety—two blanks to a prize!

#### THE HAPPY FIRE-SIDE.

The hearth was clean, the fire was clear,  
The kettle on for tea,  
Collin was in his elbow chair,  
As blest as man could be.

Clarinda, who his heart possessed,  
His loved—his new made bride,  
With head reclined upon his breast,  
Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet in happy state,  
A favorite dog was laid,  
By whom a little sportive cat  
In wanton humour played.

Clarinda's hand he gently pressed,  
And stole a pleasing kiss;  
She blush'd, and modestly confess'd  
The fulness of her bliss.

Collin with honest heart elate,  
Prayed to benignant Jove,  
That it might be allow'd his fate,  
Just so to live and love.

"Be this my sum of joys" he cried,  
 "And if no more be given,  
 Continue this my fire-side,  
 I'll praise indulgent heaven."

## THE ROSE.

The rose had been washed, lately washed in a shower,  
 That Mary to Anna convey'd,  
 The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,  
 And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,  
 And it seem'd to a fanciful view,  
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,  
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was,  
 For a nosegay so dripping and drown'd;  
 And shaking it rudely, too rudely, alas!  
 I snapp'd it! it fell to the ground!

"And such," I exclaim'd, "is the pitiless part,  
 Some act by the delicate mind,  
 Regardless of wringing and breaking the heart,  
 Already to sorrow resign'd.

"This elegant Rose, had I shaken it less;  
 Might have bloom'd with the owner awhile:  
 And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,  
 May be followed, perhaps, with a smile."

## HOW COLD IT IS.

Now the blustering Boreas blows,  
 See all the waters round are froze;  
 The trees that skirt the dreary plain,  
 All day a mur'mring cry maintain,  
 The trembling forest hears their moan,  
 And sadly mingles groan with groan;  
 How dismal all from east to west!  
 Heaven defend the poor distressed!

Such is the tale,  
 On hill and vale;  
 Each traveller may behold it is;  
 While low and high,  
 Are heard to cry,  
 Bless my heart, how cold it is!

Now slumb'ring Sloth that cannot bear  
 The question of the searching air,  
 Lifts up her unkempt head and tries,  
 But cannot from her bondage rise,  
 The whilst the housewife briskly throws  
 Around her wheel, and sweetly shews  
 The healthful cheek industry brings,  
 Which is not in the gift of kings.

To her long life,  
 Devoid of strife,  
 And justly, too, unfolded is,  
 The while the Sloth  
 To stir is loth,  
 And trembling cries, how cold it is!

Now liaps air Popling, tender weed!  
 All shiv'ring like a shaken reed!  
 How keen the air attacks my back!

John, place some list upon that crack;  
 Go, sand-bag all the sashes round,  
 And see there's not an air-hole found—  
 Ah! bless me; now I feel a breath,  
 Good luck! 'tis like the chill of death.

Indulgence pale,  
 Tells this sad tale,  
 Till he in furs enfolded is,  
 Still, still complains,  
 For all his pains,  
 Bless my heart, how cold it is!

Now the poor newsmen from the town,  
 Explores his path along the down,  
 His frozen fingers sadly blows,  
 And still he seeks, and still it snows,  
 Go, take his paper, Richard go,  
 And give a dram to make him glow:

This was the cry,  
 Humanity,  
 More precious far than gold it is,  
 Such gifts to deal,  
 When newsmen feel,  
 All clad in snow, how cold it is.

Humanity, delightful tale!  
 While we feel the winter gale,  
 May the cit in ermin'd coat,  
 Incline the ear to sorrows note;  
 And where with mis'ry's weight oppress'd,  
 A fellow sits a shiv'ring guest,  
 Full ample let his bounty flow,  
 To soothe the bosom chill'd by woe.

In town or vale,  
 Where'er the tale  
 Of real grief unfolded is,  
 O may he give  
 The means to live,  
 To those who know how cold it is.  
 Perhaps some warrior blind and lam'd,  
 Some tar for independence main'd—  
 Consider these, for thee they bore  
 The loss of limb, and suffer'd more:  
 O pass them not! or if you do,  
 I'll sigh to think they fought for you.  
 Go pity all, but 'bove the rest,  
 The soldier or the tar distress'd.  
 Thro' winter's reign,  
 Relieve their pain,  
 For what they've done sure bold it is:  
 Their wants supply,  
 Where'er they cry.  
 Bless my heart, how cold it is!

And now ye sluggards, sloths, and beaux,  
 Who dread the breath that winter blows,  
 Pursue the counsel of a friend,  
 Who never found it yet offend:  
 While Winter deals his frost around,  
 Go face the air, and beat the ground;  
 With cheerful spirits exercise,  
 'Tis there life's balmy blessing lies.  
 On hill and dale,  
 Though sharp the gale,  
 And frozen you behold it is;  
 The blood shall glow,  
 And sweetly flow,  
 And you'll ne'er cry, how cold it is!

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE WANDERER'S STORY.

BY A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

Oh! smile not at the poor old tunes,  
You hear my father play;  
He means them not to reach the ears  
Of ladies great and gay:  
He never touch'd a string before,  
He tried it on the street,  
When not another way was left  
To earn us bread to eat.

You see his eyes have lost their sight—  
Yet many a happy day  
He's had, e'en since the light of heaven  
Was pass'd from him away.  
He had my mother's love and care,  
Who now has gone to God—  
Oh! never o'er the paths of life  
A holier being trod!

He had a home—no lovelier one  
E'er faced the summer wind—  
With fragrant clover fields in front,  
And old oak woods behind,  
And gardens rich with flowers, whence oft  
Would come the sound of bees,  
And lull me from my play to sleep  
Beneath the loaded trees.

And porches, heaped with vines, which threw  
A shadow cool and deep,  
And 'midst whose quivering leaves I watch'd  
Coy broods of nestlings peep.  
There many a basket white we wove,  
To fill and sell with flowers,  
And none from spring till fall were bought  
So eagerly as ours.

And then we had our birth-day walks  
Along the rattling brook,  
Through which I waded when our trees  
Their treasures in it shook;  
My mother led my father's steps  
Along its low, green side,  
To where the willows hung, as if  
In sparkling whirls to hide.

There she would sing us sweet old hymns,  
To send our thoughts to dwell  
Upon the Spirit that, in love,  
Moved e'en through that lone dell;  
And she would read about the world,  
With its strange, tedious ways,  
And, gently sadden'd, pause and talk  
Of scenes of better days.

"Our better days!" she then would smile;—  
"Are not the present best?  
"Oh! if our lives be long, I ask  
"No days than these more blest!"  
And I, as happy as a babe,  
When smiling in a dream;  
Meanwhile my water-lily boats  
Would pilot down the stream.

She died—and I prayed, too, to die;—  
How can a child be won,  
Whose sinful heart is well nigh broke,  
To say,—"Thy will be done!"  
But by her dust, who, through long years,  
Had been to him as light,  
My father bow'd him still to God,  
And own'd his chast'ning right.

Oh! dreary, dreary grew our home!  
The garden pales fell down,  
The springs were choked with moss and leaves,  
The flowers with weeds o'ergrown;  
Our fires sent forth no cheerful blaze,  
Our books were all unread,  
Our whitewash'd walls were dark and dim,  
At last we scarce had bread!

And but a twelvemonth passed, when came  
Another stroke of doom,—  
We two, so friendless and so weak,  
Were bidden from our home;  
And soon a throng of coarse, rude men,  
Who laugh'd, and drank, and swore,  
Were, little mindful of our pain,  
All crowding round the door.

They sold the chair my mother loved,  
With richest damask spread,—  
A relic of her father's house,—  
She was a lady bred;—  
And next, my little curtain'd bed,  
So soft, and warm, and white,  
By which she heard my evening hymn,  
And kiss'd me for good night.

They sold our caskets that were wrought  
On islands far away,  
And fill'd with coral, red and white,  
And shells and feathers gay.  
We prized them dearly;—they were gifts  
My brother sent to me,  
Not long before the fearful storm  
When he was drown'd at sea.

They hardly left one household thing,  
That in the cot was found;  
They sold the very grain, that yet  
Scarce peep'd above the ground;  
The honey bees that we had kept  
Upon the flowers to feed,  
E'en they, poor, harmless things were made  
To suffer for our need.

The crowd pass'd off, and, oh! we were—  
How desolate! how lone!  
It was November, yet the fire  
Died on the cold hearth-stone.  
I shook with fear, and closely clung  
Around my father's feet,  
And wish'd I had been wrapp'd within  
My mother's winding-sheet.

They who have seen their childhood's home  
Thus wreck'd, my grief may know—  
"Twas well my father could not see,  
Else he had sunk with woe;  
Piteous it was to see the tears  
Fall from his sightless eyes,  
Yet still he sigh'd—"God's will is right,—  
He is both good and wise!"

'Tis sad to have to hurry by  
The sights and noises sweet  
Of fields and woods to seek for food  
Along the dusty street;  
And yet more sad to those who've known  
But love since they were born,  
To find, at every weary step,  
Cold words, and looks of scorn!

I'm growing weaker ev'ry day,  
And have been almost wild,  
To think what will my father do,  
When he has lost his child.  
I us'd to hope for woman's years,  
To make his burden light;  
That ne'er may be, but let me feel  
Thy will, O God! is right!

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE JOURNEY OF A NIGHT.

THE wind whistled through the casement; the sleet rattled on my window, and the fire seemed to glow with increased intensity in the grate, while I sat, "Solitaire," discussing a bottle of old Rhenish, and musing on the follies and frailties of human nature. While I was yet deeply absorbed in meditation, and lost to all external things, a tall, commanding figure stood before me, and, with an austere manner, bade me follow him. At once, without being sensible how I arrived there, I found myself travelling a smooth, grassy path, accompanied by companions apparently my own age; and many of them I recognized as being intimate friends; others were total strangers. We travelled on joyously, taking or receiving little notice of our strange guide, yet following him with an irresistible, and almost unconscious impulse. Presently I discovered—what had not before attracted my notice—that we were ascending a hill; but neither of us took the trouble to inquire where we were going, or the object of our journey. We continued to ascend; and, as we did so, the ground became more uneven and the steep more rugged. Nothing daunted, we toiled till near the summit of the hill; when, on raising my eyes, I saw a high and impenetrable wall, beyond which nothing was visible, save the deep blue sky, which relieved the outline of the massy wall, and the bright green sward from which it rose. Our guide briefly remarked of the enclosure, that "it was a garden, and that from the top of the wall we should be enabled to overlook it." We followed in silence, and were conducted up a flight of steps which led us to a prospect too brilliant for description. It was impossible to calculate the extent of the garden; but, as far as the eye could reach, the most brilliant and beautiful flowers that can be imagined or conceived, met our view. The ground was laid out in parterres of every shape and variety; and nothing could exceed the splendour of the *tout-ensemble*. At equal distances, throughout the garden, we observed wide alleys, leading to the opposite extremity, till lost in the distance; and on either side, each variety of flowers the garden afforded. Our sombre guide permitted us to enjoy the scene for a time, without interruption, when he addressed us as follows:

"Of the alleys you see before you, you have a choice. You are permitted, from this place, to select one; and, after your selection is once made, you have no liberty to change it. From the variety before you, you have power to pluck one flower, and *but one*.—Proceed!"

We immediately took our respective walks, and for a time I was entirely absorbed in the flowers which adorned my path. Presently it occurred to me to look around on my fellow travellers. Some were deeply engaged examining the flowers; others passed on as if they saw them not; some were wrangling for the same flower, and others had already chosen one, and, entranced in its beauties, seemed dead to all around them. A word from our guide re-

called me to my senses, and I again proceeded on my way.

As the butterfly leaps from flower to flower, so was my singular journey. Now I stopped to inhale the delightful fragrance of one, now to admire the gorgeous colouring of another, and anon a graceful, drooping, but perfect floweret would catch my eye, and its very loneliness and retirement made it more beautiful in my estimation. But the fear that I might, after making a selection, pine for one more perfect than I had yet seen, often deterred me from plucking those which my heart and reason told me were most worthy my acceptance. Thus I proceeded, rapt in my occupation, till I began to perceive that the flowers were less beautiful and fragrant: they were faded, and their leaves falling. Alas! I discovered too late that I had passed the garden, and lost for ever the chance of obtaining my flower.

My companions soon joined me, and then I perceived that others had procrastinated as well as myself, till the day of grace was passed. This was a momentary relief; for I hoped their society and sympathy would be some compensation. But I soon perceived that I had "counted without my host;" for their disappointment made them morose and sour, and those who were more provident (though rather disposed to laugh at us) were much the most companionable.

When we were all collected, our guide again called our attention to himself. His eye passed over the group, till it rested on those of us who were destitute. "Did I not tell thee," he asked, "that thou mightest pluck one of the flowers which thou hast just returned from viewing?" Faintly we answered in the affirmative. "And is it my fault that ye did not?" he continued. All exclaimed, "No!" A bitter smile gathered on his withered features as he said, "My name is *Fate*—see that you lay not your carelessness and perverseness to my charge. Know ye, sons of men, that those flowers were placed there for your benefit. They have qualities calculated to restore the weary, cheer the sad, and there is a balm in their fragrance that exhilarates and restores the wayworn, lightens the burden it cannot entirely remove, and is a comfort even in the pangs of death. If in the fatigues and exertions you will hereafter be obliged to undergo, you see the others comforted through the same means you refused or neglected to furnish yourselves with, censure yourselves, not Fate!"

Now indeed came the "tug of war." Over hills, rocks, valleys, precipices, and torrents we toiled on unceasingly, and one difficulty was scarcely surmounted ere another presented itself; and it was no small provocation to the flowerless ones, to see their companions cheered and strengthened, and to bear their jeers and scoffs with which they good-humouredly complimented us.

Disconsolate and sullen, I was in the act of swinging myself off a huge rock, when my foothold gave way, and I was precipitated—I knew not where.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I came to myself, I found that I was in my own room and in bed. I had a racking

pain in my head, and on raising my hand, found it bruised and bandaged. On looking around, I saw the empty bottle and glass on my table, and began to have a faint recollection of the evening before.

Ere I recovered, I had ample time to digest my dream, and consider my present condition. The first of my journey was youth—the up-hill of life. The garden, the field of matrimony. The flowers, *ladies*; and the alleys, the different walks in life. And we poor luckless wights without the flowers, *old bachelors*!! I must take the hint—almost thirty!

\* \* \* \* \*

My valet-de-chambre says, on entering the room late in the evening, he found me lying on the floor, and, from my position and appearance, had evidently been trying the strength of my head against the grate. So much for the Rhenish.

E. S. R.

## A BALL-ROOM SCENE.

FROM THE NEW NOVEL OF "LADY ANABETTA."

THE card-room, though not full, contained, as one might say, the chief portion of the manhood of the assembly. Here waited, with commendable patience, papas who had brought daughters; uncles, nieces; elder brothers, very much younger sisters—the middle ages exemplified—and the contiguity of several important noblemen's and gentlemen's seats caused a variation in the different modes of fading and declining of the human species here extant. Here were gentlemen from London, and gentlemen from the country; the former neater and more particular in their attire than probably they were some ten years previously—bearing the attributes of gentlemanly nicety even in their decline and fall. Their gray hair carefully turned, and diverted with dexterous attention over any bald portion which might make the organ of veneration too conspicuous—brushed up to a nicety, yet resting, some chiefly on the merits of a leg or a foot, figure or manner—these being less evanescent qualities than youthfulness of countenance—these gentlemen, from late hours, London air and habits, and frequent out-dinings, fell into the sear and yellow leaf, pale and sodden, a tooth or two minus, and a good deal of address requisite in trimming up whiskers, if whiskers still there were, to set off hollow cheeks.

Then, beside them, in unfeeling contrast, stood the proper fox-hunter, dragged out to the ball after dinner, half asleep; but no matter that. Fine features here bloated out, until all the fine proportions of the once handsome Sir George this, or Mr. that, were lost in the coarse outline now visible; the face getting redder and redder as the hair grew whiter. But to hasten back to the ball-room.

"Dear me!" cried Lady Juliana peeping in, after flirting, in her own happy way, with some half dozen of admirers suitable to her age, for about ten minutes—"dear me, there is Miss De Grey dancing; but not with her cousin. What a pretty creature she is!"

Major De Grey moved up as fast as he could to the door. A tinge of red coloured his pale face as he looked.

"Ah, I see," said he sighingly, "she has found a partner." And he sat down again, with his back to the door, as if he could not look again. After a while, however, he rose, and walked quietly into the other room. The dance had ceased, and Florence was walking to and fro, as others did, leaning on the arm of Sir Cecil Fancourt. Her eyes were bent on the ground. On him the unhappy father dared scarcely look. "She *will* have it so," he said within himself, mournfully, and then went about to seek for Mr. De Grey.

The Major passed through files of pink and white dresses, escaping narrowly the dangers of white satin toes. Once his course, even his sorrowful course, was stopped by a Spanish dance, in which the two foreign sisters moved conspicuous. Eugenie, splendidly attired, looking animated, yet stately; but Adeline dancing with evident languor, and an air almost of pettish vexation upon her beautiful sullen face.

Near them sat Mr. De Grey, looking sternly and stedfastly at them both. His eyes almost flashed fire, and he jumped up hastily as his relative came near to him; for Gerald had been an observer of all that had passed since Major De Grey had consigned Florence into his charge. He had witnessed the unexpected and somewhat hurried recognition of his cousin by Sir Cecil Fancourt,—had marked the deep blushing reception of him by Florence,—the happiness of meeting not unmingled with resentment,—the implied reconciliation, with scarcely one word of explanation,—and, with a reluctance for which he could at the moment scarcely account, Mr. De Grey had yielded up his cousin, at her peremptory request, to dance with the gay young baronet. But as Mr. De Grey sat down, with the intention of quietly observing all that was passing before him, and as he followed Florence with his eyes, a sudden recollection darted across him. Surely he had seen Sir Cecil Fancourt before!—yes, it was he!—it was the young gentleman whom he had but a few days since encountered near the wood, and whose deeply enamoured glance, directed towards his lovely companion, now recurred to him: and his blood boiled within him, to speak in vulgar phrase, as he rose, and looked after the confiding Florence, leaning fondly on the arm of one who, as Mr. De Grey conjectured, had had some love passages with another.

He was leaning against a pillar, gazing at the young couple, when a set was formed near him, and a gentleman, with whom he was slightly acquainted, whispered to him—

"Do look at these Mademoiselles de l'Amand—they are the finest women here."

"Yes," returned Mr. De Grey, his brow darkening. "That is certainly the lady!" he muttered to himself; "the villain! shall I expose him!"

Meantime Florence conceived herself to be happy—perfectly happy. Sir Cecil was so overjoyed to see her, poor man! A word or two of explanation on his part, as they hastily rushed into the nearest quadrille set, was quite

enough to satisfy her. He knew he must not call at the Park, although he had been loitering about the neighbourhood on purpose. And then—how little hope had he had of seeing her at a ball! And besides, his being condemned to dance with a young French lady, by Lady Juliana Jekyll, had prevented his observing her.

"But now," said Florence, eagerly, thinking she would overwhelm him with happiness, "I hope all restrictions may be at an end. You will not believe me that I have told my father all—yes, all!"

"Indeed!" replied Sir Cecil, colouring, "was that an act of prudence?"—and a shade of gravity settled for a moment on his animated countenance, as he and his partner, mingling in the dance, were separated for a few minutes.

"Yea," resumed Florence, rejoining him, "I could not bear the duplicity of meeting you without telling papa.—I fear I have done very wrong in keeping our engagement secret from my parents; and I would rather it were broken off altogether than kept any longer from them."

"Certainly!—that is, I mean—but you will not, to please any parents, think of giving me up?" said Sir Cecil, the folly of relinquishing an heiress rushing into his mind, and displacing certain other sentiments which had intruded there. "I trust you will be firm to me, Florence, as you have hitherto been—and think and act for yourself!"

"Yes," answered Florence, vehemently, her spirit aroused by the wily hint of opposition to her wishes thrown out:—"but there will be little need of all that firmness, unless, indeed, mamma opposes, which I don't think she will,—or my cousin Gerald, for he has such influence."

"The gentleman whom I saw with you?" asked Sir Cecil, looking round.

"Oh, yes!—and a stern, formidable, noble creature.—You will hear what he has done for us," she whispered, as the mazes of the dance again brought them together.—"I am to live at the Park all my life: it is to be mine for my lifetime, supposing I marry as my cousin approves. Mine—that is, yours—yours, dear Cecil."

Sir Cecil, from selfishness, a spendthrift, and from nature a libertine, was also from necessity becoming avaricious; and the enjoyment of Grinstead Hall, with its appurtenances, its consequence, and style, was grateful to his worldly spirit: the attractions of Adeline de l'Amand, with which his imagination, for heart he had none, had been heated, were fading rapidly away.

He pressed the hand of Florence as he held it in the dance.—"I am, indeed, the most fortunate of men," he said, with heartfelt sincerity—"that is to say," he added, correcting himself, "I should be fortunate any how with you—with Florence!" he continued, as he drew her gently to a seat, "under any circumstances;—but I know now that I shall not have to ask you to endure privations for me—that I shall not be the cause of your comforts in life being diminished. That is a great happiness to me."

What capital diplomatists men are in love

matters, and how eager is simple, vain woman to believe them all that is disinterested and high-minded, because they can scatter a little gold-dust upon the surface of that hollow mine of selfishness within their bosoms. For women, acute, and well-judging in other subjects, are blind as beetles when a man addresses the language of love to them: a moral mist rises before their understandings; they become credulous as bigots; and the poor man, even if his suit be hopeless, is instantly invested with some sort of merit, by virtue of the tender passion. It is remarkable, too, that in the inverse ratio to other things, experience in these affairs seems not only to avail a woman nothing, but to throw her off her guard. "To refuse twenty good offers, and marry an apprentice at thirty," is next to a proverb. Well-seasoned hearts, perforated by many an arrow from love's quiver, have always some weak part in them, and yield, often, in a minute. For my own part, from intimate observation of my own sex, the result of many friendly confidings in these matters, I would sooner trust the discernment of sixteen on such points, than of six-and-thirty; and whilst it is usual to talk of the dangers of eighteen, and the folly of young girls, the moralist who wishes well to womankind, should point out the shoals of eight-and-thirty—the extreme rashness of forty—the next to madness of forty-five.

No wonder, however, in spite of her youth, which in this case we have proved by previous reasoning to be an advantage, no wonder if Florence, flattered and caressed from her infancy by all around her, and scarcely admonished that she was human by any one but "cousin Gerald," was betrayed by her vanity into believing all that Sir Cecil said—in considering him as the most devoted, and most fascinating of men. An opinion in which Mrs. Jeffries fully confirmed her, as she undressed her, when going to bed.

The blind make up for defect of sight, by the accuracy and sensibility of their touch, and by habits of association between the touch, memory, and judgment. Stanley the organist, and many blind musicians, have been the best performers of their time; and the blind discriminate sounds at a distance with infinitely greater precision than persons who depend on their visual organs. Miss Chambers, a schoolmistress at Nottingham, could discern that two boys were playing in a distant part of the room instead of studying their books, though a person who saw them, and made no use of his ears, could not perceive that they made the smallest noise: and in this way she kept a most orderly school: so Professor Sanderson could, in a few moments, tell how many persons were in a mixed company, and presently discriminate their sexes by the mere rustling of their clothes. Stanley, and other blind persons, played at cards by delicately pricking them with a pin. A French lady could dance in figure dances, sew tambour, and thread her needle. When a sense is wanted, the other senses are cultivated with care.

# THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

## A BALLAD

IN THE GRAND OPERA OF THE MAID OF ARTOIS.

COMPOSED BY M. W. BALFE.

*Presented by J. G. Osbourn, for the Lady's Book.*

*Andante Cantabile.*

*Con Espressione.*

*p dolce.*

*pp*

*Marcato.*

Cadenza.

The light of other days is

*p*

A Piacere.

fad - - - ed, And all their glo - ries past, For grief with heavy wing hath



shad - - ed, The hopes too bright to last; The world which morning's mantle  
cloud - - ed, Shines forth with purer rays; But the heart ne'er feels, in sorrow shrouded, The  
light of o - - ther days: But the heart ne'er feels in sorrow shroud - - - ed, The  
light of o - - ther days.

*Colla parte.* *pp*

*pp dolce.*

## II.

The leaf which autumn tempests wither,  
The birds which then take wing,  
When winter's winds are past, come hither  
To welcome back the spring;  
The very ivy on the ruin,  
In gloomful life displays:  
But the heart alone sees no renewing  
The light of other days.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE HEAVENLY REST.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

## I.

Know ye the earth on which ye tread,  
Is a pleasant garden, merrily spread  
With fruits of the best, with earliest flowers,  
Dimpled with dells and deck'd with bowers—  
That the saint, nigh to faint, may rest him there,  
And the heart may part with its griefs in prayer,  
And taste those draughts of the ravishing love  
That flows in bosoms of the blest above?

## II.

Know ye the earth so pleasant to-day  
Will pass with its fruits and flowers away?  
That its best and earliest show in their bloom  
The blight of death and decay of the tomb—  
And the light so bright to the dazzled eye,  
Which gleams and streams on its morning sky,  
Will fade as the cloud that twilight sees  
Melt from the heavens with evening's breeze—  
And the peace which the pilgrim sought to know,  
He learns, in his sorrow, is not below?

## III.

Know ye there remaineth a Heavenly Rest  
For the weary one, and the care-oppress?  
That ye need not seek it on earth abroad,  
'Tis barren of bliss for the sons of God—  
That the saint will faint in its path of care,  
And aigh and die, who rests him there;  
That above, in bowers  
Where the deathless flowers  
Of holiness bloom,  
No blight of the tomb  
Can come—where sparkling rivers of bliss  
Murmur on, as the margins of beauty they kiss?

## PEACE TO OUR ABSENT FRIENDS.

BY MRS. ADY.

## I.

Peace to our absent friends—within this hall  
Of proud festivity and sparkling mirth,  
Does not each heart some former hour recall,  
And linger fondly on some distant hearth?  
Yes, tender memories rest our smiles beneath,  
And silently the listening throng attends,  
While to my trembling lute I softly breathe  
These simple words—peace to our absent friends.

## II.

The present rarely satisfies the heart,  
'Tis all too bright, too burning in its blaze,  
But thought supplies the want—before us start  
Scenes of the past, and forms of other days:  
Veiled in an indistinct and shadowy light,  
Some radiance with their darkest tints blends,  
And 'midst companions gifted, gay, and bright,  
We gently aigh—peace to our absent friends.

## III.

Oh! is our tenderness by theirs repaid,  
And do they pine lost moments to regain,  
And wish each look recalled, each word unsaid,  
That ever chanced to give our spirits pain?

Yes, doubt it not—though cold and severed long,  
Pride to the power of time and distance bends,  
Forgotten is the slight—repaired the wrong,—  
The heart still sighs—peace to our absent friends.

## IV.

And if we feel a fellowship so blest  
In the dear communings of earthly love,  
How fondly the believing heart must rest  
On the bright time when friends shall meet above!  
Sav, have I saddened ye, gay, thoughtless crowd?  
Yes, Nature's voice the force of art transcends,  
And ever can I melt the cold and proud  
By this soft spell—peace to our absent friends!

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

As this month is under the tutelary care of Minerva, according to ancient fable, the goddess of wisdom and the liberal arts, no apology will be needed for urging upon our readers the incalculable advantages resulting from a systematic course of study. One of the pernicious results of the defective system of female education, prevalent among us, is the entire indifference, not to say disgust, at the idea of study, which it leaves on the mind, after it has once been emancipated from the thralldom of school-discipline. The school-girl, having been forced, as is often the case, through a long course of studies, in a very short period, (merely because the teacher of a private institution must promise wonders of intellectual progress, in order to gain reputation for his system, and patrons for his support) is not imbued with the love of learning, but rather the pride of display. She leaves school at an early age, usually by the time she is sixteen, the very period of her life when the mind begins to assume its character, and to reap, in the rapid development of its powers, the fruits of its previous labour and discipline. At such a period of her intellectual progress, the young miss doffs her school habits; and, throwing away her books, emerges at once, from the dull obscurity of the teacher's little world, to the dazzling scenes of fashionable life. Now the giddy round of frivolous pleasures; now the endless paraphernalia of dress, that, chameleon-like, changes its form and hue at the touch of Fashion's magic wand, forbid even memory from recurring to the days of serious study; till the mind, enervated by frivolity, loses the power of abstraction, and sickens at the very mention of *original thought*. In aid of such debilitating influences upon the mind, the indiscriminate and exclusive reading of the fashionable novel, comes in to finish the work.

Such is a brief sketch of what is deemed a polite education for the female sex. And to women, thus trained, the moulding of the minds of the young is necessarily committed. No wonder that the progress of human improvement is slow!

To supply the defects and advance the good inherent in the popular systems of education, there is one essential advantage now in the power of every person. It is *reading*; a *systematic course of reading*. This is too much neglected by young ladies, upon their retirement from school. We counsel them, each and all, to begin forthwith. For a good and suitable selection of books, we refer them to a catalogue, furnished by Rev. Charles H. Alden, Principal of the Philadelphia High School for "Young Ladies." With a few exceptions, and a few additions, that list (we will, if we have room,

give it a place next month) will be sufficient to furnish the mind with subjects for thought and conversation—for instruction and amusement. The novel-devouring miss may not find all her favourites in the list. We are not prejudiced against works of fiction. But with regard to novels, as well as every other species of writing, judgment and good taste, and discretion, are requisite to make a selection. To pass an indiscriminate and sweeping sentence against all novels, savours more of bigotry than good sense. The imagination needs to be awakened and properly cultivated; and the heart may be impressed with right feelings, and pure and elevated hopes and aims, by the instruction conveyed through the fascinating medium of the novel.

We must learn to distinguish between the use and abuse of a thing; and not argue from one to the other. Poetry has been oftentimes made the pander of vice, and breathed a noxious spirit. But *because of such perversion* of this noblest form of genius, no one thinks of denouncing poetry. Let such writers as the author of "The Linwoods," "Poor Rich Man and Rich Poor man," &c., persevere in her holy work of teaching patriotism, justice, and all the sublime and ennobling virtues of humanity, and there will not be so much foundation, in future, for the cavils of the bigoted, or the sneers of the cold and worldly. Let the novelist and the poet, the historian and the essayist consecrate their several gifts to the advancement of the cause of Christian principles and high moral excellence; and literature, in all the diversified forms which it may assume, will claim kindred to the holy office of religion, that of ennobling and purifying the human soul.

And now let us see what we have on hand to make our "Book" that perfect vehicle of instruction and entertainment which it ought to be. But first, we must apologize to our readers for the delay of the two last acts of "Ormond Grosvenor." We could not prepare the MS. in time for this number; it will appear in our next.

We have on hand a "Dramatic Sketch," founded on the story of "Eaether," the favoured queen of that great king who reigned from "Judea even unto Ethiopia." A Poem, from an American writer, well known to fame, now travelling in Europe; also an article on "Cornology," from an accomplished lady writer; and sundry other excellent contributions, in prose and verse. The April number will not fail in interest.

Among the variety of periodicals, with which our "table" is covered, are several numbers of a French monthly, published in Paris, under the title of "La Ruche,"—a work designed for the young, and edited by two eminent literary ladies, Madame Belloc and Adelaide Mongolfier. The work is handsomely got up, and the contents are of a high order of literature, in the departments of education and morals. We are reminded by it, of a letter from Mademoiselle Mongolfier, addressed to our countrywoman, Mrs. Phelps, the well-known author of a number of excellent works; among which "The Female Student" holds a high rank. We have been kindly allowed to make a few extracts from the letter in question, which, with pleasure, we shall lay before our readers, premising that these ladies, (Belloc and Mongolfier,) with Madame Guizot, in France, and De Saussure, in Switzerland, are united with the Edgeworths, Somervilles and Marcets, in England; and a constellation of intellectual and noble minded women in America, in efforts to raise and dignify their sex. Mmes. Belloc, and Mongolfier have been successively known to the public as writers in the *Revue Encyclopédique*, authors of

"*Buonaparte et la Grèce*," a series of works of education, the "*Corbeille de l'Année*," &c.

After reading the works of foreign travellers in America, of the ignorance and intemperance of our women, and that there are but one or two in the country who can have any pretensions to literature, it is, at least, something to our wounded pride to find that by one of the first French writers of the age, American women are held in high estimation. We also heartily concur with the distinguished French lady, in her sentiments upon the *duties of women*, as being of paramount importance to their rights; inasmuch as it is better to *suffer wrong* than to do wrong. And it should also be observed, that enlightened women, so far from pleading for any *rights* which would tend to dissolve social ties, (as is done by some of their *soi-disans* apostles) only ask for light and knowledge that they may be able to fulfil their duties, as wives, mothers and members of society. But we will proceed to the letter.

"I avail myself, my dear madam, of this opportunity of acknowledging the reception of your works, for which the only adequate thanks are, the assurance that both Madame Belloc and myself derive from them strength and assistance in the task which we have undertaken of enlightening the young. Thanks to you, my dear madam, thanks to your well beloved sister, we feel emboldened in our attempts to undertake, in our country, the high mission which you both fulfil so nobly in yours. We have not attempted to popularize in our France your excellent works from which we have derived so much advantage. We dare not yet translate them, because *they go directly to the point*; to enlighten the intellect, to elevate the soul. Some of the expressions in the introduction to your natural philosophy appear as if actually addressed to our young girls, for most of them wish to be, and their parents wish them to be '*weak minded and superficial*.' We are trying to elevate the little bees of the hive (*la petite abeilles de la Ruche*) to better thoughts.

"But I have much need, my dear madam, often to refresh myself at the fountain of your faith, and that of Mrs. Willard; to encourage myself with your hopes of the future—even for this side of life, of an improved future. In this you have acquired the right to believe by your arduous, courageous and successful efforts.

"It is in *educating the women of your country that its future is prepared*; it is by this that a land will be purified, where the men are too much absorbed by material interests. The intellectual life of America seems to have passed into the souls of the women. It is remarkable that M. De Toqueville, in his late work on your country, should not have noticed this, but have passed in silence the women of America, and their education.

"You ask me if there has, of late, appeared any work on the '*Duties of Women*;'—alas, my dear madam, in our bold attempts for the perfection of society, there has been most unfortunately an exclusive regard to the '*Rights of Women*.' The ridiculous and disgusting ideas advanced by the *soi-disans apostles* of women, have prejudiced their holy cause. I am anxious that you should complete your work on this subject. For myself, I feel a deep conviction that the more strongly our duties are enforced—the more definitely and rigorously they are marked out,—the closer we shall adhere to them, and the better our rights will be understood and acknowledged. But ideas of a very different kind prevail in the miserable and ephemeral writings which have of late appeared on the "*Rights of Women*."





*Lady's Book Fashion's Bazaar 1834*

# THE LADY'S BOOK.

APRIL, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

ORMOND GROSVENOR.

A TRAGEDY.

BY MRS. HALE.

Continued from page 53.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Marion's Camp. A rude scene in the interior of the country, rocks, woods, &c.*

[*Enter Trask and Simmons.*]

**Trask.** And so General Marion has permitted that British officer to spy out the nakedness of your camp, and learn that you dine on potatoes?

**Simmons.** He could not do otherwise, unless he had refused to treat concerning the prisoners. To be sure, he need not have invited him to dinner, but hospitality is the religion of a Carolinian; he always welcomes his guests to the best; and potatoes were all our General had to offer.

**Trask.** Well, now in New England, we manage differently. We do things handsomely, or not at all.

**Simmons.** That is to say, gratify your own pride, rather than entertain your friends for their happiness.

**Trask.** Not so, sir. It is to gratify our friends, by the observance of that respect to which we consider them entitled, and we rather omit the feast than the respect. Now, with regard to this British officer, had he visited our encampment at the north, every thing would have been put in the best possible order, the soldiers drilled to look decently, or sent out of sight; and the lack of a dinner politely excused as not being in season.

**Simmons.** That's what I call hypocrisy; and never yet was a Carolinian a hypocrite. We speak as we think, and appear what we are on all occasions.

**Trask.** And that's what I call fool-hardiness. Do you think, sir, that when the brave old patriot, General Putnam, kept post at Princeton, and had not so many men fit for duty as he had miles of frontier to guard, that he would have been wise had he permitted the British at Brunswick to learn his strength, or I should say, his weakness? I say, that stratagems are necessary and wise.

**Simmons.** In war, I grant they may be permitted; but in peace, or on parole, every thing should be undisguised and aboveboard. This managing system is characteristic of Yankees, as I have observed.

**Trask.** And disliked, I suppose. Well, we all have our faults; not that I mean to call your hospitality a fault. I have been in your state about, let me see, eighteen months, and in all my letters to my uncle, Bartholomew Trask, Esquire, I have mentioned your hospitality with praise.

**Simmons.** And our courage—what did you say of that?

**Trask.** I have commended it warmly in my letters.

**Simmons.** And our patriotism?

**Trask.** I have named it respectfully in my letters.

**Simmons.** Do you mean to insult me, Mr. Trask? You know I can't write.

**Trask.** I know no such thing, Mr. Simmons. And allow me to say, it is such misapprehensions on both sides which makes all, or nearly all the hard feelings between us. Come, now let us see in what points we can agree, you representing the south and I the north. We both love liberty and our country.

**Simmons.** Yes.

**Trask.** We hate kings and oppressors.

**Simmons.** Yes, yes.

**Trask.** We wish to make America the first, and best, and mightiest nation in the world.

**Simmons.** Yes, that we do, and we will yet accomplish our wishes.

**Trask.** We believe the Bible, and worship God, and uphold freedom of conscience in all men.

**Simmons.** Yes, yes—we all hold to religious liberty.

**Trask.** And to sum up the whole matter in a few words, we are all republicans and Christians. We all uphold the freedom and independence of America, and the authority of congress—in these things we agree.

*Simmons.* There is one other point, Mr. Trask, in which we agree. We both like to have our own way.

*Trask.* Ay, that's the rub I was coming to. That is the agreement which makes all our disagreement. Now, it is the opinion of my old uncle, and he is a very shrewd man, uncle Bartholomew is, that this war is permitted by an over-ruling and wise Providence, not only to make America free, but as all the states must unite to carry it on, we shall become, in a good measure, one people; and thus we shall remain for ever. All our perils will be shared together, and our glories must be enjoyed together. We shall have but *one* Washington.

*Simmons.* True, very true. And your old Massachusetts has done bravely.

*Trask.* And so has South Carolina. And like brothers, shoulder to shoulder, we will go on through this war, and then like brothers, hand in hand, will we proceed in the march of improvement.

[*Enter Kinlock.*]

*Kinlock.* That is a noble sentiment; it would sound well for a toast at a patriotic dinner.

*Trask.* I am glad you think so, Mr. Kinlock. I am proud of your good opinion, and I have always flattered myself that I had a talent for preparing toasts. But when do we march?

*Kinlock.* Whenever a chance of annoying the enemy offers. Our General never waits for ceremony nor preparation. Every soldier must hold himself equipped to ride at a half-hour's warning. You recollect what the song says, "Ready—all ready,"—that is the motto of our troop.

*Trask.* An excellent song it is too. What if we sing it now to pass the time. This idle kind of life is apt to make me stupid as a Turk. Nothing so surely gives an active man the horrors, as too much leisure.

*Kinlock.* I am thinking that you will not complain of idleness much longer. I saw the General just now, as I came along; he was standing thus, in his best military position, his hand on the hilt of his sword, and his face wearing one of those stern looks he puts on, when he shouts, "Forward boys! Charge!" He was planning some attack, I presume.

*Simmons.* Well, I shall rejoice to be in the saddle once more. I'm "ready, all ready."

*Trask.* You sing that song capitally, in my opinion, Mr. Simmons. Come, now begin, sing the first part, and Kinlock and I will follow.

## SONG.

### I.

*Simmons.*—Arm, arm for the battle—Invasion has come,

His shadow has darkened our soil—

*Trask & K.*—We're ready—all ready! our sword shall strike home,

Ere the robber has gathered his spoil.

### II.

*Simmons.*—Arm, arm for the battle—'tis liberty calls, The tyrants are leagued as her foe—

*T. & K.*—We're ready—all ready! our hearts are her walls,

Which tyrants will never o'erthrow.

### III.

*Simmons.*—Arm, arm for the battle—our children and wives

Are shrinking with terrors oppressed—

*T. & K.*—We're ready—all ready! and pledged are our lives,

That these dear ones in safety shall rest.

## IV.

*Simmons.*—Arm, arm for the battle!—and cowards may fly,—

The foe, like a torrent sweeps on—

*T. & K.*—We're ready—all ready! we'll shout ere we die

Hurrah! for the battle is won.

[*Enter a Countryman.*]

*Simmons.* Hollo! there—stand! Your business?

*Countryman.* I bring tidings to General Marion. A party of British and Tories are intending to surprise him to-morrow morning.

*Kinlock.* Ha! ha! ha!—Why Marion will surprise them to-night. There'll be work for us, and we must look to our arms and horses. Come along, man, and I'll show you the General. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Same scene continued.

[*Enter Marion, Grosvenor, Sullivan, Trask, Simmons, Kinlock, and other riflemen, all armed.*]

*Marion.* Friends,—fellow-soldiers, we again have heard

The threats of our proud enemies—they come, Boasting to sweep us, like the chaff, away. Shall we yield? Shall we lie down like dogs beneath The keeper's lash? Then shall we well deserve

The ruin, the disgrace that must ensue. Ne'er dream submission can appease our foes; We shall be conquered rebels, and they'll fear The spirit of liberty may rouse again: And therefore will they bind us with strong chains, New cords, green withes, like those that Samson bound;

And we, alas! shall have been shorn and weak, On folly's lap, if we yield up our freedom. 'Tis only this makes man invincible.

Why, they will call us bondmen, parcel out Our lands to those who plunder us, and set The murderers of our brethren as our judges. Tarleton, or Rawdon will be governor!

And will ye bow to these? Yes, ye must bow; An army will at their nod, and spies Will watch your steps, steal to your social hearth, As the old Serpent to the ear of Eve, And tempt you to the utterance of sad thoughts; Note the unwary speech and call it treason.

A word, a look will be arraigned, and thus, Beneath the sway of tyranny's suspicion, Our best and worthiest citizens will fall.

And those who 'scape the fury of the storm, Upraised to tear the roots of freedom's tree Quite from the soil where our forefathers set The holy plant—how nurtured with their blood,

Dew'd by their tears and sheltered by their arms, Ye know full well—but those who 'scape the storm, Will live down-trodden as the veriest slave

That toils on Barbary's coast. And all the land, Our lovely native land, where peace should dwell, Will sigh and groan by reason of oppression.

O, never shall my eyes behold this scene! My strength, heart, life, I give these to my country, When she sinks I will die! And now, my friends,

Will ye when chains are clanking in your ears, And in your hands your trusty swords are grasped, Bear the reproach—"It was our cowardice, Which left this land, this glorious land to perish."

*Soldiers (all speak).* Never! no, never! We'll conquer, or we'll die!

*Marion.* Then, brave friends, draw your swords, and before God

We'll form the emblem of our holy Union. Point with your blades to heaven, the throne of Him

Who made man free. Now, swear you never will,

How'er beset by danger, pressed with want,  
Or tempted by fair promises or gold,  
Relinquish your resistance, till the foe  
Is driven from out our borders, and, with peace,  
Freedom and independence are achieved.

*Soldiers (all speak).* We swear!

*Marion (after a pause).* 'Tis registered on high;

And be the wretch who violates his oath,  
Accursed from off the earth.

*Soldiers.* Amen! Amen!

*Marion.* And now, my friends, retire and seek repose;

The space is brief—we knock at Tarleton's tent,  
And wake him to the strife, ere morning dawns  
To light him on his path to seize our post.  
In one short hour be ready for the signal.

*Simmons.* Good! We'll see how the British like surprises. [*Exit soldiers.*]

*Marion (to Grosvenor and Sullivan).* For you, young friends, who at this hour of peril, Have brought the freeman's offering, true hearts And trusty swords to the service of your country, I thank you—can I more? from my full heart.

*Sullivan.* We have not yet deserved such thanks; to share them,

Seems as an earnest of our future deeds.

Might these accord with our desires, we'd pledge Freedom to every slave on earth.

*Marion (taking their hands).*—O! 'tis a joy, beyond the power of words,

To mark the generous spirit, bursting forth,  
Of men, of brothers banded for their rights.  
We have an aim, the glorious aim to found  
A free republic, where, beneath the sway  
Of mild and equal laws, framed by themselves,  
Our people may dwell, and own no lord but God.

Oh! what a consummation will be gained,  
When democratic principles shall be  
Embodied in a government of laws;

And justice hold the scale 'tween man and man.  
Then individual enterprise shall tend  
To general prosperity; where all

Reap as they sow, each feels the stimulus  
That elevates the mind to its full growth.

A government, on freedom's basis built,  
Has, in all ages, been the theme of song,  
And the desire of all the wise and good.

For this the Grecian patriots fought, for this  
The noblest Roman died. Shall I go on?

Name Tell, and Hampden, and our Washington?  
The hero, whom high heaven raised up to show  
How war with righteousness might be allied,

The conqueror with the Christian? And how man  
In blessing others finds his highest fame.  
In the grand army of the excellent,

Who spurn oppression, you are now enrolled.

*Grosvenor.* Our banners bear proud names.  
Would we might be

Worthy the cause in which we gladly join.

*Marion.* Yes, in this cause we will move on with joy

To the battle and the charge, like honoured champions,

For human rights, for country, and for God.

*Sullivan.* And for the Union, that with gentle ties  
Fraternal binds our destinies in one,

And gives me here a right to share your toils,  
For this my thanks is given.

*Marion.* Ay, 'tis a thought  
To kindle up the soul with patriot fire;  
It stamps "Invincible!" upon the name  
"AMERICAN!"—In union is our strength,  
And life, and future triumphs—and proud rank.  
This blessed Union foils the British power,  
Bears up 'gainst every adverse stroke of fate;

Our pleasant cities, yea, our state may lie  
Despoiled and crushed beneath the oppressor's heel,  
But while our brethren of the distant north,  
Shout to our cry, and buckle on their swords,  
We know the cause of freedom must prevail;  
And we are nerved to dare the deadliest strife,  
And, harder still, to wrestle with ourselves,  
Subdue our appetites and curb our rage  
For private wrongs, and to the public weal  
Bend every thought and purpose, hope and prayer.  
But I must leave you now, the soldier's cares  
Allows to friendly converse little time  
When duty summons to the field.—Our troop  
Must be in motion soon. [*Exit Marion.*]

*Sullivan.* We are companions, Grosvenor, with a hero.

The splendid visions of my youthful world,  
When o'er the classic page I paused, and pictured  
The heroes poets have described, would fade;

I never could embody their proud virtues,  
That scorned all common things and useful toils  
And all the mass of humble human life  
As quite beneath their notice, with our times;

—These prudent, plodding, penny-saving times;  
And oft I sighed and said—" 'tis all ideal!"

But now we feel and breathe the atmosphere  
Of godlike thoughts—and how they lift the mind  
Up from the grovelling world of *self*, and show  
The bright, broad universe of generous love,  
Which man has the capacity to grasp!  
I almost feel as I could be a hero.

*Grosvenor.* And thus all men should feel. All may be heroes.

"The man who rules his spirit," saith the Voice  
Which cannot err—"is greater than the man  
Who takes a city"—Hence it surely follows,  
If each might have dominion of himself,

And each should govern wisely, and thus show  
Truth, courage, knowledge, power, benevolence,  
And all the princely soul in private virtues—  
Why each will be a prince, a hero—greater,  
He will be man in likeness of his Maker.

—'Tis wonderful that one will drudge to gain  
A little portion of this dirty world,  
And so neglect the rich domain that lies  
In his own bosom, where the light from heaven  
Alone is shed.—*God never shines on earth.*

*Sullivan.* Yes, by light reflected from his goodness;

We see him in his works.

*Grosvenor.* Not when we make  
These minister alone to earthly passions.

Oh! I have meditated much on this—

How man shall gain and keep the high perfection  
His nature would permit? I feel this truth—

He must know and rule himself, and worship God.  
And marvel not that one so young should turn  
Such lessons in his mind; for I have been

Hurled from my sphere, and left to gather light,  
To guide my course, from other suns than those  
Which shine on earth's high places. But 'tis found,  
In the deep vale, by dark hills circumscribed,

The stars of heaven shed down their purest rays,  
And the lone eye may read, upon that page,  
Wisdom, which vaunted tomes will ne'er supply.

And thus, in lowly lië, musing, I learned

The proudest rank was that which all may reach  
Who follow reason's voice, and the true light

That Bethlehem's star diffused. Love God and man,  
Seek truth, and do the right, and keep your heart  
Warm in the faith, that universal good  
Demands an universal brotherhood—

Thus have I found my station. Not a lord—

But a free man—a peer with royalty;

For none who takes his station 'neath a man,  
And owns a *subject's* name, can be my peer.



*Sullivan.* And have you then renounced the rank  
that birth,  
By arbitrary rules of man's device,  
Bestows? The title? The estate?

*Grosvenor.* All, all.

*Sullivan.* Then are you free—and ardent, as the  
faith

That led the Pilgrim Fathers o'er the sea,  
To found an empire for the great in soul  
Who need no ribbon their desert to prove,  
Shall be your welcome to your birth-right here,  
A patriot struggling for the rights of man.

*Grosvenor.* Thank you—'tis well. The more I  
meditate,

The more I glory in the part I choose,  
And in the name I choose—AMERICAN.  
Didst ever ponder, Sullivan, on this—  
The principles for which we wage our war  
Are in conformity with inward truth.  
And every man, who dares to breathe his thoughts,  
And is not sold the slave of sense and sin,  
Or bribed by high estate to spurn the right,  
Why, he feels with us, wishes us God speed!  
And those who join us are AMERICANS?

*Sullivan.* Such thoughts have floated o'er my  
mind, like dreams,

But, pry'thee, let me hear your argument,  
'Tis pleasant listening, when the reasons urged  
Agree with sentiments we love.

*Grosvenor.* 'Tis thus:  
From France we have the good De la Fayette,  
American is he in heart and soul—  
That soul in honour's purest model framed,  
And worth an universe of truckling minds  
That only move as moved by precedent.  
Oh! his integrity will be a crown  
Of glory, such as monarch never wore—  
And there's Pulaski, generous Poland's son,  
He is a true American, for here  
He finds the brothers of his mind; de Kalb,  
And the brave Prussian, they are freemen both,  
And for America they wield their swords  
As sons, not hirelings.—O, when the mind-wrought  
steel,

They're tempering in our freedom's glowing flame,  
Shall be applied to the bolts that shackle down  
The sons of Europe; when the prison-house,  
Where millions, in their blindness, grind for lords,  
Is heaving with their struggles,—shall we sit  
Like dullards in a dream, with staring eye,  
And yet see nothing?—No—we'll stand up, and  
shout

And cheer them to their work, and pour our light  
Full on the deep, dark holds of tyranny.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

*Sullivan.* Ha! we must now away, our battles  
win,

Then I'll be freedom's knight and lend my aid  
To her cause where'er a sign of hope appears.  
How blest it were to see her stand and float  
O'er France and Poland. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A rude scene in the country—woods,  
rocks.—*Sounds of battle—guns firing—the rush  
of horsemen, shouts of riflemen.* Enter British  
soldiers and Tories, flying over the stage, crying  
*Marion! Marion! pursued by the riflemen.*

[Enter *Marion, Grosvenor, Sullivan, Simmons,  
Trask, Kinlock, and other soldiers, with drawn  
swords.*]

*Marion (shouting).* Quarter! give quarter! spare  
the prostrate foe.

Remember mercy is the brave man's test,  
And proves his courage was not cruelty?  
We'll show the enemy that we are kind

In victory's hour, as terrible in battle.  
But where is Tarleton? Fleed?

*Simmons.* Fast as his steed—  
I know him well—can fly. I saw him sweep  
Down the ravine that joins the southern road.

*Kinlock.* You saw him, and sent no messenger  
To check his speed?

*Simmons.* My rifle was discharged.

*Kinlock.* I would have thrown my rifle at his  
head,

Ere he escaped unchallenged.

*Marion.* 'Tis a turn,  
A sharp one too, in fortune's slippery road—  
He planned to lead the attack, and leads the flight;  
But not from cowardice, for he is bold,  
A thorough English soldier, and I know  
It pains him more to fly, defeated thus,  
Than death, by victory crowned, would e'er inflict.  
But who is here?

(Enter riflemen, bearing *Murray, wounded and  
bloody.*)

*Soldier.* One who requests to speak,  
A moment with our General. The man's a Briton,  
But sorely wounded and must surely die.

*Marion.* What wouldst thou tell?

*Murray.* My words are for the ear  
Of one whom I have heard is with you—"Tis  
Young Grosvenor, heir of Rochdale, I would see.

*Grosvenor.* Speak then to me.—I am Grosvenor.

*Murray.* Oh, heavens!  
How like his father! Yes, yes, you are he.  
Death, spare thy victim yet a little space—  
Till I can speak, can tell—

*Grosvenor.* I wait your words.

*Murray (starting convulsively).* That Balfour is  
a villain.

*Sullivan.* No news to us.

*Murray.* But do you know he plots to take the  
lie

Of Grosvenor?—He has hired a dozen men,  
And paid them largely, to kill him, only him.

*Marion.* How know you this? 'Tis a vile charge  
to bring

Against a soldier, though an enemy.

*Murray (to a soldier).* Raise me a little—there—  
I breathe more easy.

Strengthen me, heaven, to make a full confession,  
As I do hope for pardon—Grosvenor, list—  
Your father and myself were boys together;  
Together in each youthful sport we joined,  
And side by side to school and church repaired;  
And when the dreams of early manhood came,  
Bright as a summer morning were our hopes,  
And these were shared together—we were friends,  
Not such as pleasure joins in frolic mood,  
Not such as interest binds in one pursuit,  
But heart, soul, mind, companionship was ours—  
And the proud glories of the world's career,  
Which we resolved to win—how lightly youth  
Dreams glory may be won—we planned to share.  
Alas! how little knew we of the world,  
And how its high-raised hopes like bubbles burst,  
Its honours like a meteor flash and fade,  
Its pleasures, like the lights o'er grave-yard damp,  
Lure to the haunts of death,—

*Grosvenor.* You named my father.

*Murray.* Ay.—You his history know?

*Grosvenor.* Too well, too well!

*Murray.* I count his lot a blessed one, he gained  
The flower he sought, the fairest ever bloomed,  
And died without a shadow on his name;  
While I—Oh! heaven!

*Grosvenor (impatiently).* To what tends all this  
preface?

*Murray.* To my confusion; sunken as I am,  
And near the grave—yet shame is hard to bear.

But I was steeped in poverty, reduced  
To that worst state of human wretchedness,  
Dependence on the casual aid, obtained  
By false pretences from some former friend,  
Who spurned me while he gave it—ere I sunk  
To be that thing abhorred of gods and men,  
The humble tool of a successful villain,  
Of Balfour.—Yes, I acted as his agent,  
And hired the murderers to take your life;  
The son of my sworn brother, my best friend!  
—I've had my retribution—

*Grosvenor.* Must you die?  
Perchance the wound has reached no mortal part;  
Cheer up—all needful 'tendence shall be given.  
And for your crime—all that concerns myself  
Is freely pardoned—for my father's sake.

*Murray.* There spake his noble heart. But, oh!  
beware.

Go not abroad—the assassins lurk around—  
A price is on your head!—a thousand pounds.  
Thank heaven, no British soldier could be bribed  
To kill, save in fair fight.—The secret blow,  
If it be struck, will reach you by the hand  
Of some vile tory.—And remember this—  
He who from cowardice or selfish lust,  
Deserts his country in her hour of need,  
And leagues his unblest arms with her oppressors,  
Has lost the soul, the dignity of man—  
And fiends may hail him, brother.

*Grosvenor.* But wherefore  
Should Balfour seek my life? I know him not,  
What would he gain? He is not Rochdale's kin.

*Murray.* You have a sister—Oh! I am dying—  
dying!

*Grosvenor.* Not yet—not yet—speak! what of  
Julia?

*Sullivan* (*supporting Murray*). He cannot,  
Grosvenor—life is ebbing fast;

How pale he looks. Death is a fearful change.

*Murray* (*reviving*). You have a sister would be  
Rochdale's heir

If you were dead. Balfour would marry her.

*Sullivan* (*starting up, lets Murray fall*). Wed  
Julia! horrible villain! where is he?

The murderer! Speak—where, where is Balfour?

*Grosvenor.* Peace, Sullivan—he cannot. He is  
dying.

*Sullivan.* He must not, shall not die, until he  
answers;

Where's Balfour?

*Murray.* Gone with the troops and Stanley,  
To force the lady Julia back to Charleston;

And thence to London soon. How, know you not  
She fled the city?—Oh—this—pang! [*Dies.*]

*Sullivan.* Where did she fly? Grosvenor—is he  
dead?

Where's Julia—Grosvenor, can you not tell where?

*Marion.* Be calm, my friend, we will examine  
others;

Some of the prisoners must know the place  
If British troops have marched. Come, come with  
me. [*Exit all but Grosvenor.*]

*Grosvenor* (*regarding the dead body*). There lies  
a lump of clay; and where's the soul

That should have made it man? 'Twas bartered for.  
A lump of gold. Which, in the sight of God,

Is meaner dust? Were there some casuist here,  
Deep learned in subtleties, I'd try this question—

If a man sell his soul for dust—some do—  
His body being dust by nature's law,

Does it follow, when life's vital current fails,  
That the whole man will be resolved to dust?

And, like the brute, go downward to decay?  
If this be so, there's some that walk with men,

And proudly too, who'll have as little chance,  
As have the soulless brutes to enter heaven.

But what heeds he of heaven whose god is wealth?  
In the pure glories of eternity,  
What will the worshipper of Mammon find  
To make his happiness?—There'll be no gold;  
No profit; no exchange; no money coined:  
How many here count wealth by other tale  
Than gold or money's worth? Will it pass in  
heaven?

It might be well to place some treasure there.  
What fools are selfish men! What blinded dupes!  
They starve the kindly virtues in their hearts,  
Which would have made them blessed, to leave  
their heirs,

Their thankless heirs, the means of pampering vice.  
Ah! 'tis a wretched world. [*Re-enter Sullivan.*]

*Sullivan.* Come, Grosvenor, come.

I know where Julia is, and ere the sun  
Peers over yonder tree, we'll reach the place.  
Come, haste.

*Grosvenor.* Go we alone?

*Sullivan.* With Marion.

The British are in force, the prisoners say,  
And Marion's men are eager for the combat.  
Twill be a fierce one.

*Grosvenor.* Balfour will be there?

*Sullivan.* To steal my Julia, yes—his life shall  
pay

The forfeit of his crimes.

*Grosvenor.* And some may fall,  
Whose days have passed in bitterness for crimes  
That others have committed. But, my friend,  
Hear me one word, when Julia is your own,  
And new pursuits the craving heart demands,  
Seek not for the distinguishment of wealth;  
A specious sin that comes in guise of prudence,  
Lulling the mind, like opium sleep, in dreams  
Of wondrous beauty and surpassing joys,  
But, like that fatal drug destroys the strength  
Of moral life, and sinks the soul to death.

*Sullivan.* Fear not for me—I have no dreams  
beyond

A competence and her I love to share it.

*Grosvenor.* The lover's vision—pray heaven it  
may not fade—

'Twill never come but once; so wise men say.

But who are wise? The worldly?—Or the grave?  
"He that succeeds," the multitude exclaims.

Well, there is One above who knows the heart,  
And heeds not bribes of gold. I'll trust in Him.

Lead on—for Julia now. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—A country seat, surrounded by gardens  
and pleasure grounds.

[*Enter Calista.*]

*Calista.* No tidings yet, and here so far away  
From every trace of him! At home in the city,  
I could indulge my fond regard for Ormond,  
And deem it the remembrance of fair scenes  
Which he had shared. In every walk I met him,  
With every flower some thought of his was twined  
Which made its preciousness. What beauty lives  
In the pure sentiment from lips beloved!  
What trifles make love's wealth! A faded flower,  
A tress of hair,—a seal—a common book,  
With the dear name inscribed,—or, holier yet,  
A ring, the constant heart's prophetic pledge,  
How sacredly such treasures are preserved,  
How highly prized!—The miser o'er his gold,  
Adding fresh gains to swell the hoarded heap,  
And counting for the thousandth time the sum,  
Feels not the rapture of enduring wealth  
Which the true lover knows, when he regards,

With trusting faith, the simplest pledge that speaks  
Of mutual love.—Such treasures are not mine.  
Oh! my poor foolish heart, why did I yield it,  
When Hope, fond woman's angel, had not held  
Her sceptre out to bid my fancies live?  
For me there's naught but sorrow.

[Enter Julia, with a bouquet of roses in her hand.]

Julia. In tears, Calista—why this grief? Hast  
heard?

Calista. Nothing, dear Julia, not a word from  
them—

From Sullivan or Grosvenor, but sad thoughts  
In this drear, lonely place, pressed on my heart.

Julia. Secluded 'tis, and thence your mother  
chose it,

A safe abiding place in danger's hour.  
But sure to me it is not drear or lonely.  
The gardens bloom with beauty, and the birds  
Fill every grove with songs of happiness.  
I've listened, till my heart has caught the tone  
Of their sweet gratitude and buoyant joy;  
We shall be happy yet.

Calista. For you the flowers  
Bloom ever.

Julia. I do seek them in my walks.  
Look here—what lovely roses! I will form  
A wreath like that which Sullivan admired,  
When first we danced together—Shall I twine  
A wreath for you?

Calista. Not with the rose—it is  
The flower of love.

Julia. What then? You would not wear  
The willow?—Pardon me, Calista, friend—  
That my light mood has wrung a tear from thee.  
Yet why shouldst thou be sad? Thou hast no  
brother

Exposed to war's stern perils.

Calista. All are my brothers  
Who suffer or who dare in Freedom's cause.

Julia. But my poor heart feels yet another pang  
Deeper than kindred wakens. Dear Calista,  
Thou must not call me foolish in my fondness,  
Though to thy mind love's sorrows are a dream  
Which, in the suffering scenes of real life,  
Should scarce be named. But, ah! thou dost not  
know

What trembling terrors haunt me, when I think  
Of him—I love! Oft at the midnight hour,  
When thou, on thy soft pillow art at rest,  
My thoughts, like frightened birds, are hurrying on  
O'er every scene of danger and dismay.  
And tears and prayers consume the weary hours  
Till morning dawns—But with the blessed light  
New hopes, like flowerets opening with the day,  
Spring in my bosom with a radiant joy  
That makes my spirit gay in grief's despite.  
These sudden alternations thou art spared—  
But, hadst thou ever loved—

Calista. Hold, Julia, hold—  
Such moving arguments are not required  
To wake my sympathy with those who love.  
But, hark! what sounds approach?

Julia (drums heard). The sounds of war.  
It is, it is the enemy! Oh, where  
Shall be our refuge now! What arm shall save?

Calista. The holy arm that shields the trusting  
soul.

Our God can succour us, and He alone;  
My sorrows only to his ear I trust—  
Dark were poor woman's lot without her God!

[Ereunt.]

SCENE II.—Same scene continued.

[Enter Col. Balfour, British officer and soldiers,  
and torie, in martial array.]

Balfour. Halt! halt!—Our march is ended, and  
no trace

Of foes appear;—like deer before the hunter  
They fly to covert in the pathless woods,  
And find their only safety in concealment.  
There let them skulk, base slaves, would they  
preserve

Their forfeit lives from loyal British swords;  
The lion-hearted Tarleton in pursuit  
Is now engaged—and that arch-traitor Marion,  
Will find, what he deserves, the fate of Haman.  
So perish all our foes.

Officer. Your orders, Colonel.

Balfour. Draw off the men and let them rest  
awhile:

I tarry at yon house till Stanley comes.  
Here (to a soldier), this packet to the lady of the  
mansion,

See thou deliver straight.—(Exit soldiers, torie,  
&c.) She will not dare

Refuse admission to me—I will try  
Ere Stanley comes, to win the confidence  
Of these same gentle damsels. Ladies hearts  
Are won with ease when soldiers, to the siege,  
Bring the artillery of flattering oaths—  
And I can swear and flatter with the bravest.

[Ereunt.]

SCENE III.—A room in Mrs. Rutledge's house.

Balfour (alone). If I were only certain of his death!  
I think it cannot be they all have failed.  
They were well appointed, furnished, and well paid.  
He must be dead;—there's nothing more to do,  
But win fair Julia's love. The old lord must

[Enter Mrs. Rutledge.]

Approve me for her husband.—Honoured lady,  
Pardon for thus disturbing your retreat.

Mrs. Rutledge. It is the chance of war, and I  
will hope,

Your sense of honour, always sacred held  
By knights in arms, that you will not impose,  
On ladies, stern captivity.

Balfour. You judge  
Fairly and justly of me. Would I were  
At liberty to prove more courteously,  
The deep respect I feel; but duties press,  
And I may seem neglectful, yet I trust  
You'll not impute it thus.

Mrs. Rutledge. I trust you will  
Give orders we continue undisturbed.

Balfour. I shall so, madam.—But one condition is  
Imposed on me, and by Sir Robert Stanley.

Mrs. Rutledge. What would he have? he is to  
me unknown.

And at this juncture strangers are a dread—  
In grief we welcome none, save those who bring  
Familiar faces or good tidings, he  
Can neither have for us.

Balfour. He comes from Rochdale.

He comes, by him the appointed guardian  
Of Lady Julia, ('tis her title, madam,  
And proud I am to speak it,) your fair friend;  
She will be under his escort to London.

Mrs. Rutledge. If she consents; not otherwise!  
Would he

Lay any bonds upon the gentle girl?

Balfour. He ought, madam—The gentle girl lays  
bonds,

And heavy ones, on all who look on her.

Mrs. Rutledge. If you mean bonds of love, she is  
bound already.

Balfour. Not wedded? not betrothed? Julia is  
not?

Mrs. Rutledge. Betrothed she is; and with her  
brother's voice;

Nor do I think the offer of a throne  
Would change her love, or cause her to forego  
Her vows to Sullivan.

*Balfour (aside).* Ha! Sullivan. Would I had known this sooner—then I might—My bravoes! (*aloud*)—But, madam, she must have Her grandsire's approbation. You would ne'er Advise this match without his knowledge, surely?

*Mrs. Rutledge.* Why, sir, the contract's settled. But she comes, Let her decide. If she asks my advice I shall say, marry Sullivan.

[*Enter Julia and Calista.*]

*Balfour.* Fair ladies, let me hope that my request,

For your attendance was not deemed too bold.

I have a message from Sir Robert Stanley

To you, fair Julia; he requests you will

Be ready to attend him: it is arranged

That shortly you depart with him, for London.

*Julia.* I thank you for the care; the message is A needless one.—I stay with Mrs. Rutledge.

*Balfour.* Can there be aught in this rude land to please

The Lady Julia? What is here worth loving?

*Julia.* My friends.

*Balfour.* In England you have fortune.

*Julia.* The good I have not prized is nothing won;

A lack I ne'er have mourned is nothing lost.

Wealth has its value—but, my friends are priceless, I'll therefore keep my friends (*going*).

*Balfour.* But Lady, stay.

Stanley has orders to remove you.

*Julia.* He will not.

*Balfour.* I would it were so, Lady, I pity you,—

But that is all I can. His orders are

Peremptory, and from your grandsire. See,

He comes to execute them now.

[*Enter Stanley.*]

*Stanley.* Fair Julia, are you ready? All's prepared.

*Julia.* I am prepared to stay. 'Twere vain to waste

Your time and eloquence in picturing forth

The charms of greatness, and the joys that wait

To bless me in the world of fashion. There

Is not my world. Here, here are all my wishes,

Thoughts, recollections, hopes. I was born here.

The heart has but one country; mine is here—

I may not leave it.

*Balfour (aside to Stanley).* Be firm, and tell her

You may not trifle longer; she must go.

'Tis likely she would rather seem to yield,

Like many others of her silly sex,

In contests for domestic regency,

With tears and chidings, rather than soft smiles.

Weak reasoners they, who think this will enhance

The merit of submission. Let them learn,

That when we wrangle for a right, and gain it,

We thank our own good strength, not those who braved it.

'Twere best, perhaps, they learn not this, they might,

Did they but know the potency of mildness,

Contrive to rule the world. We should not strive

'Gainst silken fetters, though we burst steel bands.

*Stanley (to Julia).* I do regret most deeply, that my duty

To the authority, with which I am

Invested by your grandsire, must constrain me

To insist on this—that you repair with me

To London; and I pledge my honour, if,

When there, you are unwilling to remain,

You shall be furnished to return, and left

To your free choice.

*Julia.* I make my choice to stay, 'Tis mockery to my heart to think I'll change.

*Stanley.* And yet, I hope it, Lady.—But you'll go—

All 'tendance, homage—would I might say—love, Will wait on you, preventing every wish.

You have here no ties—

*Julia.* All, all—my brother—

*Balfour.* I grieve to give you sorrow; but it were

A sin to suffer such illusion when

I know its fallacy. Your brother—is dead.

*Calista (shrieks).* Oh, Grosvenor dead! [*all start.*]

*Julia.* No, no,—they tell me this

To fright me. No!

*Stanley.* Not I. 'Tis news to me.

*Balfour.* But true. He is dead; killed in a skirmish—

And Marion's rebel band are all cut up.

(*Aside*) I hope so. I have paid, and prayed for it too—

And sure I have the right to prophesy,

Curst be the fates if I prove false in this.

*Julia.* Must I bear this?—O, heaven! why do I live?

My brother dead? (*starting*) Is he—Sullivan?

He was with Marion—and he is killed.

[*sinks on a sofa.*]

*Calista (clasping Julia, and weeping).* Let me weep too. I can weep with you, Julia.

[*A noise within, shouts, firing, uproar; British soldiers rush over the stage, crying, Marion! Marion! pursued by Grosvenor and Sullivan with drawn swords. Balfour draws his sword.*]

*Grosvenor (to Balfour).* Coward, assassin—turn your sword this way.

I would not strike you down without a strife.

'T would seem too like your own foul treachery.

*Balfour.* Ha! Grosvenor—Now ye powers of death assist me,

I'll pay the price, be it my soul, I care not, So I may kill this rebel—

*Grosvenor.* Heaven strengthen me,

They need make no conditions for your soul—

They'll have it for asking.

[*Grosvenor and Balfour fight, and exit fighting. (Sullivan supports Julia.)*]

*Stanley.* I have no sword.—I came not here to fight.

*Sullivan.* You are safe without a sword. With one, perchance,

We had not met thus peaceably.

[*Re-enter Grosvenor.*]

*Grosvenor.* He's fled—Balfour has 'scaped me.

Fled! I thought

To strike him down, but he has shunned the blow;—

Will it, when I am old, grieve me to say,—

I did not kill him? Then, why should it now?

It is the blood of man, though shed in battle;—

And victory is but a name for—murder.

Heaven forgive us! We are erring creatures.

[*Shouts within. Guns fired. Trask rushes in breathless and bloody.*]

*Trask.* To the rescue! to the rescue! The British have rallied. [*Exit Trask.*]

*Grosvenor.* Balfour again!—I'll meet him.

[*Exit Grosvenor.*]

*Sullivan (to the ladies).* Must I leave you unprotected? Stanley, here,

You look brave, and I think noble—take my sword—

I trust these to your care.

*Stanley.* I'll keep them with my life.

[*Sullivan seizes a gun, which had been dropped by a fugitive, and exit.*]

*Mrs. Rutledge (sitting down and clasping her hands).* They say we have no courage—women are weak.

Which is the harder effort? to sit here,  
Listening to sounds of fearful desolation,  
Perchance the groans of friends, of dying friends;  
Or to rush wildly 'midst the strife, with hope  
That we may succour those we love—at least  
Be with them when they fall.—Heaven help them  
now!

Calista, Julia, do not weep—not yet—  
Tears are not needed. We'll pray. We'll pray.

[*Mrs. R., Calista, and Julia, kneel.*]

*Stanley (aside).* If, while men fight, the women  
pray against us,  
Our cause must fail.

[*Re-enter Trask, shouting.*]

*Trask.* Hurrah! hurrah! for the battle is won.  
We've beaten them again. I think they'll now  
Be quiet for a time—at least to-day.

*Mrs. Rutledge (ladies rise).* Our friends?—are  
they safe?

*Trask.* All safe.—Stay, no—  
Grosvenor is wounded.

*Calista.* Where? where is he?  
Did you say badly wounded?

*Trask.* Not badly;  
At least I hope not; he was shot—I think  
It must be one of Balfour's troop of villains.

[*Re-enter Grosvenor, supported by Sullivan and Marion. They support him to a couch.*]

*Julia (clasping and kissing his hand).* Ormond!  
how pale! must you die now, my brother!  
Now, when the victory's won?

*Marion.* War's triumphs oft are bathed in our  
best blood.

*Julia.* Dreadful triumphs!—Ormond, can you  
speak?

O, speak one word, my brother!

*Grosvenor (faintly).* I was praying.  
I must die, Julia—Do not grieve, for this  
Life has been short, but early sorrows made me wise.  
Old ere my time: would they had made me wise.  
Come, Sullivan, thy hand, and let me give  
My sister to thy care and tenderness.  
I know thou'lt love her well, but trust her too;  
Make her thy friend, as well as wife—she is  
Worthy to be thy soul's companion, she  
Will have no other friend.

*Sullivan.* And while I live  
She shall no other need.

*Julia (embracing her brother).* Oh, Ormond!  
Ormond!

*Grosvenor (weeps).* Julia, I did not think to  
weep again,

Save for my sins. I would die calm. Do not,  
My sister, sorrow thus. You are not alone.  
Where Sullivan resides will be thy home.—  
A pleasant home thou soon wilt think it, Julia.  
It is our land, though weary seem the way,  
Yet friends, the same in speech and heart are  
there—

The friends of Sullivan—they will be thine.  
And thou wilt love them, and be happy, Julia.  
And sometimes, when the summer days are bright,  
And thy thoughts wander to thy early home—  
What heart but will go there—where childhood  
passed?

Then think—there's flowers—upon my grave.

*Sullivan (supporting Julia).* O, spare us, brother  
—why can we not save thee?

*Grosvenor.* 'Tis vain. Stanley, you've deemed  
me rebel,

An enemy; but now we bear no malice.

*Stanley.* None, none—I trust you will not judge  
my heart

By Balfour's measure. I came not here to war  
Against your liberties. I would have joyed  
To call you—brother.

*Grosvenor.* Such may yet be called,  
The name of Englishman in this free land.  
The nations yet may meet as equals, allies—  
America will be a generous friend;  
When the day ('twill come) of her proud strength  
arrives,—

Then be these scenes of blood forgotten? No—  
But mentioned with a softened tone, a sigh,  
The sign that all's forgiven.

*Stanley (offering his hand).* Yes—by both—  
And be the motto in that happy hour—  
"Friendship in marble—enmity in dust."

*Grosvenor.* Farewell.—And to my grandsire I  
would send

Forgiveness. I do pity him. He is old:  
And has no loved one's arm on which to lean.  
But those who throw their summer flowers away,  
Must never, when the dreary winter comes,  
Dream they can gather up the broken plants,  
And make them bloom again. O, no—they cannot.  
(*Grosvenor lies silent some minutes.*)

My sister, one more kiss. Ah, Edward—where?  
(*starting.*)

*Sullivan.* Edward is happy now. He is in  
heaven.

*Grosvenor.* Shall I not join him soon? I think  
I shall.

Sister, one last embrace. The chill of death  
Is stealing over me; and love is all  
The worth of the universe. What now were gold?  
Or title?—But affection still seems precious.  
And thine, I well may prize it. I have none  
But thine.

[*Calista rushes to Grosvenor, and throws her arms  
around him.*]

*Calista.* Ormond! I have loved thee!

*Grosvenor.* Calista!—Dear Calista!—This is  
death!—(he attempts to speak again, but  
sinks and dies.) [EXEUNT.]

[The following poem, sent us by a literary friend, well known as an American writer, which we take the liberty of publishing, deserves some little explanation, otherwise the reader might not fully appreciate its merits. Calling one evening on an American family, residing in London, the author found his friend and wife out, and the parlour in possession of their little daughter, a child of two years old—whose prattled welcome so pleased the visiter, that, while waiting for her parents, he wrote the poem.]—Ed.

## GOOD NIGHT, LITTLE ELLEN.

Good night, little Ellen!—you've been very good  
To enliven my stupor as long as you could;  
You've prattled, and looked very pretty, your eyes  
Raining showers the while of "bewildered surprise"  
And gratuitous wisdom:—I think you polite  
As any young lady I know of: good night!

I wish thee good night, little Ellen,—and more:  
Ah! long is the way which thou yet must pass o'er.  
I wish that thy dreams may be ever as sweet  
As they will be this evening. I wish thy wee feet  
As softly may fall in the path they shall tread  
By the light of the future as now to thy bed.

Good night, little Ellen! I wish that the rest  
Of a conscience as sunny as this in thy breast,  
May be found; and the bloom of a virtue as meek  
Look gay in thy glance and be bright on thy cheek;  
And, oh! if through life some love, with the charm  
Of a mother's, a father's, might save thee from harm!

Good night, little Ellen! I know there's an eye  
Will watch o'er thy journey when danger is nigh!  
God keep thee from sin and from sorrow; and when  
Thou shalt think in those days, of the days that have  
been,  
Think kindly of me, little Ellen, and light  
Be thy step o'er mine ashes:—I wish thee good night.

B. B. T.

London, Nov. 1837.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE FLOWER GIRL.

BY MISS M. MILES.

"WILL you buy my flowers?" said a sweet voice to Mrs. Audly, as she stepped from her carriage, and was about entering one of the most fashionable mansions in the most populous of our southern cities. Mrs. Audly stopped, and regarded with an eye of wonder, a child of surpassing beauty—who held forth a bunch of moss roses. She was struck with surprise to see one so fragile and delicate, thus engaged in selling in the public street.

"Do you sell your roses, in order to support yourself, little girl?" she asked in a tone of kindness.

"No, ma'am," she replied, dropping a curtsy—"but my mother is sick, and I walked from the cross roads, to sell all the roses that was on my own bush: will you buy them, lady?" and her deep blue eyes filled with tears.

Mrs. Audly was much interested by the innocence and artless simplicity of the child; and after a few more inquiries, determined to go herself and see the sick woman, who the child said was a stranger in B—. She was one whose purse was always open to the calls of charity, and taking the little girl into the carriage, she ordered her coachman to drive to the cross roads, about two miles from the city. They stopped before a low humble-looking house; and the lady entering, saw extended upon the bed, and apparently dying, a female upon whose countenance, wasted as it was, there yet lingered the remains of great beauty. Mrs. Audly spoke to her in tones of compassion, but she only lifted to her the glazed and closing eye. It was evident she was fast sinking to her rest. A decent looking woman came forward, and from her the lady learned that the stranger's name was Lorton; that she had come there sick, and as she was poor, she had boarded her and her child—and until the last three weeks, had regularly received her pay; and as she wanted some comforts, she had given Inez the child, leave to sell the roses.—"Mrs. Lorton, I guess, has seen better days," said the woman, in conclusion, "but what I shall do with the child when she is gone, I don't know, though she is so good and sweet-tempered."

Mrs. Audly sent her servant to procure the necessary comforts for the night, and leaving

some money with the woman, returned home with the promise of visiting them the next day.

The windows of Mrs. Audly's mansion opened upon a piazza, and she sat alone musing on the past. Time had been, when the voice of childhood sent its thrill through the mother's heart, and the sound of mirth and gladness resounded through her now silent dwelling; but one by one, the bright and beautiful beings who clustered around her hearth and board, had gone down in their innocence to the tomb—only one remained—a son in a distant land. The lady sat in sadness. Her husband entered, and seeing the melancholy that rested on her brow, began relating something amusing that had occurred during the day. She still appeared abstracted, and upon his tenderly inquiring the cause, she related to him the incidents of the morning.—"That child reminds me of my departed ones," said she, and a tear fell upon the hand her husband held. "Robert, I know that you seldom deny a request of mine; but still it is an important one I am about making. This poor child, in all her beauty and sweetness, seems as if sent to supply the places of the dead: why may I not adopt her as my own? Our home will not appear so lonely."

Mr. Audly gladly consented to any thing that could cheer the solitude of his wife, or while her from the melancholy that was undermining her health; and they concerted together to take the little Inez, as soon as Mrs. Lorton was dead.

The next day, when Mrs. Audly arrived at the cottage, she found that Mrs. Lorton had died in the night, without giving any sign of consciousness, or discovering who she was. There was a miniature of her,—taken when young, and set with pearls, very rich, in her trunk—the only vestige of better days. And after the last sad duties were performed, the little Inez returned with her protectress to her new home. Many an hour did her endearing affection render happy, which would otherwise have been filled with sorrowful remembrances, and Mrs. Audly, in watching each day some new charm of mind or person unfold to view, was doubly repaid for her charity to the orphan. The child possessed great sweetness of temper, united to great powers of mind, and the best masters were procured for her by her kind friends. In music, she particularly excelled, and the sound of her sweet voice, pouring out some gay or sad strain, soothed and cheered their hearts, and made life almost seem again bright to them. She was very dear to them both, and few could see the interesting orphan, without loving her. Her life was one of sunshine, though sometimes the thought of her mother, would cause a shade to steal over her sunny face, and cloud her brow. Inez Lorton was fifteen, and had been passing the evening with some young friend. When she returned in the evening, she threw herself into Mrs. Audly's arms and wept bitterly. The memories of her childhood had become dim, and she had always called, and of late years, deemed that lady to be her parent.

"My child! my Inez!" said she, "what means these tears? What has thus caused you sorrow, my bright one?"

"Oh! I am not your child," exclaimed the sobbing girl; "to-night, in the dance, Miss Laurence refused to notice me, because, she said, I was not so good as herself, for I lived on charity." And a fresh burst of tears followed this explanation.

Mrs. Audly was much shocked, but she gently and kindly related to Inez, all the circumstances of her mother's illness, and her own adoption of her into her family. She told her, that birth and fortune would weigh little with the wise and good, in comparison with the purity and goodness of her child, and in conclusion, added, "My Inez, in the world's paths, you will have to bear much that is unpleasant; but I have taught you to look above for support and guidance; and think, my love, of Him, who on earth was so despised of men, and learn a lesson of submission. Go on steadily in the path of duty, and convert scorn into respect and love. Bear every trial with patience, and when wounded by the shaft of ill-nature, remember, that to the shelter of the parent wing you can fly for safety and comfort."

Three years had gone by, and the name of Inez Audly was the theme of many a tongue. Very loving and winning was she, as she moved in her beauty through the wreathing dance, and her adopted parents gazed upon her with a look of pride; but dearer, far dearer to their hearts, was she in the quiet of their own home. There was yet some chords in life's harp unbroken, and her smile was the gleam of brightness in their dwelling. And as she cheered their loneliness, or knelt morning and evening for their blessing, they felt the twining tie grow still stronger.

"A party at Rose Laurence's! How delightful," exclaimed Catherine Morris, as she was walking one evening with Inez. "Shall you not go, dear?"

"I do not visit Miss Laurence," replied Inez; and a slight flush passed over her face.

"Well, that is strange—I thought you used to know her once."

"So I did; but I have not visited her for nearly three years. They say her brother has returned. Have you seen him, Kate?"

"No; but I hear wonders of him. I have taken a strange fancy into my head, that destiny will yet weave a spell, to give both your lives a different shadowing. Fate plays strange tricks sometimes. So bind up your bonny brown hair, and don your best attire; try to win this doughty knight. I really believe I should cry for joy, to see him leading you a gay measure; if it were only to vex his proud sister. For you, whom I deem the very acme of goodness and perfection, I should think even Ernest Laurence might, with all his intellectual gifts, wear the chains of matrimony gracefully."

Inez interrupted her, "Catherine, wild as are your day dreams, you are capable of feeling deeply. To you, I always speak openly—I never shall marry. The blush of shame shall never stain the cheek of any one, however I may sacrifice my own peace, to know that the object of his affection was once an obscure flower girl—even now, subsisting upon charity.—No! I must wander forth through life's

paths, with a sense of loneliness ever pressing upon my heart. Without one kindred tie to bind me to earth. And yet I am not ungrateful; for there are some who love me well." Then, wiping away the tear that dimmed her eye, she added more gaily; "But, Kate, you can try your own sweet powers, and I will surely lead one gay measure at your bridal. I must run home now. So good bye."

In the height of youth and beauty, Rose Laurence moved with stately step, through the brilliantly lighted apartments of her father's luxurious mansion. But yet there was something of pride in the curl of her lip—of scorn in the glance of her black eye. Many a one was drawn within the magic circle she collected around her; but two stood apart—two whose bearing seemed to say, that their place should have been by the side of one so beautiful. Ernest Laurence, and his friend Audly, were talking over all the scenes of earlier days, and heeded not when those silvery accents fell soft upon the ear.

"But, Audly, I hoped to see your mother here to-night. I was always good friends with her, though I so often led you into hair-breadth escapes—why did she not come?"

The brow of Constant Audly slightly contracted as he answered: "She visits but seldom; but you know she will give you a warm welcome to the little breakfast room, where she sees all who are dear to her without ceremony."

"I shall most certainly avail myself of the privilege; but Rose is motioning us to come to her. Does she not look beautiful to-night, my queen-like sister? Come, Constant, you my friend, must wear her colours."

"Never!" muttered Constant Audly, as he followed his friend.

Inez Audly was bending over a drawing that she was copying for Mrs. Morris, when the door of the small breakfast-room, in which she was seated, suddenly opened. Inez raised her head, and Mrs. Audly approached, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, whom she introduced as Ernest Laurence—one of Constant's dearest friends. "My Inez," said she, as he stood evidently struck with the beauty of the blushing girl; "will you not receive him as such?"

Inez remembered the words of her friend, and her salutation was tinged with more coldness than was usual to her. He was one who had carried the charm of childhood into his mature years; and foreign travel, temptations, and new associations had not destroyed it; and he now, with his own open winning manner, sat down by Mrs. Audly, and recalled the scenes of his boyhood, with all the freshness of early affection. Constant now came in, and Inez gathering up her drawing materials, retired from the room.

"Who is that beautiful girl?" asked Ernest, of his friend, as soon as she left the room. "Such a vision of loveliness I have seldom met with."

"She is my adopted sister, and I claim for her the respect due, as if she was bound to us by the kindred tie. Inez is no common cha-

acter, and some day, I will give you her story."

It was Mrs. Audly's birth-day, and the first for many years that Constant had passed at home. Since the death of her children, she had never opened her doors to the gay world, but now she felt that for his sake, she would sacrifice every selfish feeling, and celebrate it. Inez was too beautiful, she said, to remain buried in obscurity, and there were many who would gladly hail the return of her son to his own home.

Inez sat alone in her room; a rich dress was spread out on the bed, and many an ornament and jewel laid upon her dressing table, and yet she heeded not the passing hours. Her head was bent down; and a deep flush upon her cheek, and a trembling of her slight form, bespoke agitation. Kate Morris entered unperceived, and stealing to her side, threw her arm around her.

"Inez! sweet Inez! why this cloud upon your brow to-night? Tell me, dear, when mirth and revelry reign triumphant, why this tearful eye! this burning cheek! Come, my sweet friend, don your festal robe, and let me weave that chaplet of pale roses in your dark hair."

"Oh! Kate, I would fly far from this gay scene. My place ought not to be amidst the wealthy and proud who will throng these halls to-night. I wish mamma would excuse my appearing;" and again she rested her head upon her hand.

"He heard the gay din from the castle hall,  
But was not in mood for the festival,"

exclaimed Catherine, in a lively tone: "A truce to these sombre fancies;" and half by ridicule, half by caresses, she roused Inez from her despondency. "There, sweet one," she exclaimed, as she assisted at her toilet, "do I not play tire-woman to perfection. The *tout ensemble* is exquisite; only this pale cheek shames that white wreath.—Come."

Never had Inez been so touchingly beautiful as on that evening, and none passed by that shrine of loveliness without bestowing the meed of voluntary admiration. Ernest Laurence, since the day of his introduction to her, had ever lingered by her side when they met, as if under the influence of some fascinating spell. Ernest, the gifted, proud Ernest, could not conceal from himself, that the protégée of Mrs. Audly, was the bright star to shed its beam upon his wayward destiny. Yes! Ernest loved—not with the love of man, that is as the meteor's gleam; but with a deep passionate love, that worshipped its idol in the inmost recesses of the devoted heart; but she

"Coldly passed him by."

"Do you never dance, Miss Audly?" asked Ernest, as he hovered near her.

"To be sure she does," replied Constant. And meeting her glance—"Nay, my dear Inez, that frown becomes you not. There, Ernest, take her hand and join yon gay circle."

Inez could not without infringing every rule

of *etiquette*, refuse, and an *exposé* of her unwillingness to receive even trifling attention from him, her good sense taught her to avoid in so public an assembly; therefore, she suffered him to lead her to the dance.

There was a smile of triumph upon Kate Morris's lip, as they took their places, opposite Rose Laurence, (who, as a child of one that was dear to Mrs. Audly, had been invited to the *fete*), upon whose beautiful brow a dark cloud lowered. Beautiful and graceful were they, as they stood together in that lordly room. He with his glorious brow, upon which intellect had set its signet; and a light in the raven eye breathing of the noble soul within, now bent in admiration upon the sweet face that was so pensive in its deep loveliness. He was murmuring a few words of thanks for her favour, and

"His voice had that low and lute-like sound,  
Whose echo within the heart is found."

"Is not Inez Audly lovely?" asked Kate Morris, as she and Rose were standing together. "Methinks, my friend Ernest owns the syren's spell." Kate spoke playfully, but not without a little maliciousness. She was delighted to mortify her proud companion.

"Listen to me, Kate Morris. I would rather see my brother, proud and gifted as he is, and dearly as I love him, stretched in the last deep sleep, than wedded to yon low born girl. You think of a bonny bridal, but mark me, if you dream of one, I will mar it." And with these bitter words, she swept away.

Catherine stood as if spell-bound. She would not believe that such fierce passions could reign in the heart of a woman. "Oh! she cannot hate Inez," was her involuntary exclamation, as she gazed upon the sweet face of her friend.

"And who does hate one so good and faultless?" asked Mrs. Audly who overheard her. Catherine started, and eagerly detailed the conversation that had passed.

"God shield her!" cried Mrs. Audly, "from the shaft of wo. 'Tis a bitter hatred Miss Laurence bears. She may yet be humbled."

The light of a winter sunset was gleaming full upon the crimson curtains of a gorgeously furnished room; and gazing out upon it, with an eye of abstraction, was Inez Audly. The shadows grew deeper, and yet she stirred not. She had dashed the cup of happiness from her lips. Ernest had that morning breathed in her ear the deep passionate words of love. And even whilst he won from her the confession, that that love was returned, even then did she bid him farewell, for ever. "I will shame no man," said she proudly; "and, Ernest Laurence, least of all, you. Go win for your bride one amongst the gifted and beautiful of your own land, and forget you ever knew one, whose destiny has been so wayward." And Ernest went from her presence, to roam far from his own home, so painful were its memories.

And months rolled on, and Inez's voice was silent in the song, and her step in the dance. Shade after shade gathered upon her white brow, and the rose-tint on her cheek had long



faded away. Day by day, she administered to the comfort of those around her, and whispered in tones of fondness to the kind friends of her youth; but they saw that change was upon that young face.

It was midnight, and alone in her chamber, sat Rose Laurence. The moonlight was gleaming full upon her beautiful face, as she lingered, buried in deep thought. Her windows opened upon a piazza, and the soft air of a southern clime, stole gently in. A step startled her, but she was not given to fear, and ere she had time to retreat, the form of Kate Morris, closely muffled, stood before her. Rose started back, in evident amazement at her appearance at such an unwonted hour. Catherine was pale as death. An exclamation of alarm, burst involuntarily from her companion. "Nay, Rose Laurence, heed me not. My cheek may be pale; but the cheek of one more gentle and good, is paler yet. There is one even now, bowing beneath the blast—one sweet flower, crushed to earth. Come with me, Rose Laurence, to yon chamber," pointing to a window in Mrs. Audly's dwelling, (which was adjacent) and from which a faint light streamed, "Come, and see the change your pride has wrought in all that was bright and lovely."

Unable to resist the impetuosity of Catherine, who had caught up a shawl, and thrown over her, and awed in spite of herself, she mechanically followed her through the garden, that communicated with Mrs. Audly's grounds, and through them to the house. They entered by a side door, and ascending the staircase, Kate opened the door of a chamber, from which proceeded smothered sounds.

Rose Laurence shrunk back appalled at the scene before her. She had been brought up in the midst of luxury and affluence, and had never seen sorrow or sickness, in any of its various forms. Supported in the arms of the nurse, who was vainly trying to soothe her, was Inez Audly. Her long hair streamed upon the pillow, and her eyes lighted up with a brilliancy, terrifying to the beholder. Her cheeks were flushed to crimson, and her voice, once so musical, was now discordant in its shrillness. The physician was holding her pulse, and Mrs. Audly, worn out with watching, slumbered on a distant sofa. Kate approached the bed, and gently took the place of the nurse. Inez caught a view of Miss Laurence's form, and her wild scream rang for many a week in the ears of the proud girl: then she sung snatches of songs that Ernest had loved, and turning to her, murmured softly:

"It is a beautiful spirit come to watch over me. Did you ever love, lady? love one, whose place was in stately halls, and his proud kindred made you rue it." Then clasping her pale hands, she would entreat Rose not to tear him from her; and sob, till it seemed that the heart of the stricken one was indeed breaking.

Again the chamber door slowly opened, and another was added to the group around that bed. Ernest Laurence stood, with a countenance on which many a passion was contending for mastery, just shaded by the curtains. The physician grasped his arm, and whispered,

"Stir not—her life is at stake." Rose was kneeling apart, her face buried in her hands, her humbled and penitent soul going up in prayer.

The sobs of Inez gradually subsided, and towards morning she fell asleep. Oh! they who have kept the vigil of fear and love by the couch of the dear, can alone tell the mingled sensations of such hours. They stirred not from their places, even to relieve Catherine, upon whose bosom Inez was leaning, lest they should break that sleep. Deeper and deeper it grew, till they held their breath in fear.

The sun was many hours high, when Inez woke from that slumber. The physician held a cordial to her lips, and again she closed her eyes, but a smile was on her face. He held her pulse, and motioning them to take advantage of this slight unconsciousness, said softly, "She will live!" And one by one, they stole forth to pour out the fullness of their hearts in prayer.

Soft was the song of the summer bird, and the perfume of fragrant flowers, borne on the wings of the wind, stole in at the open window. The rich curls that half shaded Inez's yet pale cheek, moved gently as the light breeze met them. But there was joy in her dark eye, and a smile upon her lip. Ernest's hand smoothed the pillow upon which her head rested, and he bent over her couch, with a look of anxious love. There was gathered round her, all that was rich and rare, to cheer and amuse an invalid. She smiled as Ernest held up his watch, and whispered fondly, "You must talk no longer, dearest; here comes Rose." And that once proud girl held the cooling draught to her lips, and kissed her brow, as she thanked her sweetly. Yes—Rose Laurence, on her bended knees, besought her forgiveness, and rose not till she gave her promise to be her sister. And in after years, when her own form was bowed with disease, and her reduced fortune made her an inmate of her brother's dwelling, then did she bless the hour, when he had chosen as his bride, the once poor *flower girl*. Kate, too, the generous Kate, met her reward in the endearing love and devotion of the noble heart of Constant Audly, to whom she had been many years wedded.

Such is the force of education, and so much are men what the habits of infancy make them, that in spite of the conceits of the English, when Florida was ceded to England by a treaty with Spain in 1769, the whole of the Spanish population left the province and towns, except one in a single town, and another one in the woods. The same feeling was exemplified by some inhabitants of Nova Zembla, who, on being brought to Denmark, and clothed and fed with every luxury of civilization, so pined for their return to their own inhospitable desert, that some of them died before they could be sent back. Something like this strong principle doubtless governs birds and animals in their return to their native haunts.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE REVOLT OF THE GLADIATORS.

BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

NEARLY hidden, in his dimutiveness, by the rubbish of his art, which, through half a century had been accumulating around him, casts and blocks of marble, with statues, (some mutilated almost to shapelessness by accident, others bearing upon them the hopeless deformity of a bungler's chisel; and among them not a few which in our day would literally be worth their weight in gold.) stood the sculptor Piso of Capua, who, in the increasing taste of the Romans for the fine arts, had not been allowed to remain without wealth and distinction in his own good city. Now, as he had been for months before, he was toiling at a work which, could he have moulded it to the perfection of the model before him, might have transmitted his name to time, along with those of the illustrious Greeks, whose glory it had been one of the chief foibles of his life to envy, rather than to emulate. That model was a young Thessalian slave. So unchangeably he kept his beautifully graceful attitude, that but for the glow of life on his skin, he might have been passed at a glance, as a figure of one of the marble groups by which he was surrounded. Yet the expression of his eye, and the varying play of his features were proof that his immobility was more the effect of abstraction of mind, than of regard to the requisitions of his master.

"Thy heel—raise thy heel a little," said the sculptor, leaving a streak of plaster across his sallow forehead, as he drew his hand over it in the fidgety excitement which kept progress with his work. "Pho! thinkest thou a god would crumple his toes thus!—an thou had extended thy chest, and held thy chin at the proper angle,—so,—I might have made an Apollo of thee, or at least a Mercury; but with that obstinate twist of the neck thou wilt scarcely be an Endymion. However, skill—a master's skill—may do much. It shall not leave unfinished one hair's breadth; no swollen fingers; no scraggy shoulders, as in that Praxiteles!—Beh! Thou must straighten one thing, knave," continued he, pausing to rest his arm, and for the first time during the day's labour, examining the countenance of his study. "Thou must correct that villanous curl of the lip. Nay, I mean not thou shouldst make it worse by that smile,"—as the youth, at last, seemed conscious of his drivelling—"the most pliant candidate that ever won a white robe, would not squander his purse for a marble with a distorted mouth! That minds me of Marcus Crassus; a dignitary, a senator of Rome,—to higgler for a statue—to offer me for yon glorious Bacchus, two slaves!—two wretches, made to toil a while, and then to rot,—for a work of my hands,—one for which I would have been almost deified at Athens,—one that would have gained me the love of Pericles! Alas! Rome has no Pericles; and how is she to know whether she has a Phidias?"—

The concluding sigh of the artist was broken

by the entrance of a man whose majesty of countenance and bearing made his servile garb sit strangely upon him.

"Ha! my Hercules!" exclaimed Piso, as he advanced, "art through with thy trial? Thou wouldst not let that long-sided slave of old Publius beat thee, I warrant me,—Stadium, as young Appius calls him,—a witty jibe! Thou hast had Appius to see thee and examine? and Turnus, and Ladon? keen youths all; they would want to fix their bets for the grand shows;"—

"Here is a purse," interrupted the gladiator coldly, reaching out a small leathern bag.

"A purse!" ejaculated the sculptor, dropping a trowel, as he hastily rubbed his hands over his toga and stretched them out to receive it, "a purse for a mere set-to—and one well lined!—we have rare youths in Capua! One, two, three; there can scarcely be less than four sestertia. Per Plutus! thou art a treasure, my Spartacus! thou hast already won me more than triple thy price. It will half pay for the Medusa's head; nay, it shall be a gift for my Arria's wedding wardrobe; thou art a treasure, my Thracian! yet I bethink me of the golden goose, told about by the crooked Phrygian. I would not have the games injure thee! I would not have thee strive too hard, remember! Thou may'st come down from the stand, Glycon;—a knee rounded and four toes finished, and four sestertia—a brave morning's work, per Hercle!" Thus mumbling, the old man thrust the purse among the folds of his robe, and tottered off, doubtless, to deposit it in a place of more secure keeping.

"Thou hast had no slight play,—thou and the Macedonian," remarked the young Greek, coming forward as his master left the apartment; "Spar., as it was, I see thou hast blood on thy tunic."

"Ay, we fought like dogs, or rather like what we are—slaves," returned Spartacus, slowly withdrawing his eye, which had followed the receding form of the sculptor with an expression inclined to, though scarcely marked enough for contempt; "a noble thing it is to gash and gore the flesh of a fellow-being against whom we have no grudge; and to bear his blood about on our garments, or send it to soak the dust of the arena, for the pastime of a crew of puny barbarians, any of whose carcasses might be crushed easily as this lump of clay! By the gods! each time they come crowding about me, to measure my body and debate upon its strength, as if it were that of a draught beast; I long the more impatiently for the day when they shall feel in earnest the power which they have nourished for their sport!"

The youth replied but by a sigh, which indeed seemed scarcely called forth by the words of his companion.

"As proud a thing as it is," continued the elder slave in increased bitterness, "for a free-born Greek, the last of a line who devoted themselves to the death in seeking to save their own land of glory from the ruffian rule of these same barbarians, to stand for hours, smoothing his face and mincing his gestures to look the Adonis for one of them, too pitiful for scorn!"

Again the youth sighed, and without seem-

ing to heed the sarcasm, gloomily replied, "We are slaves!"

"We are slaves!" repeated Spartacus emphatically; "the slaves of our own cowardice or indolence, but only through them the slaves of the Romans. In what are they now our superiors, but in the riches which our toils have won them? Weak and vicious as they have grown, must we grow still more weak and more vicious to keep ourselves at the established distance below them? What slave among us would not feel himself degraded by the avarice, the sloth, and the cruelty which they cherish? But it is vain to talk to thee, now, Glycon," continued he reproachfully, as he marked the still but partial attention of his companion;—"the chains are tightening round thy mind closer than the bonds of thy body! Thou art no more the Greek boy, whose thrilling songs once stirred up even the dull minds of born minions to thoughts of freedom; who strengthened in me, whilst in the feebleness of thy early years thou didst cling to me for refuge against them who would have silenced thee, my first hopes of redemption. I have watched thee lay down the lyre, for the lute; the songs of freedom, for the tales of Arcadia!—hast thou indeed, forgotten thy own land,—thy own name,—thy own wrongs?"

"Alas! no!" replied Glycon, at last excited by the altered looks and tones of Spartacus.

"Why then is the change!—it is not assumed to cast off the rough friend who from thy first day of bondage, watched and served thee as a father?"

"No! no!" reiterated the youth; and while his face flushed, and his eye fell, he pointed significantly to a large curtain that dropped its folds at a distance before them.

"Thou dost not dare to love!—thou—a slave!" exclaimed the gladiator, assuming his former tone. "Thou acknowledgest, then, the jest not idle, that thou wouldst fain take up the distaff in a maiden's chamber! To be reviled of thy own choice because the lips are red which shall taunt thee!—to be buffeted, because the hand is fair which shall smite thee. And then to be transferred into the power of a coarser tyrant with other bridal trappings,—that of Appius Pulcher, perhaps; the most ruffianly debauchee in all Capua; to be his cup-bearer, for thy white skin and graceful limbs; to hold the wine to his lips when he can hold it no longer, and then to bear off his bloated trunk from his revels of drunkenness! Thou wilt be gaining honours worthy of thy blood!"

"Nay, Spartacus, I will not listen to this,"—began the youth in anger.

"Nay! what is then thy hope?"

"Hope! Alas! I have no hope!"

"I could give thee a hope worthy of a man," said Spartacus, as he walked away; "but thou art not now fit to receive it. I pity thee, poor youth!"

We will suppose the curtain removed that so effectually assisted the young Greek in his revelations, and present ourselves in the sanctum which it concealed—the principal apartment of Arria, Piso's young and fair daughter. Even

at that early day, the rooms of a woman of wealth and fashion (for ere then fashion had had its birth and its arbitresses) were decorated with all the excess of taste and expense that is squandered on the boudoir of an élégante of our times. Vanity, and an almost childish love for his daughter, not unfrequently overcame the notorious avarice of the old sculptor, from which, and his access to all that was rare and costly in the arts, she dwelt amidst such a display as surrounded few of the equally rich and more lofty of the dames of Capua. The wing of the mansion which she occupied had been designed and erected for her sole use by her father, and, from the contrast of its elaborate Greek architecture with the ordinary plainness of the main building, was smiled upon as a last-ling reproach to the vaunted taste of the projector. Within its precincts, however, this was unnoticed. The floor was tessellated with the chastest mosaic; statues, widely different, from their delicacy, to the bold and unwieldy specimens in the artist's studio, were ranged around; paintings, equally precious, garnished the walls; images of ivory, exquisitely wrought; vases of porphyry and alabaster; lamps, glittering in costly settings; caskets, enriched with medals and cameos; curtains and cushions, heavy with the golden embroidery of the east, and flowers, relieving, by the beautiful freshness of nature, the almost too lavish profusion of art, filled up every nook and corner, where, for ornament or use, they could be disposed.

The nicest ingenuity could not have produced a more striking effect through the agency of contrast, than that accidentally created in the appearance of the mistress of this little *museum*. Not a jewel, not a flower, nor even a ribbon, was added to the slight and simple white robe that hung in loose folds around her. Seated by a tiny fountain, that bubbled and sparkled in the centre of the room, and listlessly catching its cool drops on her hand, she looked, in her child-like beauty, an object meant to prevent, by breathing loveliness, a satiety of the inanimate magnificence around her. At a little distance from her, immersed in a full tide of waiting-maid eloquence, were three or four damsels, amply supplying the coup d'œil, as far as the inferior style of their garments would allow, with the personal finery which she disdained to exhibit.

"Canst thou not fancy, Leda," said one of them, "how lovely our Arria will look in the matron's *stola*!—it will add so gracefully to her height;—yet we must have a care that the fringe and borders hang not so low as to hide the embroidery of her sandals. Perhaps,"—appealing to her mistress;—"perhaps it would please Arria that we finish first this lavender and purple robe,—she may wish it for the shows at Rome!"

"I care not," she coldly replied.

"Nay," remarked Leda, "I know not why that should be preferred; the pearl-coloured *togata*, with violet trimmings, would look far more delicate for a bride."

"What would not look lovely that she might deign to wear?" was the return;—an implied compliment which then may have had some force, though, by the use of every hand-maid

through every successive century, it has long been lost.

"Our mistress has not yet examined the bridal veil, which Piso delivered into *my* care;"—said the eldest of the group, with an air expressive of the importance of the trust;—"it will cover her from head to foot, and never came there a finer gauze out of Asia, nor a hue of richer saffron; and the gloss,—nothing but that of her own golden hair can match it!"

"Thou hast well called it golden, Claudia; I know many a lady, even in Rome, who would give a sesteritia of gold for every thread of it, to call it her own. It almost makes me yawn, to think of the tedious hours I used to spend, whilst I belonged to that most noble and most ugly dame, the wife of the edile Publius, smoothing and dying her locks, which, with all my skill, never looked better than the painted fleeces of the sheep at my master's villa. Save me from the bonds of a mistress, who lacks the gifts of Venus!"

"Thou wilt, surely, see the grand shows, fair Arria!" interrupted another, coming at once to a point, which was of no little interest to them, it being then not an usual thing for servants to share the public amusements of their superiors;—"The men say that the new consuls have supplied the circus munificently. Beasts there are to be without number, and, at least two hundred pairs of gladiators. Two wagon loads of them passed through the city, but yesterday, from Neapolis,—stout fellows, every one, as firm built as my master's statues. All the Capuan athletes, too, are training, and first on the betting tables, is our Spartacus. He must win, for young Appius, who never loses, bets on him."

A slight frown, on the fair brow of Arria, was her notice of the significant smiles that curled the lips of her maidens at the name of Appius. This, however, under existing circumstances, might easily be attributed to maidenly policy, and the damsel went on.

"In truth, the young noble may well bet with safety, for, it is said, he has had the experience of throwing almost every gladiator in the ring;—a bold, tall youth he is! I remember well the procession of the *equites* at which he appeared;—scarcely one of the band wore the olive chaplet and toga of scarlet with a better grace, or sat his steed more gallantly!"

"Thou forgettest," interrupted Arria pettishly; her cheek blushing as she rose from her reclining posture; "thou forgettest that, ere the month was out, the *censor* seized that same steed, because his master had disgraced his noble order, by conduct unworthy of a knight of Rome."

The maidens glanced at each other, in silent astonishment, for a moment, when one of them recovered tact to reply by alluding to the piccadilloes committed, not only by heroes, but by demigods, without detracting from their glory.

"Tush! Leda," answered Arria, irreverently, "thy Greek fancies are small comfort!"

"I know I but spoil them, though I used to think differently," returned the girl laughing, and seeking to change a subject which, unaccountably, appeared so little agreeable to her mistress. "I mean before I heard them touch-

ed by our graceful Glycon. Poor youth! it is well his service is so light. I have too much Greek blood in me to think him in his proper place, because, as they hint, his father chanced to lead a revolt."

An affected exclamation of horror broke from her companions; but the maiden carelessly went on:

"I leave it to our mistress if he does not every thing too nobly for a slave! I warrant me, her smile would have been none of the coldest, had his touching lay of Diana and the Carian been sung by the lips of—I mean, of a patrician!"

The blush, which had been gradually spreading over the face of Arria, now reached its deepest glow; and with a tremor of voice, which her handmaids fortunately attributed to a mistaken cause, she commanded them to be silent.

As she spoke, a tap was heard at the side of the curtain, and the Greek girl, with a look of pleasure, exclaimed, "It is his hour, by the dial; will it please Arria that we admit him?"

It was the young Thessalian. The waiting-women coquettishly shaded their simpers with their veils; and the cheek of Arria grew white one moment, and then more brightly pink, as she waited his approach.

"You are ever punctual, Glycon," said she, in tones which made his heart thrill, so unlike were they to those of one who feels herself condescending.

"As a slave should be, noble Arria;—as one ever would be whose duty was his chief pleasure;" answered the youth, fixing his eyes a moment on the softly beautiful countenance of his mistress, and then casting them to the ground.

"Thou hast promised to teach me that sweetest of Ionian songs, Glycon. I will try it now," said Arria, and reaching out her hand for the lyre which he bore gracefully on his arm, she essayed a passage, but with such discord, that the maidens, though too discreet to criticise, glanced at each other, and Glycon was obliged to fix her fingers on the strings.

Not to us of modern times has it been left to originate those tender episodes in the intercourse of teacher and pupil, whose romance reaches us in so many a touching story, whose reality, alas! dooms so many a gentle demoiselle to the sorrows of a darkened chamber, a bread-and-water regimen and a scolding mamma! The fingers of Glycon and Arria told a tale eloquently, and abashed, alarmed and yet joyful, the maiden dropped the instrument, and bent her head till her bright locks concealed her confusion; and the astonished and enraptured lyrist, fearful lest his ecstasy should be observed through the eyes, which he dared not raise to the "loadstars" of his mistress, fixed them on the chords, and, almost unconsciously, trilled through a song, so exquisitely melodious that, for once, the prying circle around him forgot the minstrel in his strain.

"Our vases afford not such a wreath as Apollo ordains to his sons; let this be a substitute," said Arria, endeavouring to compose her voice, whilst she fastened together the ends of a branch of myrtle which lay beside her. Glycon

touched, with his lips, the hand which had passed caressingly over his curls, as she playfully fixed the chaplet on his brow;—a presumption that not a little startled the serving-women, all etiquette prohibiting more than a kiss on the hem of a garment; but before they found words for reprehension, the lover had withdrawn.

Wrapped in his new and bewildering joy, the young Thessalian was standing in his master's studio, unconscious of the presence of an observer,—a young man, whose robes were those of a Roman of rank, yet who bore in his manner an air that proved him of as much acquaintance with the heroes of the arena, as with their masters. Glycon started as the loud and rude voice of the visiter accosted him in a coarse jest, and he recognised Appius Pulcher, the betrothed of his own Arria.

"Ho! knave, art practising a new study for my most revered father-in-law, that thou deignest not to notice my words? Come hither, my Narcissus; I would see whether thy limbs are of such make as thy master boasts of them."

As he finished his sentence, more insulting in manner than in import, the young patrician advanced, and, with a rod which he carried, attempted to raise the garment from the person of the Greek, who hardly restrained an impulse to snatch it from his hand.

"What, knave! dost frown at me?" exclaimed Appius; and recovering his weapon, he left the mark of a blow on the shoulder of his rival.

The appearance of Appius, so inopportune, from his consciousness of the relation that now stood between them, had sufficiently irritated the feelings of Glycon; but when, in addition, he received an indignity which, slave as he was, had never before been offered him, the caution which usually marked his demeanour was overcome. With a fierce spring he closed around his insulter, and hurled him violently on the floor, amidst the fragments of Piso's treasured chef d'œuvre, which his movement had thrown from its pedestal. Not yet satisfied, he had his arm raised to take farther advantage of his victory, when it was arrested by the strong grasp of Spartacus. In vain he struggled to free himself; and ere a moment he felt himself hurried, as if in the arms of a Titan, from the room.

"Art thou mad, boy?" demanded the gladiator, barring the door of the closet in which he had deposited his burden; "knowest thou what will follow this rash folly?"

"I care not if it be death!" replied the enraged youth, attempting to force the door, against which the immovable form of the gladiator was planted.

"Thou may'st as well say so, for all the choice thou wilt have of thy fate," returned the gladiator coolly; "yet ere old Piso crucify thee,—nothing less will satisfy him for the loss of his statue,—it is well that thou wilt be seasoned to punishment, through the mercy of Appius Pulcher, by means of the lash!"

"The lash! by Atë! they shall all perish first!" exclaimed Glycon, his voice half choked with passion, while the veins of his forehead swelled almost to bursting, and his lips grew white as marble.

Spartacus read the countenance of his com-

panion for a moment, and then seized his hand with a look of exultation, dropping his assumed tone of calmness as he said, "Glycon, my Greek, thou art what I have always deemed thee! Thou shalt not be sacrificed! Hark!"—

A tramp of steps had interrupted him, accompanied with cries indicating the search of Glycon. It passed, and the gladiator, after softly unbarring the door, and a careful glance around, signed to the youth to follow him, and passed into the outer hall or *atrium*, in safety. The growl of a dog for a moment arrested them. "Down! down! old Castor! thou art over ready;" said a voice from the entrance, and Spartacus hurried on.

The voice was that of a slave who, according to the custom, kept watch, armed and chained, at the door. For a score of years this had been his post. The gladiator whispered a word to him, and led his companion into the street.

Night was falling, yet, not to risk detection, Glycon and his protector followed the most retired byways of the city. When they emerged from them, it was at the gate of a building, then a place of no little resort to the gentlemen loungers of Capua,—the school of the most accomplished *lanista* of the day. Several beves of young gallants were thronging out, full of the self-complacency of newly assumed patronage, and unskillfully mouthing the uncouth technicalities of latest vogue among the heroes of the arena. Spartacus concealed with his stately form the slighter one of his charge, as they stepped aside for the crowd to pass. Amongst them, gravely forming their own speculations, yet not entirely inattentive to the opinions of their neighbours, walked several citizens, more dignified in years and habits, yet who, as owners of the different champions, deemed it not beneath them to judge, in person, of the value of their property. Last of all appeared a personage who, whatever might have been his bearing in the ring, displayed his well formed figure to little advantage, in the conceited swagger which he assumed on the street. This was the renowned instructor himself.

"Ah! my man of muscle!" he exclaimed on seeing Spartacus, giving him, at the same time, in the manner of a modern fighter for far higher stake, a condescending punch with his fist; "how unfortunate that thou art too late! thou hast lost some attitude that would have graced the Olympics! Crixtus, however, can give you an imitation,—rather a lame one, though;—still he can give you an idea;"—and the admired of all admirers left his pupil in possession of the entrance.

The apartment into which the door, or rather gate, directly opened, was rudely finished, yet of form and extent well adapted to the purpose for which it was used. It was roofed, but without flooring. The walls were hung with the various weapons employed in the games, and, among them, and suspended from the rafters, were torches and lamps, whose light served to give greater effect to the peculiarities of form and countenances of the athletes, who remained to practise in greater freedom after the spectators had retired.

Natives of every clime that had been enslaved by Rome,—Syrians, Greeks, Gauls, Illyrians and Africans,—each bore in his physiognomy some characteristic evidence of his birth; yet, in their movements, all betrayed that they had been subjected to the same course of systematic training. The beautiful and imposing attitudes which, in these days, we are pleased to call classic, were there exhibited in perfection. Erect or inclining, with limbs nerved or at rest, thrusting or dropping a weapon, their studied grace of movement or position was never lost. A strange sight it was,—men, among them, coolly and carefully practising the postures in which to sink when they felt their antagonists' weapons cutting towards their hearts.

Spartacus led the young Greek forward through the different groups, until they reached the farthest end of the arena, where, amidst a ring formed by a large portion of the assemblage, were engaged two of the most famous agonistæ of Italy, one of them a Roman, the other a Gaul. The latter evidently now stood fairest in the game, exhibiting strength and dexterity which every moment called forth the delighted plaudits of his companions.

"Crixtus against a whole circus!" they shouted, as his discomfited competitor arose slowly from the ground; "we will back him as the champion of Capua!—Capua against Rome!"

The victor, elated at the disappointed applause of his compeers, turned triumphantly to Spartacus, exclaiming, with a vanity which none of them thought it unmanly to display—"We have had a noble trial, my Thracian!—What sayest thou!—though I think thou wast not here from the beginning?"

"Yet I saw enough to make me grieve that so much skill to fight with men, is doomed to be lost in the *bestiaria*!"

"*Bestiaria*! thou wouldst not taunt me, Spartacus!" returned the Gaul, his eyes flashing, whilst the others gathered around, calling for an explanation.

"I mean no jest," answered Spartacus; "ye have surely heard that Crixtus is sold by old Murio to fight the beasts at Rome!—it is truth, by the fates!"

There was a moment's silence of astonishment, broken, at last, by a fierce ejaculation of "*Furiæ*!" from Crixtus.

"The pride of our *lanista*!" cried one.

"The champion of Capua!" was the exclamation of another.

"The champion of GAUL!" fiercely, in one voice, burst from his compatriots, who formed almost half of the assemblage; and the others joined them in their asseverations; "We will aid him in resistance!"

It has not been left to us to remark, how slight a breath can rouse an already disaffected body into a fury. A flush of emotion passed over the countenance of Spartacus, as he saw that the crisis was at hand, which he had been long anxiously though cautiously striving to hasten. He commanded himself, however, to calmness, whilst he repeated—

"Resistance! ye are slaves;—forget ye the consequences of resistance!"

"We are slaves, and *therefore* we will resist!" replied a voice,—that of CENOMAS, a Thracian.

Spartacus paused a moment, and then, again raising his tones above the murmurs that filled the house, he demanded in tones that accorded with their feelings;—"Say you we will *all* resist, my comrades!"

"All! all!" was reiterated around the throng, with an eagerness that showed their satisfaction at the approval of him, who had always commanded them by the superiority of his intellect.

"Then," said Spartacus, "thus united, let us oppose not only this one act of avaricious cruelty, but the tyranny which has held us all for years, many of us for life, in the most abject thralldom! The sons of nations, once free as Rome, of men more free than the Romans, because exempt from their vices; not only we, but thousands,—amply sufficient in number to annihilate their power, debased and enervated as they are. Have we degenerated in mind and body, that we should still groan in their chains! We wonder that it has been so long thus! There was an impulse needed to arouse us;—we feel it in ourselves;—let us extend it to our fellow-sufferers, and we will be slaves no more, no longer things of scorn, but spirits of terror!"

The gladiator paused to note the effect of his words. He was satisfied, and went on, swaying his hearers by such bold and passionate eloquence, as can only be poured forth by one keenly perceptive of wrong, and sensible of enduring it. Enough has been transmitted to us to judge of the means which this extraordinary man used to work upon those whose aid he sought in his unparalleled undertaking; of his strong allusions to their individual and united sufferings; his appeals to their natural feelings, and his startling invectives against the luxury, the cruelty and the impiety of their oppressors;—and history tells us also of his success,—so great as to be almost incredible.

Astonished, encouraged and elevated, the injured and fearless band around him listened to his first harangue as if it had been an oracle of their religion, and kindled with sentiments, not such as incite a mob, but such as awaken a revolution, they grasped each other's hands, and swore to follow Spartacus to the death.

"Strange!" "Miraculous!" "Amazing!" were ejaculations constantly on the lips of Arria's waiting-women, at the unaccountable change that had grown upon their mistress. Her approaching marriage, which, indeed, she had never seemed to anticipate with as much satisfaction as they deemed becoming, she now appeared to avoid as a subject of dread. In vain her costly and beautiful paraphernalia, constantly receiving new additions from the fondness of her father; in vain the sumptuous presents of Appius were paraded before her. If they admired the liberality of Appius, she alluded to his profligacy; if they spoke of his strength and boldness, she hinted at his coarseness; if they praised the manliness of his person, she curled her lip, and, fixing her eyes on vacancy, seemed to contemplate a form of still greater beauty. The bloom was fading from her cheek and the brightness from her eye; and, at length, the old

sculptor himself grew alarmed; and, much as he shrunk from an idea of losing an alliance which was to connect him with an order above his own, he talked of consulting the auspices anew.

A second cause of uneasiness to Piso was the loss of his slave. From his youth, his grace and accomplishments, Glycon was a piece of property of no mean value; and, besides, the statue could not be completed without him. The sculptor sought him in every nook in the city, in which it was likely he had found refuge; and, at the demands of Appius, had the scourge ready, to be exercised the moment of his recovery; but when he remembered that lacerated limbs would be no furtherance of his work, he concluded, to the deep joy of his daughter, that, to go on with his labour, he would spare the lash, endanger his favour with the young patrician, and even forgive the demolition of the Bacchus.

At that time all Capua was ringing with accounts of the preparations in progress at Rome for the celebration of games, to surpass, in magnificence and duration, any that had yet been exhibited for the gratification of the public. Intelligence had also been received, that one of the newly-elected consuls would shortly visit the city, on official duty, and would then, in person, make choice, from among the gladiators, of such as should be qualified to serve with credit, before the efficient *censors* that would be congregated on the occasion. This dignity was an old patron of Piso, at whose solicitations, backed by those of the prætor Clodius Pulcher, he had consented to rest at the sculptor's villa, near Capua, and partake of such an entertainment as his humble efforts could provide.

A grand feast, indeed, was prepared. The guests who had been selected by Appius, as the son of the prætor and future son-in-law of the host, were the richest and noblest of the city. Clodius himself was first in attendance, with every insignia of his official dignity, to receive his superior; and, to furnish an agreeable surprise, the most eminent gladiators of Capua had been engaged to display their powers at the close of the fete.

The board had long been laid in the hall of the villa; the host's own hand had arranged on it the two or three *lares*, which barely saved him from a rank with the *ignobiles*; and the guests, whose appetites had been saved all the day, through the prospect of the rich cheer with which it was the vanity of Piso to regale those whom he wished to propitiate, began to grow impatient for the appearance of the magnate, whose arrival was to be the signal for the repast; when a courier announced that the visit had been postponed. Disappointment, however, destroyed not the zest of the fare, and sunset passed, a time unusually late for a Roman supper, leaving the *convives* still at the table, lamenting that there was no longer light enough for the intended show, when Appius was called to receive a visitor,—“a youth of Greece, of the family of Leontina.”

“Leontina!” exclaimed Piso, “then, pray thee, noble Appius, receive him with thy best courtesy; he is likely the son of Phyllias Le-

ontina, with whom I held *hospitium* for fifty odd years; they say he was executed for misaffection, poor man!—he had the finest Apelles in all Greece.”

Appius hastened to the gate. A youth in the garb of a Greek, stood in the light which streamed through the colonnade of the banquetting room. A second glance proved it to be Glycon.

“Ha! slave! rebel!” cried Appius, seizing the garment of the youth, who as quickly disengaged himself, saying, in forced calmness,—

“I came not hither for farther insult,—a Greek can never forgive such as thou hast already offered me;—I seek vengeance, and on this spot it shall be yielded!”

“Villain! wouldst thou attempt murder!” returned Appius, as he beheld a *stilus* glittering in the hand of his rival.

“Not so,” answered Glycon, throwing aside his weapon; “if thou wilt, we may strive with strength of body alone.”

“Appius Pulcher twines not his limbs with those of a rebel slave!” haughtily said the patrician.

An instant and he was grappled in the hold of the Greek. Superior as he was in size and strength to this foe, he had been unprepared, and felt himself swayed back and forth in his grasp as if he had been a child. At length he disengaged a dagger from the folds of his robe. Quick as thought, a hand held out to Glycon the weapon which he had cast on the ground, and, in the second, the patrician recognized Spartacus. He now apprehended peril, and shouted an alarm.

Torches flashed through every opening in the mansion, and the revellers, with their attendants, came thronging out. Still the Thessalian relaxed not his hold; and as the foremost of the guests gained their side, he evaded a powerful thrust and buried his weapon in the throat of his adversary, who writhed from his arms and sunk to the ground.

A tumultuous shout of “Traitor! murderer!” burst from the assembled crowd. They gathered about the youth, attempting to secure him, when, from the covert of every tree and shrub in view, started forth the brawny form of the gladiator. Appalling they looked, with their broad limbs and glaring eyes, in the changeful torch-light. For a moment the revellers were struck with terror, to find themselves thus surrounded; but another discovered their opponents to be unarmed, save with the short knives which they were allowed to wear in their girdles, and which they now clutched in their hands. This restored them.

“Rebels,” cried the prætor, “how dare you thus appear in array against your masters!—surrender! As an officer of Rome, I command you!” and drawing his sword, which he wore with his robes of state, he thrust it towards Spartacus who was advancing to receive him.

“Retire!” shouted the gladiator chief; “we ask not your blood!—we but sought to witness one act of justice!—ye are in our power; but we offer to spare you!—retire!”

The arms which had been brought from the city for the games, were now produced and distributed among the Capuans. They were, how-

ever, of little service. The gladiators, daily used to such warfare, turned them easily aside. The moon arose, and showed to the bewildered revellers the number of their foes, and also that the domestic slaves had thrown aside their festal badges, and were fighting against them with yet more passion than the gladiators. Once more the voice of Spartacus bade them to retire or prepare to meet the full consequences of their opposition; and, many of them wounded, and none recovered from the effects of their sudden alarm, they retreated to the house.

"Art thou now satisfied!" asked Spartacus, as he gained the side of Glycon, when their adversaries had retired.

"I am," energetically replied the Greek, "my shame is buried in the wounds of yon profligate tyrant, and now I *feel* free!"

"Then be thy revenge an omen of our success!" returned the gladiator, and placing himself at the head of his party, he commanded them to advance towards their appointed route.

They proceeded for a short distance in silence, when the voices of two of the slaves who had followed them drew the attention of Spartacus. He turned and beheld in the arms of one of them a vase of great value, filled with table utensils of silver, and in the hand of the other a gold drinking-cup.

"How!" he exclaimed sternly, "what mean these baubles!"

"Booty!" replied one of them, laughing familiarly.

"Contemptible thieves!" cried he angrily; "think ye that *our* aim is robbery!—ye are too base to comprehend it!—ye are fit only to be slaves! Glycon and Crixus, ye are now my chief associates; lead back these knaves to their masters to receive the meed due to them! Let it not be deemed that we would stoop to this!"

Each leading one of the trembling rogues by an arm, the Greek and his companion strode rapidly with them towards the mansion. They had entered the lawn when a noise, as of suppressed voices, attracted their notice, and in front of them, crouching beneath a group of trees, were the women of Arria, with their mistress insensible in the midst.

They shrieked as the gigantic figure of Crixus appeared before them.

"Fear not," said Glycon gently, and was passing, when the form of Arria met his eye; and resigning his charge to Crixus, who fortunately was strong enough to execute it, though he felt not a little perplexed at the desertion; he darted forward and caught her in his arms.

"Ye fates! have I aided in doing this!" he exclaimed; "Arria! Arria! my own! thou art safe!" and clasping her closely in his mixed emotions, he stopped not till he had reached the entrance of the house.

Far different from what it had been a few hours before was now the appearance of the banqueting-room. The lights were dying, the viands were overturned and soaking in the streams of wine that flooded the board; the guests had vanished,—hurried off by the prætor to Capua to arouse a force for the pursuit of the insurgents; and old Piso, who could not follow without his daughter, sat cowering among the ruins of the feast, calling upon the gods and

for Arria, when Glycon presented himself with her, and laid her down on one of the couches that surrounded the table.

"Arria! my darling!" blubbered the old man joyfully; "they have not then captured thee!" but ere he had time to approach her, his treasures were deposited before him, and he added, in almost equal joy,—*"and my crystal! and my plate!—gods! I thank ye that the renegades have still some honesty!—what!—by Apollo!—Glycon!—stop! stop! I say I'll not lash thee! I can't spare thee yet!—gone,—and what will become of my marble! Ho! Glycon!—the runaway has the legs of a god!"*

Incited as much by private feelings as by a sense of public duty, Clodius Pulcher lost no time in preparing to subdue the reckless band that had so openly defied his authority. This he determined to do with one blow; and ordering out a chosen force of ten thousand men, he led them towards Vesuvius, among whose steep slopes the insurgents had entrenched themselves to receive him, after having armed themselves from the spoil of a small body of military whom they had met accidentally and overcome.

Vain would have been an attempt of a regular force to surprise a band commanding such a position as Spartacus had selected. The prætor was aware of this, and secure of victory from his numbers, and an assurance that the rebels could not descend from their fastnesses, without being betrayed by the noise of the loose stones that would be displaced by their steps, he arranged his camp at the base of the mountain, prepared to suspend an attack till the horde should be driven, by hunger, into the plain.

For two days the Romans maintained their position without disturbance, and the night of the second they set their watch, vaunting of the manœuvre by which the banditti, for so at first was deemed the company of Spartacus, were held in their power. But the boldness and ingenuity of the gladiator chief soon broke upon their repose. At midnight the peal of a sentinel's trumpet aroused them, and they awoke to find the enemy ready to grapple them in their tents. They had descended from the precipices above by means of ropes twisted of vines, which were yet swinging over their heads.

A terrible slaughter ensued. The troops of Clodius were inferior to none among the legions of Rome; but relying on their numbers, and lacking the incentives of booty and fame, their efforts were not such as could prevail against men who knew that on the present moment depended, not only their own destinies, but those of the myriads whom they had sworn to redress. The darkness too, and their confined position, allowed no scope for the tactics to which they had been accustomed; and when it was too late, in the grasp of that tremendous bodily power which formed the sublimity of the arena, they felt themselves as naught. When morning dawned, two-thirds of the military were found destroyed, and the remainder dispersed.

During the engagement Glycon, whose whole soul was now given up to the cause, was astonished to hear the voice of Appius Pulcher, whose death he had rejoiced in as certain. In



an instant he was before him; and mutually inflamed by hatred, and thirsting for revenge, they contested with a fury that naught but death might stay. With equal advantages, their struggle was long; but at last, as the shout of the prætor reached them, ordering a retreat, the patrician sunk under a mortal blow.

Not one of the two hundred insurgents had fallen.

"The gods are on our side," said Spartacus; "they have given us an earnest of their protection!—never, while we pursue our cause, may we disgrace their favour!"

Animated by the spirit that filled their leader, the men again gathered around him, and hailed him as their general, solemnly vowing to submit to his discipline, and to endeavour to awe their enemies as much by honour and magnanimity as to intimidate them by boldness.

From that day the name of Spartacus passed like a charmed word around Italy, arousing the timid to hope and the bold to action. Men of his own profession were the first to seek his standard. Not the born slaves of the Romans, but captives taken in their conquests, they retained the strongest feelings of injury against its oppressors; and with their vigour, their intrepidity and their numbers, for the annals tell us that the insurgent force in one month amounted at least to ten thousand, they soon struck terror into the heart of every domestic tyrant within hearing of their efforts. In vain the *questors* of the neighbouring provinces marched against them. All were overpowered, and the rebels furnished, by their defeat, with every equipment necessary to the support of hostilities.

Our limits will not allow us to follow Spartacus in his course, which for two years was a succession of victories the most brilliant,—the most astonishing. He became not, as might have been expected, newly freed as he was from a degrading bondage, an adventurous desperado, but proved himself at once a hero, possessing all the coolness, the tact and the foresight, as well as the bravery, which are essential to the formation of a skilful and successful commander. The rude multitudes which had collected around him, his forces having soon been swelled to the number of forty thousand by a constant influx of inferior slaves, he distributed into all the divisions of a regular army; and placing them under the command of his seventy original companions, as assistants on whom he could rely, he led them through a course of the most strict and careful discipline. His prudence set aside the probabilities of natural jealousies. To the representatives of each several nation, he gave a leader from among themselves. The strongest bands, in point of number, were Thracians and Gauls. The first of these selected Cénomans as their head; the latter, Crixus. The Germans also were led by one from their own ranks. Thus each party, governed by their own interests and feelings, struggled as for themselves, propitiating the others as allies, whose assistance was necessary to success, and looking up to Spartacus as a guiding power, without whose superintendence all must be swept into ruins. Thus supporting and supported, full of confidence in their individual

strength and the justice of their cause, the rulers and legions of Rome at last trembled before them, and, in their councils, bestowed upon their chief the title of the second Hannibal.

We bring our readers to that crisis when the insurgent force, having accumulated to an hundred thousand able combatants, had routed two armies, each under the command of a consul, in little more than as many hours. Flushed with such unexampled success, united with the triumph that immediately followed it, over the army of Arrius, composed of at least seventy thousand chosen troops, they solicited the consent of their general to marching against Rome itself. After deliberation it was granted, when an unexpected summons changed their plans.

The fame of Spartacus had reached Sicily, whose inhabitants were writhing under the tyranny of the infamous Verres, and who, encouraged by the success of their fellow-sufferers in Italy, delayed a stroke for their freedom only through the want of one of abilities to lead them on. To Spartacus they applied. A new prospect now opened to the gladiator general. Once landed on the island, a successful insurrection, with the aid of his well-tried legions, would be but the work of a day; and that accomplished, he might defy the power of Rome; form a new government, and carry into effect the schemes of liberty with which he had started into opposition. Earnestly encouraged by his assistants to accept the proposal, he hastened into Brutium, on whose coasts he expected to find means of passage from the pirates that infested them.

The Romans foresaw the consequences of the reported movement of the gladiators, and were justly alarmed. A force of two hundred thousand were speedily equipped, and under the command of Crassus, then one of the most prominent men of the republic, were marched after the rebel army into the peninsula. The unparalleled skill and prowess by which their adversaries had routed so many powerful armies, had awakened, even in the hardened soldiery of Rome, a degree of dread, the effects of which their commander knew not how to counteract but by the revival of a law of brutal cruelty. This was, that every man who displayed not such spirit as would honour the standard under which he fought, should be beaten to death in the presence of the hosts; and not less than four thousand, it is estimated, suffered the horrible penalty.

Locri was the port at which a rendezvous was to be held with the pirates, to treat for the transportation of the insurgents across the strait, and to Glycon the business was entrusted. Since the death of Cénomans, who had fallen in battle, he stood highest in the confidence of his general, for Crixus had forfeited favour by an act of insubordination which had caused the only defeat that any portion of the army had yet sustained. Several days the Thessalian anxiously awaited the expected allies, and was at last convinced of their treachery.

Alarmed and disconcerted, he gave orders for the immediate return of his party to the camp, where they were delayed by the arrival of a vessel from Greece, whose company policy required them to secure. Absorbed as he was in

his disappointment, and in conjectures of its consequences on his commander, he carelessly watched the landing of the prisoners, when he was startled by a weak, cracked voice, crying querulously—

“Thou shalt have five—six—seven sestertia, if thou wilt but save my Phidias! Ugh! Ugh!—if it should have fallen into the hands of a Mummius!”

Glycon glanced hastily around, and beheld the old sculptor of Capua, and knew the nymph-like figure that clung, closely veiled, to his garments, to be none other than his daughter.

The old man's phrenzy for his art was still strong within him, and he was now returning from Greece, whither he had again been to indulge it.

But it was of Arria alone that Glycon thought. Did she still cherish her early dream!—would she not rather shrink from it, and loathe him as an instigator of a cause which the prejudices of her station taught her to regard with horror! What would he not give to whisper his name in her ear, and watch her countenance whilst she heard it! Yet by such an attempt he might destroy the wild hope which, amidst all his scenes of violence, he had still treasured; and he dared not to risk it. He, however, sought the side of the maiden, and concealing his features with his helmet, murmured an assurance of safety; but he was disappointed of hearing her voice. She replied but by an inclination of the head, and trembling, clung yet more closely to her father, whilst her lover walked dreamingly behind her.

The dejection of his followers, however, ere long restored Glycon to a sense of his duty, and renewed his perplexity as to the movement of the army, now that their grand hope was defeated. Yet, while he hastened to Spartacus, how was he to dispose of the precious charge which had fallen so unexpectedly into his hands! He could not take her to the camp, for though his guardianship might there preserve her for a time, an engagement with the praetor he looked upon as a step to which his party must resort. The villages of the peninsula were all in the interests of the insurgents, yet if by the chances of war, which, in spite of himself, intruded upon his thoughts, they should fall into the power of the enemy, to what horrors would be exposed an unprotected female secreted among them, in the revolution that would follow! Still, however, as his duty was not far distant, he might hope to watch over her; and he chose the latter alternative. He, therefore, without hinting at a recognition, placed his prisoners under a guard of soldiers, in one of the hamlets, and soon reached the camp.

When Glycon re-appeared in the presence of Spartacus, it was to learn a new cause for deliberation. The time in which the armies had been lying each awaiting the movement of the other, had been employed by the Romans in the execution of a project which might well confound a mind of less power than that of the rebel chief. By a ditch of immense depth and width, extending from sea to sea, they had cut the insurgents off from land. Their situation was now desperate;—on one side of them a

vast army, in watch to prevent their passing the barrier; and on all the others, the sea, in which the naval force of their enemy might daily be expected. His men began to despair; but now, as in every other emergency, the genius of their general displayed itself.

After a cautious examination of every part of the line, a small portion of it was discovered yet unfinished. Towards this Spartacus led, by night, the greater number of his force, leaving the remainder to harass their opponents, and draw their attention from the point towards which their designs tended. In a few hours, by filling the trench with wood and earth, and even the corse of those of the enemy who had been at hand to oppose their progress, the main body formed themselves a passage, and crossed it without detection.

Glycon had been left in command of the skirmishers, whom by small parties he despatched after their companions; and at last, having seen the entire success of the stratagem, he had leisure to plan for the safety of the object whose image had been present to his mind, even amidst the arduous exertions of the night. The village in which he had placed her, was not far from the route to the pass of the trench; and well he knew that upon it the fury of the Romans would first fall for abetting the escape. Ordering a score of cavalry with him, he directed the prisoners to be brought from their hold; and placing the terrified Arria before him, he mounted her father and the others, and as noiselessly as those who had gone before, they passed the entrenchment. When morning dawned, without having uttered a word by which they might know their protector, he left them safe upon the road to Capua, and hastened to his post amidst his forces, who once more ascendant, fixed themselves again in the north of Lucania.

The frustration of their designs upon Sicily was the first great disappointment that had, as yet, arisen in the triumphant course of the insurgent host. Invariable success had seemed to place failure out of their destiny, and for this it was felt the more keenly. The despondency which they had entertained, on finding themselves in their late perilous situation, soon settled into dissatisfaction towards their leader, and this still rankled in the minds of some after the cause had been removed by his bold and successful decision. Crixus, however, was the only general who came to open revolt. In the distinction and license of his station he had grown arrogant and dissolute; and on receiving a contradiction of his wishes from his leader, he led off his Gauls, to the number of thirty thousand, a signal loss to the remaining force; and attacking Crassus with them, was utterly routed.

Spartacus now felt that the moment for a decisive struggle had arrived. The whole power of Rome was concentrating against him. In addition to the armies already out, Pompey, whose return from Spain was daily looked for, was expected to join his forces to those of Crassus; and his judgment warned him of the doubts of success against such a combination. He knew, too, that idleness would but afford time for dissensions in his own ranks, whilst an

early victory might smother all that already had arisen. Crassus also, for private reasons, was anxious for an immediate engagement; and in sight of Pæstum it was, that, in the words of the poet—

—“A slave withstood a world in arms”

It is painful to dwell upon the final close of this hero's career. We will pass it over briefly.

Notwithstanding their great superiority in point of number, the army of Spartacus had gained a decided advantage, when their commander, who fought on foot to prove his readiness to share the dangers of the meanest of his band, received a wound which brought him to the ground. Still his voice was raised to cheer his men, and supported on one knee, he long defended himself against the throng that pressed around him; but at last he sunk under their efforts, and his followers felt that their strength had departed. But there was no thought of submission. Well they knew their fate should they fall alive into the hands of their foes. Without hope, save that of avenging their general, and selling their own lives dearly, they fought until thirty thousands lay dead, and as many wounded, on the field.

A deep gloom was upon the villa of Piso, for its aged master had been gathered to his urn, and his daughter had shut herself within its walls to brood over her lonely orphanage, when loudly, as if it had been the fall of an Alexander, the destruction of the slave general was bruited through Italy.

A horrible proof of their victory had been designed to keep alive the exultation of the ferocious legions on their return to Rome, whither Crassus was hastening to receive an ovation which, in splendour, was to be scarcely inferior to a triumph. The survivors of the insurgent army, six thousand in number, were sentenced to the fearful doom of the cross, and, in their long agony, lined the way of the conquerors from Capua to Rome.

The rejoicings of the whole land awakened no sympathy in the heart of the desolate mourner. With the first stroke of the extraordinary episode which was now receiving its barbarous termination were connected the dearest passages of her memory; and as the trumpets of the victors played past her gates, she could but close her ears and weep. She dreamed not what that hour was to bring forth!

Whilst the din of the procession still clanged around her, a woman rushed, pale with horror, into her presence, shuddering.—“I have seen him! I have seen him!—it is his blood that stains my garments!—it trickled from the limbs of Glycon. O Arria! as I passed beneath that terrible cross!”

That night, when quiet had again returned, the body of the unfortunate Greek, stiff and gory, but still alive, was stealthily loosed from its place of torture, and consigned to the care of Arria.

We have almost done. Ere many weeks had passed, a stately vessel sailed from the bay of Pæstum, for Greece, freighted with wealth untold; and on the deck, watching, but far from sadly, the receding shores, sat the sculp-

tor's daughter, and reclining at her feet, not in humility, but to gaze playfully and fondly in her face, was the model of the studio, the still gentle and graceful Thessalian.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

HERE friendship's soft hand is entwining  
Its garlands round memory's bower;  
And oh! may the links it is binding,  
Be cherish'd through many an hour.

HERE fancy's bright pictures are glowing  
In all the attractions of art;  
And love's fairy fingers are throwing  
Their magical cords round the heart.

HERE the goddess of hope is bedecking  
The future with visions of joy;  
And piety's hand is directing  
To that world where no trials annoy.

Then take the bright garlands they're wreathing,  
And bind them for aye round thy heart;  
They will cherish its noblest feelings,  
And bid each ruder passion depart.

When the rose on thy cheek shall be faded,  
And time shall have furrow'd thy brow;  
When sorrow's cold hand shall have shaded  
The pleasures which dazzle thee now;

When friends whom thy heart fondly cherished,  
Who shared in its joy and its gloom,  
Like the hopes of that heart shall have perish'd,  
And left thee to weep o'er the tomb!—

Then turn in that cold cheerless hour,  
And linger round memory's shrine;  
Thou shalt find each soft trembling flower  
Has surviv'd all the ravage of time.

AUGUSTA.

### ADIEU.

Adieu!—and can this simple word  
Blot out remembrance from the soul,  
When thy sweet voice no more is heard,  
And ocean's waves between us roll?  
No, here, on friendship's altar bright,  
Shall memory beam in living light!

When life's dull eve shall wane in gloom  
And time's fast falling sands run low—  
When death points sternly to the tomb  
And worldly scenes no longer glow;  
Then, even here, shall memory bring  
Her pure and holy offering.

Adieu!—and may life's wave roll on  
Unruffled by the storm of wo—  
Till death press his cold seal upon  
Life's faintest impress here below;  
Then may we meet in courts above  
And know again that God is love.

J. E. D.

Written for the Lady's Book.

# REVIEW OF THE YOUNG LADIES' FRIEND.

MRS. HALE.—I enclose for your Lady's Book, the following article, which I believe calculated to subserve its peculiar objects. A part of it has already appeared in the second number of the New York Review, with an introductory paragraph, and here and there a passage not belonging to it; and I am desirous that it should be published entire, and in its original form.

Yours, truly,  
E. B. S.

Who can look with indifference upon young ladies, just emerging from school! What an interesting position do they occupy! Just relinquishing the guidance of others, and learning to depend upon themselves; just renouncing the whole routine of pursuits and employments in which their life has hitherto passed, and choosing for themselves their future course; just passing the confines that separate girlhood from womanhood. Turning their backs, almost without being aware of it, upon the beautiful perspective of life's early scenes—full of bright and sweet illusions hitherto undispelled, and hastening unconsciously into the midst of its most grave and momentous realities!

Hitherto, perchance, they have pursued their way in all the freedom of nature—unshackled and unimpeded—light of heart and free of limb—but soon a burden is to rest upon their shoulders, which they must bear, until they lay it down with their life—a burden of duties and cares—mayhap of sorrows, too.

Could their future career be followed by prophetic eye, how many would be seen, in its very outset, suddenly returning to the earth who gave them—how many who content themselves with gathering the flowers that grow in their path, or chasing the butterflies that hover around it: never caring for any thing of more importance than their own childish amusements and gratifications—how many whose look, perpetually fixed upon what is of the earth—earthly—is never lifted to heaven;—how many swerving from the strait and narrow way—how many, whom an ill-starred union dooms to perpetual weariness and sorrow of heart—how many, who instead of sharing the burden of another themselves, constitute its heaviest portion—how many who illustrate in their daily life the fable of Prometheus and the vulture, draining the very life-blood of those who have selected them for bosom friends—how many who, appointed by heaven the guides of others, either throw off the duty altogether, or lead them as blind leaders of the blind, to perdition—who withhold the fostering hand—the kindly look of encouragement, the tender devotion—the wise and faithful guidance necessary to lure them on in wisdom's pleasant ways—how many who, exclusively engrossed by caring only to give them a fair outside for the admiration of their fellow-travellers—the attractions or asperities of their own paths, take no heed even of their nearest fellow pilgrims.

Happily there is another side to the picture.

There are bands of noble fellow-workers with God—there are those who toil and reap as they go sowing broadcast the seeds of rich blessing, and look for a crown of glory at the end of their course. There are bright spirits who diffuse around them almost celestial influence—who mete out to the objects of their love and care, a portion of good which is as the manna in the wilderness to the hungering Israelite—who go from strength to strength, nobly achieving life's highest desires—whose ministration is to the heart and spirit of man in things holy—who fulfil the glorious mission of their sex, in the unremitted, unwearying exercise of all gentle, beneficent, cheering, soothing, purifying, and exalting influences.

The destiny of women! How much it embraces—how little it is studied and understood! How few young ladies there are comparatively, who pause upon the threshold of accountable active life, and contemplate the momentous issues that depend upon their choice of a part in its drama, and on the manner in which they perform it—how many who survey only the outside of life, nor dream of its "deep things," its hallowed mysteries!

At the interesting period we have spoken of, the author of the book whose name stands at the head of this article, appears before young ladies as their guide and "friend." They are ignorant of the world, and are just entering it as responsible beings. The illimitable and uncertain future is before them. She comes to point out to them their duties, establish their principles, and form their manners. This is one of the highest offices that a human being can assume. She is a labourer in the cause of human improvement, and is, therefore, entitled to our respect. But we may be permitted to examine, whether the means she proposes, be well adapted to the end; whether her "words" are always "fitly spoken;" whether she has in all things, the wisdom necessary to a successful discharge of the office she has assumed.

We, who stand in relation to the young, as the past to the future, are witnesses to them of the realities of life; and it is our first duty to weigh carefully, whatever we pretend to disclose to them as undoubted truths. It is our purpose to examine the book before us—to commend those things in it, and they are many, which are worthy of all praise—to point out some errors of taste, and some sentiments which seem to us to have sprung from a partial, and, perhaps, unfortunate experience, and a prejudiced mind—sentiments, the adoption of which would, in our opinion, be unfavourable to the formation of a first rate character.

The book opens with the soliloquy of a young lady upon leaving school, in which she congratulates herself; that henceforth, she is to be her own mistress, and shall have nothing to do, but seek her amusement in the best way she can. This is followed by some very good remarks, in regard to the mistaken notions girls are apt to entertain upon the subject of education. The great business of early education, is to form habits of industry, to train the mind to find pleasure in intellectual effort, and to inspire a love of knowledge for its own sake.

If you have attended school merely because

it was expected of you; if you have learnt your lessons well for the sake of ranking high among your school-fellows; if you have regarded your studies as daily tasks to be performed until a certain period, when you will be released from them, you are still *uneducated*; what you have toiled to commit to memory, will soon be forgotten; and your intellectual powers, in consequence of never having been called into action, will dwindle away, till it will be matter of wonder to yourselves, how you ever performed your school tasks.

There is certainly no novelty in the idea—it has often been enforced, that education is only begun at schools; that unless what is acquired there, is considered simply as a small stock of knowledge to begin with, which should be constantly communicating, it will be as unprofitable as money buried in the earth;—and yet, to this day, I believe, the majority of young ladies imagine, not only that their education is finished when they leave school, but that the principal business of life is accomplished; and that, having done their task, nothing remains for them, but to rest from their labours, and enjoy, in the best way they can, the play-day they have earned. The consequence is, that their minds being occupied with nothing more important than their amusements, the fashion and material of their garments, some nice shade or strict rule of etiquette—the proper folding of a note, the best way of making themselves conspicuous and attractive at a party, or in public—discussing about beaux, and the ordinary gossip of society, dwindle, as our author says—dwindle to a mere point, and frivolity comes to be considered as an essential characteristic of the sex.

The following passage in Abercrombie's Intellectual Philosophy, is so appropriate, that I cannot forbear quoting it. "There is a class of intellectual habits, by which the mind, long unaccustomed to have the attentions steadily directed to any important object, become frivolous and absent, or lost amid its own waking dreams. A mind in this condition, becomes incapable of following a train of reasoning, and even of offering facts with accuracy, and tracing their relations. Hence, nothing is more opposed to the cultivation of intellectual character, and when such a person attempts to reason, or to follow out a course of investigation, he falls into slight and partial views, unsound deductions, and frivolous arguments. This state of the mind, therefore, ought to be carefully guarded against, in the young, as when it is once established, it can be removed only by a long and laborious effort, and after a certain period of life is probably irremediable."

The world is full of analogies to illustrate the effect upon the mind of a disuse of its powers. A person long confined in a sitting posture, loses the power of walking, and his limbs diminish in strength and size; and it is well ascertained from the effect of different occupations upon the human frame, that, in proportion to the demand made upon any set of muscles, is the increase of their capacity and volume. Every living principle in nature, depends for its continuance and well-being, upon a constant supply of nutriment, and is it not,

in the true sense of the word, *brutal*, while we attend so much to the recruiting of our bodies, to have no care for our minds! Young ladies may find an illustration of that which prevents all enlargement, all fine development of the intellectual powers, in the foot of a Chinese lady—they may learn a lesson of deep meaning from the unconscious plant in their window, *which always seeks the light*.

Our limits will not permit us to follow our author in detail, through the different portions of her book. It embraces every topic connected with the well-being and well-doing of those for whom it is designed; their manners and habits; their duties, and their pleasures; their health; their occupations, and their deportment in public and private; and there is not a single chapter in the book, that does not contain valuable hints and suggestions.

We shall be obliged to confine our notice to topics, the treatment of which particularly pleases or displeases us; remarking, generally, in the meanwhile, that in regard to many of them, there is a minuteness of detail, the necessity of which, if indeed it exists, is a disgrace to the mothers and daughters of our land. The author has a way, too, of laying down the most trite and common-place maxims; the most obvious rules of propriety, on subjects connected with the conduct of young ladies; that presupposes a degree of ignorance, and an absence of all refinement in our community, to which we would fain hope we need not plead guilty.

One cannot help reflecting, in reading such a book, what a cumbrous piece of mechanism, built up of rules and maxims, injunctions and exhortations, advice and remonstrances, is necessary for the regulation of one's life; in the place of a few simple living principles in the mind, which, if early instilled, and habitually cultivated, would be far more effectual for that purpose. There is a large proportion of the book before us, for which no *well-principled*, and *well* educated young lady, has the least occasion.

Will not such an one use, diligently, all means of self-improvement! Will she not appreciate the value of time, and turn it to the best account? Will she not discharge in a spirit of fidelity, her duties in every relation, and in all the intercourse of life! Will she not be discriminating in her friendships; and will she not, at all times, and under all circumstances, be governed by a sense of right and propriety!

From a chapter upon the improvement of time, we quote the following very good observations. "How are young persons to be convinced of the value of time, when to them a year seems almost endless, and a pleasure that is deferred for a month, seems too far off for happy anticipation?" (This by the by, can be true only of *very young* persons' minds). "A year appears very long to the young, because it bears so large a proportion to the whole period they have lived; as we advance, the proportion becomes less and less; till, in old age a year seems no longer than a minute did in childhood. Abundant as time seems to the young, we constantly hear them excuse themselves for some duty omitted, by saying, they had not time to do it, which should convince

them, they have no more of this precious gift than they require; and that there is more defect in their management of it, or they would not sometimes be wishing to accelerate the flight of a *day*, and at other times, omit a duty for want of an *hour* in which to perform it.

"There are a few plain questions which, if honestly answered, might serve to convince any young lady, that however long a year may seem to her in prospect, the proper use of each day would make it appear short. Let her ask herself, if her own clothes are in complete order; if there are no buttons and strings off, no gloves or stockings that need to be mended, none of those numberless stitches to be set, which every young woman should do for herself; and the necessity for which is of perpetual recurrence. Let her consider whether there are not many books that she has been advised to read, but which she has not yet found time to begin; whether she has no letters to answer, accounts to settle, papers to arrange, commissions to execute for absent friends; visits to make; kind offices to perform,—which have all been deferred for *want of time*; and then let her judge, whether the days and weeks are too long for the duties which ought to be performed in them, and whether her use of the days that are gone, is the best possible." All this is good, and we fear, not inapplicable to a large proportion of young ladies; yet, if so, what a lamentably low state of education, and of morals too, does it imply.

There are some very good remarks upon the importance of a systematic appropriation of time; but we think the author is not sufficiently explicit in regard to the necessity of a regular course of intellectual pursuits; of self-improvement, and their superior claim to that of all others. If a young lady be so situated, that her time is *necessarily* devoted to household occupations, or to the use of her needle in her own service, or that of others; or to the discharge of any imperative duties, of what nature soever, she must find her pleasure, and her improvement, too, for there may be both, in their proper fulfilment. But, if she have the command of her time as much as many young ladies, and goes on from one day to another, without any definite object of usefulness and importance; or if, having but a little time at her own private disposal, she expends it on the adornment of her person, or upon any manner of trifles whatever, she lives in gross neglect of some of her highest duties.

The mere *embroidery of muslin*, is a snare to many young ladies, who make it almost their vocation. I have heard the young ladies of a whole city spoken of as addicted to it; as giving to it all their leisure; and many a country girl, too, whose temptations are less for bestowing more care upon the outer than inner man, fall into the same way. Sewing, even in its important branches, is a terrible consumer of the time of women; and demands the exercise of economy, as well as other departments of business. To illustrate the turning of little odds and ends of time to account, a case is mentioned, in the book before us, of a family in which all the collars and wristbands were stitched at odd moments. Yet, this same stitch-

ing should not consume even the odd minutes; it is a mere waste of time and eyesight, answering no useful purpose whatever. All sewing should be done neatly, as every thing should be well done that is worthy of being done at all; but there should be no unnecessary expenditure upon it, of labour or time; life is too short, and its objects too important.

Too much can hardly be said to impress upon young minds the value of time, or direct them in its use; and they are indebted to our author for some excellent hints upon the subject. It is the next most valuable talent to mind, and he who is entrusted with it, should make it "other ten."

*To be continued.*

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE PRAYING INDIANS.

BY MRS. SERA SMITH.

WE have seen an account of a company of Indians, who never had the advantages of religious instruction, who were in the constant practice of praying to the Creator of the world. The practice was first begun by an Indian woman, whose child was miraculously saved from death, when in great danger, by some extraordinary interposition of Providence. On finding her child safe, she involuntarily fell upon her knees in prayer to some unknown being, which she could not comprehend. She continued the practice, and was joined by a large number of her tribe.

### I.

"He must not die, he must not die,"  
The Indian mother cried—  
And strained her infant's sickly limbs  
Close to her beating side—  
"O! lonely will my cabin be,  
If I must part, my child, from thee."

### II.

"Thy father, when he went to hunt,  
Looked on thee in his pride;  
And better loved, I know, for thee,  
His simple forest bride—  
O! when the grass shall press thy breast,  
Who, who shall soothe his pride to rest?"

### III.

"I could not see the green earth spread  
Upon thy little breast,  
The shadows of the dark, old woods  
Lie on thee, in thy rest,  
And know thy little feet no more  
Would sound upon our cabin floor."

### IV.

She pressed him closer to her heart,  
And then, she knew not why,  
Or what strange power she there invoked,  
She upward turned her eye,  
And poured a mother's heart in prayer,  
To Him, whose love she worshipped there.

### V.

Mysterious Wisdom! that hast thus,  
Within the mother's mind  
Impressed a knowledge of thyself,  
With that strong love combined—  
That when *that* fount of love is stirred,  
The "still small voice" of God is heard.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## ALTHEA VERNON; OR, THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

A NOVELETTE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Continued from p. 105.

## CHAPTER X.

THE surprise of our heroine put her quite into a flutter, from which she had scarcely time to recover, while Selfridge was extending the introduction to the Dimsdale family, and to Lansing, who just then came up. At once, Althea began to discover in Miss De Vinci, beauty and elegance that she had not perceived in Cousin Milly: though somewhat surprised at an heiress and a belle, appearing in a large company, at evening, in so simple a guise. But she soon discovered that, though a close gown, it was of real linen cambric, edged with fine lace; and that the gold brooch which fastened the collar, was of exquisite workmanship, such as would not have disgraced Benvenuto Cellini.—The dark glossy hair of Miss De Vinci, was as usual, without ornament, being simply fastened at the back of her head with a plain tortoise-shell comb, and parted on a high and expanded forehead that denoted a mind of no common order. Her eyes, of that deep blue which at night looks nearly black, beamed with intellect; and her lips had a sweetness of expression which at once invited confidence. Her figure, owing nothing to art but much to nature, possessed that indescribable grace, which is never seen when the motions of the human form are fettered by conventional restraints and conventional manners. On being introduced to our heroine and her party, Miss De Vinci glided at once into conversation with a frankness and simplicity which put every one perfectly at their ease; and to which her clear and musical voice gave an additional charm.

With regard to the friends whom Miss De Vinci had accompanied to Rockaway,—Mrs. Edmunds was her second cousin by the mother's side, and at an early age had married a gentleman who was then a tutor in a private family. They soon after removed into Connecticut, where Mr. Edmunds took a select school, which had made the fortune of its former principal. But Mr. Edmunds conducted it on a plan too liberal to be profitable; and he gave such close attention to its duties, and to the employment of his pen as an additional source of income, that he eventually impaired his health. On her return from Europe, Miss De Vinci bearing of their situation, made a visit to her relations in Connecticut, and it being vacation time in the school, she prevailed on Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds to accompany her with all their children, on a little tour into the state of New York: insisting that they should consider themselves, during this excursion, as her guests. And they had been too much accustomed to the generosity of their wealthy young cousin, to

wound her kind feelings by persisting in the scruples they at first advanced, with regard to accepting her proposal. Among Miss De Vinci's numerous sources of happiness, not the least was her delight in doing good to those less abundantly supplied with the gifts of fortune. Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds being amiable and intelligent people, she took pleasure in presenting them to all who were capable of appreciating them as they deserved; she was fond of children, and every thing promised well for all the members of her little party.—Their first intention was to pass a week in the city of New York, but finding it very warm there, and the best hotels and boarding-houses being crowded to excess, they concluded to proceed at once to the sea-shore. There had been no wilful concealment of her name on the part of Miss De Vinci, but as she always travelled without any display of wealth or consequence, it frequently happened that her identity was not recognized till revealed by accident.

Having finished this explanatory digression, we will return to the saloon at the Rockaway hotel.

In a few minutes after her presentation to the Dimsdale party, the name of Miss De Vinci had ran through the room—and numerous were the applications for an introduction to her. Althea Vernon felt that Selfridge could not have paid her a higher compliment, than in presenting her to the acquaintance of this young lady; whom, as she afterwards learnt, he had known from childhood, but did not see when he visited Boston on his return from India, as she was then on her homeward passage across the Atlantic.

On finding that her new friend was likely to be engrossed by strangers during the remainder of the evening, Althea accepted Selfridge's invitation to promenade with him. "Tell me," said she—after they had passed a group where Miss De Vinci was the centre of attraction—"how is it that your fair townsman makes so favourable an impression, without the least effort at what is termed affability, and without any attempt at saying agreeable things to all that are introduced to her?"

"Camilla De Vinci,"—replied Selfridge—"is always perfectly natural; and being at ease herself, she makes every one else so. With good sense, good taste, and good feeling (and the union of these three qualifications forms the basis of that which is generally called tact,) there is no safer course than the *laissez aller*. Mrs. Jordan, one of the most popular actresses that graced the high and palmy days of the British theatre, on being asked by what process of study she always succeeded in delighting her audience, replied that she constantly acted without rule, and without any previous preparation, except that of learning the words of her part. But that, when once on the stage, she gave herself up to chance: trusting for tones, and looks, and gestures, to whatever feelings or impulses might accompany her as she went along—and she found that the audience always went with her.—This is the *laissez aller* of genius—and it was thus that the immortal author of Marmion and Waverley, gave to the world his most glorious inspirations."

## CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Conroy, on finding that Miss De Vincly had been at Rockaway twenty-four hours without her knowing it, was, as the sailors say, taken all a-back. She was also perplexed between her desire of getting introduced to the heiress, and the dislike she felt already towards a woman in whom she saw a most formidable rival to her daughters—she was also mortified to find the symptoms of a growing intimacy between this “observed of all observers,” and Althea Vernon. At length the thought struck her, that it would be most politic to pretend to those about her, that she already knew Miss De Vincly.

“Dear me”—said Mrs. Vandunder—“what a fuss they’re all making about this young lady from Boston.—Only see—every body’s introducing every body to her. Who but she, indeed!—Mrs. Conroy, you know one may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion.—Suppose we were to go up, and get somebody to introduce us.”

“Oh! mar!” exclaimed Wilhelmina—“not to that great young lady.”

“Why, who’s afraid!”—pursued Mrs. Vandunder—“People as has property enough to set them above the world, need not be afraid of nobody. She has plenty, and we have plenty—so we’ll just suit.”

“Very true”—said Mrs. Conroy—“no doubt you’ll suit exactly.—But still one would not wish to show too much eagerness. Besides, it is understood in society, that all persons of our class, that is, all persons in a certain style, are necessarily acquainted with each other, and must have met in the natural course of things, no matter to what part of the Union they belong. For instance, it follows that I am certainly no stranger to Miss De Vincly.”

The Miss Conroys turned round, and opened their eyes at this assertion of their mother; though not altogether unaccustomed to her practice of falsifying facts according to her purpose.

“Well then”—said Mrs. Vandunder, rising—“take me and Wilhelmina up to her now, and introduce us.”

“No”—replied Mrs. Conroy—unblushingly—“I have so much to say to Miss De Vincly, after her long absence in Europe, that I would rather defer any conversation with her till the general rush is over—to-morrow will be time enough—besides, allow me just to hint, that there may be something a little undignified in ladies of a certain age making advances to a young girl.”

“And she in a plain white coat-dress too!”—spoke Wilhelmina, glancing first at her own finery, and then at her mother’s.

Phebe Maria now found much difficulty in engaging the attention of the patron of Schopenburgh, who, since he had heard the name of Miss De Vincly, seemed all uneasiness to run away from her, and procure an introduction to the heiress.—She, therefore, complained wofully of the heat of the room, and proposed a walk in the piazza. Before Vandunder could reply, she had placed her arm within his, and was almost forcibly drawing him away with her.—

“I am led like a lamb to slaughter”—said Billy, turning his head to whisper Sir Tiddering, whom they passed as he entered the saloon, after having “finished his feed,” as he called it. On getting within the door, Sir Tiddering soon discovered that Miss De Vincly was there in person: and recollecting that she had been in England, and might be aware of the *real* customs of genteel society in that ill-represented country, he felt some reluctance to be seen by her in his present costume. With the intention of changing his dress to something better suited to evening, he instituted a search for his valet, who, however, could not, or would not be found—and Sir Tiddering not perceiving any possibility of dressing without him, was obliged to give up his design, and betake himself to his usual resource, the portico. Mrs. Conroy saw him from the window, near which she was sitting, and whispered to Abby Louisa; and the mother and daughter contrived to steal out, and give the slip to Mrs. Vandunder and Wilhelmina, who, when they discovered the desertion, were highly indignant.

“If they haven’t gone and left us, without saying why or wherefore!”—said Mrs. Vandunder—looking out of the window—“And there, they’re making up to the Englishman—and I see plain enough they’re trying to get him to walk with Abby Louisa—and he won’t. I’ve often heard that Englishmen won’t do nothing but what’s agreeable to themselves—that’s not the way with our people, for you see Billy is walking with Phebe Mariar. However, she’s fashionable, and that’s a great deal.—Let’s go out, and join them—there’s no use in our setting here for nothing.”

“Every thing I have on hurts me so”—said poor Wilhelmina—“that I’d a great deal rather go up to my room, and get out of my misery.”

“Nonsense!”—replied her unrelenting mother—“Would you mope away your whole life in your room. I should like to know what chance you’d have then. As to the tightness of your things, you must bear it till you get used to it. People needn’t expect to be fashionable, without all sorts of suffering. No—no, when every body’s marrying all round, I’m not a going to let you live and die an old maid, after all the money that’s been spent upon you. It shall never be said that my daughter couldn’t get a husband as well as other girls. I was married to your poor father before I was fifteen.”

So saying, she drew Wilhelmina after her, and they went out into the piazza, where Mrs. Vandunder accosted Mrs. Conroy, with—“I’ve a crow to pick with you, Mrs. Conroy—why did you give us the slip?”

Mrs. Conroy could not say why—and remained silent, thinking of an answer. Sir Tiddering then whispered to Abby Louisa—“I’ll walk with you to-morrow, if you’ll introduce me now to this Dutch girl. I want to trot her.” The introduction was given, and Sir Tiddering immediately held out his arm to Wilhelmina, saying—“Well, let’s start, as you Yankees say.”—

“Start where?”—asked Wilhelmina, looking frightened.

“Oh! only on a jaunt, up and down the



piazza. See if we can't outwalk my friend Billy, and his partner."

Wilhelmina hesitated—but her mother whispered—"Go—it's an honour to be noticed by this Sir Tiddering Tattering, or whatever his name is—be very polite, and see if you can't outdo the Conroys—when you speak to him, mind you say, 'my lord.'"

The poor girl obeyed—and Sir Tiddering, much diverted, mischievously kept her going up and down the piazza in double quick time, mystifying her all the while with the jargon of the race-course and the horse-market.

"Well,"—said Mrs. Vandunder, whose good humour was now restored—"After setting so long in that there drawing-room, I should have no objection to a little walk myself.—What do you say, Mrs. Conroy—suppose we beau each other, and we can take Miss Abby Louisa between us; as no more gentlemen seem to be forthcoming."

From this arrangement, Abby Louisa drew back, with a look of disgust; and Mrs. Conroy, seeing that not much was to be effected this evening, concluded to withdraw her forces for the present—and reminding the young ladies, that there was to be a grand ball at the hotel on the following night, which would keep them up very late, she advised that they should all retire—a proposition to which neither of the gentlemen offered any objection.

"What did Sir Tattering say to you, Wilhelmina?"—asked Mrs. Vandunder—eagerly following her daughter to her room. "I don't know"—replied the poor girl, trying to force off her shoes—"My feet hurt me so when he made me go so fast, and my corsets put me out of breath—I could not understand what he was talking about. He mentioned a Crow-catcher, and a Sky-scraper, and Whalebone, and Snap—and then there was something about White Stockings, and a Wash-ball.—Sometimes it seemed to me, that all these things were horses."

When Althea Vernon retired to her room, she was so much delighted with the events of the evening, that feeling no inclination to sleep, she sat down and wrote a long letter to her mother, and had filled her paper to the utmost, without saying half enough of Miss De Vinciy. Along the margin of the last page, she managed to get in these lines—"I forgot to say, that I was introduced to Miss De Vinciy by a Mr. Selfridge."

Early next morning, Mr. Dimsdale, Selfridge, Lansing, and most of the other gentlemen, went up to the city, purposing to return towards evening, in time for the ball. Mrs. Conroy went also, to get some additional articles of decoration for her daughters. She was accompanied for a similar purpose by Mrs. Vandunder—Billy escorting them. When about to set off, they found that Sir Tiddering Tattering was going: and Mrs. Conroy now regretted that she had not arranged for her daughters to be of the party.

Miss De Vinciy, Althea, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds, with the children, took an early walk on the beach, the day promising to be very warm as it advanced. It was a soft, calm morning, such as Collins delights in painting,

and renders so delightful when painted, to the lovers both of nature and art. The tide was low, and the surf was playing lightly along the sands. The smooth, but undulating surface of the ever-heaving ocean, coloured with prismatic hues of purple and green and gold, lay glittering and dimpling in the sun-light, which shone through the mist that its beams were slowly dispelling, while the far-off boats of the fishermen seemed sleeping on the mirrored water. Althea was charmed with the morning sea-view; and still more charmed with her accomplished companion, who told her many interesting things, connected with the shores of the classic Mediterranean, and the romantic Adriatic.

"I, too"—said Miss De Vinciy—"have stood at Venice, on the 'Bridge of Sighs,' and have felt with Byron, that 'the beings of the mind are not of clay'—and that, to all whose native accents are English, the sea-born city has indeed 'a spell beyond her name in story.' To us, the Rialto is not merely a lofty bridge, spanning with its arch the grand canal; it is the place where the Venetian merchant reviled and scoffed at the ill-used and unforgiving Jew; it is the midnight rendezvous of Pierre and Jaffier, when they met to 'talk of precious mischief.' To us, the council-hall of the ducal palace, is the room in which the Moor Othello, in presence of 'the reverend, grave and potent signiors,' made his eloquent defence for winning the heart and hand of 'the daughter of a senator of Venice.' We, who are versed in the enchanting delineations of Mrs. Radcliffe, can float in the gondola with Emily St. Aubert, on the moonlight waters of the lagoon, and listen to the charm of 'music on Venetian seas.' And more—the genius of Byron himself, has added new links to the electric chain, which draws us in fancy and feeling, to the city of the senate and the doges. He has conducted us into the gloomy prison, which the young Foscari preferred to the dreariness of perpetual exile; and he has startled us with the sound of St. Mark's bell, when its toll was the death-stroke of the deposed and heart-broken father. He has led us to the foot of the Giant's Stairs, and showed us at their summit, the ill-fated Marino Faliero, addressing his executioner in the thrilling words,

Slave, do thine office;  
Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would  
Have struck those tyrants!—Strike—and but once.

"Oh! noble, indeed, is the literature of England—and fortunate for America, is our identity of language."

## CHAPTER XII.

Most of the ladies devoted the greatest part of the day, to making their final preparations for the ball—for we all know, that whatever may be our previous state of readiness, there are always "more last words," when the ball-day has actually come. Among the young girls, who had even the least acquaintance with each other, there was great visiting from room to room, to consult about the arrangement of

flowers, bows, and lace. All the beds were covered with pretty things, and the floors with snips of ribbon, tulle, and satin. The piazza was vacant, and there was no promenading in the saloon after breakfast, for two good reasons—first, that there were no gentlemen, and, secondly, that the ladies were anxious to get to their rooms as soon as possible.

Miss De Vincly, alone, seemed in no way affected by the ball—but having spent all the morning in amusing the children, she passed the afternoon in reading a new book. There was much speculation among the other ladies, as to the probable costume in which the Boston belle would appear that evening. Some one having remarked, that she would, most probably, on this occasion, lay aside her usual simplicity of attire: it was soon rumoured, that she would *certainly* do so, and that the ladies would now have an opportunity of seeing one of the very elegant dresses, that she *must* have brought from Paris. A few who had already begun to call her eccentric, opined that she would appear in some strange dishabille, and voted, that if she did so, it should be considered an affront to the company. By the time evening came, one party had heard from unquestionable authority (that notorious fib-teller), of Miss De Vincly's positive intention to exhibit herself in a dress of entire blond, over a rose-coloured satin—some said a gold colour. The other party had equally good grounds for asserting, that she designed, with all the insolence of an heiress, to appear among them in a dark chintz.

The Miss Conroys, in compliance with their mother's parting words, came to the dinner-table attired with unusual plainness, that their ball-dresses might be the more striking from the contrast. They had, in reality, been very busy all the morning; but they found occasion to say at dinner, that they never took any concern about their dresses till it was time to put them on; as of course, ladies in a certain style, always had their habiliments so completely prepared by the persons they employed for these affairs, as to leave nothing for themselves to do, or to think of.

A French *coiffeur*, who had come down from the city in a handsome gig, for the purpose of dressing the ladies' hair, commenced operations early in the afternoon, that he might get through all in due time. Therefore, when the fatigue of preparation was over, there was no chance of repose for those who had been under his hands, as they were obliged to sit up stiff, and take care of their heads.

Our heroine, who did not avail herself of the skill of Mr. Pussedu, had soon arranged every thing that she intended wearing, and sat down to enjoy a novel, borrowed from Miss De Vincly. She was interrupted by a knock at her door, and supposing it Julia, desired her to come in, when the person that entered, proved to be Miss Abby Louisa Conroy.—Althea placed a chair for her visitor, and Miss Conroy said, with a formal and patronising voice and manner—"I hope I do not interrupt your studies, Miss Vernon, but mamma, who takes great interest in young ladies that are so unfortunate as not to have a chaperon of acknowledged taste—

excuse me—but my aunt Dimsdale, though a very amiable woman, and moving in a highly respectable circle, is not, (as you know) in the most *recherché* society. I do not intend to disparage aunt Dimsdale, but I question whether she is so fortunate as to be acquainted with a single member, of what is generally termed, the aristocracy)—mamma, I say, desired that one of us, (my sister or myself) should look in upon you in the course of the afternoon, and offer you the advantage of our experience, in regard to your ball-costume for this evening, the company at Rockaway being unusually genteel just now. May I presume to venture a few hints?"

Althea bowed assentingly.

"In the first place"—proceeded Abby Louisa—"I would recommend perfect simplicity. What do you think of wearing? Is that your dress on the bed?"—and she rose to examine it—"White crape, with a white silk underdress—ribbon white satin.—Excuse me—but white crape is really very trying—and white silk underneath, makes it still more so. Have you not a new figured chaly?"

"I have"—replied Althea—showing her one—"But I do not like it."

"Why not.—They are very much worn—and the colours of this are rather handsome."

Althea did not like to own that she had heard Selfridge say, he could not distinguish between a flowered chaly and a flowered calico—the effect, to his eyes, being just the same. "I think"—said she—"this chaly (with its long sleeves, too,) is rather *en demi-toilette* for a ball-dress"—"You are quite mistaken"—retorted Abby Louisa—"it is fine enough for any purpose, and sufficiently fashionable.—Let me advise—the chaly and nothing else—no lace or any thing of that sort about the neck or wrists, which I see are finished with a double cording of green silk. Just put on this chaly dress, and add nothing to it. Plain and neat—plain and neat—that should always be the motto of very young girls."

"I think so, too"—said Althea—"but this many-coloured chaly coming against my neck and hands, without any thing white to relieve it, will, I am sure, have a very bad effect—particularly as a ball-dress."

"How you harp upon a ball-dress"—resumed Abby Louisa—"I am perfectly sure, that this chaly, just as it is, will suit your style exactly; even on this occasion. I also advise that you should comb all the hair back from your forehead, unite it with your hind hair, and form the whole into a round plat or knot, at the top of your head. Your style of face will look best with all your hair turned off from it.—And put no ornament, whatever, on your head. Perfect simplicity suits you best. Be plain and neat in every thing."

"Really"—said Althea—"with all my hair stroked back from my forehead, and knotted at the top of my head, I shall look like Afong Moy—or rather like a damsel from Otaheite."

"No matter—to very young people, it is the most becoming style.—Also, let me counsel you to wear black shoes, instead of those white satin ones."

Althea knew, that with white silk stockings,

black shoes were very unbecoming to a lady's feet when dancing—"I have no objection"—said she—"to plain attire in its place; and I hope I am always neat—but if we do not dress a little more than usual at a ball, when shall we?"

"There is no necessity for any extra dressing, even at a ball"—replied Abby Louisa—"A lady is a lady always—it is only advisable to have some one costly thing about you, to distinguish you from the vulgar—for instance, a handsome embroidered handkerchief—a very handsome one.—However, no lady is without that, at any time."

This she said mischievously, having observed, with her sister, that Althea's handkerchiefs were simply of plain cambric, and doubting if she had any others. Our heroine was now touched on one of her weak points—and she coloured consciously. Just then, Phebe Maria came to the door, to announce to Miss Conroy that Mr. Pussedu was waiting—"I don't want Mr. Pussedu"—said Abby Louisa, peevishly—"Why, you certainly engaged him to dress your hair"—replied Phebe—"and he says, your turn comes next to Miss Diggleworth's, whom he has just finished."—"Pho"—said Abby—"What nonsense,—but I will go and speak to him myself."—She then withdrew, and her sister took her place in Althea's room.

Phebe Maria Conroy was one of those impertinent people, who profess to speak their minds plainly—and this she always did, as far as comported with what she conceived her interest. Softness or dignity being out of the question with her, she had concluded to be *piquant*, and even called herself *brusque*: but her *brusquerie* was only exercised on those she was not afraid of. "La—Althea"—said she—seating, or rather throwing herself on the side of the bed—"Is this your ball-dress? Pure, bridal white! Are you married, my dear!—It must be to somebody we have never seen nor heard of."

"This is the dress I intend wearing"—said Althea, coldly.

"For mercy's sake, give it up!"—exclaimed Phebe Maria—"or add something to it. This is to be quite a dress-ball, and any affectation of simplicity of costume, will be quite out of place to-night. Besides, I am certain that full-dress is becoming to you, and that the more you are adorned the better you look. Or, if you *must* wear this white crape, I dare say I can assist you in borrowing a blue satin bodice, or a pink one, and some flowers of various colours, to festoon the skirt.—Have you no coloured ribbon for rosettes for the sleeves; rosettes are soon made.—And how are you going to wear your hair?"

"Very much as usual, except the addition of some white roses"—replied Althea.

"Impossible!—what, with only a plat and a few curls behind, and those short ringlets on your temples. You have not half enough of hair about your face. Mr. Pussedu has brought with him, boxes full of braids, and plats, and curls, and flowers, and feathers, and all that sort of thing, as Sir Tiddering says. You must positively have Pussedu, and let him put your head *comme il faut*, and make him add as

many decorations to it as possible.—I advise that you shall have some of your hind hair brought forward, so as to get enough for very long thick plats, to hang over your cheeks quite down to your neck, each plat terminating in a ringlet; and let the plats be interspersed with ribbon and flowers."

Althea was not slow in perceiving, that the drift of both sisters was to induce her to dress herself as unbecomingly as possible. But she saw that to argue the point would be useless—and she simply said—"I believe I shall wear what I originally intended."

"You are very obstinate"—remarked Phebe Maria—"But, one thing more I must advise, as a friend—which is, that you appear with a handsome handkerchief.—Do you know, that I have heard remarks made on the plainness of your *mouchoirs*, and from persons whom you would hardly suspect. Every one now, that can possibly afford it, makes a great point of elegant handkerchiefs. Have you noticed ours!—We have none that cost less than thirty or forty dollars." "I have observed"—replied Althea—"that your handkerchiefs are very beautiful."

"To be sure they are"—resumed Phebe—"A costly handkerchief is now one of the distinguishing marks of a woman of fashion. *Parvenues* can seldom bring their minds to give much for pocket-handkerchiefs, but prefer laying out their money in things that make a great show—mamma is going to bring us some from town, that will cost fifty dollars a-piece; and we shall have them for this evening."

After some more idle talk tinctured with impertinence, Phebe Maria withdrew to take her turn with Mr. Pussedu.

Towards evening, there was great arriving from the city, not only of the ladies and young men that had gone up in the morning, but of fathers and husbands that staid chiefly in town on account of their business. The corridors were alive with figures, fitting from room to room, and the saloon was nearly empty. Few ladies appeared at the tea-table, but the Dimesdale party, and Miss De Viney, and her friends, were there as usual. Selfridge seemed as overjoyed to meet Althea again, as if he had been away from her a month, instead of a day; and Lansing kept up an animated conversation with Miss De Viney. After tea, however, there was a general separation of the gentlemen and ladies, till the hour of the ball should arrive.

Our heroine had never felt so desirous of looking well as on this evening, and she was a quarter of an hour in trying to arrange to the best advantage, two white roses, that were the only decorations of her beautiful hair. After she was dressed, and while waiting for Mrs. Dimesdale (who, having superintended the toilets of her two young ladies, was now completing her own,) Althea sat down by the window, to look out at the sea. But she had just now so little of her usual perception of its beauties, that she knew not whether the broad light that glittered on its waters, was caused by the setting sun or the rising moon. The truth is, her thoughts were divided between Selfridge, and the embroidered handkerchief, which she now regretted extremely was not her own.

Our readers must remember, that Althea Vernon was young and very imaginative. She had felt more sensibly than they deserved, the sneers of the Miss Conroys. "They talked"—thought she—"of the fifty dollar handkerchiefs, that their mother was to bring them this evening. How would they be mortified if, after all their insolence, they were to see me with one that cost eighty. I wish it were mine." Having cast a look of something nearly allied to contempt at the plain cambric one that lay yet unfolded on the bed, she took out the elegant handkerchief of Miss Fitzgerald, and stood with it on a chair before the glass, to see the effect when added to her ball-dress. It looked more desirable than ever; and she tried it in various graceful positions, while all her fancy for this expensive trifle returned upon her in full force. Twice, before she heard them, the Dimsdales had tapped at her door to let her know that they were ready. Her thoughts were just then on Selfridge—she started, and hastily joining the friends that were waiting for her, in her hurry forgot to take her own handkerchief, and to lay down the embroidered one, which she found in her hand as she descended the stairs. Her first impulse, was to carry it back to her room—and her next thought that, after all, as no one need know it, her carrying Miss Fitzgerald's handkerchief, for one evening, could neither injure that lady nor herself.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## LET ME LIVE TILL I AM OLD.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

### I.

Let me live till I am old!  
 Death, though still in manhood's prime,  
 I would meet, as meets the bold,  
 Yet I fain would "bide my time."  
 What are threescore years and ten?  
 Scarcely span enough to kiss  
 Tears from off Life's blessings—then  
 Let me gather all Life's bliss.  
 'Tis a little leaf, at best,  
 Which for ever I may spell  
 Of Life's doings, ill or well,—  
 When among the stars I rest  
 (Measured by its sands of gold)  
 When eternal day I tell.  
 Let me live till I am old!

### II.

No! Religion quickly cries;  
 Life hath thorns as well as roses.  
 Death the earlier glimpse discloses,  
 Unto him that early dies,  
 Of the peaceful paradise,  
 Where sufficeth thought to dwell  
 (Pausing 'mid that thunder-song)  
 On the path, or brief or long—  
 Trod with joy, in sorrow trod,  
 Meeting pleasure or the rod;  
 'Tis the same. In heaven 'tis well  
 If on earth we walked with God.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE CONSUMPTIVE.

When the peeping flowers of spring were wreathing,  
 And the soft air was burdened with perfume,  
 Life's last sad music on her lip was breathing,  
 And she was lightly gathered to the tomb.

AMELIA.

LIFE! what is it? But a Phaeton rushing through the air, only to leave the chariot empty—a bubble, which gaily dances a moment upon the stream, and sinks to nothingness—a flower, that gives its sweetness to the breeze, and fades and dies—a beautiful star, which lends its radiance to our path, and falls like the ancient Pleiad, to dim its beams in the dust. It steals upon us like the dreams of the blessed, and floats away upon its visioned pinions to the voiceless grave!

\* \* \* \* \*

It was in a crowded hall, that I first beheld Emma Melbourne. Amid the pomp and pageantry of a gay festival, she was the merriest that thrilled to the soft notes of the light viol, and the mellow flute. Amid the beauteous forms that moved down the dance, hers was the loveliest. She was in her spring-time. A beautiful rose, just expanding into loveliness. Her form was so fragile and delicate, that she seemed the heavenly creation of a dream. Her pale pure countenance—her laughing, unclouded eye—her playful lip—her rose-tinted cheek, seemed an angel's who had wandered from Paradise, to this dim earth

"To fashion dreams of heaven!"

Wherever she moved, all was joy and gladness. The proud and gifted crowded around but to listen to the rich melody of her voice, or bask in the sunshine of her enchanting smile. Her life was a gentle rivulet, murmuring on in sweetness—alas! that a shadow might darken its calm waters!

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a beautiful night. The heavens were cloudless, and rested upon their eternal pillars as placid and motionless as the dreamless sleep of childhood. The moon had just risen like a lovely bride in blushes from her couch—and was casting her beams of silvery light upon the dim valleys and mountains of the earth. The stars—the blazonry of the bannered sky, glittered in their far depths. A heavenly melody floated upon the breeze, as if from the chords of the wind-harp of heaven, touched by angel fingers. The air was fragrant with sweetest perumery—the wind as soft as that which swept Arion's magic to the Atlantic isle. It was, indeed, a moment consecrated to gentle feelings. Its holy influence attuned the heart to pure and generous emotions. Dreams, blessed dreams, rush upon us like an Alpine torrent. Fairy visions rise before us—though they have no habitation, who does not sigh when they pass away. Remembrances of happier days, come over us with gentlest sway. Ethereal feet stir the fallen leaves. Spiritual visitants wing around us. The shades of departed ones, sit by us and whisper in the silence, of former joys whose starry plumes are dimmed—of for-

mer days abound which there hovers the mists and dews of time.

It was on such a night as this, that I wandered forth with Emma, the beautiful girl I had met a year since, in the hall of revelry and festivity. Alas! what a change had taken place in that little time—alas! for that love-lit eye, that mantling cheek, and those dreamy lips! The dimmed lustre of her eye—the fading loveliness of her cheek—the perfect whiteness of her high forehead, and her aerial frame, betrayed a dread secret. There was a “worm i’ the bud,” eating out the freshness of the lovely flower. Consumption’s hectic spot, told a fearful tale on that fair cheek. Oh! it is a fearful sight to behold the young and lovely, sinking into the tomb at such a time. When the earth is clad in bright verdure, and every rill and mountain stream, rushing along in gladness. When the peace, the bliss, the purity of home has just dawned upon the sight, and lent their magical delights to existence. When the morning twilight of being has scarce faded, and the sun just risen in its chariot of light. When amidst all these the young and beautiful spirits, who lent a lustre to the scenes of our youth, are taken from among us, and yield their life to the fountain from whence it sprang—*dust to dust*—there is no heart that does not feel the solitude, and know that it cannot be re-peopled—in the silence of its chambers there will arise a prayer for the lovely departed. There will ascend to the altar of heaven, a “*requiescat in pace*.”

Such were my reveries, as we rambled along in silence and thoughtfulness. Emma broke the silence, and as the musical strains of her voice floated around me so like an element, I almost thought that she was an enskyed being.

“Can it be, that ere long my heart will cease its throbbings and its pulsations. Oh! for a mightier voice to recall the stern fiat of colossal death. I would linger yet awhile upon the shore of yon glassy rivulet, and the grass covered earth; but hope brightens not the falling sands of my life. A few more weary days, and I shall have looked my last upon this wilderness of flowers—the summer vale and the untrod forests—the bright dream-like heavens, and the cerulean-tinted water; and all these youth-inspiring scenes. Memory will have ceased, and hope have winged its way to shadowless despair. The sunshine of my life is passing. My existence, which gives forth its sad subduing music now, is hurrying to its eternal home.” She clung closer to my bosom, and pressed my hand as she ceased, and the tones of her sweet voice died into an echo.

\* \* \* \* \*

The moon had sank to its pillow, and the silvery stars had drawn away their beams, as though the brightness they had showered upon the earth had exhausted their eternal fountains. It was morning. The light of day had broke forth upon the darkness of night, and dispersed the mists, until they floated upon the sky like islands of gold upon a sapphire sea—sweeping away the undried tears that night had shed. The bright dewy morning, glory-wreathed its gay flower in festoons around the casement of the chamber. Beautiful butterflies flit by—the

bee sips the sweets of many flowers—the air is filled with myriads of birds, delighting the ear with melody. All *without* was joy and happiness—*within*, sadness and weeping. A fairy form lies on that curtained bed. Why that unearthly-tinted, yet sunken cheek? that flashing eye? Disease darkly revels there. That hollow cheek will ere long be white as Parian marble. The tremulous flashes of that burning eye be dimmed. The last bright gleam had shone, ere darkness threw its pall over the senses. The torch was lit that flashed upon the funeral pyre.

“This is a beautiful world,” she faintly murmured; “but its beauty decreases as I approach the confines of another. I feel my existence ebbing—I am dying—the spirits of another world linger around me, and beckon me on—they whisper, and it is a whisper of love: it is time to die.” As she spoke, the perfumed air swept through the lattice, fragrant with the scent of the flowers over which it passed. A ray of the golden sun broke into the room, and as I looked forth, I thought that the monarch of day had suddenly paused in his course, aware of the solemnity of the hour. Her lips moved, and as I leaned over her to catch the dying sound, I heard a low and indistinct “farewell,” as her eye was turned to heaven, and her heart ceased its vibrations. Away, away she wings her upward flight, and passes the clouds of sorrow and death. The beautiful, the frail, the loved, the lost is now a bright star, moving in the pathway of the sky. In the morning of her days, swept from the earth. Many overgushing hearts have wept at her departure. Many a bosom heaved its first sigh over her early doom.

*She is not dead*—though her enchanting form and beauteous face no longer brighten their favourite haunts, she yet lives where the tempests frown not, where the skies are never clouded. Her heaven-strung harp yields its music in the choir of seraphs, around the Eternal’s throne. Her holy spirit yet breathes its unquenched fire in loving hearts. *She yet lives*. ‘Tis Death has died—by the withering redound of his own fiat. Yet he will again rise, Phoenix-like, from his unholy sepulchre, and again wield his mighty sceptre. Many youthful beings will yet feel his giant arm, embittering their streams of life. Many beautiful creatures will yet be wafted to the unknown world, like exhalations from the bosom of the earth, ere he lays him down in his gloomy caverns to sleep the never ending sleep!

Human life is not the end of all our thousand hopes and aspirations. There is a solemn and mysterious voice in spring’s fading flowers, and summer’s passing dirge, in the blighted leaf and blasted tree, in the virgin snow and wintry wind, in the crested waves of ocean and the dread artillery of heaven,—that heralds man’s immortality. Our present life is but a dark leaf in the interminable book of existence. Standing on the verge of time, our visions cannot penetrate the long vista of eternity, to whose untravelled shores our spirits are floating.—Life hath its second spring, in a clime where the seasons change not. The light of life is but quenched for a moment, to be relit

and burn for ever. The fragrance of transplanted flowers, will be renewed under bright and purer skies. 'Tis there that the parted spirit that cast a sunlight on our pathway here, will join us. Her angel form methinks now hovers around me. I feel that I am in the presence of the lost—it is a glorious vision, though unseen. Her breath fans my burning cheek—her soft voice floats on the passing breeze. Her lyre's deep-toned music thrills upon my mortal ears from the far heavens, with its eternal melody. 'Tis in a summer land that she will wend with us for ever. Her spirit hath fled upon angel pinions, and

Like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.

ELIA.

*Louisville.*

### SLEEP, THE WANT OF SLEEP, WITH THEIR CONTINGENCIES.

BY MRS. HOPLAND.

"Scared by the hideous spirit of unrest."—*Montgomery.*

PERHAPS there is not a single point on which mankind, in all the diversities of situation, age, climate, government, habit, and health, would more generally agree, than that of acknowledging the benefit derived from sleep. Not only do the uneducated and poor ejaculate with Sancho, "a blessing on him who invented sleep, for it covers a man all over like a mantle," but the high-born and the intellectual, the imaginative, studious, heroic, enterprising, and philanthropic, continually court the comfort it bestows, the courage it inspires, and the renewed vitality it imparts, alike to the outward and inner man. To be partially bereft of sleep (although it is a species of temporary death) is felt alike by every temperament as a sensible loss of life, which clogs the wheels of thought, weighs down the spirit of adventure, increases the burden of toil, and at once destroys physical and mental energy—the best affections of nature, and the proudest flights of fancy, sink before its influence—no lady must expect the homage of the eye from a lover who has been jolting all night in a carriage; nor will any wise man ask a wit to dinner, whom he knows to have been afflicted with the tooth-ache the day previous.

Not only have physicians made the troubles of sleeplessness their especial care, in consequence of the sufferings they daily witness amongst the diseased, the afflicted, and the inert; but poets, as being themselves more especial martyrs to the privation, have expatiated in their purest strains on the deficiency they mourned, or eulogised in their brightest lays the refreshment they invoked. I know no passages in our best bards finer than Shakspeare's soliloquy in praise of sleep, notwithstanding the reproach of

"Oh! thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile?"  
for never was human conception more sweetly embodied than in the opening apostrophe,

"Sleep! gentle sleep!  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?"

But indeed the whole speech is so full of truth and beauty, comes home so closely to the feelings and the memories of persons of all descriptions, that I could not forbear to transcribe it all, if I did not know that every reader remembers it as well as myself. Thus, too, the Night Thoughts of Doctor Young present us lines on sleep, absolutely, ineffably, imprinted on our recollection: how much soever we may have given our minds to later and younger poets, more gay and attractive, for the wants and wishes of our common nature, when combined with poetic influences, never cease to hold our hearts as by a spell, and he who sang of

"Kind nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

will never cease to hold our hearts by one fibre at least. Thomson, too, who sang so well "the Castle of Indolence," may be said to render himself Laureate of Sleep, more especially when we recall the miseries of a lover, as depicted in the Seasons, to mind, and remember that the very greatest of that wretched being's afflictions was the loss of sleep, for alas!

"All night he tosses, nor the balmy power  
In any posture finds: till the gray morn  
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch."

And well does it become, not only the poet, but the studious man of every description, for he is also in general either a nervous, dyspeptic, or bilious patient, to lament the loss of that most blessed faculty, whereby he might every morning enjoy the delight of a resurrection to the existence for which he pines—an existence, relieved from the ennui, the tremors, the sense of insufficiency for all the higher enjoyments, and useful exertions, which never fails to paralyse the efforts of a sleepless man.

No native strength of mind, no habit of endurance—neither acquired knowledge, nor genius, though heaven's own gift, will enable any man, for any length of time, to enjoy life, and use it to God's glory and the benefit of his fellow creatures, who is not able at a certain hour to lay his head on his pillow, and "in the pleasant land of dreaminess" lose that feverish sense of pain or pleasure which ambition, love, or the iron hand of necessity, has imposed upon him.

To those who can sleep on the hardest bed, after the most fatiguing toil, and have frequently experienced the greatest difficulty in keeping their wearied eyes open during the last hours of their diurnal duties, it may appear a sad waste of pity, to bestow it on the rich man, or any man who stretches his limbs, precisely at the hour he chooses, upon a good bed, with clean cool sheets, and every other of those "appliances and means" which may act as an incentive to the state which nature demands. A man situated among bawling watchmen, slow dragging carts, rattling cabs, night rows, and morning market people—city clocks and chimes, the screaming of young children, the quarrels of their elders, the terrors awakened by fire engines, the thousand sounds which

scare "the drowsy ear of night" in London, however little they may affect himself, can yet conceive them to be disagreeable. But how a man who lives out of town, hears not a sound from the Great Babel, has no debts to pay, no ships to expect, and whose "bed-room is a little paradise," how he should get up with the sensations of one who had been dragged through a horse-pond—his limbs weary, his eyes half closed, his appetite a nonentity, and his very power of speech confined to yawning monosyllables or irritated sentences, is utterly beyond his comprehension, and considered more a fault than a misfortune.

Just by way of quickening his sympathies, I beg to lay his head for one hour (only *one*, mind) on the pillow where one of the sleepless has lain probably for *eight*, and to suppose it possible that his position conveys a portion of the sensations experienced by the late owner, who we will suppose to be an artist, of course a *thinking* man, yet not one of those subject to the severer labours of the class: let us listen to his low-murmured soliloquy.

"To-night I shall surely sleep. I will think of nothing. Heigh-ho! if I could get the mists on the mountains in the back-ground of my picture right, it would be all I could desire—yet how far short of what is possible in art!—but I will not reflect too much now. My head aches; I am determined to sleep.

"One, two, three, four—pshaw! there is no getting drowsy—this pillow is—no it is not hard, but soft—I abhor a soft pillow, one gets so warm with it—the mist must be silvery tinted, yet opaque, shrouding the tops of the hills, yet fleecy as the lightest snow, and throwing round an uncertain fairy light—my greens are not right yet—there is no end to the variety in nature, and a painter must find them all, 'or be for ever naught,' as somebody says. Salvator was better off among the banditti than I am in London, for he had no lodgings to pay for; mine are going on all the time I am here, just as if—well, well, I am chained to the oar. I suppose Turner was poor once. I am very feverish, I will take a turn in my room. No, I shall take cold again, and the cough, and the hectic, and all that will be returning. I must lie still—*still!* I was not made for *still life*; what could the critic in Blackwood's mean by praising those partridges? These sheets cling to one's limbs, heating and teasing like the garment of Patroclus. I am dreadfully feverish. I have turned fifty times in the last half hour; I wonder people will say going to bed will get one to sleep, it makes me wide awake."

In truth, as with the artist, so with many other persons, he had given himself a task above his powers, for who can describe (however frequently they may have felt them) the multitudinous thoughts that arise in the mind of an imaginative, reflective, and studious man when he lays his head on his pillow, and ought, after a long day of struggle and thinking, to be able to banish them? The most familiar, and the most distant things; the most harassing, and the most inviting, combine to banish sleep from his pillow, and to produce that fever on the nerves, that irritation of the spirits, which forbids repose. Thousands are never so wide

awake, as when they ought to be fast asleep; their faculties seem expanded, their ideas enriched, their powers strengthened, up to a certain period; when languor which is not stupor, dulness distinct from sleepiness, succeeds, and we are sensible of the loss of that vitality we should have replenished, and of an accumulation of little miseries which grow into great inflections.

Fair reader, such meditations as these, which are free from all guilty recollections, and unmixed with bodily pains in the strict meaning of the word, will as effectually murder sleep—"the *gentle* sleep," as Macbeth calls it—as he, the conscious regicide did; and they are felt and pursued night after night by tens of thousands of the young, the virtuous, the struggling, the most endowed spirits amongst us. How have our mighty movements in mechanics, in literature, in politics, in the arts which adorn life, in the ethics which ennoble it, robbed the best and the wisest, and even the young and ardent, of that precious cordial which restores the waste of life and recruits its jaded powers, in a manner for which no substitute can ever be found, leaving them, like Othello, beyond the help of "poppy or mandragora!" Montgomery, himself a victim, terms this disturber of existence "the hideous spirit of *unrest*;" and truly it does affect one like a malignant intelligence, capable of mixing thorns with every rose-leaf; giving the cool place the heat you shrink from, the warm place that cold you shudder to encounter; making the bed-clothes too heavy or too light for your comfort; presenting images it is desirable to forget; recalling losses it is agony to remember; and rendering even that train of thought it is your duty to pursue, injurious in its mal-apropos intrusion.

Some weeks ago I saw, in the advertising columns of *The Lady's Magazine*, announcement made of an hypnotologist, or discoverer of a new system for procuring sound and refreshing sleep. The word was new, but the disorder it offers to cure but too well known; and I could not fail to meditate upon this, as an offer to assist poor human nature in a point where it was the weakest, and where the subjects were of the most interesting character. Moreover, although the poet I have already quoted says of sleep—

"She, like the world, her ready visit pays  
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched she forsakes;  
Swift on her downy pinions flies from wo,  
To light on lids unsullied with a tear"—

I was perfectly aware that the great body of the sleepless are not those thus bereaved or afflicted; for the very act of weeping, in many instances, by a merciful disposition of nature, produces sleep. We all know that convicts commonly sleep the night before their execution; it is on record that both the decapitated kings of France and England did; yet we know their affections as husbands and fathers were peculiarly vivid, and that many circumstances might press upon their spirits most acutely the melancholy fate assigned them. No! sleeplessness is the result rather of anxiety than sorrow; of a morbid imagination, and faculties so wound up by the thoughts and occupations of

the day, that, like a watch, they must run out their time. Thoughts, pulses, nerves, memories, are all set a going, and will have their day of action, unless some medium can be found amongst themselves by which they may be soothed or stupefied into tranquillity, thereby suffering nature and night to resume their empire.

Believing this possible in all sane subjects, devoid of the more irritating causes, such as rheumatism, gout, &c., I embraced with pleasure an opportunity of being introduced to Mr. Gardner, the hypnotologist, who was evidently sufficiently an invalid to account for his having studied the subject from personal necessity; and whose conversation showed so much suavity, good sense, and close observation, as to inspire considerable confidence in his powers. As every person who suffers from this cause has endeavoured, by some little trickery, some frequently-repeated charm, to cheat himself into temporary oblivion, and for the most part found those endeavours futile; so do they become incredulous as to the recipes of others for the same purpose: but there is a certain indescribable something in this gentleman which wins attention and induces reliance; and I am fully persuaded there are few who converse with him, who will not "seriously incline to what he shall unfold."\*

If hypnology can be reduced to system, and produce such physical results as the disordered state of our minds and frames require in so important a function as sleep (sound, healthy, restorative sleep,) surely the blessing should be not only anxiously secured, but liberally rewarded. We are told that when a member of the house of commons moved for a bill to make watchmen sleep in the day, Lord Chatham rose and eagerly desired "that he might be included in the order, since the gout allowed him no sleep either day or night." From such visitations as his lordship's, no rational person can hope to be relieved by sleep; but unquestionably many of the minor ills "which flesh is heir to" might be meliorated, and even obliterated, by that repose which both man and beast require, and in every healthy state of being obtain; and the world has perhaps never seen a philanthropist who benefited his fellow-creatures on so large a scale as him who should bestow a boon so important. It will be evident, that by the same rule, his reward must come from the *many*, not the *few*; for, in order to test its efficacy, numbers must be trusted, and the honesty and honour of a multitude, comparatively speaking, be relied on. In many cases it will be rendered inefficacious, from the deficient intellect or the perverse temper of the patient; and he who despises a secret, will feel little remorse in betraying it. A mechanical discovery can be brought before the world and challenge examination; its qualities and causes are alike tangible; but the unseen, unheard mental operation by which thought is controlled, fancy quelled, solicitude calmed, and the busy mind laid at rest, admits no such mode of ex-

amination, yet may not the less be of incalculable value and importance.

In a country so highly civilized and abundantly populous as ours, where ingenuity is continually on the rack to invent and vary the luxuries or enhance the comforts of life, numbers must always be found whose busy brains subject them to that loss of sleep whereby health is deranged and poverty introduced, despite of industry and ability. It is for *these*, rather than the "silken sons of luxury and sloth," who share the evil with them (although from far different causes,) public attention ought to be drawn to this novel experiment, and public reward be offered to its inventor, when sufficient proof can be brought forward as to its effects on a considerable number of the suffering. I have understood many medical gentlemen of celebrity have conversed with the hypnotologist, and desire to make trial of his method; but their situation is one of difficulty, for they cannot try the means without divulging the secret. Numbers would gladly pay for their own relief, but few are inclined to pay for the relief which they feel all mankind should possess, and no individual called upon to procure. The conclusion, therefore, comes round to the place whence it merged,—the government must assist the governed; and as Dr. Jenner was very properly recompensed for driving far from us the most hateful of all diseases, so must this gentleman be rewarded for inviting, or restoring to the many who want it, the blessing of sleep.\*

As no part of her majesty's subjects are more likely to suffer from the want of sleep than her senators and lawyers, I really trust they will give due consideration to a subject in which they can truly sympathise with the afflicted of every grade; and in the mean time I would earnestly recommend every individual, subject to an evil so distressing (and which generally advances with advancing life), to inquire for himself, as he may thereby help both himself and others, since his testimony will aid that "multitude of witnesses evidently called for." Let him not turn "a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer, who charmeth wisely," because the plan offered to his attention may not in one or two nights destroy the habit of years; or rashly conclude that physical causes do not combine to subject him to mental wanderings. We are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and both body and mind combine to produce those errors in the system which forbid us to sleep; and render the slight uneasy slumber into which we finally sink, the medium of harassing dreams. Temperance and exercise, attention to the physician—ay, and reverence to the Physician of souls also, is required of him who seeks the benefits offered by the hypnotologist; for there is no mental wandering, or bodily restlessness, which is not soothed and relieved by faith and hope in Him "who is about our

\* We do most cordially join in this just compliment, although we are wholly unacquainted with the system of the hypnotologist.—*Ed.*

\* We are most willing to form one of an honorary board to test the truth or fallacy of this great novelty, for the public benefit, provided that a suitable reward be appropriated for the discoverer of the system, in case of its being found efficacious. We have been assured by Mr. Gardner that he is most anxious for such an ordeal.—*Ed.*



bed and our pillow," and has promised to his obedient children, "I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on me."

It is not the less certain that Christians, in the purest, highest sense of the word, are amongst the greatest sufferers, because they are frequently the profoundest thinkers: let me not therefore be mistaken; wherever physical help is required, the means appointed must be resorted to; but he is most likely to obtain it, who unites to the vigilance it is his duty to exert in seeking the means of health, *submission* and *patience* whilst he is regaining it, and *GRATITUDE* for its restoration.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### CONCHOLOGY.

BY MRS. S. SMITH.

MY DEAR LADY EDITOR.—I should apologize for the oddness of the subject I have chosen, possibly somewhat foreign to the objects of your "Book," did I not feel, that what has interested one female mind, will probably afford interest to others.

When a little woman, of perhaps six years, I one day discovered a streak of shining matter upon a rock; and with the curiosity of that wonder-searching age, I followed its zigzag direction, till it terminated in a little clump of moss, and there, curled up in its thin shell I found his snailship, on a bed a fairy might have envied. I forgot the disgust his slime had occasioned, and stood long admiring his delicate house; and, possibly thinking how, like many a modern belle, he carried all his wealth upon his back. But, from that time, the meanest shell began to speak a language and a beauty to my senses, equal, almost, to the flowers that every where cluster in our pathway, wooing us to love them, and to adore their Creator.

I have often wondered that ladies, especially the young, do not study more this elegant science. The materials are on every side. You need not covet the rare and the beautiful, such as taste, but oftener pride, bedecks her mantle, bedaubed with varnish, instead of being left with the glorious polish spread over them by the hand of their Maker—to the lover of science, all are interesting; even the humble oyster, and the clownish clam.

I have said the materials are on every side; you have only to raise that little tuft of moss, to strip off that decaying bark, to turn up the leaves from that damp corner, and ten to one, you will find a variety of the *helix* there. Follow the windings of some humble stream; range the verge of the quiet lake, or the shores of the vast ocean, where the mysterious music of the great deep comes solemnly upon the ear, and you will find upon every side, specimens of this delightful science. Here, at our very feet, as we walk along the sea-shore, is a variety of the *nerita*, thrown up by the restless waves. It cannot vie in colour or polish with its sisters of summer waters, but it has a firm, vigorous appearance, like every thing that has found an abiding place in our stern New England. See how cosily the inhabitant is lodged in his

snug domicile! but he is proof against intrusion; for as we attempt to take a peep within, see how jealously he draws in his horny operculum, and effectually closes the door against us. This house is his castle, and he has a right to do so, though one might desire a little more courtesy.

You have friends familiar with the perils of a sailor; and they delight to bring the pearly treasures of a foreign shore, to the objects of their affection. Perhaps, their intercourse with nature, in her wild and terrific majesty, may have served to refine and exalt the taste of the sailor, and given him an instructive sentiment, that these delicate and superbly finished creations, are appropriate offerings to woman. They have brought you, it may be, the spiral argonauta, which Mrs. Child has elegantly appropriated as the pearly bark of the indolent fairy—the splendid nautilus, with its many chambers, its walls of pearl and gates of crystal, almost enough to tempt one to covet the burial of those, who rest in the bosom of the deep: where the sea-fan waves over them, and the coral grove is calm as the sunny dell, and the sea-shell vies in loveliness with the flowers that deck the graves of those who are consigned dust to dust. There is the Venus, with its pretty lunette; the Strombus, blushing like a woman's cheek; and the Tellinæ, reminding you of the rosy fingers of Aurora.

What is that pretty spotted shell, which that little child is holding to his ear, to list to the sweet melody it makes in memory of its ocean cave? It is a Cyprea. How light and graceful! Had not the nautilus superior claims, one might pronounce this the identical shell, that conveyed the goddess of beauty to her island home. The inhabitant, too, judging from the colour of his shell, must have been esteemed a beauty in his day. How elegantly he has dissolved its interior, that the weight of his dwelling need not be an incumbrance. A fine hint this, to those housewives, who are fond of crowding their houses with superfluous furniture, and then are ready to sink under the labour of superintending it.

I must close this article, of course, not intended to be scientific, but to draw the attention of your readers to this interesting subject. That when they look upon the desolate dwelling of some long perished inhabitant, it may not be with a vague emotion of wonder at its surpassing beauty, but with holy admiration, and humble praise to Him, who has showered loveliness on every side of us—made our pilgrimage on earth through an Eden of splendour, and every part of his wonderful creation teem with beauty and happiness. S.

Portland, Maine.

The grand climacteric in human life varied between sixty and seventy; and was an astrological period, which depended on the revolutions of Jupiter and Saturn, five of one and two of the other making the climacteric age. By the English law, infancy in males extends to twenty-one, and in females to twenty; but the ancients reckoned the period of adolescence to twenty-five.

## THE CHAMBER OF THE PALE LADY.

EVERY old mansion of any size or repute, that stands away from cities, and has the good-luck to outlast a few generations, is sure to have its legends. They gather and grow about the original truth, like ivy about ruins, till they have completely hidden the substance that supports them. Some of these relics of past ages have their haunted chambers; others have their warning spirits to announce the approaching death of the lord of the mansion; and not a few retain the dim lustre of chivalrous daring and warlike achievement. My father's hall had its chamber of the Pale Lady, a name given to a particular room from the presence of a certain portrait painted on a pannel of the oaken wainscot. The lady in question was of a very small figure, and, though beautiful, had a complexion of singular paleness, while there was a startling wildness about her large black eyes,—at least, all those said so, who saw the portrait after having heard her story. For myself, I perfectly well remember that she had inspired me, when a boy, with so much awe, that I never ventured into the room occupied by her portrait, except in broad daylight, and then I always took good care to have a companion. Even now, when time has destroyed all other youthful fancies, mercilessly banning and banishing the spirits, black, white, and gray, that once delighted while they terrified me, I feel a sort of lingering veneration for the Pale Lady, and find a pleasure—childish, perhaps, but still a pleasure—in gazing at the old picture when the moon shines full upon it. Then is the hour for such a tale; shorn of those circumstances of time and place, which have made it so striking to my imagination, I fear its shadows will become as substantial, and as little apt to awe, as the ghost of Banquo upon the modern stage, represented, as he always is, by some portly feeder, who seems sent on to vouch for the good living of folks in the other world. But, not to draw out the grace much longer than the meal, thus runs the legend.

Queen Mary had been on the throne of England almost a twelvemonth, and had already begun that career of blood, which has given an odious celebrity to her name. Thus encouraged by the royal example, the zeal of the Catholics grew hotter and hotter every day at the fires they had kindled for the spiritual benefit of their Protestant brethren, till at last there was little safety for the heretic in their neighbourhood. Much, however, in the more distant counties depended upon the characters of the leading individuals professing the predominant faith; if they chanced to be tolerant, there was comparative impunity for the Protestant, who, if he did not make too intrusive a display of his principles, might then hope to pass unnoticed. Luckily for the neighbourhood of Ivy Hall, Sir Hugh Trevor, though in other respects a good Catholic, was of this better class of spirits, so that the faggot had not yet been kindled within the circle of his influence. But to no one, not even to the father confessor of the family, did this tolerant disposition give so

much displeasure, as to his own lady mother; so deadly was her hatred of the heretics, that had she loved her son a grain less than she actually did, it was an even chance she had used her influence with Bonner, to warm his zeal by the help of the stake and the faggot. As it was, Dame Margaret contented herself with attributing his lukewarmness to the bad example of an early friend, a certain Sir Robert Lonsdale, who had latterly abandoned his faith for the uncourtly and dangerous creed of the reformers. On him, therefore, who was many years older than Sir Hugh, she poured down all her wrath, and he in a great measure served as a sort of conductor to carry off its lightnings from the head of the near offender.

Such was the state of affairs at Ivy Hall, when one night, just as the mother and son were about to leave the supper-table for their respective bed rooms, a loud and hasty ringing was heard at the great gate-bell.

"Sancte Maria!" exclaimed the old lady, crossing herself in much trepidation, and sinking back again into the arm-chair, from which she had just risen. "What unhallowed thing is abroad at this hour?"

"There is no occasion for any alarm," said Sir Hugh. "If the visiter be a friend, he is welcome, late as the hour is; if an enemy, we are strong enough, I hope, to protect ourselves."

"Against such an enemy the arm of the flesh is all too weak," replied Dame Margaret, her head shaking as much from her fear as from the effects of a slight blow of palsy.

Again the bell rang, and yet more violently than at first, its shrill clamours seeming to be blown about the house by the wind as it howled in fierce and fitful eddies.

"A plague upon the coward knaves!" exclaimed Sir Hugh. "Tall fellows, and stout are they in the broad day; but at night, a shadow would start the best of them. Not one, I'll be sworn for it, will leave the hall-fire, unless I drive him from the ingle-corner."

"They believe in a devil," solemnly observed Dame Margaret, in whom even her extreme terror could not for a single instant tame the fierceness of her bigotry.

Sir Hugh made no reply, but seizing a candle, hurried out to inquire into the cause of this nocturnal visit, while the old lady, left alone with her terrors, mumbled prayer upon prayer, and invoked all the saints in the calendar to her assistance. Perhaps, the good folks listened to so fervent a votary, for it was not long before her fears were silenced by the return of her son, who half supported, half carried, into the room a beautiful little female, about sixteen years of age, apparently exhausted by the fatigues of a long journey. At the first glance, Dame Margaret was much scandalized in seeing such service rendered by the Lord of Ivy Hall, and the inheritor of so many broad acres, to one, apparently so humble, for the maiden wore the garb of a wandering minstrel, and carried a lute suspended at her back by a plain, green ribbon. Nor was this feeling much diminished, when in a few hurried words, Sir Hugh committed the damsel to her own immediate care, begging, and it might be al-

most said commanding, that she should receive every attention her situation required.

"She is noble, I hope," said the old lady, "or at least of such gentle blood as may warrant the service of your mother."

A faint smile passed over the pale features of the stranger, and Sir Hugh answered hastily, if not harshly,—"The daughter of a friend—of a near and dear friend."

"And her name?" asked Dame Margaret.

"To-morrow, mother," replied Sir Hugh,—"to-morrow you shall know all—all, at least, that is beseeching for you to know."

There was something in the tone of this qualified promise, that awed the querist into an unwilling silence. Never before had she seen her son in so uncompromising a mood, and the very novelty of the occurrence vouched for the occasion being of no ordinary a nature.

But days elapsed after this eventful night, and still there appeared no signs of the promised to-morrow; the utmost amount of information that her pertinacity could extract, was only this—the stranger's name was Emmeline. To add to her discomfort, as the character of the little damsel unfolded itself, which it did not fail to do in a very short time, she saw reason to fear that an *esprit follet* had taken up its residence in her orthodox domicile. The Pale Lady, as she now began to be called from the extreme fairness of her complexion, was no less capricious in her movements than Will-o'-the-Wisp himself, and took the same delight in leading those, who followed her, into trouble. Hence, it was no wonder if the servants, who were often the subjects of these pranks, became convinced that they had got a fairy, or some elementary spirit, for an inmate—a conviction which, when the first sentiment of fear had worn off, did not make the stranger less welcome to them. She became to their fancy a sort of household spirit, a freakish elf, such as Robin Goodfellow had been to the cottagers of yet earlier times, full of humorous pranks indeed, but friendly in temper, and never mischievously disposed, except when provoked by the ill-will or thwartings of her mortal companions. When once the little maiden grew conscious of this belief in her supernatural nature, she seemed rather to delight in it, than to wish to conceal her fairy origin; the milk was often found churned, and the hearth swept, without the help of human hands, or at least of those hands whose proper occupation it would have been, and a silver sixpence would occasionally be dropped into the shoe of the careful housemaid. Then too her dress, however it might vary in the fashion of its shape, was invariably green, the traditional colour of the fairies. But the most decided proof, and there were more than one who could swear to it, was that her figure threw no shadow in the sunlight, and received no reflection from any mirror. This strange tale, which she did not fail to encourage, at last reached the ears of Dame Margaret, who, with mingled feelings of horror and curiosity, determined to put the truth of it to the test. For this purpose she summoned the Pale Lady to a meeting in her private chamber, where stood the only mirror in the house, looking-glass not being so common

a thing in those days, as it has since grown to be with us. But to no mandate of the kind, could the little damsel be brought to lend an ear, word it as the messengers would, either in the way of threat, or of gentle invitation. She was, it seemed, in one of her most dogged moods, or else suspected the cause of the summons, and had no mind to submit herself to the ordeal.

"My lady begs you will come directly," said the abigail, repeating her unnoticed message for the third time.

Emmeline gave no reply, but opened her large black eyes to their utmost extent, and stared at the embassadress in a way that made her feel any thing but comfortable.

"Heaven bless us!" muttered the alarmed abigail, "I have often heard of the Evil Eye, and, if ever there was such a thing, it is upon me now. I wish I were safely out of the room—Miss Emmeline!"—this was in a louder key—"Miss Emmeline, will it please you to come? my mistress loves contradiction as little as any lady in Christendom."

Hereat the elfin damsel burst into a long, unearthly laugh, that with every moment grew wilder and wilder, till it well nigh reached a shriek. There was no standing this. The soubrette uttered as loud a scream as her lungs would admit of, and fairly fled, banging the door to, as a sort of barrier between herself and the laughing goblin.

It may be easily imagined, with what feelings Dame Margaret received this account. There was something of fear, and more of irritation, mingled with excited curiosity, in her voice as she despatched a second message by Annette, her favourite maid, who was specially employed about her own person. This renewed summons was full of authority, and dignified resentment, proportioned to the confidential character of the person bearing it.—"Tell the young woman," she said, "that Dame Margaret Trevor, the lady of this mansion, requires the immediate presence of her nameless guest. If she have no respect for the hostess, who affords her an unwilling asylum, she at least owes the duty of youth to my gray hairs."

Annette had no great fancy for this mission, which, as it implied offence to the object of it, might not be altogether without peril to herself. But there was no choice, and besides she had naturally more courage, though not less superstition, than her companions. Down, therefore, she went, when, if she found nothing to try her boldness of spirit, she saw quite enough to astonish her, with all her previous experience of the little damsel's vagaries. Was the Pale Lady sad for the past, or doubtful of the future? neither the one nor the other; she was dancing away as if the spirit of some frantic marabout had possessed her, at every bound almost touching the ceiling, and whirling round like the little motes that dance in the sunbeams. Nothing, that Annette could say, availed to stop her even for a moment; and when, as a last resource, she seized the hand of the emphatic dancer, so far from being able to stay her flight, she was herself borne along in the same giddy round, much after the manner of a straw caught up and tossed about by a

whirlwind. In the midst of all this hurly-burly, entered Dame Margaret, whose impatience could no longer endure the delay opposed to her curiosity. Her presence gave a new turn to the scene. A stranger would have fancied that he saw a merry school-girl detected in some forbidden game of romps by the unexpected appearance of her mistress, so suddenly did the Pale Lady break off the dance, and so motionless did she stand, after having dropped a profound curtsy to Dame Margaret. In the meanwhile, the unlucky Annette, released from the supporting hold of her companion, plumped down at once upon the floor, where she sat with her clothes carefully drawn over her feet, the very image of comical despair.

"What is the meaning of these witch's Saturnalia!" said the old lady, her angry glances wandering from the one to the other of the delinquents. "Are we all mad, I ask!"

"It is the full of the moon," replied the little damsel, with malicious gravity; "yet I would fain hope for the best. You feel not giddier than you are wont, dear lady!"

"I sent to request your presence," said Dame Margaret, not perceiving, or not choosing to notice the lurking malice of this tender inquiry. "Perhaps, now that the dancing mood is over, you will be pleased to follow me to my chamber, where we may have some private conference on matters that touch your repute as a Christian maiden."

"It is too late," said the Pale Lady, laughing.

"Too late?" exclaimed the elder dame.

"Too late," repeated the Pale Lady—and then sang, or rather chanted, with a look of peculiar archness,—

The word has been spoken,  
The magical token!  
And the mirror is broken.  
Hoo! har, har!—hoo!

The repetition of this familiar witch-burden sounded on the orthodox ears of Lady Margaret, little better than actual blasphemy. She was perfectly confounded, and, before she could find either breath or sense to reply, in rushed the abigail who had been left in the chamber of the mirror, wringing her hands and exclaiming in a voice of terror, "Oh, my lady! my lady!—it's not my fault—pray be not angry with me—it's not my fault."

"What is not your fault?" said Dame Margaret. "Speak out plainly, child—or has the madness seized you too, who used to be so reasonable?"

"The mirror, my lady!—the mirror! it is broken—dashed into a thousand pieces, and not a piece so large as a silver groat."

"How strange!" exclaimed the little damsel in a tone of earnestness, by no means usual with her. "I did but play upon you, when I hinted that the glass was broken, and, lo you now!—Caessandra herself could not have prophesied to better purpose. Rightly says the proverb, many a true word is spoken in jest."

There was something in the glance of her eye, strangely at variance with her words, and with the tone in which they were uttered. It jarred most unpleasantly on the nerves of Dame

Margaret. And now it would have been naturally supposed that the old lady, bigoted and fearful as she was, would have taken measures without delay, for ridding the house of so ambiguous a being. And such, indeed, for a while seemed to be her purpose. The servants were ordered to quit the room, and, as their curiosity still kept them listeners at the door, they could hear her voice loud in anger, though the thick oak would not allow them to distinguish the precise import of every word. Then, as usual, came the sound of the lute, the little damsel's weapon of defence against all assaults, and which by half the household, was supposed to be a talisman, no less powerful in charming men's ears than the Syren's voice of old. In a very few minutes, its melody had so effectually lulled the storm, that, on peeping through the keyhole, they saw her seated on a low stool, her head in the lap of Dame Margaret, who looked down upon her with a smile of unwonted benevolence, while the withered hands played tremblingly with her dark ringlets, and smoothed their cluster from a brow and temples that shone more dazzlingly white than ever.

"Now the saints defend us!" exclaimed the peeping abigail; "if ever fairy danced by moonlight, there's one hid in the body of that lute this blessed moment."

"I ever said so," replied the other.

And away they both hurried, partly in the fear lest a longer stay might betray them as listeners, and not less, it may be presumed, from a liberal spirit of communication, that could not remain satisfied till the rest of the household were as well acquainted with the whole story as themselves.

It will be asked, what has become of Sir Hugh, while Ivy Hall was thus being turned topsy turvy, by the frolics of his nameless protégé. At first he had treated her as a child, seeming to take no little delight in her wild pranks; but it was soon evident that the child had grown a woman to his imagination, and in his altered manners towards her, a shrewd spectator might have inferred, that the Hall was likely ere long, to have a new mistress. This passion, as sudden as it was vehement, was attributed to the magic influence of the lute, though it seemed that Sir Hugh had been equally able to captivate the Pale Lady, without any such advantage. She loved him with no less ardour; and, what might not have been so easily anticipated, made little scruple of showing it after her own wayward fashion, teasing and pleasing him in about an equal measure. Often it would happen, that she exceeded even the endurance of a lover, and his wrath would settle down into a sullen mood, that looked a determined rupture. On such occasions, she always had recourse to her lute which never failed to do its work, the shadows flying from his brow, like mists before the sun, when it breaks out from the clouds of April.

It will hardly be supposed, that so keensighted a personage as Dame Margaret was all this time ignorant of a love-affair, passing thus immediately under her eyes. How, indeed, should she be, when one of the parties at least, took so little pains to conceal it? But her

wrath smouldered quietly enough among the embers while there was a chance that it might end, like half the affairs of this kind, in vapour, for she was too prudent to provoke a different catastrophe by unseasonable opposition. "Say nothing,"—thus would she argue it in her own mind,—“say nothing, and this little spark will go out of itself, when a puff of breath from me would kindle it into a flame. I must be silent!” Silent she was accordingly, refraining from words good or evil, though, as might be expected, such an excess of discretion cost her much heart-burning, till one day Sir Hugh gave her notice in due form, that it was his intention to marry the little damsel; then, indeed, she made herself ample amends for all her past forbearance, and poured forth such a storm of wrath on the devoted head of Sir Hugh, that might well have excused him, had he deviated from his purpose. But all in vain. It is so easy to maintain a resolution, when it happens to be in perfect consonance with our own desires. Women, however, do not so lightly give up any scheme it may once please them to take into their heads, even when it does not come recommended, as in the present instance, by the semblance at least of sound policy. Finding her son inflexible, to a degree that baffled all her powers of persuasion, she could only attribute an obstinacy so unusual with him, to the influence of magical practices. It was clear that the Pale Lady had cast a spell over him, and where could the secret source of the charm be better sought for than in the lute, the potency of which had been made apparent to every one of the household! To destroy the instrument then, was to take the fang from the adder, and accordingly it was in her own mind, doomed to destruction with the first opportunity. When this would offer itself, was another question, for the lute was the little maiden's constant companion, at home and abroad, on foot and on horseback, nor was she ever observed to put it from her, except on one particular occasion, that recurred but once a month. This was on the full of the moon, when she never failed to find some pretence for walking alone in the neighbouring forest. At such times it was always remarked that she grew sadder and sadder as the day declined; her eyes would fill with tears, and she would gaze on Sir Hugh, when she thought herself unnoticed, with the anxious looks of one who was about to part from a near and dear friend for ever. The motives for these nightly wanderings, none could discover, though there was no want of curiosity on the part of the inmates of Ivy Hall, who, to do them justice, had to the utmost extent of their courage, exerted themselves to learn the secret. One or two of the boldest went so far, more than once, as to visit her supposed haunts on the following morning, when they found, or said they found, the print of feet, exactly corresponding to hers, in a certain plananguare, or round as it is sometimes called, a relic from the times of the Druids; here, they had no doubt, she had been to meet the queen of the fairies, and obtain leave of absence for another month, to dwell amongst the human mortals. In confirmation of this opinion, they remarked the wild joy she always

evinced on her return, and the liberality with which she scattered silver,—fairy silver no doubt,—amongst the servants. But the more popular belief was, that she went thither to worship the moon, from whom she received her power; and a cromlech, standing in an open part of the forest, was pointed out as the altar whereon she laid her monthly oblations. These offerings were supposed to be of an innocent nature, from the fashion of the altar; it consisted, according to the usual form of such monuments, of an upright stone, and a second mass placed on it horizontally, the latter having a cross rudely cut into it; and hence it was inferred that sylph, or fairy, or whatever else the little maiden might be, she could not belong to the evil spirits, since she was so familiar with the holy symbol.

The moon had now come to the full for the twelfth time, since the eventful night that opened our tale, when Dame Margaret finally set about breaking the spell, as she deemed it, which had enthralled her son. By a coincidence, not perhaps very wonderful, seeing that kindred wits will jump together, Annette, the waiting maid already mentioned, had her own plans of discovery reserved for this same evening. Having been more than once baffled by her fears, when attempting to follow the Pale Lady into the forest, she magnanimously resolved, while yet the daylight lasted, to take up a secret position near the cromlech, thus flinging herself at once upon the peril that she was afraid to meet coolly.

It was a close autumnal evening, and the thick sultry air hung heavily on the leaves and flowers, that seemed to droop despondingly beneath its weight, the gnats and water-flies swarmed upon the still face of the pools, and there was uneasiness as well as listlessness in the motions of the cattle. At times a pale flash of lightning would show itself far off in the horizon, and the thunder would mutter at distant intervals, but not a drop of rain fell, and not a blade of grass stirred. It would seem that even the Pale Lady, goblin or fairy as she was supposed to be, yet felt the influence of the hour, for, as she threaded the dingles and green alleys of the forest, there was none of the usual wild gaiety, either in her subdued step or saddened features. The smile, that so seldom left her lips, was now absent; her wonted song was hushed, her looks expressed extreme anxiety, and ever and anon she would stop and lean against a broad-trunked oak, evidently not from weariness, but from reluctance to meet some dreaded object, to which she was of necessity advancing. But linger as she might, she at length reached the open glade, in the middle of which stood the cromlech, with a flood of yellow light poured down upon it, as if the Druid stone had some secret power of attraction, that drew the moonbeams to itself, while the sward about it lay in shadow. The heart of the fairy-wanderer, if fairy she was, beat fast as she neared the rugged pile, and her colourless cheek was tinted with that passing flush which hope lends when struggling for the mastery with fear. Again she paused, apparently to muster up resolution for the fatal task, and then slowly resumed her onward

march towards the cromlech. Annette, who saw every thing from her hiding-place behind a clump of trees, always vowed, in telling the tale, that she neither ran nor walked, but skimmed over the grass that waved beneath her feet, as if it had been swept by the passing wind—"It was a strange sight," she would say, "to see the grass rippling in one narrow stripe, just like the sea when a squall walks over it, darkening and agitating its surface, while all beyond the immediate influence of the fitful breeze remains unruffled."

No sooner had the Pale Lady reached the cromlech, than she became sensible of a branch of mistletoe lying on the horizontal, or upper stone. If not a subject of surprise, it was evidently unwelcome to her, for in the moment of perceiving it, she uttered a faint scream, and sank against the monument, trembling and exhausted, like one who has received a sudden shock. With reluctant hand, after a brief pause, she took up the branch, her tears dropping fast upon it, hesitated a while, then broke the stem in two, and flung it from her as if it had been a serpent to sting and poison. It would seem that the storm, which had been so long gathering, had reserved itself to this particular moment; a loud peal of thunder, rolling from one end of the heavens to the other, gave the signal, when down it came in all its fury, the rain pouring, the blast howling, and the lightning wrapping the earth for many seconds together in one continued blaze. Then followed a longer, sharper crash, like the groan of convulsed nature, and in the next instant, a thunder-bolt flew hurtling through the air, and shivered the cromlech into a thousand pieces. Annette stopped to see no more. With a speed proportioned to her terror, she ran back to Ivy Hall, dashed by the astonished household, and hurried into the presence of her mistress for protection. But Dame Margaret had in the mean time, met with her own proper causes of alarm, and to all appearance was as much in need of comfort as her terrified dependent. She stood gazing on the broken lute, her usually pale face yet paler from the workings of fear, her eyes dilated, and her aged limbs shaking in every joint. The ejaculations of Annette, neither low nor few, failed for a time to withdraw her attention from the ruins of the supposed talisman, and, when she did become sensible of the handmaiden's presence, it was only to give way to those feelings which had hitherto held her speechless.

"Dreadful!" was her first exclamation; "surely it was the going out of the fiend himself! Beata Maria, ora pro nobis—ora pro nobis!"—And she crossed herself repeatedly and fervently.

"Now, all the saints be good unto us!" echoed Annette, her own previous terror visibly augmented by the fears of her mistress, though she was unable to guess the precise cause of them.—"The saints be good unto us!"

"They *have* been," cried Dame Margaret; "they *have* been. But reach me a chair; this shock has rudely shaken my old limbs, and I can stand no longer. The holy Virgin—blessed be her name!—was with me, or I must have died on the spot. Awful times, Annette—aw-

ful times. The world grows worse as it grows older; and heaven alone knows what it all will end in; but whatever it may be, thank God I shall not live to see it. I shall be safe in that home where the wicked cease to trouble."

"In the name of all that's terrible, what has happened!" exclaimed Annette.

"What indeed, girl! Oh, it was an awful moment when I dashed the accursed lute to pieces, and, with uplifted cross and counted beads, abjured him to fly—him, the unholy one, who had so long housed within it. Wot you, child, who it was that lent the strings their melody, witching all ears and hearts, that we none of us were the masters of our own will!—Apollyon, child—Apollyon! Ah! it is a wonder that my brain and sight still hold, and that my tongue can tell it to you."

Dame Margaret placed her hands to her forehead, as if she thought to still the inward pain by their pressure. The sympathizing Annette, forgetting at the moment her own immediate cause of terror in anxiety for her mistress, burst into tears.

"My dear lady!" she cried; "my dear lady, you are ill. Let me go for help. Shall I call the servants?—shall I call Sir Hugh?"

"Heed it not, my good Annette. It is a passing pang only, and, with the blessing of the saints, will soon be over.—Mother of heaven! what now?"

This last exclamation was provoked by the loud yell of many voices from the rooms below, announcing some general cause of terror.

"Run, girl," continued the old lady; "learn what new mischance has happened to excite this fearful outcry."

But Annette had no occasion to leave the room to gain this knowledge. A single glance through the window, which opened on the fields between the house and the Severn, was sufficient to show the cause of the uproar.

"Merciful powers!" she said, or rather shrieked. "See! see!—how the sparkles fly from his hoofs! how the flames stream from the creature's red nostrils!"

"Who? What!" exclaimed the old lady.

"How they fly!—and the lightning flies after them, flash upon flash—it's aimed at them—only at them—and passes over the trees without scorching a single leaf!"

"Who? What!" reiterated Dame Margaret in the very agony of fear. "Speak out, girl; tell me all—tell me at once, for I feel my senses are fast leaving me."

"Apollyon! the great fiend!—he rides off with the Pale Lady—there's not a speck of white on the black horse that carries them."

With that irresistible impulse, which often compels our attention to objects of dread or loathing, Dame Margaret tottered forward to the window, and beheld the Pale Lady flying, or carried off, her clothes drenched with rain, and her loose hair streaming to the tempest. The speed of the coal-black horse outstripped the wind, and the rider who bestrode him, appeared in the uncertain light to be of colossal stature. Their course lay for a few seconds along the banks of the Severn, but suddenly, amidst the renewed rattling of thunder, and the howling of wind, one long continued flash

of the broadest and reddest lightning blazed about them, and in the next moment, the horse was seen with his riders in the midst of the boiling waters. Then came a loud shriek of agony from the maiden, followed by a yell so fierce and unearthly, that both the watchers instinctively closed their eyes in terror. It was an instant—only an instant—and, when they again looked out, nothing was visible on the river, but the white foam of the angry billows.

Such is the accredited tradition of the Pale Lady, as I received it from the old servants of the family, and as it had been handed down to them from father to son, through many generations. I must not, however, conceal the fact of there having been another version of the story, less allied to the marvellous, yet, perhaps, not a whit more real. According to this gloss, Sir Robert Lonsdale was the midnight visitor, who, being compelled to fly from England, by the tyranny of Queen Mary, could find no better way of disposing of his daughter, than by entrusting her to the care of his young friend, Sir Hugh Trevor. That this gentleman professed the Roman Catholic faith, was rather an advantage than otherwise, inasmuch as it insured the sanctity of the asylum, while his well-known spirit of toleration gave promise of his being a warm and efficient protector. The little damsel, thus unceremoniously introduced into Ivy Hall, was of a lively, if not a wayward, temper, and from the habits of a spoiled childhood, as well as from natural inclination, apt to indulge in whatever might happen to be the caprice of the moment. With such a disposition, the general belief of the household in her supernatural qualities, delighted her beyond measure, as affording ample scope for the enacting of those wild pranks, in which she ever found too much gratification. As to her lute and song, there was indeed a magic in them, but it was the natural magic belonging to matchless skill, and a voice of such extraordinary sweetness, as rarely to have been equalled. Her monthly visits to the cromlech were, if this version might be believed, the result of a previous compact with her father, who, when he had taken the requisite order abroad for her commodious abode there, was to signify his return, by depositing a branch of mistletoe on the Druid stone. The circumstance of the black horse plunging into the Severn, in which both steed and riders were lost, might be sufficiently accounted for, by supposing that the sudden fury of the storm had startled the animal from his course, and urged him towards the Severn, which was at the time rendered as wild as any sea, by a sudden hygre, or eagre, a name given in that country to designate the meeting of the sea-tide with the fresh-water current.

Those, who like this explanation, may adopt it. For my part, I stick to my old nurse's legend, and am ready to die upon it, that the Pale Lady was either a sylph, or a fairy.

The common definition of man is false; he is not a reasoning animal. The best you can predicate of him is, that he is an animal capable of reasoning.—*Warburton.*

## THE TOUCHY LADY.

ONE of the most unhappy persons whom it has been my fortune to encounter, is a pretty woman of thirty, or thereabout, healthy, wealthy, and of good repute, with a fine house, a fine family, and an excellent husband. A solitary calamity renders all these blessings of no avail:—the gentlewoman is touchy. This affliction has given a colour to her whole life. Her biography has a certain martial dignity, like the history of a nation; she dates from battle to battle, and passes her days in an interminable civil war.

The first person who, long before she could speak, had the misfortune to offend the young lady, was her nurse; then in quick succession four nursery maids, who were turned away, poor things! because Miss Anne could not abide them; then her brother Harry, by being born and diminishing her importance; then three governesses; then two writing-masters; then one music-mistress; then a whole school. On leaving school, affronts multiplied of course; and she has been in a constant miff with servants, trades-people, relations and friends, ever since; so that although really pretty (at least she would be so if it were not for a standing frown and a certain watchful defying look in her eyes,) decidedly clever and accomplished, and particularly charitable, as far as giving money goes, (your ill-tempered woman has often that redeeming grace,) she is known only by her one absorbing quality of touchiness, and is dreaded and hated accordingly by every one who has the honour of her acquaintance.

Paying her a visit is one of the most formidable things that can be imagined, one of the trials which in a small way demand the greatest resolution. It is so difficult to find what to say. You must make up your mind to the affair as you do when going into a shower-bath. Differing from her is obviously pulling the string; and agreeing with her too often or too pointedly is nearly as bad: she then suspects you of suspecting her infirmity, of which she has herself a glimmering consciousness, and treats you with a sharp touch of it accordingly. But what is there she will not suspect? Admire the colours of a new carpet, and she thinks you are looking at some invisible hole; praise the pattern of a morning cap, and she accuses you of thinking it too gay. She has an ingenuity of perverseness which brings all subjects nearly to a level. The mention of her neighbours is evidently *taboo*, since it is at least twenty to one but she is in a state of affront with nine-tenths of them; her own family are also *taboo* for the same reason. Books are particularly unsafe. She stands vibrating on the pinnacle where two fears meet, ready to be suspected of blue-stockings on the one hand, or of ignorance and frivolity on the other, just as the work you may chance to name happens to be recdite or popular; nay, sometimes the same production shall excite both feelings. "Have you read *Hajji Baba*," said I to her one day last winter, "Hajji Baba the Persian?"—"Really, ma'am, I am no orientalist."—"Hajji Baba, the clever Persian tale?" continued I, determined not to be daunted. "I believe Miss R.,"

rejoined she, "that you think I have nothing better to do than to read novels." And so she snip-snaps to the end of the visit. Even the Scotch novels, which she does own to reading, are no resource in her desperate case. There we are shipwrecked on the rocks of taste. A difference there is fatal. She takes to those delicious books as personal property, and spreads over them the prickly shield of her protection in the same spirit with which she appropriates her husband and her children; is huffy if you prefer Guy Mannering to the Antiquary, and quite jealous if you presume to praise Jeanie Deans; thus cutting you off from the most approved topic of discussion amongst civilized people, a neutral ground as open and various as the weather, and far more delightful. But what did I say! The very weather is with her no prudent word. She pretends to skill in that science of guesses commonly called weather-wisdom, and a fog, or a shower, or a thunder-storm, or the blessed sun himself, may have been rash enough to contradict her bodements, and put her out of humour for the day.

Her own name has all her life long been a fertile source of misery to this unfortunate lady. Her maiden name was Smythe, Anne Smythe. Now Smythe, although perfectly genteel and unexceptionable to look at, a pattern appellation on paper, was in speaking, no way distinguished from the thousands of common Smiths who cumber the world. She never heard that "word of fear," especially when introduced to a new acquaintance, without looking as if she longed to spell it. Anne was bad enough; people had housemaids of that name, as if to make a confusion; and her grandmamma insisted on omitting the final *e*, in which important vowel was seated all it could boast of elegance or dignity; and once a brother of fifteen, the identical brother Harry, an Etonian, a pickle, one of the order of clever boys who seem born for the torment of their female relatives, foredoomed their sister's soul to cross, actually went so far as to call her Nanny! She did not box his ears, although how near her tingling fingers' ends approached to that consummation, it is not my business to tell. Having suffered so much from the perplexity of her equivocal maiden name, she thought herself most lucky in pitching on the thoroughly well-looking and well-sounding appellation of Morley for the rest of her life. Mrs. Morley—nothing could be better. For once there was a word that did not affront her. The first alloy to this satisfaction was her perceiving on the bridal cards, Mr. and Mrs. B. Morley, and hearing that close to their future residence lived a rich bachelor uncle, till whose death that fearful diminution of her consequence, the Mrs. B., must be endured. Mrs. B.! The brow began to wrinkle—but it was the night before the wedding, the uncle had made some compensation for the crime of being born thirty years before his nephew, in the shape of a superb set of emeralds, and by a fortunate mistake, she had taken it into her head that B. in the present case stood for Basil, so that the loss of dignity being compensated by an increase of elegance, she bore the shock pretty well. It was not till the next morning during the ceremony, that the full ex-

tent of her misery burst upon her, and she found that B. stood not for Basil, but for Benjamin. Then the veil fell off; then the full horror of her situation, the affront of being a Mrs. Benjamin, stared her full in the face; and certainly but for the accident of her being struck dumb by indignation, she never would have married a man so ignobly christened. Her fate has been even worse than then appeared probable; for her husband, an exceedingly popular and convivial person, was known all over his own county by the familiar diminutive of his ill-omened appellation; so that she found herself not merely a Mrs. Benjamin, but a Mrs. Ben., the wife of a Ben Morley, junior, esq. (for the present uncle was also godfather and namesake) the future mother of a Ben Morley the third.—Oh, the Miss Smith, the Ann, even the Nancy, shrank into nothing, when compared with that short word.

Next after her visitors, her correspondents are to be pitied; they had need look to their P's and Q's, their spelling and their stationery. If you write a note to her, be sure that the paper is the best double post, hotpressed and gilt edged; that your pen is in good order; that your "dear madams" have a proper mixture of regard and respect; and that your foldings and sealings are unexceptionable.

If her husband had been of her temper, she would have brought him into twenty scrapes, but he is as unlike her as possible; a good-humoured tattling creature, with a perpetual festivity of temper and a propensity to motion and laughter, and all sorts of merry mischief, like a schoolboy in the holidays, which felicitous personage he resembles bodily in his round ruddy handsome face, his dancing black eyes, curling hair, and light active figure, the youngest man that ever saw forty. His pursuits have the same happy juvenility. In the summer he fishes and plays cricket; in the winter he hunts and courses; and what with grouse and partridges, pheasants and woodcocks, wood-pigeons and flappers, he contrives pretty tolerably to shoot all the year round. Moreover, he attends revels, races, assizes, and quarter sessions; drives stage coaches, patronises plays, is steward to concerts, goes to every dance within forty miles, and talks of standing for the county; so that he has no time to quarrel with his wife or for her, and affronts her twenty times an hour, simply by giving her her own way.

To the popularity of this universal favourite, for the restless sociability of his temper is invaluable in a dull country neighbourhood, his wife certainly owes the toleration which bids fair to render her incorrigible. She is fast approaching to the melancholy condition of a privileged person, one put out of the pale of civilized society. People have left off being angry with her, and begin to shrug up their shoulders and say it is her way, a species of placability which only provokes her the more. For my part, I have too great a desire to obtain her good opinion, to think of treating her in so shabby a manner; and as it is morally certain that we shall never be friends whilst we visit, I intend to try the effect of non-intercourse, and to break with her outright.

R.



# GENTLE LADY, SWEETLY SLEEP.

A SERENADE,

RESPECTFULLY

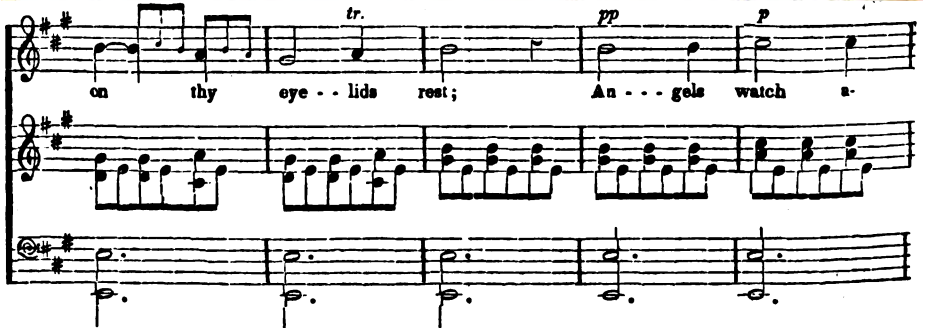
DEDICATED TO MADAM CARADORI ALLEN.

BY J. C. BECKELL.

*Presented by J. G. Osbourn, for the Lady's Book.*



*Piu dol.*



*Rall. ad lib. tr.*

la - - dy, Gen - - tle la - - dy, sweet - - - - - ly sleep.

Now the stilly noon of night, Shrouds in gloom the dazzling light;

*Andan. P. Sacco.*

*pp p mf ad lib.*

Shrink - - - - - ing from the glare of day,

*accelerando. cres. f*

*Piu ex. tr.*

Nature sleeps the hour a - way, Nature sleeps the hour a - - way.

*Sos. a tempo.*

## II.

Hush'd the heat-fly's evening note,  
 Ceas'd the cricket's merry note,  
 And the night-bird, 'neath his wing,  
 Soft his head is pillowing;  
 All the world is slumb'ring:  
 Gentle Lady! slumber thou—  
 Sleep! and on earth's final even  
 Holy angel wake in Heaven!

## KATHERINE PHILLIPS,

CELEBRATED under the poetical name of Orinda, was daughter of John Fowler, of Backlenburg, London, merchant, and of Katherine, daughter of Daniel Oxenbridge, M.D., was born in the parish of St. Mary Wool church, London, January 1, 1631. A female relation, Mrs. Blackett, had charge of her infancy and early childhood. At eight years of age she was placed in a school at Hackney, under the care of Mr. Salmon, where her improvements were singular and rapid. She displayed an early taste for poetical composition, and a devotional turn of mind somewhat enthusiastic, originating probably in the sensibility of temper inseparable from genius, and in the spirit and manners of the times. She had perused the Bible throughout before she was four years of age, and had committed to memory many passages and chapters. At ten years of age she would repeat, with scarce any omissions, entire sermons of which she was a frequent hearer. She also began early to exercise her fancy in poetical composition. She acquired a perfect knowledge of the French language, and applied herself successfully to the Latin, with the assistance of an ingenious friend, Sir Charles Cotterel. She was educated in the principles of the Presbyterian dissenters, but became afterwards a proselyte to the established church, and the royalist party.

In the year 1647, she gave her hand to James Phillips, Esq. of the priory of Cardigan. The fortune of Mr. Phillips being encumbered and embarrassed, Mrs. Phillips, by her economy, prudence, and excellent management, added to her interest with Sir Charles Cotterell, whose friendship for her rendered him zealous in the cause of her husband, nearly extricated him in the course of a few years, from the difficulties in which he had been involved.

During her retirement at Cardigan, she cultivated poetry as an amusement to beguile her solitary hours. Copies of her poems being dispersed among her friends, they were collected, and published anonymously, in 8vo. 1633, without the knowledge or consent of the author. Mrs. Phillips's vexation at this circumstance (which she appears acutely to feel, and sensibly laments in a letter to Sir Charles Cotterell) occasioned her a severe fit of illness.

The charms of her conversation, her modesty, sweetness and unassuming manners, rendered her the delight of her acquaintance, while her genius and talents procured for her the friendship of men, distinguished for their merit, their talents, and their rank, among whom may be mentioned the earls of Ormond, Orrery, and Roscommon. The affairs of Mr. Phillips having rendered the presence of his wife necessary in Ireland, she accompanied thither the viscountess Dungannon, and was received with distinction and esteem. During her residence in that kingdom, she was induced, by the importunity of the before mentioned noblemen, to translate into English, from the French of Corneille, the tragedy of Pompey, which was acted with applause on the Irish stage in 1663, also in 1664, when it was printed and given to the public, and a prologue added by Lord Roscommon.

Mrs. Phillips also translated from the French

of Corneille, the tragedy of Horace; to which a fifth act was added by Sir John Denham; and which was represented by persons of rank at court, with a prologue spoken by the duke of Monmouth.

In Ireland Mrs. Phillips renewed a former friendship with Dr. Jeremy Taylor, bishop of Downe, and Connor, who some time previously had published and inscribed to her "A Discourse of the Nature, Office, and Measure of Friendship, with rules of conducting it, in a letter to the most ingenious and excellent Mrs. Katherine Phillips." In this production, many high compliments are paid to the sex, to their capacity of friendship, and the more elevated virtues, exemplified by allusions to the celebrated characters of antiquity.

Mrs. Phillips left Ireland in 1663, and in London she was unfortunately seized with the small-pox, which proving fatal, she expired June 22d, 1664, in the thirty-fourth year of her age.

Her poems and translations were, after her decease, collected and published in one volume, folio, in 1667, and entitled "Poems, by the most deservedly admired Mrs. Katherine Phillips, the matchless Orinda; to which are added, M. Corneille's Pompey, and Horace, Tragedies; with several other translations from the French; and her picture before them, engraved by Faithowe." A second edition was printed in 1678, in the preface to which, the reader is told, "that Mrs. Phillips wrote familiar letters with facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect orthography; which, if collected, with the excellent discourses written by her on various subjects, would make a volume much larger than her poems."

An anonymous writer, thus speaks of Mrs. Phillips: "I have been looking into the writings of Mrs. Phillips, and have been wonderfully pleased with her solid and masculine thoughts, in no feminine style. Her refined and rational ideas of friendship, a subject she delights in, show a soul above the common level of mankind, and raise my desire of practising what is thus nobly described. Though I know nothing of Mrs. Phillips, but what I have learned from her poems, I am persuaded she was not less discreet, good-humoured, modest, constant, and virtuous, than ingenious."

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THERE are certain words that never lose their power to charm—in age as well as in youth, in sickness or in health, to the sorrowful or the gay, these words always breathe of hope and enjoyment. One of these magical words, is *spring*,—the season that nature has consecrated to hope and happiness. May the expectations of enjoyment it awakens in the hearts of our readers, be realized; as the bland sunshine diffuses its happy influence over the face of the vegetable world, calling forth new beauties with each succeeding day, so may the energy that hope, the *spring* of the human mind imparts, awaken every heart to renewed exertions for perfection.

In our last number, we recommended the adoption of a systematic course of reading. We would now, with the indulgence of our friends, continue the subject, and commend to their serious atten-

tion a habit which, if pursued in concurrence, would result in incalculable good, we mean that of *original composition*.

In truth, excessive reading alone would soon choke the seeds of original thought, and reduce the individual to a mere tame and servile repeater of other's ideas;—a book-worm!

It is in this way, that the over-burdened intellect, a stranger to deep and long continued reflection, becomes at length really incapable of self-exertion, and slavishly follows the *ipsi dixit* of its self-imposed masters. Now, this we believe to be the true reason of the proverbially imitative style of American writers.—Independent, self-originated thought, the fruit of great intellectual toil and discipline, the free, natural expression of our own hearts, is treated too much like contraband goods, as yet, among us. We have looked to Europe, for the productions of mind, as well as for the fabrics of its looms—and England has been the workshop of the United States, in an intellectual and moral, as well as a physical sense. We do hope for better days. The spring-time of our country's intellect is opening. We trust, that the productions of American genius, will not always be constrained to take a voyage across the Atlantic, in order to be *endorsed* by British taste, and commended by British Reviews, before they can find currency in the land of their nativity.

But, to return to our subject. *Composition* may be divided into two kinds, *mental* and *written*. *Mental composition* is of essential importance to the vigour and health of the mind, and possesses this advantage over the other, by the facility with which it can be pursued at any time and place, without the requisite paraphernalia of written composition. In reading any work, it greatly conduces to the development of the judgment, to make frequent pauses, and trace out the inference, and the particular bearing and tendency of detached portions of it; and upon its completion, to consider the general scope, its moral tone, the correctness of the sentiments advanced, and the character of the style. Thus, whilst the mind is adding to its stores of knowledge, and the heart is receiving good impressions, these various faculties and affections would be called into vigorous action, and the judgment strengthened and matured, would guide rightly the heart in its decisions.

*Written composition* owes its neglect, in a great measure, to the artificial manner in which it is taught in our schools. There is a radical defect in this particular, and we commend the subject to the particular attention of the "American Institute of Instruction,"—perhaps, in the plenitude of their wisdom and experience, they may suggest a method to make *theme* day a pleasant recurrence to pupils.

It is easy, however, to overcome this antipathy of our school days, against so useful an accomplishment, and even to acquire a love for, and proficiency in it. One of the surest means of doing this, is to practise letter-writing. A correspondence with an intelligent and virtuous friend of her own sex, is one of the safest, as well as the best methods of disciplining the mind of a young lady. Let the individual, who wishes to have the exercise of writing become easy and pleasant, select from the circle of her friends a few correspondents. To these, she must communicate her thoughts and feelings, with the unrestrained, natural tone which she would judge graceful and pleasing in familiar but polished conversation. Letter-writing should be the conversation of friends at a distance, whose only method of communication is this. A stiff and artificial arrange-

ment of language, which too often characterizes the epistolary intercourse between *friends*, is a sure sign that the heart is little interested in the topics discussed—that the main effort is made to show off the writer's learning, not to communicate pleasure to the reader of the letter. This show of wisdom, is most apparent in weak, or at least, ill-furnished minds. One of this class may have considerable wealth of intellect, yet not be able to furnish current coin to represent his capital.

Another form of written composition, is what may be briefly termed, "Sketching." Upon reading any work, the taking a slight sketch of the subjects treated of, would be attended with considerable profit, in the deeper impression it would make on the memory. We by no means recommend the practice of "taking notes" upon every book read. The memory does not discharge its rightful office, when all our knowledge is locked up securely in a note book.—What we would urge, is the keeping of a *common-place book*, to sketch down one's views, opinions, and sentiments, upon every subject or topic, which may have interested the mind in the perusal of a work. The common-place book, is not designed to serve as an *external* memory to the writer, but rather as a treasury of original thoughts.

Mental and written composition, in connexion with a systematic course of reading, we deem to be of the highest moment to every woman, as well as man, who would aspire to the possession of a well cultivated mind.

But we must not entirely overlook the theme which poets have consecrated to this season.—Love, tender, true and happy love, seems the natural association with spring. We have readers, we doubt not, who *say*, if they do not think, that the "Lady's Book," is too much filled with love stories, and the romance of sentiment. But, in real life, is there a single history in which these fancies have not occupied a prominent place in the heart of each actor who has reached maturity? We deprecate the influence of excited sensibility on the female character, as much as can the most rigid reader of moral treatises. But we do not think, that a well regulated mind is obtained by a prohibition of the pure, disinterested exhibition of the tender feelings of our nature. And we trust, that many a virtuous sentiment has been confirmed, and many sacred duties enforced by the interesting stories and poems, which, like spring flowers, we strew in the pathway of our young friends. And here we will subjoin, what we consider, a bud of rare beauty.—Its author is one of our contributors—the same who wrote "The Treasured Harp," in the February number. It has been published, but deserves to be placed in the treasury of bright thoughts and pure fancies, which our publication affords.

#### TO ALEXINE, IN HER FIRST YEAR.

'Tis said, my little promised one,

The fashion is with men,

To toast quite young their lady loves,

And billet doux to pen.

But don't you think it very queer,

That I should make such speed

To sit me down to write these rhymes

For one who cannot read?

And yet,—and yet it may not be

A matter of surprise,

For many stranger things befall

Young ladies with black eyes.

Perchance that yours may scan this line,

On some far distant day,

When they are glistening in their prime,

And I am turning gray.

And will those playful orbs, so bright,  
Smile on me then as now,  
And will you come so willingly,  
When years have decked that brow?  
And when your pulse is beating quick,  
And mine is failing fast,  
And when this cheek has lost the glow  
Of youth, which cannot last—

Say, sweet one, will you come and sing  
As now you seem to do,  
Some stirring song, or plaintive note  
Of love so kind and true?  
Alas! alas! I fear the set  
Of childhood's radiant star,  
Will leave me bowing in the sphere,  
Where nice old ladies are!

Yes, false one! that keen archer's hand  
Your cousin's form will bend,  
And you'll "obey, and honour" him,—  
But only "as a friend."  
You'll come to him for sage advice,  
Just at that time in life,  
When you are thinking to become  
Another's blooming wife.

Ah! at the wedding, I shall be  
One of the drollest sights,—  
A prime old-fashioned gentleman,  
In spectacles and tights!  
Well, be it so,—and if my days  
Are gladdened by your smile,  
Your dotting, gray-haired kinsman will  
Be happy all the while.

"History of the United States." By George Bancroft. Boston: Charles Bowen.—The study of history, especially that of our own country, is of the first importance in the education of young ladies. We rejoice that there is a work in progress, which promises to be of such inestimable value, as this truly American history. The two first volumes only, are published yet; its excellence is already established, above every work of the kind, which has yet appeared.—The author is true to the great principles of civil and religious freedom, which planted the American colonies in this new world, and which have been the basis of all the achievements, improvements, and prosperity which our countrymen have enjoyed, or effected.—The style is perfect of its kind—concise, polished, perspicuous, and elegant. We hope it will be read by every lady in the land.—No American mother should consider her education competent to the instruction of her children, unless she understands the history of her own country. And, thanks to Mr. Bancroft, here is a work, which will teach American principles, as well as facts—will encourage virtue, as well as communicate knowledge.

"Leila; or, the Siege of Grenada,"—is the last new novel, from the all-attempting mind of Bulwer. It is a work of much merit as a historical novel—and there are some exquisite touches of genius in the female characters—but as a whole, it is not equal to some of his earlier productions—"Rienzi," and "The Last Days of Pompeii," have a higher moral and deeper interest.

"The Love of the Past"—is the title of a Poem, by Otway Curry. It purports to have been delivered before the "Union Literary Society of Hanover College—Indiana." Judging from the poem, the audience must have been very exalted in their literary aspirations,—if they understood and relished all the flights of fancy, and the sublimities of language which it contains. We regret to find this fault of turgidness and bombast, pervading a production, which in its plan offers a

glorious field for genius. The writer has relied on words, rather than ideas, to elevate his poem. It is not, however, an uncommon fault. Many young poets mistake in this matter. They appear to think, that simplicity of language, is incompatible with poetic elevation of style. To such, we would earnestly recommend the study of Burns and Wordsworth, and our own Bryant and Halleck. Mr. Curry has deep poetic feeling, and he evidently loves the muse—if he cultivates his powers judiciously, he will produce something far superior in literary merit to this poem. We give one extract, as a fair sample of the style.

Their joy was in the silent night to pore  
On that unwritten tome of wondrous lore  
Which speaks of the appalling earthquake-spasm,  
Prelude by the thunder-summons hoarse,  
The fearful voice of the volcanic chasm,  
Wrought by the fiery force  
Of the outbursting lightning, in its path  
Of storm, and gloom, and wrath:—  
Which speaks of life, of reason, and the goal,  
The final haven of the undying soul—  
The mansion of the all pervading Power  
That flings the sunshine and the sprinkling shower  
On the green fields of earth; which ever fills  
The welling fountains of the gulfed main,  
And lifts on high the undecaying hills  
With pillars planted on the massive plain;  
Which weaves the curtains of the ancient night  
And gilds the effulgent star-fires when they flee,—  
Whose pencilings grand have spread the morning  
light,—  
And overthrown with gold the broad and brimming  
sea.

#### DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

Figure 1.—Dress pink satin, ornamented at bottom with a very deep white blonde flounce, headed by a guirlande of light flowers worked in floss silks upon the dress (see plate). Plain corsage, with a plain tucker of blonde round the bosom, the tucker does not meet in front, but is shown in the engraving to be attached by a small gold cord and tassels, to which it forms a pretty finish, to the front of the corsage, and takes off from its plainness. The sleeves are short. Over the shoulders is a small mantelet. It is composed of satin, and lined and trimmed with ermine; the mantelet is pointed at back as well as in front, and has a small pointed cape; half-dress cap of blonde, prettily ornamented, as shown in the plate, with flowers. This half cap consists of a ribbon which forms the head-piece, and two standing borders; the one nearest the face is narrow, the other wide; a full blown rose is placed at each temple; the back hair is full dressed, the front in ringlets. We recommend this style of coiffure to our fair readers, as one of the most becoming that has appeared for a long time. White kid gloves, with gold bracelets outside. White satin shoes.

FIGURE 2.—Dress of rich brocaded satin, with a deep flounce of black *rézille*, with fringes at bottom, low corsage, and long sleeves. Large square shawl of the finest white Cashmere, with a rich border all round, embroidered in coloured floss silks. A silk fringe goes round the outside of the shawl—hat of satin, with a wreath of roses under the front. The crown of the hat is not very high, the front large, *coarse*, and square at the ears. Hair in bands with the ends curled. Pale yellow gloves, satin brodequins to match the dress.







*Ladies' Book Fashions for May 1886.*

# THE LADY'S BOOK.

MAY, 1888.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

[We insert the following letter, in the hope that some of our readers will be inclined to reply. The subject is interesting and important, in many respects, and "Cælebs" has stated his case with so much apparent candour, and real good sense, that we think he deserves a hearing in the "Lady's Book."—Ed.]

To Mrs. Sarah J. Hale and Miss E. Leslie.

LADIES,—I have not been a constant reader of your very elegant periodical; which I have to regret, but hope to make amends in future. I lately saw, in the last October number of the "Lady's Book," an article by Mr. McKenzie, reflecting in the most severe terms upon all advertisements for wives, or for husbands. Mr. M. does not leave a single loop-hole out of which the guilty can escape; he drives them to the wall, and then hews them to pieces. He does not admit that there can be such a combination of circumstances as could, in any event, justify or excuse the act of a gentleman's advertising for a wife, or a lady advertising for a husband. I do not know but that he is perfectly correct; still I can imagine, to say the least, very extenuating circumstances.

I have for a long time thought that the obstacles in the way of forming matrimonial engagements are much more serious and insurmountable here than are generally supposed. The remark not only applies to this country, but also to every part of Great Britain. "In France, they do these things differently"—there it is never difficult to procure an introduction, with the view to a matrimonial engagement—and it is perfectly *comme il faut* to avow the object, and even to employ a person to call on the friends of the lady, or her parents, and make the proposal. In this country, nothing of that kind is permitted; and although a gentleman may live for years next door to the residence of a lady, yet he cannot be allowed to make any approaches to her, unless acquainted with her friends, or introduced altogether, as it were, by accident; nor is the lady, how much soever she may desire it, ever allowed to make the least advances. Now I am disposed to think that

there may be a fault in all this, and that in every country, there should exist some honourable medium of communication.

This state of things with us, bears very severely upon the higher classes of unmarried ladies, and the same class of gentlemen: now if a lady does not meet a gentleman in her immediate set, or clique of society, with whom she is pleased, and this must be reciprocal, why, she must fold up her hands and remain for ever single, how much soever she may desire the happiness of matrimonial life. It is this which fills our large cities, in all the upper classes of society, with old maids. This same state of things, operates with the greatest severity upon the fate and fortunes of great numbers of gentlemen, whose education, habits, and tastes, would fit them to adorn any station in society. Accident, or the caprices of fashion, or a want of acquaintances, or the means of making them, very frequently, yes, in thousands of instances, compel such gentlemen, either to form unsuitable and unhappy alliances, or remain for ever single. This is true, not only with regard to numbers who do not boast of great wealth, but also with the richest individuals in the community. All of your readers must recollect the happy termination of a proposal made at a wedding party in South Carolina, that each lady should write on a piece of paper, the name of any gentleman present, whom she would consent to have; and vice versa, the gentleman should also write the name of the lady whom he should fancy. These sealed papers, given to the president, and parties reciprocal through him received the pleasant intelligence:—nine marriages resulted from this plan, in a party of fourteen couple, and many of the gentlemen afterwards declared, that they should not have had the courage to address the ladies, unless through this happy suggestion.

In the middling and less aspiring, and less fashionable classes of society, nearly all persons marry, but the moment we begin to ascend the scale of society, and approach the opulent or ambitious, we find numbers who never marry. How often it is, that a young lady, a minor or ward, possessed of property, is completely sur-



rounded by interested keepers, who prevent all approaches to her, as assiduously and completely, as if she were enclosed in the walls of a harem. I will not dwell on this unpleasant part of the subject, but will only remark, that nine-tenths of runaway matches, arise from this imprisoned condition of the lady. I have known several unhappy instances of this sort, which could not have taken place, had there been a little more latitude permitted in the conventional rules of society. But the ladies may relate their own sad tales;—my especial business is with the gentlemen; and to prevent all mistakes or misrepresentation, I will tell my own tale as an exemplification of my previous remarks. I am a bachelor, about thirty-two years of age, possessed of a respectable fortune, amounting to some thousands of dollars annual income. My religious habits from very early life, have led me to avoid the gay circles of society; and on the other hand, my abhorrence of cant, and ultra religion, have prevented me from very close connexion with religious circles of society, who at the best, have very limited correspondence, or social relation with each other; the consequence is, that I am entirely out of society; have many male acquaintances, and but very few female—have a great attachment for ladies; and am a very ardent admirer of the female character. My education is rather of a high order. I have long desired to enter in the matrimonial state, but begin to fear that such will never be my lot; and I will tell you the kind of lady I would prefer:—the lady I would wish to be between twenty and thirty years of age, rather handsome than decidedly ugly; and above, rather than greatly below the middling height; and possessed of a respectable fortune. Now these three conditions I consider as bagatelles, compared with the following, which are, a first rate, and accomplished education, pure piety, and of respectable family. These are my wishes, and this is my ambition; yet I cannot gratify it—I find it to me, impossible. I am not alone—I have two intimate friends, who are situated like myself, possessing education, talents, personal respectability, and wealth, and yet find it impossible, in the circle of their acquaintance, to meet with ladies of such character and qualifications, as they would select for matrimonial partners. Now, I would ask the question, if gentlemen, under these circumstances, who greatly desire matrimony, cannot be excused if they were to take, what among us are considered extraordinary measures, even to an advertisement in the public papers? I should like to hear your opinion upon these subjects, or that of some of your fair correspondents. I have heard much opprobrium cast upon bachelors for being so, and yet in an extensive acquaintance, both in this country and in Europe, I never heard a bachelor express himself satisfied with celibacy, but rather regret, and often with the keenest sensibility, that a kind Providence should have ordained them to a single life; and if by any hint, or remark, or suggestion, you can put me and my friends in the way of reaching the goal of our earthly hopes, we should ever owe you a debt of the deepest gratitude. Respectfully yours,

COLERA.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE VILLAGE MURDER.

## CHAPTER I.

LATE in the month of October, 18—, a small sloop was ploughing her solitary way, near a cove, or inlet, in one of our eastern states. The setting sun lit up the western horizon, with those splendid hues, that to the common eye promise fair weather; the dark waves, with their white gauzy crests, were rising in regular succession, and as the little vessel burst rapidly through them, a long wake of foam and bubbles marked, for a moment, her path over the ocean. Three men stood together on her fore-castle, engaged in an earnest consultation, which was carried on in tones too depressed to be heard abait the mast. Though the weather was mild, two of them were wrapped in great coats, with large silk handkerchiefs round their throats; the third was enveloped in a full plaid cloak. The latter shortly left his companions, and walking aft, to the lonely mariner at the helm, said,

"I say, skipper, if it's the same thing to you, these here gentlemen and I, want to be set ashore in yonder little cove; what do you say to it? ha!"

The skipper raised himself from the tiller over which he was leaning, cast a look at the binnacle—the sails and the sky, and then answered in a drawling tone,

"Why, I say it's out of the question; you see there's only I, and another man and the boy aboard, that is as belongs to her—and she's going right afore the wind; so how I could set you ashore, I don't see. Its totally impossible!"

"Where there's a will, there's a way!" said he with the cloak; "Burnham's Cove has as good anchorage as any along the coast—in good weather; and with this fine little clipper, you could run near enough to 'the Squaw's Table,' for us to jump ashore!"

Where is the hunter who does not listen with pleasure, to the praises of his dog and rifle? Where is the seaman who is insensible to encomiums on the craft he commands? A gratified smile twisted the cordage of the sailor's countenance, as he replied—

"Why, yes; the little 'Betsy' answers her helm as well as e'er a sea-boat in the states, and will go as nigh a rock, without striking! But," continued he with an air of surprise, "you seem to know a sight about the coast, here away, seeing you said you was a fur-riner!"

"That's nothing to the purpose!" said the man, with a laugh; "I know something of the coast, and know a tight sea-boat, and a good skipper, when I see them. But say quick, before it's too late; you shall have the full passage money, as if you took us to Eastport, and a dollar over, for setting us ashore."

The skipper shifted his quid, threw a habitual glance round the horizon, and then shouted down the companion-way:

"Tom! I say, Tom! Turn out in a jiffy! Jack! you son of a sculpin—tumble up! I say,

sir, I like to be *obleeping*; so if Tom thinks 'twill do, we'll try to land you. As to the fare, it wouldn't cost me no more to speak on, to take you to Newport; and a dollar is leetle enough for the trouble; I aint sartin Tom will agree to get the canoe down for that."

"Well, well! we won't dispute," said one of the other men, who had approached; "I'll give another dollar, rather than not get ashore."

By this time, Tom, a stout fellow, and Jack, a gawky lad, were on deck, and the skipper jamming the tiller into the hands of Jack, with the admonition of—

"Keep her steady, you son of a turnip, and get your eyes open, d'ye hear!" marched forward to consult with his crew, which consisted of Tom. In a minute, he shouted, "All's right!" and he and Tom ran from side to side of the deck, casting off one rope, and belaying another, with twice the bustle necessary, just to prove how hardly they earned their two dollars. In a short time, her course was altered, her mainsail hauled down, and she was standing in for the shore, under her jib. The three passengers had resumed their station on the fore-castle, and their conversation.

"Well," said he in the cloak, "it will be a pretty business, if the hole you tell on, has been found out."

"No danger," muttered the shorter and most ferocious-looking of the three; "I tell you, nobody but I knows on it; 'twas nothing at first but a fox hole, and I, and another boy, worked days and weeks at it, to dig it out, and get it big enough. I tell you, no one would find it."

"You and *another* boy!" said the other; "cold comfort. How do you know he hasn't blabbed?"

"'Cause dead men tell no tales;" returned the short fellow, sullenly.

"Ah! he is dead, is he?" said he with the cloak. "Did he die *suddenly*?"

"What is that to you?" exclaimed the shorter, with a fierce scowl. "You want to get your fingers on my windpipe, do you? Well! he threatened to peach, and I cut him down with my axe; are you satisfied? I was tried for it, and acquitted; and what good does it do you now?"

"No great," said the tall one; "only it must be a blessed country for us. I would give something to know your secret."

"You may know it for a chew of tobacco," said he, grinning; "jest change your name, to that of some rich old feller that thinks great snuff of hisself, and afore a namesake of hisen should be scragged, he'll come down with the blunt like clam-shells. In this here free country, you may doctor who you like, and get clear, if you can but *plank the Spanish*."

"Ay, true," replied the one who had hitherto not spoken. "I remember hearing in New York, about Robinson, and"—

"Shut up," said the tall one, as Jack approached them, and said the canoe was ready, and the skipper wanted to see them in the cuddy. •

The passengers and their bundles were soon stowed in the bottom of the canoe, which,

sculled by the powerful Tom, danced lightly over the waves, in the direction of the cove before mentioned. In a few minutes, they were landed on the beach, where they stood watching till the canoe was lashed to the davits, the sails hoisted, and "the Betsy" dashing through the foam like a sea-gull, was lost in the distance; then, turning from the cove, the ruffians sought their place of concealment.

## CHAPTER II.

In an open space of about half an acre, on a bluff or head-land, formed by the junction of the cove with the ocean, stood an old dilapidated house, consisting of one large room on the ground, and an outshot; it had been built before the memory of that universal referee, "the oldest inhabitant;" but built compactly of hewn logs, it yet resisted the assaults of time and weather, while later constructed, but more fragile habitations, had crumbled into ruin. It was surrounded by huge rocks, that raised their rifted and fantastic heads, as if in mockery of man's labour, bidding defiance to the plough-share and the harrow. Among them grew thickly the towering pine and the gloomy hemlock, interspersed with ancient oaks, beneath whose spreading branches the dark Indian had pursued his game, and the red papoose performed his mimic war dances. The woodland or forest, of which this was an extremity, extended several miles, forming a boundary between two extensive townships.

On the second night from that on which our tale commences, this isolated dwelling was blazing with many a light, and sounds of mirth and jollity resounded from its interior. A rustic ball was in progress, and the young men and maidens of the neighbouring village, were enjoying it with that heart-felt glee, which results from dancing for one's own amusement—not for the applause or criticism of the spectators. What was wanted in grace, refinement, and elegance of attire, was compensated by activity, good humour, and natural beauty; though their steps were such as Vestris and Celeste never dreamed of, they kept to the music and answered the purpose; and if some ambitious youth leaped from the floor and clapped his feet together, it was a harmless vanity, occasioning neither envy nor ridicule. Round the house was a shoal of boys, as yet too young to be admitted as sharers in the festivity, staring in at the windows with admiring eyes, and longing for the time, when they too could court the girls and exhibit their agility.

It was past one, and though the dance had continued with little intermission since eight o'clock in the evening, neither the fiddler nor the dancers exhibited signs of weariness. At times, the young men retired into the outshot for refreshments, and trays of cakes, biscuits and cheese, accompanied by wine and lemonade, were handed round to the young women. On these occasions the fiddler was not forgotten; he was a gay old man, whose popular manners, good-humoured jokes, and a peculiar knack of timing the tune to the dancing, so as "to make both ends meet," bade defiance to competition,

and rendered him the musician *par excellence* of all the surrounding villages.

After one of these refreshing suspensions, a tall, strong, but awkward-looking fellow, who seemed to think that hilarity consisted in making a noise, and had accordingly treated the company in the course of the evening to divers whoops, yells, and obstreperous cachinnations, seized the hand of a girl near him, and leading her out, insisted on dancing a single jig, calling at the same time for the celebrated tune, "Thump the Devil." There was some murmuring in the room, and the musician, looking about him dubiously, exclaimed—

"I've no objection for my own part, but you know the rule Bob, and may be the rest won't like it."

"Let them that don't like it lump it," cried Bob, who had evidently imbibed a considerable quantity of the "good creature," "here I stand—my name's Rusho. I say play, 'Thump the Devil,' and play it up till the fiddle talks again, put some spunk in it, and let me see who says, no!"

No farther opposition was offered, an innate sense of propriety suggesting to the young men, that the place was not a proper scene for brawling, though some looked as if they intended to settle the matter, at a more convenient opportunity. The fiddler struck up a strange uncouth melody, after every few bars of which, a peculiar touch of the strings, produced sounds closely resembling the name of the tune, to which the dancers' feet responded in as peculiar a step. While Bob, or Rusho, as he was often called, and his laughing partner, footed it away in a style that elicited the admiration of their companions; a young man, round whose clear blue eye and handsome, though sunburned countenance, the rich brown hair clustered in natural curls, and whose dress—half sailor, half landsman, was well calculated to set off his muscular, but finely-formed person, approached a girl, who from her superior beauty and sprightliness, was the belle of the evening, took her hand, and said,

"Will you permit me the pleasure of attending you home this evening? Your brother is going with Betsy Blair, so I suppose my company will be better than none!"

The village beauty tossed her head, and withdrew her hand with a pretty air of disdain, exclaiming—

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Langton! My brother may go home with whom he pleases; I don't think there's any danger of my going alone."

"Come, don't be affronted," said the young mate of the good ship Neptune, "I only meant you did not care much for my company; I had no thought of offending you."

"Oh! I'm not offended, Mr. Langton, only—as you say, I don't care much for your company, and—besides, Mr. Blake has engaged to attend me home."

"What! Sam Blake! *Sleepy Sam!*" cried the young man, while a smile of derision curled his handsome lip: "You are not in earnest? Why, he will go to sleep against a stump or the fence, before you get half way home, and leave you in the lurch."

"What's that you say, sir?" cried Blake, a tall, slim, conceited looking fellow, dressed like a third-rate dandy, who had approached unperceived; "I should like to hear you say that again, sir!"

"Certainly, if it will give you any satisfaction," said Langton, measuring him with an air of cool contempt; "I say, that you will go to sleep before you get half way home, and leave her by herself. Why, I've seen you fall asleep eating your dinner! At school, it always took two boys to keep you awake, by pinching, shaking, and pulling your hair; and at meeting, you know, they have given you a seat in the far corner, that your snoring mayn't disturb the preaching. And, 'tis said, that your sister Martha keeps a string tied to your finger, and pulls it to wake you when customers come into your shop."

Enraged by these assertions, for which there was too much foundation, and unable to parry raillery by repartee, sleepy Sam burst into a towering passion, exclaiming,

"'Tis all a confounded infernal lie, and whoever says so, deserves to be horsewhipped."

Scarcely were the words spoken, when Langton, whose temper was already excited, sprang forward, and seizing him by the collar, would have settled the matter in a very summary method; but others rushed between them and separated the combatants. The screams of the girls had attracted the attention of Rusho, who was just executing one of his singular saltations, and springing from the dance, he clasped both his brawny arms round the young sailor, crying,

"Whoop! Whose fighting without me! Why, Frank Langton! I'm ashamed of ye! What good would it do you now, to knock such a skunk as he is into a cocked hat?"

Frank was too angry to think of Balaam's ass, but he answered,

"You are right, Rusho; it won't do *here*, but;" and his eyes lit up with that deep full glare that speaks in man, courage and deadly determination; "he has called me a liar, and in the presence of Anna Thomson, and if he does not retract it before another night, I will break every bone in his body."

Then disengaging himself from the arms of Bob, left the room, and Rusho went to look up his partner. He found her seated quietly, and the fiddler preparing to put up his violin, and calmly replying to the remonstrances of some of the company.

"It is your own fault, gentlemen; you know I never play that tune but once in an evening, and never play any thing afterwards; if I did, I should be sure some evil would befall me. You may laugh; but if you knew as much about it as I do, you'd think it no laughing matter. Its no use," continued he, as the young men pressed round him, offering five, ten, even twenty dollars, if he would play a little longer, "for twenty—no, nor for a hundred dollars."

At that moment, Rusho burst through the circle, exclaiming—

"Come, Mr. Brown, finish the jig for Mary and I; we hadn't half done; I only stopped off, to keep some of the boys from kicking up a shindy; jest *finish* the tune, that's all."

"Yes, yes," cried many voices, "just *finish* the jig; playing the same tune won't be breaking your rule, just *finish* the tune."

Over-persuaded, but with great and evident reluctance, Brown drew out his violin, and recommenced the out-of-the-way music he had been playing, while a dozen couples sprang upon the floor to have the last dance; but the musician had lost his energy and spirit; the tune, as Rusho said, "sounded like a dead march," and one by one the couples sat down, till the floor was vacant, and Brown gladly restored his violin to its green bag. All were now preparing for home; while the young men retired to the outshot, to settle their bill, the young women were selecting their bonnets, shawls and cloaks, from the pile brought in by Mrs. Wheeler, the mistress, and sole inhabitant of the house. She was a tall, gaunt woman, whose bending form, toothless mouth, and wrinkled brow, might have claimed the reverence due to age, had not her leering look, and the malicious expression of her bleary eyes, told that the indulgence of evil passions had anticipated the work of time. She was celebrated as a fortune-teller, and many a credulous maiden stole to her house, to hear expounded by words or coffee-grounds the decrees of fate. Habitually ill-tempered, she received the gifts of the girls, and the charity of her wealthier neighbours, with sullen indifference, as if she felt herself injured that they gave no more. When she smiled, it was for some sinister purpose, or at the misfortunes and misery of others.

The young men returned to the room, and one of them advancing to the fiddler, presented him with some bank notes and silver, his pay for the evening. The old man counted it, and dropping the silver into his pocket, took out a large old black pocket book, in which he proceeded to deposite the notes.

"Well done, neighbour Brown! You have fiddled to some purpose!" said the young man smiling, and pointing to a respectable bundle of bills already in the pocket book.

"Why, I havn't seen so much money, I don't know when," said Sleepy Sam; "I guess there's a matter of five or six hundred dollars."

"Well! you are a good hand at guessing, it aint far off on it," said Brown; "but it don't belong to me; no such good luck! its my brother's money, that I am carrying to Boston, to buy goods."

"When are you going?" said sleepy Sam.

"Bright and early in the morning: I calculate to get to Green's bridge, in time to catch the stage," answered Mr. Brown.

He turned as he spoke, and was in the act of depositing his well-worn pocket book in his coat pocket, when he caught the glance of a man, who was intently watching his motions through the window. He started with undefined terror; though little more than the eyes had been visible, he felt assured that their ferocious expression was not unknown to him; though he could not at the time recall to whom they appertained. He endeavoured to get another view of the person, but so soon as he had found himself discovered, he disappeared in the surrounding obscurity. For the first time in his life, Mr. Brown felt dismayed at the prospect of passing

the woods alone at night; but two of the young men present belonged to the same village with himself, and he was too well acquainted with their habits, to expect their company on the present occasion.

"Well! if any body does attempt to rob me," said he to himself, "they shall find they have an old bird to deal with. I'll let 'em see I know a trick or two;" and contriving unperceived, to abstract the bank notes from their receptacle, he slid his hand into the green baize bag that contained his "bread-winner," and pushed them through one of the slits, into the hollow of the fiddle. Then buttoning his coat, he prepared to depart, when he was intercepted by the haggard form of Mrs. Wheeler, who, seizing his arm, with what she intended for a gracious grin, exclaimed—

"Why, Johnny Brown! hain't you got a word for an old friend, I hain't had a chance to change a word with you the whole night. Sit down, sit down, man, and talk a bit."

"No, thank ye, not to-night," cried Brown, still making for the door, for he was now left alone with the hostess; "I haven't a moment to spare."

"Well, well; I've seen the day, Johnny, you wouldn't want so much axing; but I won't keep ye long, jist let's take a glass of something for old time's sake. What 'ill ye have! The boys has left plenty o' spirits and wine."

"Nothing at all, ma'am, thank ye," still making his way to the door, said the fiddler.

"Another time, can't stop now"——

"Oh, well; if you can't you can't; but take a drop afore you go," said the woman.

"No, thank ye, not a drop," said the fiddler; and freeing himself from her grasp, he hastened to overtake the lingerers of the party.

A yet darker scowl settled on the brow of Susan Wheeler, as the man passed from her threshold; her long skinny finger was raised with a threatening gesture, and the worst passions of human nature engendered the curses that came thronging to her lip, as she watched his progress. At a hissing sound behind her, she looked round, and on seeing a man's head thrust into the back window, she instantly fastened the door at which she stood, dropped over the front windows two tattered cloths that did duty for curtains, she hobbled back, and thus greeted the intruder.

"Hush, you limb of Satan; do you want to dance upon nothing, that you are so venture-some! It's a wonder, somebody didn't know you to-night, poking round the house like a fool, as you are."

"Keep your tongue quiet, mother Twiddle Twaddle," said the fellow; "all them boys was spawned a leetle too late to remember me; but you missed your blow, old woman; you could not come Paddy over old catgut."

"No, confound him," cried the degraded creature, "I've known the time when he'd a bin glad to stay; but it is not too late yet," she continued in a whisper, while a gleam of demoniac pleasure glanced from her sunken eye. "He'll have to go through the woods alone. If I was as young and as strong as you, them are bills should be in another man's pocket afore morning."

"Alone! are you sure of that?" said the villain, eagerly; "Sartain sure," returned she, "there was nobody here as belongs to his parish, but Rusho and Sleepy Sam, and Sleepy Sam is gone sparking to Anna Thomson; and if Rusho can get a girl to set up wi' him, he'll not start till daylight; I know 'em."

"Its worth trying," said the fellow; "give us a drink, mother, and I'll be off."

The old woman went to the outshot, and quickly returned with a tumbler, filled with a dark liquid, which she presented to the ruffian.

"Here's as good brandy as ever was tipped over tongue," cried she; "but don't drink too deep jest now, honey—sich a job wants a cool head and a steady hand, my boy."

The fellow turned the liquor down his throat, and left the window; he made but a few steps, before he hesitated, turned once again, and advancing to the old woman, seized her arm, and said, in a low distinct tone,

"Hark ye, old witch. No squeaking or peaching on your part; if I do dance upon nothing, I don't dance without a partner; I ha'n't forgot old White, the peddler, and have a pretty good guess where his bones are."

"Hush, hush!" said the crone, looking nervously around her; "what's the use of talking of sich things, or rippin up old stories now? And what would I peach for, I ax you? Didn't I always take your part, even when you was in the stone-jug, for murdering young?"

"Shut your mouth," cried the ruffian, fiercely; "and hark ye, if the coast is clear to-morrow, hang a cloth out of the winder."

Meantime, the young people with whom was the devoted fiddler, passed on with many a joke and laugh, till beyond the belt of thickets that surrounded the old woman's unholy habitation, when they began to drop off, by two's and three's, towards their respective homes. When they arrived at the path that branched off through the woods to the adjoining town, and it became necessary for Brown to leave them, he felt such a dark weight on his spirit, such a dread of going alone, that he called out to Rusho,

"Come, Bob, you had better go home with me; you will feel much better in the morning, than if you sit up all night."

"Not I, indeed," cried Bob, laughing; "I guess I've got a pretty particular engagement."

"Well, well," said Brown, unwilling to give up his point; "you will go with me, I know, Sam Blake; Miss Anna don't want you particularly to-night; and you can come any time."

Sleepy Sam thought it necessary to make a speech on the occasion, declaring that,

"No gentleman, that was a gentleman, would think of such a thing, as leaving a young lady that he was waiting on; he should be very happy to obleege Mr. Brown in any thing in reason; that this was clearly impossible, as any gentleman!"

"Avast heaving," cried a sturdy fellow, who came up, with a girl hanging on his arm; "what's the use of paying out so much slack rope! Can't you say, 'no,' at once? See here, neighbour, if you are raly afeard to go

alone, why, though I'm perticularly ingaged myself, I won't be the feller to see yu go!"

Oh, false shame, false shame! how much mischief hast thou caused! Brown could not bear to confess he was afraid; for the moment, perhaps, he fancied that he was not so, and saying, "Oh, no! he only liked good company;" he bade them good night, received their gay adieus in reply, and proceeded on his solitary path. On what trifling causes depend our lives and welfare! How impossible is it for us to examine the chain of which our every action is a link! Had any one prophesied to Anna Thomson, that her coquetry that evening would cost a man's life, she would have shuddered with dismay; yet, so it was, for had she accepted as she originally intended, the proffered attendance of Francis Langton, Sam Blake would have accompanied the musician through the wood; or had she even then, as she felt much inclined, requested Sam to leave her and go with Brown, his life might have been spared. But pride and pique interfered; she recollected the words of Langton, that she would be "left in the lurch," and wished besides, to execute a plan she had been forming to tease Sleepy Sam, and make her peace with Frank, whom she really loved.

Brown had got rather more than half way through the wood, and began to think his fears were groundless, when he heard a rustling in the bushes, and instinctively dropping his violin, took to his heels. A man sprang into the road—pursued him, and a single blow brought him to the ground.

"Your money," said the ruffian, in a gruff tone, brandishing a knife that flashed in the moonbeam.

In silence he drew the silver from his vest, and presented it to the robber, who received it, but said,

"Your pocket book—shell out!"

With an inward chuckle, at his precaution, that even his terror could not prevent, he drew out his pocket book, and presented it to the highwayman; a slight noise at that moment, caused the fellow to raise his head, the moon streamed brightly on his face, and the old man knew him.

"GORHAM PARKER!" cried he, "is it possible?"

"That's your last word," said the footpad, drawing the knife across his throat. He then dragged the bleeding body a little way through the bushes, and throwing it down, made off with his booty.

### CHAPTER III.

All was quiet in the village; the houses of the long, irregular street, threw their dark shadows, without a moving figure to vary the outline. The dogs, tired of baying the moon, lay sleeping, only by an occasional growl testifying their vigilance. At the extremity of the village stood a good house, surrounded by outhouses, haystacks, barns, and all the comforts and appurtenances of a substantial farmer. It was the house of Mr. Thomson, the father of Anna, who had just entered, accompanied by "Sleepy Sam." He had insisted on entering, "to have

a little chat;" and Anna, who had resolved to wreck on his innocent head the disappointment caused by her own coquetry, willingly consented.

They were soon seated on an old-fashioned settee, and after a little affected reluctance, Anna was persuaded to seat herself on the knees of Sleepy Sam. Instead of the usual conversation on such occasions, Anna asked if he was fond of music, and Sam, though he scarcely knew one tune from another, anxious to please and appear polite, expressed great admiration for the science, and for her singing in particular.

"Well," said the mischievous girl, "I am glad to hear you say that, and I will sing you a song I think you will admire. If I sing in a low voice, nobody will be disturbed."

She then commenced a monotonous, interminable ballad, of great repute in the nursery, as it seldom failed to hush to slumber the crosslest urchin. Sam yielded to its somniferous quality, and Anna soon found her melody, accompanied by certain nasal sounds, that proclaimed the success of the experiment. Gently rising from his lap, she prepared to complete preparations for covering the poor fellow with ridicule. In one corner of the kitchen stood an old churn; expelled from the dairy by its shattered condition, it was now a receptacle for whatever odds and ends the "help" wished to put out of her way. It at present contained a quantity of potatoes, to which Anna added an old cow-bell, some broken crockery, and a number of tin cups. Then lifting it on the knees of Sam, she clasped his arms about it, and softly retired to her chamber. How long Sam slept, cannot be ascertained, but he was awakened by a rough voice, calling,

"Who's there? Who's snoring so that nobody else can sleep? Who's there, I say!"

Sam felt that he had been asleep; but Anna, as he thought, was still on his lap; and determined to repair, by the warmth of his courtship, the solecism of which he had been guilty, he clasped his fair one with ardour to his bosom. Alas! for the poor churn! Unused to such violent salutations, it could not withstand them; its hoops and staves gave way, and the potatoes, tin cups, bell, and crockery, poured on the floor with an appalling clatter. Sam sat in silent consternation, till a door opened, and the burly farmer, with a light in one hand and a cudgel in the other, entered the room. Sam sank upon the settee and looked round for Anna; she was not to be seen, but in her stead was her father brandishing his cudgel. Well was it for Sam, that he made no attempt to escape; had he manifested such an intention, the worthy farmer would have knocked him down; but seeing him set perfectly bewildered, he contented himself with demanding his business.

"You rascal, who are you? What are you doing here?" Then holding the candle to his face, he exclaimed, "Why Sam Blake! What in nature now brought you here! Hey!"

Others of the family had now assembled, among whom was Anna. She explained matters to the great amusement of her auditors, who declared, that "a churn was just as good for Sleepy Sam to court, as any thing else."

"Darn my buttons," cried Sam, as, escaping from the ironical compliments of his tormentors, he rushed out of the house, "if ever I speak to her again, I hope I may be shot."

With a fearless step, he now plunged into the road or track passing through the forest, nor gave a thought to the dangerous vicinity of the haunted cellar that lay within its precincts. Sam was essentially a coward, and though he attempted to conceal his infirmity by bravado, every body knew that he religiously believed in ghosts and goblins, and dreaded the power of witchcraft. At another time, nothing would have tempted him to venture alone through the woods; but now one passion had, like Aaron's rod, swallowed all others, and he could think of nothing but the trick played him by the faithless Anna—dreaded nothing so much as the taunts of his companions. While considering and reconsidering in what manner to tell the story to his own advantage, he struck his foot against something that precipitated him forward upon his face. After picking himself up, and stopping the blood that was gushing from his nose, he sought the object over which he had stumbled, and to his great surprise, recognized the violin of the unfortunate fiddler.

"Why, he must have been proper slewed, to a dropped his fiddle," cried Sam; "howsoever I'll take care of it, and may be he'll help me out of this tarnation scrape to pay for it."

It was gray dawn when Sam arrived at the tavern where he boarded, and entered through a back window, left unfastened for his accommodation. It was so near morning, that he thought it hardly worth the trouble of undressing, and depositing the violin in his chest, he threw himself on the bed, and soon lost all remembrances of his trouble in a sound sleep. He was awakened by the red-headed lad, who combined in his own shambling person the offices of waiter, ostler, and boots, at the sign of the Ploughshare, and to whose particular charge was entrusted the task of getting Sam up in time for breakfast. He now stood staring with great round eyes, pallid face, and open mouth, till, as if struck by a sudden thought, he ran out of the room, and bounded down stairs into the street. On approaching the dressing glass, Blake became aware of the cause of his consternation; the blood from his nasal organ, was frightfully smeared over his face and hands, nor had the bosom of his shirt, his vest and pantaloons, been defrauded of their full share.

"The great fool!" muttered Sam, "now he will go and blab it to every body, and folks will get it, that I got a licking as well as the bag."

He had shifted his clothes, and performed the necessary ablutions, when the door was thrown open, and Nathaniel White, the constable, accompanied by three or four men entered, and told him that he was their prisoner.

"A prisoner! what for?" cried poor Sam, in utter consternation.

"I should not think there was much need of asking," cried White, pointing to the bloody clothes that lay over a chair.

"Well," cried Blake, "it's the first time ever I heard of a fellow being took up, 'cause his nose bled."

"Oh, gammon," said White, "that ere won't do, my hearty. You must go with us afore Squire Talburt, and I guess he'll make you sing another song."

"Sing a song," growled Sam, his thoughts reverting to his disgrace; "I wish the devil had all songs and singers and fiddlers into the bargain."

The officer and his assistants looked at each other, and shook their heads significantly.

"We must search," said the constable.

To Sam's amazement, the men commenced a minute examination of the apartment; the closet, the bed and the bureau were searched, apparently without affording any information. When they attempted to lift the lid of the chest and found it locked; the officer turned to Sam, and demanded the key. Sam was not in the best temper, many things had happened to irritate him; like many other weak-minded men, he was excessively finical, and had been hugely annoyed by the clumsy and careless manner in which the contents of his drawers had been tumbled about by White, he answered roughly,

"The key of my chest; not I, indeed. There's nothing there as belongs to you, I calculate."

"We'll see that," said the constable; and before Sam was aware, he closed with him, and with the help of his companions, succeeded in taking the key from his pocket, and opened the chest. The whole of the landlord's family had now assembled, headed by the red-headed boy, who stood with his teeth chattering, his form absolutely shivering with excitement, and his features expressing the most intense interest. A groan burst from the spectators, as the constable lifted the violin in its green bag, splashed with blood.

"Well, what does that signify?" cried Sam, "I didn't steal it; I found it last night, as I come home. If your a making all this fuss about that are old fiddle, you might find something better to do. If Brown loses it agin, he may pick it up hisself for me."

"Are you not aware," said White, looking him in the eye, "that Brown is dead—murdered?"

"Dead! murdered!" cried Sam, "your joking, ain't you? It can't be."

"I guess you will find it no joke, before you have done with it, Mr. Blake; come with us," said the officer, taking him by the arm and leading him off.

\* \* \* \* \*

Early as was the hour, the office of Mr. Talburt, justice of the peace in the village of —, was crowded almost to suffocation, each pushing and struggling to obtain a view of Sam, as if they had not seen him every day, for the last twenty years.

"Samuel Blake," said Mr. Talburt, "this is a dreadful affair; I am sorry to see you implicated, and hope you will be able to clear yourself from all suspicion."

"Thank ye, sir; the same to you," answered poor Sam, with such a vacant look and lack lustre eye, that it was thought he did not comprehend what had been said.

"Mr. Blake," resumed Squire Talburt, "where did you part from Mr. Brown?"

The question had to be reiterated, before

Blake could collect his scattered senses to answer it. He gave a tolerable distinct account of what passed at bidding good night, and of his finding the violin; but when questioned where he had passed the time intervening, between the breaking up of the ball, and the time he discovered the violin, he demurred: it was with some trouble that he was prevailed on to confess that he was at the house of Mr. Thomson.

Nathan Cooper stated, that he went with White to apprehend the prisoner, in consequence of information given by Peter Bond, waiter at the tavern, and found the clothes he had worn the night before, covered with blood; that the violin of the deceased was discovered locked in a chest belonging to prisoner, who had refused to give the key, but that no traces of Brown's pocket book or money were discovered.—Robert Bailey was next called, and our acquaintance "Rusho," drew up his lengthy form before the table. He corroborated Sam's statement, as to where they passed the evening, and took leave of Brown, and with whom Sam walked home; and farther stated, that he saw the fiddle in the hand of Brown, when he bade them good night. He said, that he had himself gone home with a young woman, named Sally Burley, with whom he sat chatting till nearly daylight; on his return, he was followed by his dog, as usual; when about half way through the wood, Boatswain began snuffing and running about, till he got through some bushes, and set up such a howl as convinced him something uncommon was the matter, as Bose was a very knowing animal; he went to the dog and found a man lying on his back, murdered. That it was not light enough to see who it was, and he did not touch him, as he saw he was stone dead, for his head was cut almost off. That leaving his dog to keep guard, he ran as fast as he could home, where he got the coroner and some men to go with him, and returned to the body, which they found to be that of poor Brown. That they put the body in a wagon, and brought it home, but could find nothing of his fiddle or his pocket book. That he remembered hearing Charles Watson say, that Brown had a good deal of money in his pocket book, so he told the boy that was sent for Brown's brother, to go for Watson too. That he never suspected Sam Blake, and didn't think he did it now; did not think Sam had courage to fight a wood chuck, much more a man.

At that moment, Charles Watson made his appearance, and on being examined stated, that he had paid Brown ten dollars that evening, partly in notes, partly in silver, and saw him have a quantity of bank notes, five or six hundred dollars, as Sam Blake guessed, and Brown had allowed it was thereabouts. That he thought Brown seemed rather skeery, but did not think of there being any danger, or would have gone with him. Went himself home to his father's, in company with his brother, with whom he slept. Had come over in consequence of a boy coming after him, who told of Brown's murder. Did not know of any ill-will between deceased and Sam Blake; always thought they were very good friends. Could not think what Sam wanted with the

fiddle, as he did not know one note from another. Could not swear to the bag or violin, as one fiddle looked just like another, as far as he knew; but Rusho played the violin himself, and would be likely to know.

Robert Bailey, on being again examined, said, he thought he should know the violin, and on its being taken from its case, instantly declared it was Brown's, and remarked, if they would look near the bridge, they would find the first letters of his name; he scratched them once with his penknife.

Mr. Horry, a young lawyer who acted as clerk on the occasion, looked at the instrument, and declared that the letters R. B. were there, in the spot indicated by the witness. He passed the violin to the justice, who, while examining the letters, saw some paper inside the instrument, and inserting a pen, drew forth some bank notes. An involuntary hum now spread through the closely crowded room, and around the door, as the crime seemed brought home to the prisoner.

The low buzz of horror, among the spectators, rose by degrees to a burst of execration. Alas, for human nature! No one seemed to seek for remembrances of good, on the part of the prisoner; but all looked back into the cabinet of memory, for every little instance of acquisitiveness or bad temper he had ever exhibited, to bring them forward as collateral securities for his present guilt.

The brother of the deceased now made his appearance, and identified the notes as those he had entrusted to the poor musician. Sam's frenzied declarations of innocence were unavailing; the magistrate declared that he could neither dismiss nor admit him to bail, and after allowing a short consultation between him and Mr. Horry, who became his legal adviser, he was sent under the care of a couple of officers to the nearest jail.

Some few of the inhabitants, among whom was our friend Rusho, shook their heads and said, "Time would show!" but, as no suspicion could be cast on any other person, their doubts were little attended to.

During the day, groups of people from the neighbouring villages, gratified their taste for the horrible by visiting the scene of murder; some went merely to gaze on the pool of coagulated blood, others to seek for farther traces of the deed, and evidences of the criminal.

Many, principally women, filled the house of the widow, who, astounded and stupefied by her sudden bereavement, could not realize that he who had left her the preceding evening in health and spirits, lay now a mangled corpse in the room beneath her; for, from natural feelings of delicacy, she had hitherto been prevented from seeing the body.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Early the next morning, a new commotion aroused the inhabitants of the village; a messenger rode up to the door of Mr. Talburt, and without alighting, delivered to "the justice," a letter and message, which elicited from that worthy functionary, the words, "God bless me, how very remarkable!" before he retired to

peruse his letter. Half a dozen busy hands grasped the bridle, and twice as many voices called on the rider for the news.

"Can't stop a minute. I am in a dreadful hurry," cried the messenger, stopping nevertheless, "all the blood-murderers as did poor Brown, are laid by the heels in *our* parish, and Squire Weston, *our* justice, wants Squire Talburt to come over and help hang them. And I'm a going now for lawyer Snelling."

"Then, Sam Blake didn't kill him arter all!" cried several voices. "Didn't I tell you, I didn't believe it?" said more than one of those who the day before were loudest in denunciations of "the villain," as they then termed him. But such is the world. "Well, I can't just say about that," cried the messenger; "I heard Deacon Jones telling our boss all about it, while I was saddling the hoss, and he said there was a tarnal gang on 'em."

The news spread with the rapidity such news always spreads, and the inhabitants of the village, almost *en masse*, proceeded to the next parish, to witness the committal of this gang of thieves; amounting, it was generally said, to *forty*, that seeming to be the legitimate number.

As the office of Squire Weston was much too small to accommodate the concourse of people expected to be present, the church was thrown open, and arranged for the examination, and even the women thronged into the galleries to witness so exciting, and to them, so novel a spectacle.

The magistrates and lawyers, accompanied by one or two clergymen, with some difficulty pressed through the crowd to the seats prepared for them; after them, the prisoners, under the care of a dozen special constables, were placed at the temporary bar. They were the three men we have mentioned before, as passengers in the schooner Betsy, and one woman—no other than her called Mother Wheeler. The miserable woman, after one wild gaze round the crowded house, feeling her forlorn and degraded situation, sank upon her knees, and concealed her face on the table before her. The shorter and sturdier ruffian, whose face and clothes bore marks of recent contest, glared upon the assembly with the fierce and sullen scowl of a savage bull, as if defying and deriding the looks of horror and recognition he met from every quarter. The second was sunken—immersed in the apathy of brutal intoxication, his rayless eye now wandering over the people, then fixed in drunken stolidity on his companions in crime. The cadaverous countenance of the tall villain, was constantly changing its expression; one instant, with lip compressed and rigid muscle, he seemed to dare scrutiny; then his light peering eyes darted anxious and inquiring glances at every body near him, and his thin bloodless lip seemed opening to address his judges, when a glance from the younger and master-spirit of the gang, would make him shrink into himself and press nearer to the officers, as if for protection against the unarmed and bound bloodhound beside him.

The younger ruffian was identified by many, as a native of the village. After committing, even while a boy, crimes at which humanity



shudders, the young desperado left the parish, probably in search of a more extended field of action, and had not since been heard of. His two companions were totally unknown, and to every question, maintained a dogged silence. Mrs. Wheeler was then called upon, two officers took her by the arms and raised her upon her feet; she had been weeping, and now resting both hands upon the table for support, she exclaimed—

"If you will promise to save my life, I will tell all I"—know, she probably intended to say; but a low hissing sound was heard, and she suddenly ceased.

"Go on," said the clerk; but she drew back and looked around in evident perplexity; at last, turning away from her companions in guilt, she fixed her eyes on the floor, and remained silent. They waited for her to speak, but the humour of confessing had departed. When questioned, she answered peevishly.

"What's my name! as if all of you did not know. I'm an innocent woman, and folks has no right to blame me, 'cause a couple of lodgers is found in my house. They were benighted, and I was glad to earn a couple of shillings by setting up and letting them sleep in my bed. I'll take my Bible oath I never seed the men afore in my life."

"Mrs. Wheeler—was Anna Thomson at your house last evening?" said one of the court.

The old woman made no answer, but burst into tears. "We cannot promise you safety," said Mr. Weston; "but your only chance for it, is confessing all you know of this black business. Anna Thomson is safe, and ready to give her testimony."

Mother Wheeler appeared overwhelmed by terror, and once more seemed ready to confess, when a low barking like that of a dog, sounded as if beneath her feet, followed by another hiss.

"Order in the court," cried the magistrates; "turn out those who disturb it."

The officers looked in vain for the delinquents; but Mrs. Wheeler sank down in a hysteric fit, and the constables were obliged to remove her from the court-house.

It consists neither with my limits nor inclination to record the details of a justices' court, so I shall endeavour to abridge the evidence, and give in my own manner.

Frank Langton had for years loved Anna Thomson, and fancied his affections had been reciprocated; but the preference she had this evening shown *Sleepy Sam*, provoked and irritated him. In bargains concerning a few dollars, or a bit of land, we feel it necessary to have witnesses and writings; but where the hopes and affections of a young heart, the happiness of a lifetime, are at stake, words and looks are regarded as accredited security. A squeeze of the hand is equal to a promissory note, and an embrace is worth half a dozen sealed bonds.

Although no promise had passed, Frank regarded Anna as engaged to him, and but waited for the promotion promised him by his "owners," to ask her consent to an immediate marriage. Anna was far from being insensible to the merits of the bold, handsome young sailor, and

exulted in her conquest, while his general character and good expectations found favour in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Thomson. What motive had influenced the conduct of Anna on the evening of the ball, I feel at a loss to decide. Perhaps, she thought him less attentive than of yore, and wished to pique him; perhaps, she wished to receive an explicit proposal, and desired to awaken his jealousy, or perhaps, it was a little portion of vanity, that chose to let her lover see that others, as well as himself, worshipped at her shrine. It was no joke, however, to Frank; when he saw her led out by the young storekeeper, as Sam liked to be called, he felt in no mood to join the rest of the company; but leaping fences and breaking through underwood, he gained a position that commanded a view of the door of Mr. Thomson's house, and watched the return of his fickle mistress.

"I will not judge precipitately," thought he, "I will have proof; if she does not let Sam go in, I won't break with her. She may be a little offended that I did not go to the house to attend her; and so I should, only for business; but we'll see."

And he did see his beloved followed into the house by his despised rival, and the door close after them. In country towns, in New England, courtship is generally carried on after the rest of the family have retired to bed, partly to economize time, and partly from a rustic bashfulness in the lovers, which wishes to shun observation. Frank at first resolved to wait till his enemy came out, and whip him in the sight of his mistress. But, though Sam came not, reflection did, and reminded him how much ridicule he would incur by watching around the house, while another was courting his Anna inside. He determined that Anna's name should not be mixed up in the quarrel, but to rest it wholly on the insult offered him at the dance.

His proper course would now have been, to go home and seek Sam on the morrow; but when did a jealous man, or a man in a passion listen to reason? He persuaded himself that he was acting with great propriety in going into the woodland, and waiting there till Sam went home, and then and there giving him what he called, "a downright thrashing." By the time that he had gained the part of the road where he had intended to waylay his rival, more noble feelings had gained the ascendancy, and he determined to demand an apology, which if Sam refused, he would cowhide him openly. With these intentions, he turned to make his way home, but feeling that, should he meet Sam, a word, a look, would bring on the quarrel he wished to leave to a more public opportunity, he left the road to thread his path through the woodland. When at some distance from the road, fatigued as much by his contending emotions, as by his previous exertions, he threw himself upon the ground at the foot of a tree, and giving way to his wounded affection, the hardy sailor wept bitterly. He had remained in this situation but a few minutes, when he was roused by a crashing among the undergrowth, and a man holding a naked blade, from which the dark blood was

dripping, rushed across the little amphitheatre, and disappeared on the side opposite. Frank's heart leaped with emotion; his first impulse was to attempt to seize him, and shout for assistance; but in general he was a coolheaded fellow, and instant reflection told him it was madness to attack a man armed as he had seen, with a drawn weapon, while he had nothing but his hands with which to contend.

That he had committed a crime, he did not doubt, and speedily resolved to follow him, unseen if possible, and discover who he was. With the light and stealthy step of a savage, he followed the rude path into which the man had struck, and shortly emerging from the woodland, saw before him the person whom he sought. There was an interval of meadow or rather pasture, between the forest and the precipitous bank of a small river, that discharged itself into the small cove, mentioned in the early part of our story; and the fugitive, after standing for a moment on the brink, disappeared. Frank bounded over the space in a moment, and falling on his face, drew himself forward till he had a view of the narrow path below, while concealed from discovery by a few bayberry bushes that fringed the edge of the bank. He saw the man whom he had pursued, walking along the margin of the stream, till he arrived at a ledge of rock, some fifteen or sixteen feet in height, and extending for a few yards along the bank. It was thickly clothed with briars, wild grape vine, and running ivy, and had been for time out of mind, regarded as a nursery for snakes and other noxious animals. The ruffian began to climb, till about midway; he pulled the ivy apart, when a faint light glimmering among the dark leaves, betrayed the existence of a cave, or recess, into which the man entered, and all again was dark. Frank instantly hurried to a part of the bank adjoining the ledge, where again ensconcing himself among some tall weeds, he peered over the edge, to discover something more of the place where the stranger had so suddenly concealed himself.

While revolving what course was most proper to pursue, the ivy was again divided, and three men crawled in succession out of the cavity, and grasping the strong grape vine, ascended with low, but fearful oaths to the top of the ledge, and hurried to the wood. Frank waited till they were out of sight, when springing from his concealment, and trusting to a strong arm and a bold heart, he descended at the spot where they had ascended, till he caught a faint, a very faint glimmer of light, and cautiously extending his hand, pulled apart the branches. He saw before him a small cavern, the entrance to which was but just large enough to creep into, but rising to six or seven feet in the interior. A candle was burning in it, but no person was to be seen, and Frank, urged by curiosity, entered and examined the cave. It appeared to have been partly formed by nature, but probably enlarged by art. In one part a rock had been dug around, but either from want of means or skill, it was not removed, but reaching nearly to the top, presented the appearance of a rude shelf. In one corner, dry leaves and branches of hemlock, covered with

a cloak, showed the lair of the inhabitants. On a board propped by pieces of rock, which answered either for seat or table, stood a bottle, now doing duty as a candlestick, a tin cup, and an open pocket book. Frank took it up to see if it would throw any light on the history or occupants of this mysterious cave, in the immediate vicinity of a populous neighbourhood, yet, as he believed, totally unsuspected by the villagers.

As he turned over the papers, he let the pocket book fall from his hands, a deadly sickness came over him, for he knew it to be the property of poor Brown, and saw it wet with the blood of its unhappy owner.

Before he could recover himself sufficiently to leave the cave, he heard with consternation the voices of the villains at the foot of the ledge. To escape was impossible; he glanced wildly round the miserable hole for some weapon, to defend, or rather to sell his life dearly, but none was to be seen. He heard the rustle of the branches, and the suppressed oaths of his enemies became distinct. At that moment of despair, his eye fell on the dark shelf or cavity near the roof of the cavern, and without hesitation he sprang up the rock and saw with joy, that unless the light was raised, he might be concealed—at least for the present. It was, indeed, but a frail hope; yet he had naught else to cling to, and perhaps they might again leave the cave, and afford him an opportunity to escape. He had scarcely rolled himself into the shadow, when a tall ruffian entered the hole, and was quickly followed by another, who threw himself on the bed of leaves, while his comrade seated himself on the rude bench before mentioned, and exclaimed with an oath,

"You ain't fit to be trusted with a pair of old shoes. You went out last, and ought to 'a pulled the blanket down; instead o' that, you left it all up, so as any body might 'a seen the light."

"What are you growling at?" said the other. "Between Gorham and you, a feller might as well live in the fire. Here I'd jest got asleep, and was routed out to go and help rob a dead man—and got nothin arter all. We was to get the world and all of plunder, and gets nothin but an old book and some dirty papers. Great cry and little wool. And there ain't a drop of whiskey left in the bottle to comfort a feller, and you're afraid to light a fire. All together, it's a poor consarn."

The tall fellow paid no regard to his mutterings, but taking up the pocket book, examined it with the utmost care, opening every paper, and searching each compartment. Whatever he sought, he was unsuccessful, and threw it from him with a horrible execration.

His companion had by this time, maundered himself to sleep; but instead of following his example, the tall fellow drew from his pocket a pipe, and commenced smoking. Soon after, a third ruffian made his appearance, after a low preparatory whistle; and Frank's blood curdled with horror, as he recognized one, who, though older than himself, he well remembered as the object of his youthful abhorrence—the murderer—Gorham Parker! Frank possessed his full share of animal courage, combined with

strength and activity; but the prospect of being killed like a caged rat, with no one to applaud his fortitude or soothe his last moments, brought a pang to his bosom, and a dimness to his eyes—severe, though transient.

It was a bitter moment, yet still hoping they might go out, without discovering him, he collected himself to give attention to what was passing.

Parker was replying to some observation of his companion, and said,

"The old woman swears he had his fiddle with him when he left the house, and I think so too; he must have given that and his money to some of them to keep for him; that's it, confound him. We must keep snug—the old woman will go down to-morrow, and hear what is said."

After a volley of oaths, and conversation suitable for such beings, they prepared to go to sleep; but to Frank's consternation, Parker, taking a great coat, threw himself down across the narrow passage leading to the open air, while the taller man whom he called "Hill," lay down upon the branches of hemlock, in such a manner as to render it impossible for him to descend without disturbing him. His only chance of safety consisted in keeping himself quiet; and bitterly did he lament his precipitation in putting himself into the trap, till he had secured the means of retreat.

In this situation, it is needless to say sleep was out of the question; it was with the utmost caution he sometimes ventured to relieve his cramped limbs, by a slight change of posture. He knew that night must be nearly over, and looked eagerly for daylight, trusting that for a few minutes at least, the ruffians would leave their den. He looked in vain, for, as at last he remembered, he was in a place where daylight came not, with those who sought their prey with the wolf and owl.

The sleep of the fellow called Sullivan, alone was sound, that of the others was troubled; they constantly started, or muttered, in that uneasy slumber that is instantly broken. Oh, how miserably passed the hours to Frank! Cramped in an uneasy position, tormented by thirst, his head throbbing almost to bursting, and his heart swelling with agony.

At last, Hill arose and woke his comrades; but they made no preparations to leave the cavern; on the contrary, one of them descended and brought in some water from the river, while another produced a handkerchief, containing some provision, which served for a morning meal. After which, they passed the time in playing with a dirty pack of cards, and in talking over various scenes of villany, among which the transactions of the past night were not forgotten. Parker described the terror of poor Brown, when he sprang upon him, and, with brutal ribaldry, mimicked the voice and actions of his victim, on recognizing him. Sullivan alternately swore for the want of whiskey, peeped out of the cavern and slept. Their play was interrupted by the calls of hunger and thirst; Sullivan having searched in vain for a mouthful more, and desperate for the want of whiskey, now swore that he would go out him-

self and find mother Wheeler, unless they would otherwise supply him.

"Well, Parker," cried Hill, "it's no use argufying with Sullivan, more than with a pig; so you'd better go yourself, and see if the old woman has got any eatables, as well as lush, and find what she's heard. It's near upon dark I take it, and I feels rather peckish myself. I'd go and welcome, only the old fool don't know me, and might be shy."

After some muttering, Parker departed, and the last ray of hope seemed fading for ever from poor Frank's bosom. To live much longer in that situation was impossible. He felt no hunger, though he had ate nothing since the day before, but his throat and lips were parching for water, and respiration was impeded both by the foul air, and the constant smoke from the wretches' pipes. But one faint hope remained; if they obtained drink, they might incapacitate themselves to resist him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hark!" cried Hill, "there is Parker's signal for help. What's in the wind now?"

He put his head out of the mouth of the cave to reconnoitre, and again the peculiar whistle rose shrill on the air.

"Here's a go!" cried he; "there's Parker and a woman! what does he bring her here for? Why, she's gagged and her hands tied behind her. Get out, Sullivan, and see what he wants."

"Go yourself," said Sullivan, doggedly; "every thing is put on my shoulders. I'spose mother Fury, or whatever her name is, was going to tell the truth, so he's brought her here to settle her."

Hill was by this time out of the cavern; a faint stifled shriek and a scuffle was heard, when Parker reappeared, dragging in with the aid of Hill, not Mrs. Wheeler, but—Anna Thomson! She was indeed gagged, and her hands bound behind her. Frank's blood boiled in every artery; he was gathering himself for a spring, when, in raising his body, he caught sight of a pair of pistols and a dirk, that lay in a cleft of the rock, at some distance from him, and which his former position had prevented him from seeing. He well knew that to be successful, he must be prudent, as well as daring, and seize the most favourable minute for his attack. He listened breathlessly to the information that Parker was detailing to his companions; he heard of the commitment of Sam Blake, at which the villains rejoiced, as turning all suspicion from them; at the same time that they lamented the loss of the money, and cursed the precautions of the murdered man.

"But how came you by this gal?" drawled Sullivan, "and what's to be done with her?"

"Curse her," thundered Parker, "she came into mother Wheeler's, to have her fortune told, and overheard the old woman and I talking. She knows *too much*: so I brought her here to—prevent her ever betraying us."

"I'll have nothing to do with it," cried Sullivan: "I don't kear for a man a single cent; but a little gal! No; I tell you, I'll have nothing to do with it—I'll sooner cut and run."

"None of your squeamishness," yelled Parker. "Do you think we are going to be hanged, jist

to please you? I swear, you shall have a hand in it—ay, and do the job—or I'll do for you."

"There are two folks to be axed about that," retorted Sullivan, putting his hands in his bosom.

"Hush!" cried Hill, seizing Parker, and drawing him to a part of the hole near the hiding place of Frank. "What's the use of bullying? Humour him, he's useful, and is content with what share we choose to give him. He's cross for whiskey; did you bring any?"

"No; I had enough to do to bring the gal," cried the reckless bravo; "but I'll tell you, you and he go up to mother Wheeler's; you can sleep there and be down by daylight; and the old woman is as true as steel."

"Well; I don't care if I do," said Hill, after a moment's consideration. "Have *all* clear against we get back. Come, Sullivan, Parker has forgotten the lush; let you and I go up to the old woman's and have a little fun, and a snooze between the blankets; besides, a good fire and plenty of grub: faith we'll make a night on it; we shall only spoil sport by staying here; why, she is an old sweetheart of his, and he will find a way to make her hold her tongue without our assistance. Come, man—who's afraid."

"Here's with you," said Sullivan, unable to resist so many temptations. "If that's all, I don't mind." And without casting another look at the half-fainting girl, he left the den with Hill.

Parker arranged the vines and ivy, dropped the blanket to hide every glimmer of light, and then turning to Anna, stood gazing at her for a minute with the glare of a demon. He then took hold of her, and as she struggled to free herself from his grasp, exclaimed—

"Be still, fool! I ain't going to hurt you; that is, if you'll hold your tongue. Now, lookie; I want to ax you a few questions, and then, may be, I'll let you off; but I tell you, no squalling ain't of no use here, any how; for nobody can hear you, if you squall your soul out. Answer what I ax, and it shall be all the better for you."

"Oh, sir!" cried the half-frantic girl, as he took the gag from her mouth; "let me go, and I promise you, I'll never tell any body that I saw you, or a word about it; I won't, indeed. For God's sake have mercy on me."

"Well, well; p'r'aps I may," said the villain; "but then, may be folks knowed you was a coming to mother Wheeler's, and would see you a going home. Did any body know you was a coming to see her?"

"Oh, no!" cried the innocent girl, "nobody—not a living person knew it."

"So much the better, my dear," cried the ruffian, laughing hoarsely; "then nobody will know where to look for you. So you shall jest pass the night with me, and in the morning we'll talk about it."

Anna shrieked and implored in vain; the wretch, who was evidently excited by liquor, had a horrid pleasure in witnessing her agony. He seized her in his arms, and attempted to kiss her, and drew her towards the lair of boughs and leaves, in the far end of the cavern. Frank, who had with difficulty restrained himself till

the other ruffians quitted the cave, now dropped suddenly to the floor, with the intention of making himself master of the arms he had discovered, before Parker could free himself from Anna. He miscalculated his strength; for a minute his cramped limbs refused to support him, and Parker, who, at the sound of his fall had turned and threw Anna from him with such violence as to stun her, rushed toward his enfeebled enemy. The imminence of the danger restored his circulation and strength; he leaped from the ground, and met his foe in a fair grapple.

It was a struggle for life or death; neither shouted—neither spoke; but exerting every muscle, and concentrating every energy, they grasped each other like two wild bears. In size and strength they were about equal, but the hours of misery lately passed, had impaired the activity of Frank. After a short and furious struggle, he felt his fierce antagonist forcing him eagerly to a particular part of the cave—saw his bloodshot eye glancing eagerly upward, and it struck him that he was endeavouring to gain possession of the arms concealed in the cleft. In desperation, he shouted to Anna, who, paralyzed by terror, was watching the conflict with pallid lip and glazed eye—

"Anna! Anna! for God's sake—for your own and—my sake, get the pistols and dirk above our heads out of the way! Quick—or he will kill me."

Like a statue put in motion by the wand of an enchanter, at her lover's voice Anna sprang at once to life and the exertion of every power. She understood—she comprehended the danger—and climbing up the ledge, she seized the arms and ran to the entrance of the cavern. Muttered curses and redoubled exertions on the part of the robber, that at last bore Frank to the ground, called forth in Anna those latent energies that sleep in woman's breast, till dragged into existence by tremendous peril; she trembled for the life of her lover and for her own. From her childhood, Anna had been used to play with the pistols of her uncle, who had amused himself by teaching her to fire them. The click of the pistol was heard—and rushing frantically forward, she placed the muzzle against his shoulder and pressed the trigger. The villain's arm fell powerless by his side, and Frank recovering his advantage, hurled him to the ground. As a last resource, to alarm his companions if perchance they should be within hearing, Parker made the cave resound with his shouts.

"My brave Anna—my dear Anna! do not give way now," cried Langton, to the almost fainting maiden; "give me yonder handkerchief and the line your hands were bound with."

Anna exerted herself to comply, and the murderer was soon securely gagged and bound.

"Come, my Anna," cried Frank, "linger not a moment; let me place you in safety and get a party to secure these villains."

He assisted her to mount the precipice, and a short time brought them to her father's door, but before they reached it, an explanation had taken place, and Anna was the promised bride of Langton.

It is hardly necessary to say, that half the parish turned out at the summons of Frank, and the three men and their wretched accomplice were secured, and after their examination, were committed to stand their trial, Parker as the actual assassin, and the others as accessories both before and after the fact. It was however ordered by Providence, that they should not be tried by an earthly tribunal. In consequence of a promise of being recommended to mercy, Hill became state's evidence, and made a full confession; on which Parker, in desperation, hung himself with a handkerchief, to one of the bars of the window. Sullivan died of a brain fever, brought on by drinking to excess of liquor smuggled into the jail by some ruffian as depraved as himself.

The old woman either became, or affected to be, insane, and was confined in a room with two other maniacs, where she was found one morning strangled; whether by her own hands, or those of her companions, never was known. Hill contrived to escape before trial, and is perhaps yet prowling through the country.

Should any of my readers feel any interest in the rest of our *dramatis personæ*, let them go to the village, and they will see a shop on the right of the sign of the ploughshare, with the name of Samuel Blake, in great yellow letters on a blue ground, over the door. They will find the worthy Samuel willing to give them all possible information; he will tell them that Capt. Langton is wedded to Anna, and has a rising family; that our friend Rushostill shouts, laughs, and sings, in single blessedness. How he himself, after being imprisoned for committing murder just because his nose bled, has come to the honour of marrying the squire's sister! To be sure she is older than he is, but then she owns property, and is twice as big as Anna Thomson. MOI MEME.

## THE DEPARTURE OF WINTER.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

"Solvitur acris Hyems."—*Horace.*

As a nation from slumber,  
Awakes in its might,  
When tyrants encumber  
Her pathway of light,  
She groans with the aching  
Of trammels accurst,—  
In that hour of her waking  
Those fetters are burst.

In warmth and in gladness  
Shines Freedom's bright sun,  
The dim clouds of sadness  
His brilliancy shun;  
The long pent emotion  
Despises command,  
With the tumult of ocean,  
It sweeps o'er the land.

Long-pressed by the rigour  
Of edict and chain,  
Her strength and her vigour  
Are rallied again;  
She shakes the oppressor  
In scorn from her breast,  
Thenceforth the possessor  
Of freedom and rest.

So nature awaking,  
Feels torpor depart,  
Indignantly shaking  
The chill from her heart;  
The sun hath excited  
A long dormant heat,  
She hath risen delighted,  
His glory to greet.

All Nature hath risen  
Bright, lovely and strong,  
And broken the prison  
Which held her too long;  
In her strength she hath risen  
The ice-tyrant's shield,  
And nobly hath driven  
His pow'rs from the field.

The crown of his glory  
From Winter hath past;—  
His streaming locks hoary,  
Which waved in the blast,  
Grow dim on the mountain,  
And fade from the plain,  
No longer the fountain  
Reflects them again.

His white, regal vesture  
Is spotted and torn,  
His ice-crystallised feature  
No longer is borne.  
His throne on the glacier  
Hath melted away,  
His gems and his treasure  
Have sunk to decay;

And forest and river  
And valley and height,  
Again shall deliver  
Their beauties to sight,  
Unbrowned by the shedding  
Of dark leaves that fall,  
Unscreened by the spreading  
Of Winter's white pall.

The wild rose shall flourish  
Again where it grew,  
The desert shall nourish  
Its denizens too.  
The birds, pleasure driven,  
Again on the wing,  
Shall tell to the Heaven  
Their joy as they sing.

The impulse obeying,  
Which rules over all,  
Shall send, proudly neighing,  
The steed from the stall,  
The herd from the stable,  
The flock from the fold,  
On Nature's rich table  
Their banquet to hold.

The glad insect nation,  
Though least to the view,  
A mighty creation,  
Their life shall renew,  
To ether ascending  
From darkness and gloom,  
Like freed spirits rending  
The sleep of the tomb.

Blest season of promise,  
As ever before,  
What Winter took from us  
Thy breath shall restore;—  
And oh! may each blessing  
That comes with thee, ever  
Find mortals expressing  
Their thanks to the Giver.

*Dorchester, Mass.*

## WIVES.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

Of the different relationships Woman is called upon by nature to bear, both towards her own and the opposite sex, perhaps there is none in which she stands so prominent as that of a Wife. As a *daughter* she sustains an interesting character, and beautiful is it to behold her fulfilling the filial duties with reverence and love. As a *sister* many of the most pleasing and gentle traits may be developed. As a *mother* she is placed in a situation of the utmost importance, and where new and delightful feelings are awakened into existence. But it is as a *Wife* she is most regarded by the world, and for that character all the energies of her nature appear to be brought into action.

At her creation the duties of a wife were the first she was called upon to fulfil, and eloquent is the description our master-poet has given of her in that relationship—where Scripture is silent, he, as with a sunbeam, has portrayed her in all the holiness of pristine purity, and even after her fall touchingly beautiful is the representation of her penitence, and willingness to bear the whole weight of her offended Maker's ire.

In the situation of Wife all the great and ennobling virtues, as well as all the gentle and tender affections which pertain to the female character, may be exhibited. The first and most prominent is her faithfulness; many are the instances history and biography record, but there are many whom none but a circumscribed few are acquainted with, where unostentatious but unconquerable devotion to its object meet alone the reward it seeks. Woman is generally esteemed timid and retiring, and as such she lays the greatest claim upon man; as such in the ordinary affairs of life she is in her most attractive character, but there are situations where she puts on the noble courage of the lion instead of the gentleness of the lamb, and it is usually brought into exercise by the strength of her affection as a *Wife*. Frequently is she seen to bear with surprising magnanimity the distresses and difficulties which may overwhelm her partner in them. Frequently is she known to stem the rough torrent of adversity for his sake, when all the world beside may have forsaken him. Yea, in the midst of his deepest despair, she is to be seen whispering peace and consolation, and shedding a halo around the dark chaos of his soul.

But the milder and passive virtues are more commonly exhibited, and for these every hour in the day must give scope. The variety of little disappointments and vexations, which of necessity occur, (to man more especially, from his greater intercourse with the world,) not unusually renders the temper somewhat irritable, but it is the duty and pleasure of the amiable and affectionate wife to endeavour to soften this irritability by sweetness and forbearance, by showing *her* willingness to promote his happiness however the world may frown—*her* tenderness and affection unchanged however other friends may desert—she will by self-denial seek to advance his pleasure, by candour dispel all

doubts that might darken his confidence, and by generosity of thought and word and deed, prove her every interest is swallowed up in his.

By many my picture of Woman's devotedness may be deemed too highly coloured, but I *have seen her*, in the character of wife, all that I have described; I have seen her trying to smile away the distresses of him to whom her heart and life was devoted, and when that has failed, I have seen her answer only by a tear, a silent, eloquent tear, not *intended* as a reproof, but which has effected what all her smiles may have failed to accomplish; I have seen her by the exercise of moral courage bearing all the sterner duties, and shaking off the retiring timidity of her nature, to supply his want of power; I have seen her denying herself all the luxuries, comforts, nay, almost necessities of life, to promote his pleasure and well-being; I have seen her beside his couch in the hour of sickness, enduring fatigue with uncomplaining patience. Yea, all this and far more I have seen wrought from the pure essence of Woman's love.

In the breast of that woman where vanity is the leading characteristic (and unhappily the modern system of female education too often fosters this disgusting evil) the virtues such as we have described, cannot be expected to dwell. She who, either as a maiden or wife, pants for admiration, and to gain it will wound the feelings or ruin the peace of another, is altogether incapable of the generous sentiment which alone deserves the name of love. Avarice is a still more odious inhabitant: the bosom of her who cherishes it must be totally devoid of those soft affections we usually look for in our sex; and she reaps the reward she merits when she sacrifices her principles and feelings by a union of interest; the gold she has so dearly purchased fails to procure the happiness she seeks, and her heart becomes a chaos of evil passions and disappointed hopes.

How delightful is it to witness an aged couple who have weathered life's storms hand in hand, and smiled on each other amid them, even as in its sunshine—whose pleasure in each other's society does not decrease because time has furrowed their brows and divested them of the strength and beauty of youth; to such a pair the past affords a fund of exquisite joy, as it presents through memory's glass their early loves, and if religion opens to their view the prospect of reunion after death in a world where separation is not known, sweet and easy must be their departure, and no cause have they to regret that life's day is on its decline.

THE mixed and fanciful diet of man is considered as the cause of numerous diseases, from which animals are exempt. Many diseases have abated with changes of national diet, and others are virulent in particular countries, arising from peculiarities. The Hindoos are considered the freest from disease of any part of the human race. The labourers on the African coast, who go from tribe to tribe to perform the manual labour, and whose strength is wonderful, live entirely on plain rice.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## A VISION.

"Dream'st thou of Heaven? What dreams are thine?"  
HEMANS.

## I.

I stood by the side of a newly made grave  
One eve when no brightness the firmament gave,  
With a spirit as sad as the night wind which swept  
Through the long reedy grass, where my cherished  
one slept.

## II.

I heard the lone owl in his distant retreat,  
And the river's wild waves 'gainst their barriers beat,  
And the willows their tresses sigh sadly o'erhead;  
But my heart had gone down to the home of the  
dead.

## III.

I thought of that beautiful being whose love  
Had been bright to my soul as the sunbeams above:  
Of the spirit-light quenched in the merciless tomb,  
And the whispers of faith died away in the gloom.

## IV.

When lo! a soft halo encircled me round,  
The winds and the waves ceased their murmuring  
sound,  
And that face from whose beauty no gazer could flee,  
In its newly-clad radiance was shining on me.

## V.

She spoke, and her voice was so thrillingly sweet,  
That I felt, like the prophet of old, at her feet,  
But she bade me look up from the perishing clay,  
And the mists of death's valley were taken away.

## VI.

I saw the far land of our loveliest dreams,  
The flowers that ne'er wither, the ever pure streams;  
The mansions of glory prepared for the blest;  
Where the way-worn of earth are for ever at rest.

## VII.

I bathed in the fountain which cleanseth from sin,  
'Till the life-drops were glowing my spirit within;  
And I tasted the fruit of that beautiful tree  
Whose blossoms are faith, and my pinions were free.

## VIII.

Loved forms gathered round me, loved voices were  
near;  
The low and the sweet which in childhood we hear,  
And warmly past scenes did to memory throng,  
When they welcomed me home with the jubilee song.

## IX.

And away through their midst came the Saviour of  
men.  
And my heart he engraved with his love-writing pen,  
And he gave me the crown which the Cherubim wore,  
And he whispered, "Go forth, thou art mortal no  
more."

## X.

I arose, and the bliss which were death upon earth,  
In the shadowless depths of my spirit had birth;  
And the wealth of that knowledge no flesh may  
divine,  
When the books were unsealed in its brightness was  
mine.

## XI.

'Twas a dream, 'twas a dream—but its memory hath  
power,  
To win me away from "the things of an hour."  
Ah! I think upon death as I thought not of yore,  
And I long for his voice at mortality's door.

J. H. S.

Towanda, Pa.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE CHILDREN'S WISHES.

## CHARLES.

I would I were a star,  
In the firmament to shine;  
Or, perhaps, the gentle moon,  
With its light so pure and fine.

## MARY.

I would I were the little brook,  
Gurgling along with glee;  
Or e'en the gentle river,  
So clear, so pure, and free.

## CHARLES.

I would I were the south wind,  
I'd flirt with all the flowers;  
Kissing those I loved the best,  
While dancing through the bowers.

## MARY.

I would I were a violet,  
The sweetest of all flowers;  
Fanned gently by the breezes,  
And watered by the showers.

## CHARLES.

I would I were a ship,  
On the stormy winds to ride;  
And when the sea was calm,  
With gentle force to glide.

P.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## FRIENDSHIP'S ALTAR.

## FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

## I.

Ox me would you bestow a name,  
'Then Friendship's Altar, let me be;  
A shrine to which each heart may bring  
Affection's gift, sincere and free.

## II.

Memorials of esteem and love,  
The treasured offerings I will keep,  
Long after those who placed them there  
Have sunk in Death's oblivious sleep.

## III.

As one by one, dear friends depart,  
And scarcely leave a trace behind,  
But such as faithful mem'ry writes  
Upon the tablets of the mind;

## IV.

How will the eye of love delight,  
Upon my sacred page to seek  
The cherished character of those,  
Whom yet it cannot cease to weep!

## V.

If then you would a name bestow,  
Sweet Friendship's Altar let me be;  
A shrine to which each heart may bring  
Affection's gift, sincere and free.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE SISTER'S REVENGE.

BY MISS M. MILES.

It was a night of storms, but Mrs. Osmond, the wife of one of the wealthiest merchants in the city of P——, prepared herself to abide its pitiless beating. The tea hour was just over, and her son, whose talents had already rendered him conspicuous, entered the apartment which contained all the appurtenances of luxury. He hastily drew near her—

"My dear mother! this is kind, indeed, but you will surely have the carriage—'tis too stormy for you to venture from home."

"No, Henly, poor Cato has been far from well to-day, and I will not call him out. You know it is but a step to Mrs. Delville's, and with the aid of your strong arm I shall succeed very well in my attempt. Have you heard how Therese is to-day?"

"I stopped as I came up," replied her son. "She was very low; Florence told me that she needed no assistance to-night; but, dear mother, I fear for *her*. Her manner was so strange—I wish they were with us. How could her uncle leave her in that boarding house so destitute of all the comforts of a home?" and a dark flush rose to his forehead.

"Well, well, my son," said the mother, soothingly, "I will not leave the sweet orphans 'till something better offers—come!"

Hour after hour passed by, and Florence Lancy sat by her dying sister's side. She heeded not the storm that was raging without, as her eye was fixed upon the changing countenance before her. Oh! those who have stood by the deathbed of the loved, alone can tell the bursting agony of such a moment. To feel they must go from us for ever, and the smile that has come as a gleam of gladness over our path, be quenched in death—that there must ever be one void place in our home, and a weary longing for the music of a voice whose melody is hushed. Such hours of anguish come as chasteners, to wean us from earth's ties. Deeper grew the shadows upon that young pale face, and Florence bent over the slumberer. She opened her eyes and a faint smile lit up her wasted countenance.

"Sister! dear sister!" she murmured in inexpressibly sweet and thrilling accents, "I am fast sinking to my rest—I thank you, dearest, for all your love to your wayward Therese. Do not mourn that I am early called away. Earth would have been but a weary place for the stricken heart; but, Florence, I would that I could have once more seen *him*," and a faint flush tinged her pallid cheek, as she buried her face in her pale hands.

Florence sprang to her feet, and her dark eye flashed wildly as she cried, "Name him not, Therese, if you would have me keep my senses. Cold-hearted villain as he is, how can your heart even to the last so cling to him?" Then seeing the effect her vehemence had caused upon the sufferer, she became instantly calm, and bent above her with the fondest soothings.

"You will forgive, as I do, dearest," whis-

pered the dying girl, looking into her face with an expression of mingled resignation and fear. "I have long since ceased to think of him with anger, and have prayed long and earnestly for his happiness. Promise me to *forgive*!"

But ere Florence could make that promise, Mrs. Osmond entered, and but an hour had passed by, when the pure and gentle Therese was released from earthly suffering. The two sweet orphans had been left to the guardianship of an uncle, by Mr. Lancy, their father, a gentleman of fortune and respectability. He was totally unfit for the charge, although as regarded their pecuniary affairs, he was strictly honourable. He placed them at a fashionable boarding house in P——, unmindful of their need of a protector, and then set off upon a tour of the Western States. Therese, a few months after, left P—— to visit a friend in a neighbouring city, and whilst there, fell into the society of Liston Howard, a man of most fascinating exterior, and insinuating manners. He knelt in homage at the shrine of her youthful loveliness, and cast around her heart many a spell of power, until he made it all his own, and then triumphing in this offering to his vanity, he coldly forsook her. She had

"Pour'd her heart's rich treasures forth,  
But was unrepaid for their priceless worth,"

and she sunk beneath the blow—but never until earth and its visions were fast fading away, did she breathe his name to her fond devoted sister. Florence Lancy's character was cast in a different mould from her meek and gentle sister's, and deeply feeling the want of all the kindly influences of home, she became cold and haughty, and although her nature was peculiarly affectionate and her feelings warm, yet was there something about her that repulsed the approaches of mere worldly friends. It was the day of Therese Lancy's funeral, and Florence knelt beside the bed upon which was extended her motionless form, weeping in all the bitterness of a desolate heart. She was now to take a last look of the sweet, pale face upon which still lingered the spirit's smile. It was a moment of agony—

"Oh, not an hour like this,  
For bitterness, has earth,"

and she felt that she must go forth into a cold world without one kindred tie around which her young affection might cling. There is something sacred and hallowed in the strong link of sisterly love. The unclouded days in which they share together the same childish spirits, the confidence in which they turn to each other when the cares and sorrows of after life leave a sad signet on the brow, serve but to make the silver chain still brighter as years pass on. Florence heeded not the time that passed, and a step in that silent chamber roused her. Henly Osmond, with a countenance pale and mournful, drew near, and gazing down a moment upon the calm and peaceful face of the dead, cast his arm round her waist, and raised her from her kneeling posture.

"Florence! my own Florence! let me lead you hence, this is too trying for you, love."

"Your Florence!" she exclaimed wildly—"away! I know you all too well, you can smile



with the lip, and teach the voice affection's music, and the heart be *cold, cold*. Oh! man! how will you crush the sweet hopes you kindle. Look! Henly Osmond, on that beautiful slumberer. Would you deem man's perfidy had broken her heart?" "Tis even so," she added, more wildly, "and never, never, sweet sister, till I take revenge for your injuries, will I rest satisfied!"

"Florence! Florence!" exclaimed her lover, for such he was, in great alarm, "come with me, dearest, and rest a while—my mother is here."

"Henly Osmond, I tell you here, at this dread hour, that I never *can* be yours—never, never!" and with a fresh burst of grief, she was about to throw herself upon the bed, when Henly forcibly prevented her, and removed her from the room in an insensible state.

The uncle of Florence returned a day or two after these sad scenes, and she soon left P—. No expression of sorrow passed her lips, but her cheek was colourless as marble, and her brow strangely contracted for one so young and fair. There was a tear indeed in her eye as she received Mrs. Osmond's affectionate farewell, and she almost gasped for breath, so strong was her emotion, when she charged her with a letter for Henly, who was not at home. Little did the kind lady dream of the misery its contents would entail upon her noble-minded son.

Henly Osmond read that epistle in the solitude of his own apartment, and from that hour he went forth to his daily duties a changed man. She told him her sister's sad story, and in conclusion, said—

"I have told you, Henly, that I have only one aim in life to accomplish, and to do that, I must give you up. The sacrifice is made! Henly! in this parting hour, I may tell you how dear your love has been to the orphan; sweet visions of happiness with you, have mingled with my daily dreams, and oft when my spirit has been chilled by the coldness and indifference of the world, I have turned to you in the devotion of my lone spirit, and felt life was not all dark. But love may never again shed its sweet influence upon my path; and now, my noble-minded Henly, farewell! May you seek some happier bride to make the sunshine of your splendid home."

A year had passed away. Liston Howard had heard of the death of his victim, but it interrupted not his career of pleasure, and so heartless was his vanity, that he scarcely gave her memory one sigh, and now was assiduously attentive to a young and beautiful southerner.

A gay party was assembled at Mrs. Fortescue's—the sister of Howard, and Miss Pinckney was there. She stood apart, in seemingly abstracted mood, until the entrance of Liston; then her dark eye lighted up, and a radiant smile broke over a face, whose expression was "somewhat too cold." He was soon at her side pouring upon her willing ear the honeyed words of flattery. Friends looked on with significant smiles, but, though all knew well his character, there was none to warn that artless and lovely girl. But Liston Howard was not *now* trifling. She had bowed his proud spirit as it never had been bowed before, and he was now really and

sincerely in earnest in his devotion. He loved her with all the feeling of which his selfish heart was capable. Few knew aught of her parentage or fortune; but her dress was always in a style of costly magnificence, and her white hand was gemmed with many a jewel of rare value. She had come to — some months back, with one of its proudest inhabitants, and was the chosen friend of that gentleman's daughter.

Miss Pinckney and her friend joined not the merry dancers, but sat apart with Liston Howard. Agnes Grey, apparently absorbed in contemplation of the gay scene; and Ellen's cheek wearing a bright tint as she listened to the admiration of Howard. Suddenly Agnes bent over her friend and whispered a few words in a low tone. The bright flush faded, and taking her arm, she made good her retreat from the room by the side-door.

"What caprice is this!" muttered Liston, as some of his gay associates approached and began rallying upon his desertion.

In the ante-room, Ellen Pinckney lay half fainting on a sofa, and Agnes hanging over her in great perplexity.

"Command yourself, dearest, can you not?" she exclaimed, as she applied restoratives. "Try for one moment, whilst I seek papa," and she glided hastily from the room.

Ellen tried to rouse herself, and thinking her friend had re-entered, said, faintly, "I am better, now, Agnes—come, let us go home."

An exclamation of joy! and some one knelt at her side—"My own one, and will you make life to me a way of weariness? I have sought you 'midst garish crowds, and now will you give all your young affections to yon worldling! He cannot love as I love. Tell me I may yet hope, and I will go forth and wait through long, long years, till you again call me to your side."

Deep and unutterable emotion was depicted upon the face of the young girl, and for a moment she suffered her hand to remain in his passionate grasp. A sudden resolution seemed to nerve her soul, and she said, calmly, "When I met Mr. Gray and his daughter, I thought I was dying—and they watched over me with tried disinterested friendship—I have told them all my wayward destiny—Liston Howard has sought my love, and only in the presence of those friends will I give either an answer. Come to me then on Tuesday evening, and now leave me."

The young man was about to reply, but an impatient wave of the hand obliged him to withdraw.

Agnes and Ellen sat alone in the solitude of their chamber, at the still midnight hour—"And you will give this party, dearest," said the latter. "Thank you, I have learned to think differently of the world since I have been under the influence of your gentle teaching. Many of my wild fancies have passed away, and I think my estimate of human nature has been somewhat wrong. I will not cast away my own happiness—but 'tis but just he should be made to feel."

It was the twilight hour, and the moonbeams stole gently in through the half-closed curtains of the parlour in which Miss Pinckney sat alone.

There was no light in the room, and tears fell fast from her dark eye upon a picture over which she was bending. The senseless ivory was covered with her passionate kisses, and murmured words of strong affection broke from her lip. An opening door caused her to start up, and hastily concealing it in the folds of her dress, she wiped all traces of emotion from her countenance. Mr Gray entered, and giving her a letter, said, "from Liston Howard, my dear."

Ellen Pinckney retreated to her own room, and an indescribable expression passed over her face as she perused the epistle she held in her hand. She threw it from her, and paced the room with a proud step—"Yes, it must be so! Retribution is but just!" and hastily penning a line, she gave it to a servant.

All was brilliant and light in the spacious drawing-rooms of Mr. Gray. The beautiful heiress was simply dressed, and her only ornament a single diamond that sparkled upon the outside of her glove. Liston Howard was there, and the noble-looking stranger, both with anxious and perplexed countenances. She stood apart, her dark eye flashing brilliantly, and a deep flush on her cheek. Both the rivals approached to claim her hand for the dance. The circle round her dispersed, and she lightly said, "He to whom I give my hand for the dance, I give it to for life." Liston Howard pressed forward, but waving him aside, with a proud gesture, she gave her hand to the other, and joined the waltzers. Words cannot describe the rage and disappointment painted upon the handsome features of Howard; but his hour of mortification was not yet over. He sought her as soon as the dance was concluded, as she stood surrounded by a chosen few—those too whose suffrages he most coveted, and, carried away by passion, demanded an explanation!

She drew her figure to its full height—"Liston Howard, in this very place, in the bosom of this family, you threw your serpent wiles round a young heart till you made it all your own. She went down to the grave with a blighted spirit, the victim of your heartless vanity—and here, in this public assembly, I denounce you as the cold-blooded destroyer of the peace of one too good and beautiful and pure, to have been loved by such a being as you. To do this, I have smiled when my heart has seemed breaking." Her voice slightly faltered, but she recovered herself, and holding up her hand, added, "With this ring I have betrothed myself to one more noble and good. Away! the sister of Therese Lancy would not stoop to love such a one as you—but she has worn concealment long to fulfil the vow she made by that sister's death bed." And whilst the conscience-stricken Howard rushed, humbly, from the room, Florence turned with a smile of softened feeling, to the noble and gifted Osmond, who had sought her long, and who, with all others, deemed that the retribution was just, and that he who deliberately wins woman's love to cast it from him as a worthless thing, deserves his punishment.

The hate which we all bear with the most Christian patience is the hate of those who envy us.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### WOMAN'S LOVE.

"MAN's love is of his life a thing apart;—  
'Tis woman's whole existence." Win her heart  
By giving her your own; not abstract, cold,  
But warmly, fully, truly; let her hold,  
And feel she holds an influence o'er your will,  
Mild, gentle, kind, but a true influence still.  
Think not the ardent lover may not claim  
A husband's place, when he has won the name;  
If once she loves you, she her place will know,  
And high as she has risen, will stoop as low;  
And yours will be the undisturbed control,  
The homage of her whole devoted soul.  
A lot is hers to smooth the path of life,  
To guard the walks of home from foreign strife,  
To bid her own deep love its scenes pervade,  
And make it lovely as it should be made.  
Alike in blight or bloom, in pain or health,  
On one to pour her spirit's treasured wealth,  
For him her place in social life to fill,  
And bend her own to his superior will.  
And think not woman may to this be won  
By a light word or deed of kindness done,  
By social converse on revolving spheres,  
Or the past wisdom of a thousand years,  
By maxims wise in logical precision,  
Or the bright phantoms of a student's vision.  
Prove how profoundly you have thought and read,  
If you would win the approval of the head.  
But that strong citadel, the heart, is known  
To yield its keys to Love's white hand alone.

FIDELIA.

Massachusetts.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### ON THE BAPTISM OF MY LITTLE FREDERICK.

#### I.

Creator of the Universe!  
With heart-felt praise I sing,  
While to thine holy altar, Lord,  
My sacrifice I bring.

#### II.

It is not treasures from the mine,  
Nor pearls from 'neath the sea,—  
A dearer gift I offer here—  
My only child to Thee!

#### III.

Oh guide him thro' life's devious way,  
Where'er his wanderings be;  
And gently prompt him to *that* path  
That opens, Lord, on Thee.

#### IV.

God of the widow! Let thine arm  
Encircle his young head,  
And o'er his earthly pilgrimage  
Thine hallowed blessing shed.

#### V.

And when his task on earth is done,  
When death shall hover near—  
Oh, smooth his couch—Oh, be thou nigh,  
And calm his every fear!

#### VI.

In gratitude and love, I bring  
The gift *T'hou* gavest me,  
And on thine altar consecrate  
My child—my *all* to Thee!

A. M. T.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## PERFECTION.

HENRY ULLD was twenty-five; his bankers and his friends authorized him to believe himself rich. Miss Louisa Roberts and Miss Mary Lewis, and a dozen other ladies of his acquaintance, pronounced him handsome, a truth which his looking-glass unequivocally confirmed; he was uncommonly well educated, and his temper, character, and manners, unexceptionable.

A young man of such eligibilities could not but be conscious that many a fair girl was ready, on due solicitation, to become *Mrs. Ulld*; but Henry had never yet quite asked a lady's hand—he had never yet quite given away his heart. I say *quite*, for such an event had on one or two occasions approached indefinitely near, and as his danger on these occasions had been imminent, and his escape narrow—he was becoming proportionally cautious, and even slightly discouraged, when he reflected, as he occasionally did, on the possibility that he might always be a bachelor in rooms at the Albion, instead of a happy husband in an elegant home of his own.

*Boston, Feb. 5, 183—*

Dear Ives—You have often called me the most fastidious fellow breathing, and prophesied that I shall in a lonely old age repent my niceness. I remember too your assertion, that the perfection I seek is no where to be found, save in the pages of the novelist, or the brain of a romantic boy like your humble correspondent. I don't believe it, John. My ideas of the lovely in female character, are not extravagant; women yet live, my friend, who have minds as well as hearts; who can think, reason, and act, as well as feel. While I cherish the memory of my angel mother, I shall preserve the belief that the accomplished are not of necessity frivolous, the beautiful, vain, or the delicate and refined, selfish and useless. More, I feel that I shall yet meet some such lovely and pure-minded being who will be more than the realization of all my dreams; whose person shall be the incarnation of spiritual beauty, whose conversation the utterance of the harmony within—all whose thoughts shall be wrought out in bold and beautiful action.

Such anticipations as these make me feel wofully humble, for I should seem to myself very imperfect in presence of such a woman. Would she, *could* she look up to me, and love me, as man wishes to be loved, reverentially, devotedly?

Tell me, Ives, where and when I can find her, and I will risk every thing else; you know

"He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who fears to put it to the touch,  
And win or lose it all."

You banter me about Miss Drake. You need not—I am cured. That pretty face smileth for me no more. Last evening the last spark of—'twas never love—of preference, went out. We were at a party of which my charmer was certainly the brightest star; I had never seen her look so well; had never, I thought, discovered so much mind in her face or manner; and

I was beginning to muse on the possibility of Lucy Drake becoming, at some future time, Lucy ——. Are you laughing at me, John?

Another circumstance had prejudiced me in her favour. I had been talking during the evening with her sister, Mrs. B—. We spoke of Lucy. I remarked that I thought her looking unusually pretty.

"Lucy always looks well, I think," was the reply; "it seems to me no face could be prettier than hers, both in motion and in repose. Perhaps a sister ought not to say so, Mr. Ulld; but in my opinion her looks are perfect."

"Highly accomplished too, for one so young; only eighteen next month, I think."

"Oh!" said Mrs. B. with great animation, clasping her hands together in the energy with which she spoke, "how I shall rejoice when my sister is of age; no words can tell how I have longed for that time." She stopped, blushed, nor could I extract another word from her. Fancying I knew what this meant, with a light heart, I bent my steps towards a sofa, on which Miss Drake and a tall spiteful friend of hers were sitting. "I'll induce Lucy to give you up, Miss Sallows," was my mental ejaculation as I drew near. Lucy did not perceive my approach, and I leaned against a pillar, waiting till she should look up. As I stood, I was partly concealed by an organ from which Professor W— was drawing forth such sounds, such a deluge of harmony, as must have engrossed my whole attention, had I not heard my own name in a voice I was just then disposed to think sweeter than "the music of the spheres."

"No! he has not yet proposed, but I am confident he will shortly; he is very attentive to me, and I saw him talking to Mary a little while ago; I think they were talking of me, for I caught them looking this way. I don't observe them any where just now; there is such a crowd, and the Professor is so noisy. Do you know whose was the piece he played last?"

"No! I was not listening. Do you suppose Mr. —, I won't mention names, has any idea that you are, as we say, setting your cap for him? Excuse me, my dear, he is rich enough to be worth catching, and you are not the only one who acts on the principle, though I must own yours are the most delicate traps in the world."

"I wonder men can't ever see traps. I dare say a certain gentleman thinks that his declaration, when he makes it, will overwhelm me with sweet surprise, as if I had played and sung and danced so much without knowing what I was about. To say the least, my penetration equals his—the fastidious fool."

They both laughed. I must confess that I had too much at stake to leave my position, and I soon heard Miss Sallows offer to accompany her companion in a walk the next day; and Lucy said,

"Let us go to Faxon's, I wish to look at some silks he has. I am buying every thing I see that is pretty. I am of age you know, next month, and then the property will be divided between Mary and myself; meanwhile I take as large a share as possible."

"Is every thing you possess to be divided equally?"

"You mean Henry Uld, I suppose," said Lucy, laughing; "just think of an inventory enumerating all his virtues. No, I shall claim him as personal property; not that I care about him either, but I like to show Mary what I can do; she says he will not offer, and to triumph over her, I mean to make him. I tell you, Jane Sallows, I am sick and tired of her notions of mental dignity and all that, and there is nothing I would not do to prevent those baby-philosophers of hers from having what their whole hearts are wrapped up in, books and learning. I have done a good deal at it. You know my wants were always to be supplied first, after which, Mary was to have the rest of our income, and you may be assured I have made my wants pretty extensive."

And this sister of whom the cold-hearted, selfish girl spoke, was the widowed mother of three sons, living with difficulty on a small income. I now saw the full meaning of the words which had fallen from Mrs. B——. My imagination had misled me. I had fancied a guardian, stern and unyielding, by whose authority the generous Lucy was prevented from rendering her sister the assistance which her heart prompted her to give. I had approached the sofa with a glow of pleasure, saying to myself, "If I should marry Lucy, how it would gratify her to relinquish her own property in favour of her sister's children: my fortune is sufficient for the reasonable wants of both, and she shall have that pleasure." I turned away from my half-involuntary listening, with disgust, and yet with a sense of escape from danger.

That evening, when wrapping Miss Lucy's cloak around her, I told her that I regretted being unable to attend her home, assuring her that I could not see well enough by moonlight to avoid traps, if such there should be; adding, that, in the division of beaux, I had fallen to the share of her sister; I wished her good bargains at Faxon's, and was turning away with a bow, when she, becoming very pale, though with eyes flashing fury, screamed, rather than said, "tell me, how much did you hear?"

"All! and I am sorry for you, sorry for myself," added I.

I am certainly, my dear Ives, more to be congratulated than pitied; yet I feel willing to leave the city a little while—perhaps I shall make my uncle a visit. Your by no means broken-hearted friend,

HENRY ULD.

Late one afternoon, as Henry was sitting in musing mood, with his eyes fixed on the fire, or on nothing, he was suddenly started by a touch on the shoulder, and a hearty laugh from his uncle, who averred that he had been standing some minutes by his side. Henry sprang up, and shook the old gentleman's hand, while he gazed in his face with unfeigned surprise.

"Captain Uld in Boston! why, I thought you safe by your own fireside at Stockbourne."

"Give me a cigar, Harry—poke your fire, while I ring the bell and order supper. Are you glad to see me, boy?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly, but surprised; I

can't imagine what has brought you to town; nothing unpleasant has occurred, I hope."

"Ralph," said the old man, turning to his nephew's servant, whom the bell had summoned, "do you get every thing good to eat into this room in twenty minutes; and Henry, not a word of business till supper is over; oysters, Ralph, and wine enough; this sofa a trifle nearer the warm corner of the fire, Henry."

"Well," said the old gentleman at last, "I came in town on some business for my poor niece, and being here, it was most natural to come and take supper with you. Now tell me, how are you getting on in health, wealth, and learning?"

"Well as usual, sir."

"Never sick, heli!"

"No sir."

"Live within your income?"

"Yes sir."

"Plenty of books, I see; good boy, good boy. Are you married?"

"No sir," said the young man, laughing, "I am no nearer being married than when I saw you last summer."

"Why, what ails you, Harry? won't any body have you? or won't you have any body?"

"I suppose there may be somebody who would be good enough to take me if I asked her—as for myself, I would be glad enough to marry any body."

"That's a lie," said the uncle, dryly, then, after a pause—"when I saw you last, you were dangling after Miss Manton of Manton Place."

"Not dangling, sir," said the nephew, rather haughtily.

"Well, well, not dangling, but courting, making love to, or whatever fine name you give it. Is it all off?"

"It was never on, sir," said Henry, laughing, his good humour returning. "Miss Manton would not suit me at all, and it is by no means certain, that she would marry me if I were to ask her."

"There you lie again," politely rejoined the captain. "You are morally sure she would have you to-night. Go ask her and see; I'll wait here for you."

"Excuse me, uncle, I shall never ask her."

"Is she not handsome?"

"Very."

"Rich?"

"An heiress."

"Accomplished?"

"Yes sir. But if I must own the truth, as I always do to you, my dear uncle, Miss Manton is not sufficiently graceful; she does not walk well; she is deficient in ease and self-possession; her movements want that firmness combined with elasticity, which makes a woman move as though half earthly, half spiritual; that"—

"Half fool!" pettishly interrupted his uncle. "So because the poor young lady does not glide over the ground, as if she were already a ghost, you can't fancy her. You are a precious youth; last year I remember you were almost in love with Miss Stevens, but you saw her one day eating luncheon, and forthwith the poor girl was thought of no more. Such a nonsensical notion might do for my Lord Byron, or some

other mad poet, but in the nephew of an honest Yankee sailor, the world looks for more sense. Then," continued he, more earnestly, as he saw his nephew about to speak, "there was my old friend Jim Lewis's youngest girl, as neat a young woman as ever wore bonnet; but she unfortunately appeared in a black dress with white stockings, and you turned your nose up at her. You are a predestined old bachelor. I see it."

"Uncle, why did you never marry?"

"I never had time, sir. Had I been dozing away my life on shore, I should, sir; but always at sea, always in a storm, when could I have dangled after the girls? or as you would phrase it, when should I have been blessed with the opportunity to pay my addresses to one of the softer part of creation?"

"But," said Henry, laughing, "did you never meet any lady who would for your sake have dispensed with a long and tedious courtship, and married you out of hand?"

"I never asked one of 'em, boy. I thought of it once; Susan Lee, that was, Mrs. Jim Lewis, that is, did please me wonderfully; but I went a long voyage, and when I came home, and had made up my mind on the matter, what should I see when I landed, but Jim, looking spruce as a Sunday shirt, and bowing like a Frenchman. I asked him what in the name of the Turks had got into him; and then it came out, that he was married, and to Susan, so I wished him joy, went home to dinner with him, and have never courted a girl since. You see 'twas all Jim's fault, not mine. I never acted as you do. You'll be a crabbed old fellow yet, without any nephews and nieces to love as I have. Did you ever see your cousin?"

"No sir."

"A good girl, though unfortunate, poor thing. I suppose you won't come down this spring as usual, since a woman will be in your way, though Mary is quiet enough—wants no attention—best pleased to stay by herself; hates men, especially young ones, most of all, city coxcombs like yourself. But it is late. Good night, my lad. I go back to-morrow. Why don't you shake hands? are you angry that I called you coxcomb?"

"Not at all, sir; so far from it that I was thinking if you would defer your departure another day, I would ride down with you and spend a week or two."

"Glad to have you go, Harry; don't want to press you into the service, but if you volunteer a visit, take you with pleasure."

Arrangements were made, and they separated.

Our hero was just now a little out of humour with woman-kind, and many were the resolves he made, that his cousin's residence at his uncle's should not at all interfere with his pursuits. He would neither walk with her, ride with her, nor talk to her, but pursue his own peculiar amusements, without the slightest reference to her presence in the house. He soon found that his lofty resolutions and mighty, were quite needless; he might shoot, read, or ride all day at his pleasure, without any danger of interference from his cousin, whom he never saw, and whose name he heard only when some guest inquired concerning her health.

Every morning he went out with his gun,

and always when he returned at dinner time, saw the same party at table; his uncle, Capt. Hicks, a comrade of his uncle, a young man who was employed in painting a sea-piece, and himself, were the gentlemen. The only lady was Mrs. Stover, a widowed relative of Capt. Uld, who had always kept his house. Miss Jones never appeared. In answer to his once or twice ventured inquiry, he had learned that the young lady was not well enough to leave her room.

At length, one rainy evening, when Capt. Uld rose to make his usual visit to his niece, Henry remarked that he should be glad when his cousin was able to come down, as he was becoming anxious to see her before he returned to Boston.

"Poor thing," said his uncle, with a sigh and a shake of the head, "I don't know when she will come down stairs. Do you know, Harry, any thing about wooden legs, where they are to be obtained and how I shall order one?"

"A wooden leg, sir!" exclaimed Henry, starting up. But his uncle was already leaving the room; opening the door again, however, he said, "Perhaps, as Mary is a little better, she may be willing to see you in her own sitting room, but don't be disappointed if she refuses."

Henry promised, and as the permission was granted, kept his word; how it would have been if the servant had said "Capt. Uld's compliments, and Miss Jones is not well enough to see company," will never be known; for the message was, "please to walk up stairs;" and he gladly obeyed. Whatever had been the young man's preconceived notions of his cousin's appearance, they evidently met with a forcible expulsion, for on entering the room, he stopped short in mute surprise.

"Don't stand there like a land-lubber, come in and shut the door. Mary, this is your cousin, a fellow who, I hope and believe, is better than he seems. You are not afraid of a sick girl, are you, Harry? why don't you come nearer?"

Henry's constantly recurring thought, as he looked at the beautiful being before him, was, "a wooden leg!" and he felt that he could be willing to be sick and suffering, if she might but walk out free and happy on the beautiful earth, now rejoicing in the smiles of an early spring. His first glance had only revealed to him a face, pale indeed, but lovelier than any he had ever before seen; but presently his fastidious taste was shocked by the lady's dress. She was lying on a sofa, and she wore a blue cotton gown, and a large shawl. Had she been in white, but dark cotton! and then only one leg! Poor Henry, with an effort, and in the benevolent wish to amuse the invalid, sat down and began to talk. He succeeded so well in entertaining—himself, at least, that his uncle had at last to take him out by force.

Capt. Uld did not ask him how he liked his cousin, and in answer to his warmly expressed admiration of her face and conversation, only said, "Poor Moll, yes she is rather a pretty girl."

"Moll, Moll Jones." Henry began to whistle.

"Don't whistle, Harry; it is not polite, and you don't choose the best tunes."

"Uncle, why do you always say *poor* Mary Jones? You don't call me *poor* Henry Uild, do you?"

"Isn't she poor, isn't she sick, isn't she friendless? no, not quite, while I live—but without other relations than this weather-beaten old uncle. *Poor Moll!*" said he, with another sigh and shake of the head, as he left the room; while his nephew sat down to a new review. It is uncertain whether he derived much benefit from its perusal, for at the close of an article the leaves of which he had turned over most faithfully, he exclaimed, "Such a taste in dress! an old blue cotton gown! and such a name! I am sorry for my cousin."

And Henry was sorry for her the next time he saw her, and the next, till by and bye, it would have been difficult to tell whether pity or admiration were predominant. One evening as he was sitting by her, conversing earnestly, the shawl which was thrown over one end of the sofa, fell off, and discovered a foot and ankle. Henry stooped to replace the shawl, and in doing so, descried another foot, like the other, covered with a silken stocking, but without the shoe. Surprised beyond measure, he incautiously exclaimed, "Two feet! cousin Mary, have you two feet?" then overwhelmed with confusion, he entreated pardon, while his uncle, who was present, gave way to a burst of uncontrollable laughter.

"Yes," said Mary, quietly, but looking surprised.

"Uncle, I declare I'll expose you; I don't deserve to bear all the blame, though I fear my awkwardness is unpardonable."

Henry told his story, and was forgiven; when Capt. Uild had wiped his eyes, and told Mary to forgive him too, he informed his nephew that the young lady had been thrown from a chaise and had badly sprained her ankle; which was now, however, so nearly recovered, that she hoped to be down stairs in a few days. He owned that he only told the story about the wooden leg for sport, and that he had been sufficiently amused to afford telling the truth, for a month to come.

When Henry thought over in his own room, the events of the day, and called to mind, as he now did regularly, his cousin's words and looks, he found such great pleasure in the knowledge that Mary was not a cripple, as to startle him with the question, "Why am I so very glad?" He knew that it was impossible it should be more than a benevolent wish for the happiness of one so nearly related to him, and in herself so estimable. Can I, do I, shall I love my cousin! Oh, no! True, she will not have a wooden leg, but there are thousands of women besides, who are not lame; I need not love her on that account. Then the thought of Mary's uniform sweetness and patience came over him, and the stories he had heard of her kindness to the poor in the neighbourhood, and his heart almost whispered him, it was going. He could not settle the point to his satisfaction, and he wisely applied himself to sleep.

The physician had given permission—Mary was down stairs; she had even been out for a drive once or twice; and Henry found his visit so agreeable, that it was with pain he remem-

bered that the time for which he had invited himself, was expired. To his hints of a longer stay, his uncle paid no attention, and he was really obliged at last to offer to prolong his visit, before he received the wished-for invitation. It was then, however, given in the rough sailor's most cordial manner.

*Stockbourne, April 11th, 183—.*

If you could but see her, my dear Ives, you would not consider my description exaggerated. It is not her beauty, though that is exquisite, but the more I am with her, the more I feel her superiority of character; her manners, too, are perfect—so gentle, so self-possessed, so courteous, so frank. But I won't rave. I am unhappy. Till to-day, I thought, I hoped, that I possessed some portion of her esteem, but I have lost it by my own lightness and folly.

Mary rides very well, and this morning, my uncle being engaged, we went out together. It was a delightful morning, the air was fresh without being chilly; every thing was redolent of spring; and as we rode along the quiet lanes, among the budding trees, my heart beat lightly. The most lovely, and I must add, the best-loved being was at my side—the rose of health again blooming in her cheeks—an animated, glorious, happy woman.

After a silence of some minutes, Mary said, with one of her own peculiar, winning looks, "Cousin, may I speak to you freely of what I have been thinking?"

I begged her to do so, and she talked to me earnestly about the uselessness of my present mode of life. She exhibited me to myself, with my trifling pursuits, my busy idleness and listless inactivity, till I turned from the picture, ashamed and desponding; but then she drew an outline of what I might be—a blessing to the world while my Maker permits me to live, and leaving an honoured name behind me, and an influence felt long after I shall have passed away.

These are some of her words, "They say that you are rich, you need not therefore to spend time and strength, as most men must, in acquiring an independence. The possession of wealth gives you time and influence. God has given you talent and energy. Oh, my cousin, is there not a fourfold cord binding you to diligence? Pardon me, cousin Harry, am I offending you?"

"No! no! Mary," said I; "thank you for condescending to advise me. I have not been without serious thought on the subject. I am resolved to do more and be more than I am. I feel arising within me the ambition to be useful."

"My remarks then are quite unnecessary, I pray you forget that I made them." She would say no more on this subject, and we talked of other things till we reached home. You don't know, my dear Ives, how many thoughts and plans I have, in all which the image of Mary ever comes; my respect for her is increased by the very conversation which has shown me how low must be her opinion of me. And yet does it not seem as if she took some interest in my improvement? Pahaw! you don't know.

Now hear what more I have to pour into your

attentive (I trust it is attentive) ear. The first evening Mary went out, was to the Greens'. Of course I escorted her. Oh! Ives, I am mad with the fear of loving her; not that she seems to care about any one else, but I am conscious I do not deserve her. Who does? She is angry with me, and justly—I dared to flatter her. I shall never do it again. A painful blush, a look of regret, were my sole answers. The blush was for herself, that she should be considered a fit altar on which to offer such unworthy sacrifice; the regret, I believe and hope, was that I, whom she had asserted to be capable of better things, should have stooped to be guilty of an act so mean. She knew how highly I prize accomplishments in women; she had heard me expatiate on the fascination which the true love of music, or of painting, lends to a young and beautiful girl; and yet I told her with a smiling look and bow, such as might be given to one of the common triflers of every day, that it was to me delightful to see one young lady who neither drew, sang, nor played. She must have known, with all her sex's quickness of perception, that I was uttering a lie; that I would have given much, had she been able to do either. She looked at me for a moment, with the clear, steady look which so abashes the guilty, and makes his spirit bow down in shame, before its majesty. I could only say, "Mary, Mary, forgive me!" before I was called from her side, to fulfil an engagement to dance. Before the dance was over, my uncle came for her, and she went home. What then to me were the motions of Terpsichore herself? How I longed to throw myself at her feet, and tell her she was dearer, unutterably dearer to me with no accomplishments save those of her own lofty thoughts, than any of the doubly educated young ladies in the universe. I am resolved what to do. I will tell my uncle my feelings, and then with his consent, speak to Mary; if she can learn to love me, I shall be the happiest man in the world; if not, what will become of me? Good night, Ives. I shall talk to my uncle to-morrow.

HENRY ULLD.

Henry put his resolution in practice—found his uncle—avowed his attachment to Mary, and begged to know if there was any hope; or at least, if there was any reason why he should consider his cousin's affections engaged.

The old man looked at him with eyes moist with emotion. Presently, however, they regained their mischievous twinkle, and he said, gravely, "Want to marry your cousin? I thought you did not like her name."

"Her name, sir? *Mary* is the sweetest name that mortals wear, and the other name is of no consequence; *Mary Uld* sounds well, does it not?"

"And then you meant to have a rich wife. I shall leave *Mary* something, to be sure, but the bulk of my property goes to you, Harry, when I die, which can't now be long."

"Heaven grant it may be very long, my dear uncle. I have more than enough. *Mary* is, I think, moderate in her desires, and if she will have me, I intend living in the country near you."

"God bless you, Harry, for that," said the

old man, affectionately, then resuming his natural manner, "I thought your wife must draw, dance, and sing, like!"

"Oh, uncle, uncle, can't you forget what a fool I used to be? I am wiser now—and if *Mary*—you do not discourage me from trying my fate!"

"Go find her, she is in the garden; the old man's blessing go with you."

The confessions of that hallowed hour, who shall record? Unheard should be young love's first breathings. Unwitnessed the first holy kiss. Suffice it that when that youthful couple sought their uncle, it was to ask his sanction to their plighted faith.

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The distance between Boston and Stock-bourne was long to the impatient Henry, as he returned after a fortnight's absence. The mile-stones seemed to multiply as he flew by them, and the hills were never hills so steep. At length a turn in the road brought the house in sight. To his infinite surprise, it was brilliantly lighted, and on a nearer approach, he saw that it was full of company. "Why need they have asked all these people, when I was coming home? I shall not see *Mary* now, except in this crowd. How I hate parties." He entered the house by a side door, and hastily arranging his dress, descended to the drawing-room. A bright, sweet smile welcomed him, such a smile as made his heart throb with delight. "It is my uncle's birth-day," said *Mary*, in a low tone. Henry saw that she understood his feelings, and he no longer hated parties—so much.

When he had found Capt. Uld, and was offering his congratulations, the sound of a piano-forte in the next room, made him exclaim, "Music in your house, uncle! where I never before heard an instrument, except my own flute!" After a simple prelude, a voice of great richness began singing. Henry, ever powerfully affected by music, could scarcely restrain his tears, as the sounds now died away in soft murmuring cadences, now gushed forth in a full stream of melody. "What a glorious voice! My *Mary*, I wish you could sing," said he to himself—but his heart immediately smote him for wishing *Mary* other than she was, and he felt that he would not exchange one of her low, gentle *spoken* words, for all the music in the world. Anxious to share with *Mary* the pleasure he derived from the exquisite performance to which all were attentively listening, he with some difficulty made his way through the crowd about the door. The performer was just leaving the instrument—it was *Mary*! She sought his look, timidly, and yet half smiled at his extreme surprise.

To reach her the sooner, he turned and was passing through a little study appropriated to his cousin's use, when he heard his uncle say, "Henry, will you look at this portfolio of drawings, by my niece, Miss Jones?" The old man laughed heartily at his nephew's mingled wonder and delight—then, before he had half examined their beauties, snatched the portfolio from his hand and pushed him through the opposite door. Fresh disappointments awaited him. He at last gained *Mary*'s side, but before he

could speak to her, Young Green came up, asked her hand to dance, and led her away. She looked back with an arch smile at Henry, who answered her with uplifted hands and eyes, and rushed into the garden to compose himself.

All were gone; the last carriage had driven away, and Henry could at last speak.

"Mary, dearest, I hardly feel that you are the same in this splendid dress. Say, are you indeed my cousin?"

"The same, sir; do you like white less than blue?"

"It was you whom I heard singing, and I saw your drawing—and you danced with Young Green. You are a mystery to me. Are you my own Mary?"

"I hope so," said the young lady, blushing, "unless—unless,—is my cousin sorry that I am what is called accomplished?"

"Sorry! O, no! but why did I not find it out before?"

"I saw that you had taken up the idea that I had never learned any of these trifles, and I knew no reason for undeceiving you; and, besides, my uncle——"

"Yes, Harry, I wanted to see if my nephew's mind was so small that it could be pleased only with playthings. I tried you, and you have come out right. You are fit for something, I see, and you have rejoiced your old uncle's heart," rubbing his hard hand across his eyes. "Music and drawing are very good things in their place, but not the chief virtues of a wife, heh! Harry?"

"One question more, Mary; why did you for three weeks after I saw you, wear only that blue gown?"

"Because her uncle had locked up all the girl's other clothes," said the old man; "when I saw that your heart was gone, I gave 'em back to her. I meant you should not fall in love with fine clothes, you see. And now, Harry, you have taken Mary, believing her to be poor, I must tell you that her fortune is more than double yours; and if you are not happy with beauty, wealth, and accomplishments, I do hope you will be hanged, Harry."

Henry's last words that night were, O! Mary, I believe you are *perfect*.

S. S. J.

P. S. The blue gown is now only worn on the anniversary of the day when Mr. Uild first saw his wife. It is still quite unfaded and will last some years longer.

S. S. J.

THE perception of a woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition; almost instinct. By a glance she will draw a deep and just conclusion. Ask her how she formed it, and she cannot answer the question. A philosopher deduces inferences; and his inferences shall be right; but he gets to the head of the stair-case, if I may so say, by slow degrees, mounting step by step. She arrives at the top of the stair-case as well as he; but whether she flew there is more than she knows herself. While she trusts her instinct she is scarcely ever deceived, and she is generally lost when she begins to reason.—*Sherlock*.

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Written for the Lady's Book.

# ALTHEA VERNON; OR, THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

A NOVELETTE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Continued from page 175.

## CHAPTER XIII.

SELFRIDGE was waiting to offer our heroine his arm to the ball-room; Lansing gave his to his cousin Julia; and ten or twelve gentlemen were all in readiness to present themselves, for that purpose, to Miss De Vincz. They were not aware that she was there already; having gone in quietly with Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds, among the earliest of the company. On their entrance, she made a sign to the Dimsdale party, who immediately joined hers. Miss De Vincz was neither arrayed in blond lace nor in dark chintz. She wore a black silk dress, so superior in quality and in make that the ladies pronounced it at once to be of genuine Paris origin. A tucker of the finest mechin was drawn round her beautiful neck; and the sleeves, which were short and full, terminated in a similar trimming. Her hair, simply and gracefully arranged, had no other ornament than a pearl comb. The Conroys, as usual, were attired in high fashion; every thing on them being very expensive, and of the latest mode.

Mrs. Vandunder was habited in a fawnish-coloured silk, with green and red sprigs; and a lace pelerine, with furbelows on the shoulders that stood out like wings. On her head was a thing of blond and wire, peaked up at the top, and looking very much like a fool's-cap, with lappets "particularly long and wide," descending from the lofty crown and hanging far down her back; a broad full border flaring round her broad full face; and the whole bedecked with a profusion of straw-coloured ribbons and yellow flowers, which neither matched nor contrasted the colour of her gown. She wore such a profusion of heavy jewellery that no one could believe the gold and gems to be real; each arm, for instance, being encircled with three different sorts of bracelets.

Wilhelmina Vandunder shone forth in a flowered satin of a full blue colour, decorated with various elaborate arabesques of what the dress-makers call piping, and flounced with blond on skirt, sleeves, and corsage. Her mother had been present at the building of Wilhelmina's *coiffure*, and had outraged the taste and jeopardized the reputation of Mr. Pussedu by compelling him to load the superstructure of curls and braids with a profusion of flowers, marabout feathers, and gold cable; not to mention the ribbons that festooned her heavy ear-locks, which were divided into innumerable plats, so small as to resemble hairs of marvellous coarseness. But the crowning misery of poor Wilhelmina was a pair of silk stockings embroidered with gold thread, which Mrs. Vandunder had brought her from the city, and which scratched so intolerably her unfortunate feet as to add greatly to their usual sufferings. In her hand she car-



ried a corresponding handkerchief sprigged and bordered with gold *à la Turque*, being one from a case that had been opened in New York for the first time on that very day.

Sir Tiddering Tattersall entered the ball-room at a late hour, in a new evening dress which he had brought from London. It was a very tight black coat, with sleeves far above his wrists, about which appeared an abundance of ruffles; extremely light and short black pantaloons; speckled silk stockings; pumps with amazingly long toes, and the shortest possible crimson waistcoat, having three chains disposed about it. His hands were cased in flesh-coloured kid gloves; he carried an opera hat and a cane; and to all the hair of his head and face the curling-tongs had given a turn upwards, which made him look like quite another sort of animal. He directly levelled his eye-glass at the female Vandunders, and observing their superabundance of trinkets, said to the young men near him—"Smoke Birmingham."

The ball resembled all other balls at watering places. It was highly enjoyed by the young ladies who had plenty of partners, and not much by those that failed in these valuable acquisitions. The gentlemen found so many charms in the conversation of Miss De Vincy that they almost forgot to invite her to dance; and to her it was a matter of no moment whether she danced or not. Lansing had the honour of being her first partner, and she went through the cotillion, as she did every thing else, with an easy elegance alike remote from the elaborate performance of a professed Terpsichorean, and the affected *nonchalance* which is now assumed by many of our young ladies when they assemble for the ostensible purpose of engaging in a lively and graceful exercise.

The gentle prettiness of Julia Dimsdale brought her many partners. Althea looked beautifully in her white crape and white roses, and entered into the amusement of the evening with so much grace and animation, that Selfridge, more enamoured than ever, would gladly have danced every set with her. But there were so many other aspirants to her hand that his chance of obtaining it occurred far less frequently than he desired.

A set having been recently finished, the gentlemen who wished to dance the next went in quest of partners, and those that did not collected in groups to talk their own talk, or to discuss the ladies. And many unadmired damsels that had hitherto been allowed to sit still, were now taking the opportunity of crossing the room, in hopes that a change of position might produce a change of luck.

"*Sauve qui peut!*"—said Sir Tiddering—"Here come the Conroys,"—as these young ladies approached, preceded by their father and mother; Mr. Conroy, for the purpose of being present at the ball, having accompanied his wife on her return from the city. The young men made a general movement of retreat, and some who were acquainted with these ladies, confusedly turned their backs, as if to avoid being seen by them. Sir Tiddering, however, turned his face: impudently surveying them through his lorgnette: while the Miss Conroys reddened as they passed, and their eyes gleamed

resentfully. "*Fieri facias!*"—said Billy Vandunder—"how angry they look!—I suppose as I happen to be hand in glove with Phebe, I am expected to do the genteel, and dance with her *selon les riggles*."

Just then Mrs. Vandunder came panting along, with Wilhelmina leaning heavily on her arm. "Oh! there you are, Billy!"—said the old lady to her son. "Hav'n't you seen nothing of the Conroys—they've got off from us again, and we've quite lost them."

"*Tant meuux*"—observed Billy.

"Me and Wilhelmina have been a hunting them all about!"—pursued Mrs. Vandunder—"and I'm so out of breath, and so hot I'm all but melted: being none of Pharaoh's lean kind. I wonder if it's fashionable to be always giving people the slip. I've been looking round for them with all my eyes, and hav'n't the least notion where they've took themselves."

"*Ignis fatuus*"—muttered Billy.

"Billy, go look!"—proceeded his mother—"we'll stay here by Sir Tattering Tidderson till you find the Conroys; and then you can come and take us to them."

"Between you and me and the post you all deserve to be shut up with a *letter de catchu*!"—murmured Billy, as he departed on the search.

Some of the young men began to walk off; while others remained, enticed to stay by a wink and a back-handed twitch from Sir Tiddering, accompanied with a significant glance towards the old lady and her daughter. "Don't you daunce!"—said he to Miss Vandunder. Wilhelmina looked fearfully at her mother, who quickly answered for her—"To be sure she does. Her dancing-master's bills cost me a matter of a hundred dollars. And pray, sir, (for one question's as good as another) why don't you daunce yourself, if I may be so bold?"

Oh! I only asked for information"—replied Sir Tiddering. "For my part I never daunce but at Almack's."

"I don't know what you mean by dancing at almanacks"—retorted Mrs. Vandunder, warmly—"but I should like to ask what's the use of people that are young or youngish, going to balls if they do nothing but stand about or set still all the time!"

"Very true, madam"—replied Sir Tiddering with mock gravity; "it's vastly foolish in them."

"To be sure"—proceeded the old lady—"for what I can see, there's very little fun in most of the dancing that's done now-a-days. We all know that it's as well to be out of the world as out of the fashion; and for them that has the means, it's their bounden duty to show what they are. I would not wish it mentioned again, (as coming from me,) but there's a great deal in fashion that's pretty hard to swallow; (here Wilhelmina sighed audibly;) and a great deal that don't seem to have no earthly sense nor meaning."

"Unquestionably madam"—said Sir Tiddering, sentimentally—"your opinions are perfectly sound. 'Tis really quite refreshing to hear some improving conversation."

"All changes is not for the better"—continued Mrs. Vandunder—"there's my Billy now—he used to clap his hands, and hop away like

all the world, and swing his partner, and bounce up high and knock his feet together two or three times before he came down again. But now he hardly lifts them from the floor; but goes sawing about, and sideling through the figure, giving the tip of his finger to the ladies, and looking all the time as grave as a judge."

"Exactly so"—said Sir Tiddering—"you are quite strong, madam, on the subject of dauncing. I cannot say that I am at all partial to that sawing and sideling."

"However,"—resumed Mrs. Vandunder—"any sort's better than none; for it brings people together, and gets them acquainted. Of course it can't be expected that young ladies should dance when they an't asked; as every body knows they can't ask themselves."

"Doubtless they cannot!"—said Sir Tiddering—"there is much point in the remark."

"And I must say"—she continued—"that it's rather hard for a young lady that's gone to the expense of as high a priced frock and trimmings as any in the room, and had her hair dressed by a Frenchman in a horse and gig, to be passed by and overlooked by Tom, Dick, and Harry."

"Who are those gentlemen you speak of?"—asked Sir Tiddering—"I beg your pardon, madam—but if you will give me their surnames, I shall certainly call them to account for their want of gallantry. Now that I am in America I have serious thoughts of doing as Rome does, and deferring to the ladies."

"Better late than never"—remarked Mrs. Vandunder—"if asking them to dance is what you mean. It's a pretty heavy job to educate and dress and bring out a girl; and when it's done, it's reasonable to expect that something should come of it; especially when there's a full pocket into the bargain. To be sure, people that has plenty and oceans of plenty need not begrudge nothing; as Billy often tells me: but still nobody likes to pay too dear for their whistle."

"Certainly madam"—said Sir Tiddering—"whistles should never be costly—I do not recollect having given more than sixpence for any of mine: but the price may have risen since I was a boy. What did you say was the young lady's fortune—the lady to whom, I presume, you are alluding?"

The young men behind, almost started at his effrontery.

"Why a clear hundred thousand"—answered the old lady, sharply—"there's no use in mincing the matter."

"Not the least"—said Sir Tiddering, wiping his glasses with his handkerchief—"I seldom mince—dollars or pounds did you say?"

"Why, dollars to be sure!—Who talks of pounds here in our country—they're as old as the old war, and older too."

Sir Tiddering having taken a stedfast survey of Wilhelmina through his lorgnette, muttered to himself—"No matter—I am not at Almack's"—and then stiffly held out his little finger.

"It will give me monstrous pleasure"—said he—"to walk the next dance with you."

The face of Mrs. Vandunder now shone with delight: but Wilhelmina looked piteously towards her mother, who frowned and motioned her into compliance.—"Sir, you are very po-

lite"—said the old lady—smiling and curtsying to Sir Tiddering—"I have heard that English people when they come to America are apt to leave their manners behind them—but seeing's believing—and I must say that your behaviour is remarkable genteel."

"You are also strong, madam, on the subject of gentility"—remarked Sir Tiddering.

"Yes sir"—replied Mrs. Vandunder—"it's a thing that behooves every one to study that has wherewithal to support it. There now—the fiddles is tuning, and it's time to take your places."

"I wish my servant was at hand"—said Sir Tiddering—"that I might send him to secure those said places. But I suppose I must go myself—it's monstrous tiresome!"—So saying, he lounged off, followed by several of the young men, who having stifled all audible laughter during his dialogue with Mrs. Vandunder, were now eager to indulge in it as soon as they were at a convenient distance.

"Sir Tiddering"—said one of them—"you are a bold man, to undertake she of the head in face of the whole company."

"She of the feet, and she of the frock also"—said another—"her titles are manifold."

"She of the hundred thousand dollars"—said Sir Tiddering—"that's the title to set all others at naught."

In the meantime Mrs. Vandunder and her daughter had seated themselves near the place in which Sir Tiddering had left them; the old lady sagely observing "that it was as cheap sitting as standing." "Well"—she exclaimed—her face redolent of over-satisfaction—"luck's come at last."

"What luck!"—said Wilhelmina.

"What luck!—why, an't you going to dance with an English nobleman, who has chose you before a whole room-full. Only think—I've been a talking face to face with him, just as naturally as if he was no better than one of our own people; and I never once remembered to call him "your lordship."

"I'm sure I won't attempt any such thing"—said Wilhelmina—"for if I did I should only say it wrong. I always find the less I talk the better."

"There"—exclaimed Mrs. Vandunder—"I see the Conroys over yonder. And I declare if there an't Billy leading out Phebe Mariar to take a place in a cotillion, instead of coming back to tell us when he found them. I wonder how that girl has come round Billy so as to get him to dance with her. I do believe there's nobody in the known world that's a match for the cunning of them there Conroys. However, I'll go and set with Mrs. Conroy while you're dancing. How angry she'll be when she sees what a partner you've got!"

"Oh! dear!"—cried Wilhelmina—shrinking back—"here's the Englishman coming for me!"

"Don't look like a frightened fool!"—said Mrs. Vandunder; pulling her forward.—"What signifies all the money I lay out on your dress, if I'm always to be made ashamed of your behaviour. I wish I had sent you to school to Mrs. Mantrap. Her scholars all hold up their heads and walk with an air; and an't afraid of

nobody nor nothing, and talk to all sorts of gentlemen, and dress fashionable without complaining: and they marry off fast and early; many of them even before they are done their schooling."

Sir Tiddering Tattersall now came up, and announced that he had obtained places for himself and the young lady. Mrs. Vandunder, with many curtsies and compliments, consigned her daughter to him for the cotillion; and poor Wilhelmina, after an angry whisper from her mother, set her face to an extraordinary smile, and essayed something of a tripping step as she walked off beside her partner. Mrs. Vandunder looked after them delightedly; and then, highly elated, made the best of her way to Mrs. Conroy, whom she saluted with the discovery—"How much the English improve on acquaintance!"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

The Miss Conroys were so totally eclipsed by numerous other young ladies, their superiors in beauty and attraction, that (after Lansing had gone through the ceremony with each of them) they seemed to have little chance of dancing, except with young men that were not eligible. At length the patrolon of Schoppenburgh strolled up: not, however, to say that his mother had sent him in quest of them, but merely to utter the common-place remarks that are usually parroted by the "ingenuous youth" that frequent ball-rooms. "A very brilliant assemblage here to-night—a great deal of beauty and fashion—some very interesting young ladies, &c. &c. "Yes, very"—replied Phebe Maria—"and an unusual number of *distingué* young men."

"I believe"—said Mrs. Conroy, glancing significantly at her daughter—"you have sent off a dozen of them in despair at having begged in vain the honour of your hand."

"Why, doesn't she want to dance?"—exclaimed Billy.

"Oh! yes"—replied Mrs. Conroy, determined on a desperate effort—"but you know she could not break her engagement with you."

Amazed and perplexed, Billy Vandunder looked rather more foolish than usual. He had not the slightest recollection of this engagement, (it would have been strange if he had,) but he could not be so ungallant as to disclaim it; and he twisted his finger in his watch-guard, stedfastly gazed on his breast-pin, and passed his hand over his face as if to convince himself of his own identity by ascertaining if his whiskers, &c. were still there. The Miss Conroys were too much accustomed to receiving their cues from their mother, not to catch them in a moment, and Phebe Maria rose directly and gave her hand to the patrolon, suggesting to him the expediency of securing places as soon as possible, before all those in the most select cotillions should be taken.

"*Toujours prett*"—said Billy, trying to recover himself and submit with a good grace. "I'm always proud to be at the beck of the ladies"—and he led her off, stepping daintily by her side, and strenuously endeavouring to look pleased with his partner; who, he consoled himself with the reflection, "was certainly very genteel."

To Althea Vernon the ball, so far, was de-

lightful. Selfridge danced with her every alternate set; and her intervening partners were always such as could be classed among the pleasantest men in the room. She was at this time engaged to a young gentleman from the south; and Selfridge was hovering near, unwilling to quit her till the cotillion began. Feeling kindly disposed towards even the Conroys, she said to him—"Do go and dance with Miss Abby Louisa. She cannot find it pleasant to sit still: and however fastidious she may be with regard to partners, I am sure you will have no difficulty in persuading her to join the set that is now forming."

Selfridge, indifferent with whom he danced when Althea was not his partner, and happy to comply with any request of hers, almost kissed his hand to her when saying "*Au revoir*," and repaired to the place where Miss Conroy was sitting with her mother; Mrs. Vandunder however quitted them to take a seat in the vicinity of Sir Tiddering and Wilhelmina. When Selfridge made his request, the countenance of the young lady denoted immediate compliance; but before she had time to speak, her mother said—"Now do, Abby Louisa, allow Mr. Selfridge to prevail on you to break your resolution of dancing no more this evening. The gentlemen are all astonished and mortified at your obduracy, though by no means unaccustomed to it. One would not, of course, dance every set, like a child at a practising; but still it is well, when we are at these places, to sanction them by a slight participation. My daughters, Mr. Selfridge, are extremely delicate, and very liable to be overcome by the fatigue of dancing; beside which, balls are so little of novelties to them that (in mixed companies especially) they can rarely be persuaded to take any other part than that of mere spectators. In our own select circle, where we have only the mazurka, the Spanish dances, and other elegant things, it is quite different. Abby Louisa, I believe I must exert my parental influence in desiring you to waive your determination of remaining quiet this evening. Consider—it is Mr. Selfridge that solicits your hand."

Abby Louisa deigned to comply, and Selfridge, duly sensible of the exception in his favour, was going to lead her to a cotillion then forming near them; but another couple suddenly stepped up and took the only unoccupied places. He then left her, to ascertain whether there were no vacancies to be found at the other end of the room.

"Abby Louisa"—said Mrs. Conroy—"have you noticed Althea Vernon's new handkerchief? "Yes"—replied Abby—"who could help noticing it? Hitherto she has carried none but a plain cambric, and to-night she is sporting the most elegant one in the room. That handkerchief could not have cost less than seventy or eighty dollars. I wish, mamma, you had gone a little farther, and bought such for Phebe and I, instead of the fifty dollar ones you brought us this evening. I hate to be outdone by Althea Vernon."

"Such handkerchiefs as that are entirely too costly"—said Mrs. Conroy—"they are even beyond our mark. I cannot imagine how her mother happened to get it for her."

"Or how they could afford it"—said Abby.

"They could not afford it"—resumed Mrs. Conroy—"but here comes Selfridge, who seems to be decidedly in love with her. Mark me now, and have all your wits about you, and we may turn this handkerchief to account."

"I do not believe"—said Abby—"he has found any space unoccupied."

"So much the better"—observed her mother.

"Better"—exclaimed Abby—"I know not what can be worse. It is no trifle to be disappointed in dancing with a man so handsome, and so perfectly genteel, and so every way *comme il faut*. There now—the music has commenced."

"Certainly"—replied Mrs. Conroy—"it is very desirable that you should dance with Mr. Selfridge, and that he should be seen with you as much as possible. But don't you perceive that your chance is now double. He, of course, after the disappointment of obtaining places for this set, considers himself engaged to you for the next; and now as Althea and Miss De Vinncy, and all the other ladies that he is acquainted with, are dancing, we can engage him in conversation, and detain him with us all the time. But here comes your father. We must introduce them."

Mr. Conroy, who had been confabulating with some mercantile friends from the city, now joined his wife and daughter; and Mrs. Conroy having informed him in a low voice who and what Selfridge was, the introduction took place as soon as that young gentleman came back to them. He had been unsuccessful in his search for unoccupied places; and though disappointed at being cut off from all hope of dancing the succeeding set with Althea, he, of course, took care to show no indication of annoyance at the necessity of attaching himself in the interim to the Conroy family.

"This is quite a gay scene"—observed Mr. Conroy—"a large assortment of handsome females."

"The proportion of lovely faces and symmetrical forms to be found in every assemblage of our countrywomen is always great"—observed Selfridge—"and to me who have recently returned from China where ladies are not to be seen, the *coup d'œil* of this room is peculiarly striking. When I look on the beauty and elegance that surrounds me, I am more ready than ever to exclaim

"Who would not fight for such a land!"

"If you mean elegance of dress"—said Mr. Conroy—"I think there is rather too much, considering that the husbands and fathers have all to work hard to procure it; and even when doing a great business are often at their wit's end for money to meet their engagements. Our women have become quite too extravagant. Even their pocket handkerchiefs cost forty or fifty dollars."

"Well"—said Mrs. Conroy—"when families live in a certain style, and are able to afford it, that much *may* be given for a very handsome one. But farther than fifty no lady should allow herself to go. Certainly, seventy or eighty dollars is entirely too great a sum for a pocket handkerchief."

"I did not suppose there were any at that price"—remarked Selfridge.

"Truly"—observed Mr. Conroy—"it is enough to make the young men look about them before they think of getting married. A man should have already made his fortune (and a large one too) before he ventures on a lady that carries an eighty dollar pocket handkerchief."

"I think so too"—said Selfridge—"for in such a woman there must be something wrong. In Europe, where there is a real aristocracy, with immense wealth to support it, and with hereditary habits of lavish expenditure, these extravagant fashions may be tolerated, but I should judge very unfavourably of any American young lady who showed an extraordinary eagerness to adopt them."

The mother and daughter exchanged looks.

"But how would you know?"—said Mr. Conroy—"Gentlemen, unless they happen to deal in the article, are seldom very close observers of ladies' pocket handkerchiefs."

"I should not know at all"—replied Selfridge.

"Well then—I will enlighten you on the subject"—said Mrs. Conroy—"Whenever you see a cambric handkerchief so fine and thin as to be nearly transparent, embroidered all over with the most delicate needle-work, and trimmed all round with rich lace quilled on as full as possible, you may conclude it does not cost less than eighty dollars."

"For instance"—said Abby Louisa, boldly—"like that of Miss Althea Vernon. You can see it now—she is dancing in the cotillion with Sir Tiddering and his super-elegant partner. What a pity that all its beauties are not visible at a distance. Now Wilhelmina's handkerchief, with its gold sprigs, glitters finely. But Miss Vernon's must be scanned closely to be duly understood."

Selfridge changed colour.

"What! the daughter of Mrs. Vernon, Frank Vernon's widow!"—exclaimed Mr. Conroy—"I happen to know pretty accurately what their income is. How in the name of absurdity can they afford eighty dollars for a pocket handkerchief?"

"Oh! I don't know"—replied his wife—"one ought not to say all that one thinks; but the affording of people keeps me in a constant state of wonder. Formerly there was some distinction. But now rich or not rich, fashion or no fashion, every one dresses at equal cost."

"So much the worse"—said Mr. Conroy, with whom the extravagance of women was a favourite subject, and one on which he could speak feelingly. "In nine cases out of ten, the poor husband finds the comforts he has a right to expect in his own home sacrificed to his wife's passion for finery. I should not like to be domesticated in a house where the women had eighty dollar handkerchiefs, unless there was wealth enough to supply every thing in equal proportion; a thing not to be expected in our country."

"Perhaps"—said Abby Louisa, trying to speak amiably—"this poor girl is so unfortunate as to have a weak mother, who has brought her

up in habits of extravagance beyond their means."

"Nothing more likely"—observed Mr. Conroy—"and weak mothers are apt to have weak daughters."

"I do not think Miss Vernon weak"—said Selfridge.—"She is very young; and of course inexperienced; but to me she appears replete with intelligence and sensibility; and I believe, when circumstances require it, she will not be found deficient in a due proportion of energy."

"Oh!" cried Mr. Conroy, "I see how the land lies. Well, well—if this young lady has stolen your heart, I have not another word to say."

"My acquaintance with her," said Selfridge, colouring highly, "is of very recent date. It is but a few days since I first had the pleasure of meeting Miss Vernon."

"Well, then," resumed Mr. Conroy, "as I suppose you have not as yet propounded the grand question, let an experienced man advise you to put it off a while. You are too young to have made your fortune already, and you will not be likely to do so if you encumber yourself just now with a wife that sports eighty dollar handkerchiefs."

"I do not believe Miss Vernon could have got such a one for eighty," observed Mrs. Conroy *par parenthese*. "It was more likely ninety dollars or a hundred."

"It is a hard thing," pursued Mr. Conroy, "for a young man to get along with an extravagant wife. When clear of the world, the case is not so bad. And even then the husband must keep a tight hand sometimes."

"Miss Vernon may not have been brought up in any extravagance but that of finery," said Mrs. Conroy. "We know not how close may have been the economy which she and her mother may have practised in their house-keeping."

"How should we?" remarked Abby Louisa, "They were not at all in our circle."

Selfridge, extremely disconcerted, felt much inclined to walk away, and Mrs. Conroy and her daughter perceiving that the venom had taken effect, exchanged looks of congratulation.

## CHAPTER XV.

Abby Louisa, in consequence of a whispered hint from her mother, began to complain of the fatigue of sitting, and said, "Mr. Selfridge, suppose we walk round and look at the dancers. I think there is space enough for us to get along without much difficulty."

Selfridge, though he now regarded the Conroys with something nearly resembling disgust, had not at this time slightly self-possession to devise any excuse for declining the proposal; and silently offering her his arm, he conducted her round the room. Elated at exhibiting herself with a gentleman so very eligible, Abby Louisa prated with unusual fluency, and with an affectation of great sweetness; but Selfridge, too *distract* to hear the half she said, answered slightly and at random. Having made the circuit, she stopped with him close to the cotillion in which Althea was dancing gaily with her southern gentleman, and Miss De Vincy with Lansing; while the Englishman and Wilhelmina

made a third couple, and Julia Dimsdale with the handsome Frenchman, a fourth.

Sir Tiddering, who had much the air of quizzing his partner, was walking the figure at prodigious strides. Wilhelmina tried in vain to slide about without actually dancing, but accustomed to the steps she had learnt at school, forgot herself continually, and jumped out in a way that added to her confusion; particularly when she could not but perceive the significant looks that he endeavoured to exchange with the gentlemen of the cotillion, but of which they very properly took no notice. The roughness of the gold embroidery on her stockings, was almost intolerable to her feet and ankles. The heat and the flurry kept her face in a constant perspiration, and she injudiciously wiped it with her gold-sprigged handkerchief, till it was scarred with scratches. Selfridge, now fully awake to the subject, looked with surprise at this new instance of handkerchief-folly in having one worked with gold. Althea looked too; and in regarding Miss Vandunder's, "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream," and extraordinary handkerchiefs began to seem vulgar to her. She had also observed that Miss De Vincy's was of plain cambric, simply bordered with a handsome edging.

"Is not Miss Vernon's *mouchoir* magnificent?" whispered Abby Louisa to Selfridge, as they stood by the cotillion. He looked at it, and looked with regret, while Althea thought he was admiring it. "Miss Vernon"—said Abby—"may I ask the loan of your handkerchief for a moment? I left mine with mamma, and something has gotten into my eye."

Althea lent it to her; and Miss Conroy, after wiping nothing out of her eye, began to show the handkerchief to Selfridge; descanting to him, at full length, on its beauties and its consequent costliness. Its beauties he regarded coldly, and its costliness gave him a sensation of sorrow. He felt himself disappointed in Althea, and he feared she was not the woman with whom he could pass his life happily.

Our heroine now bethought herself of Miss Fitzgerald's name in the centre of the handkerchief, and her fears were excited almost to agony lest it should be perceived by Selfridge and Abby Louisa. She watched the direction of their eyes with an intensity that made her forget when her turn came to dance, till Lansing reminded her. She looked up to see if there was any chandelier or lamp in their immediate vicinity. There was not; and she could only hope that the light in this part of the room was not sufficiently strong to enable them to decipher the letters, which were so minute as to be but barely perceptible at any time. She would have been much relieved had she known that the name did really escape their observation.

As soon as the figure of the dance brought her near Abby Louisa and allowed her to stop for a few minutes, she said to her in a tremulous voice—"Miss Conroy, I will thank you for that handkerchief." "Presently"—said Abby Louisa—"I want first to show it to mamma"—adding in an under tone—"You need not be afraid; it is perfectly safe in my hands. I am accustomed to these things."

Poor Althea, knowing the close scrutiny it was likely to undergo from the sharp eyes of Mrs. Conroy, was so disconcerted that she now forgot the figure, and disordered the cotillion; and this, of course, added greatly to her confusion. Her face changed alternately from red to pale, her hands shook, and her whole appearance denoted the utmost agitation. Selfridge looked at her a moment with wonder and compassion, and then averted his eyes lest she should be aware that he was observing her.

Miss De Vincly saw that something was wrong; and guessed, though with some surprise, that it was connected with the handkerchief; she had also overheard the rude speech of Abby Louisa—"My dear"—said she to Althea—"the heat has overcome you. Let me give you a few drops from my essence bottle. I always have a small one about me." Then adroitly taking the handkerchief from Abby Louisa's hand, and pouring a little essence on one corner, she presented it to Althea, who could have exclaimed, "For this relief much thanks"—glad indeed to find it once more in her own hands.

"Come, Mr. Selfridge"—said Abby Louisa—"let us go and join mamma. I am tired, and if I walk about any more, you will find me a very languid partner in the cotillion."

Selfridge, who was just coming to a determination that he would *not* ask the hand of Althea for the next set, being now reminded that he was engaged to dance it with Miss Conroy, almost started as she brought it to his recollection. He felt that for him the pleasure of the evening was over; he could think only of Althea, and of her with perplexity and pain. He longed to escape from the ball-room, from the Conroys, and above all, from Abby Louisa. That young lady, after he deposited her beside her mother, took care to detain him, though she saw his uneasiness, till her father came up and addressed to Selfridge a long discourse, the subject of which was to prove that New York was the greatest city in the world, and her merchants the greatest men in the world; and that in no other spot on the face of the globe was mercantile business either properly understood or properly transacted.

In the meantime the set then on the floor was finished, and the gentlemen were conducting the ladies in search of resting places. Mrs. Vandunder, after she had grown tired of watching her daughter and Sir Tiddering, had taken the first vacant seat she found, and got into conversation with a full-dressed old lady from the northern frontier, who amazed her with accounts of the enviable cheapness of articles of British manufacture that were smuggled over from the Canada side.

When the set was over, she rose eagerly and proceeded half across the room to meet Sir Tiddering and Wilhelmina. "What have you done to my daughter's face?"—exclaimed Mrs. Vandunder. "Nothing, I protest"—replied Sir Tiddering—"I have not meddled with it, upon my honour. 'Tis only somewhat tattooed with that rather excruciating handkerchief which the young lady made the slight mistake of supposing might be useful as well as ornamental. And now, Miss Wilhelmina, since this respect-

able person is at hand, I'll resign you to her charge; for I ordered a gaulantine and a saulmi in my room, with a bottle of Sauterne; and they must be ready by this time." So saying, he strolled off, stopping with the young men near the door to ridicule his late partner.

"How I hate that fellow!"—said Wilhelmina—throwing herself into a seat—"I am all but certain he has had the impudence to be making fun of me the whole time I was dancing with him."

"Oh! that is just your notion!"—replied the mother, sitting down and fanning herself. "It was only his English way. To be sure I did not much like his calling me a respectable person; but we shall understand him by and by. What did he mean by a Gallatin and a Sammy in his room? We must not expect noblemen to be like other people. I hear that when he marries, his wife will be named *Lady*, and not *Mrs.* Only think of being *Lady* Tattering Tidderson."

"I won't be any such thing!"—said Wilhelmina—"for I fairly abominate him, and I'm out of all patience with every thing. You talk of my face! If you were only to see my feet! These horrid stockings have rubbed and scratched them till I'm sure the blood's come. I'm suffering from head to foot, and I'll not bear it another minute, ball or no ball. I'd rather live in the wild woods and be a squaw in a blanket, than go through all this for the sake of being dressed fashionable. And after all, I don't believe I'm fashionable at last. I'll go directly to my own room, and take off all my torments, and have something good to eat—that I will."

"Mercy on the child!"—exclaimed Mrs. Vandunder—rather alarmed at this outbreak—"how's she's worked herself up.—Well, well, go to your room, and I'll be with you presently, and see that you are comfortable. Look, here comes Billy—he shall take you up stairs. There now, don't whine."

When the set concluded, and the gentlemen led the ladies to their seats, Miss De Vincly said to Althea—"Now we will not dance the next. The room is warm and you look tired.—Come and sit by me, and let us have a little quiet chat till we are cool enough to venture into the open air of the piazza, and then we will gaze on the ocean-view by moonlight."

"And contrast its awful sublimity!"—said Althea—"with the giddy noise and frivolous glitter of the ball-room."

"And yet"—observed Miss De Vincly—"ball-rooms, sometimes, are very pleasant places."

"Sometimes," replied Althea,—"but I begin to think that they have nothing to offer which can improve the heart, the mind, or even the taste."

"You are too young and too sprightly," said Miss De Vincly, "to forswear balls already. Dancing is a delightful and inspiring exercise; and in the intervals there may be much pleasant and animated conversation. Then there is certainly something very picturesque in the *coup d'œil* of a spacious and lofty room, tastefully decorated, brilliantly lighted, and filled with people who are handsomely dressed and gaily participating in a graceful and exhilar-

ating amusement. I have had much pleasure at balls."

"So have I," said Althea, sighing. The truth was, she had not yet recovered the annoyance caused by the handkerchief. She felt uneasy and dispirited, and had a presentiment that worse was yet to come, particularly when she perceived that the Conroys had changed their seats, and were now in her immediate neighbourhood on the other side of Miss De Vincy, with whom, however, Mrs. Conroy did not claim the boasted acquaintance. Althea began now to think of proposing to her companion an immediate removal to the piazza, that she might, on leaving the room, take an opportunity of running to her own apartment and depositing there the handkerchief, which she now regarded as nothing but a source of alarm and vexation. But before she could put this design into practice, Lansing came up and asked her hand for the next set, and Selfridge, who accompanied him, entered into conversation with Miss De Vincy. Althea, to whom nothing in the world now seemed so desirable as getting rid of Miss Fitzgerald's handkerchief, hastily replied to Lansing in the negative, and then watched for a pause in her companion's conversation, that she might propose leaving the room. Just then, Abby Louisa Conroy, who seemed to be her evil genius, leaned across and said to her, "Miss Vernon, will you allow me to ask the cost of that elegant handkerchief?" "I believe—I think it was eighty dollars," answered Althea, confusedly. "Strange affectation," thought Selfridge. "Does she wish to infer that to her the sum was a trifle not worthy of accurate remembrance?"

"May I inquire where you purchased it?" persisted Miss Conroy. "I bought it at Stuart's," replied Althea, colouring violently, "at least it was bought there." "A present, perhaps?" said her insolent persecutor. "It was not a present," said Althea, in a faltering voice.

Selfridge, surprised and grieved, turned hastily away; and Miss De Vincy compassionating the embarrassment and agitation of our poor heroine, and convinced that it was in some way caused by the handkerchief, immediately proposed to her a removal to the piazza.

"Oh! instantly—this moment!" exclaimed Althea, scarcely conscious of what she was saying, and taking the offered arm of Lansing, who gave his other to Miss De Vincy; while Abby Louisa, afraid lest Selfridge should escape with them, reminded him by a palpable hint that he was engaged to her for the next set, and that it would be well to seek for places in time. Just as Lansing and his two young ladies were passing Mrs. Conroy, she stopped them, and putting out her hand, said, "Miss Vernon, will you permit me to look at that splendid handkerchief? Abby Louisa has been describing it to me as the most exquisite thing she ever saw, and of course very superior to any that are in our family. But, in truth, men of business have so many calls for money that we do not venture to indulge in any of these remarkably expensive articles. Still, as we all like to look at pretty things, and to examine their beauties at leisure, will you oblige me with this superb *mouchoir*

till your return to the ball-room. I wish to show it to Phebe Maria, who I see is coming this way with that shadow of hers, Mr. Vandunder."

Poor Althea now saw no mode of escape. And she knew too well the character of her merciless tormentors not to be certain that when they discovered in the centre the name of Zelia Fitzgerald, they would not fail by some means to get the story whispered throughout the room. All presence of mind, all self-command now totally forsook her. She grasped the handkerchief with convulsive tightness, trying in vain to articulate a refusal of it. Her lips trembled—her voice was gone—she turned deadly pale; and heaving a deep sigh, her head fell back on Lansing's shoulder, and her eyes closed in a fainting fit.

## COMPARISON AND CONTRAST.

### TIME AND ECHO.

TIME, and the mocking Echo, will, I trow,  
A good and just comparison allow:  
Both one grand principle maintain,  
To alter which the world might sigh in vain;  
Alike impartial, they no favour show,  
But deal to all the same, for weal or wo.  
Echo will mock the gentle lover's sighs,  
As 'twill the screech-owl's shrill discordant cries.  
Time, too, will stay not for *their* gentle pray'rs,  
Nor quicker fly to ease the captive's cares;  
Through every age their influence is the same,  
Scoffing at good or ill, disgrace or fame.

And does not Time continually proclaim—  
"O what is man?"—and Echo does the same.  
Time hears his voice a while in Echo here,  
Then gently lulls it to an unknown sphere.  
We hear the Echo faintly mock that voice,  
In each the sure response is just all choice.  
Still, musing on, in all but this we see  
How widely Time and Echo disagree.  
Time, through each age, to man much good hath shown;

Echo but renders back to all their own.  
Time is a despot, dictating to all;  
Echo but answers those who to it call.  
Time, although past, is ever still possess'd;  
Echo is lost, until again address'd.  
Time is the same, both now and yesterday;  
Echo will change—now plaintive, and now gay.  
Time comes unask'd, a constant visiter;  
Echo will come when ask'd, and not before.  
Time doth, from all, full many secrets steal,  
And that which should lie hid will oft reveal;  
Echo, although made confidential too,  
Is to its trust most faithful and most true;  
Repeating oft, it notes each separate sound,  
This done—'tis safely, and for ever drown'd.

H. C.

November 7th.

### A PRAYER.

LORD! I have bowed with fervour at the shrine  
Of Beauty, Fame, and Friendship; but to thine  
How coldly have I bent the formal knee;  
The while my truant heart was far from thee.

But do thou aid my weakness with the strength  
Of thy sufficient Spirit; till, at length,  
I burst my bonds, and from its throne is hurled  
That worshipp'd Dagon of my heart—the World.

H.

Written for the Lady's Book.

REVIEW OF THE YOUNG LADIES' FRIEND.

*Continued from p. 160.*

WE are glad to see the proper value and importance assigned to household accomplishments in a work addressed to young ladies. A chapter upon the subject opens in the following manner. "For a young woman, in any situation of life, to be ignorant of the various business that belongs to good housekeeping, is as great a deficiency as it would be in a merchant not to understand accounts, or the master of a vessel not to be acquainted with navigation. If a woman does not know how the various work of a house should be done, she might as well know nothing, for that is her express vocation; and it matters not how much learning, or how many accomplishments she may have, if she is wanting in that which is to fit her for her peculiar calling." We do not quite agree with the concluding sentiment of this passage, because it is never too late to learn any thing; and of two persons compelled to acquire, in after life, the art of housekeeping—if one has had her mind well disciplined by a thorough systematic education, and the other has enjoyed no such advantage, the former will have every chance of success over the latter. We resume our quotation. "Whether rich or poor, young or old, married or single, a woman is always liable to be called to the performance of every domestic duty, as well as to be placed at the head of a family; and nothing short of a practical knowledge of the details of housekeeping can ever make those duties easy, or render her competent to direct others in the performance of them."

There is a great deal of false pride in young ladies upon this subject. They think it a disgrace to be seen with a broom in their hands, or occupied in any process performed in common with cooks and housemaids; as if shame could attach to any useful occupation of their time whatever. It appears to us, however, that our author would have treated this subject in a far more impressive manner, but for the fear of countenancing young ladies in considering marriage as having any necessary connexion with their views and plans of life. We think her quite too scrupulous on this point, as we shall hereafter show. This is not the only portion of the book to which much greater effect might have been given had she addressed young ladies as if they were probably to become wives and mothers. We might reverse an illustration of hers, and say that you might as well enjoin upon the student in navigation never to think of a ship, or a student in book-keeping never to think of the counting room, as upon a young lady, in training for the duties of life, never to contemplate her probable destiny, that for which she is, or ought to be fitting herself.

But, to return to the subject of housekeeping. How many ladies, placed at the head of an establishment, regret that they have not served an apprenticeship—a single article or condition of which, as young ladies, they scorned to fulfil! She can never know how to regulate her house properly without having studied in

detail all the departments of housekeeping. It is ten to one, in our country, that she is not obliged to do this, in after life, under the greatest disadvantages, when she can ill spare the time; and when the comfort of many depends upon her success, and is seriously affected by all her mistakes.

I believe such a degree of irrationality is not common; but a young gentleman was once heard to say, that it seemed to him he never could associate any thing like sentiment with a young lady skilled in these practical accomplishments. He lived, however, to bless his stars for the possession of a wife who had a rare degree of the very merit he had so much despised; for his circumstances were such, that unless she had been gifted in this way, there would have been no propriety in his marrying at all. It happened that she was qualified in all other respects to be what a wife ought to be. Well principled, refined, intelligent, and cultivated, she made what, by various unfortunate circumstances had hitherto been the wilderness of his life, "bud and blossom as a rose." No wife was ever more loved or valued.

If a vote were to be taken of the *married* men of our towns and villages, and even of our cities too, upon the comparative value of these accomplishments, and of such as are merely of an ornamental nature, or even of beauty of person, and elegance of deportment, I believe it would be nearly unanimous to place the former highest in the scale.

It is a vulgar adage, that when poverty enters the door love flies out of the window. This is not necessarily true; but it is true, and all females should bear it in mind, that an ill-ordered house produces waste, confusion, and discomfort, which inevitably sour the temper, and, in the end, sometimes destroy sincere affection.

There is a vast incongruity between theory and experience upon this important subject; and fully to comprehend it, requires a knowledge of principles deeply seated in the human mind. If a man form a beau-ideal of her to whom he will choose to give his heart and hand, he forms one, also, of the home over which she is to preside; which she cannot be too careful to do all in her power to realize for him. If he is disappointed in this, he regards her as the author of his disappointment; and, by and by, comes to feel a sense of wrong and injury sustained through her means.

That love covers a multitude of sins—that a man ought not to value a sense of personal comfort above the gratification of his affections, when they come in contrast, is undoubtedly true; but we have no patience with the sentimental "pottering and dawdling," so often exhibited in treating of these matters, as if He who made us body, mind, and soul, did not give to every faculty of this glorious constitution its distinct and appropriate pleasure, did not intend that our nerves and senses should be delicately treated, as well as our thoughts and sentiments. We believe fully in the supremacy of the moral sentiments, but we do not think this is to be secured by inattention to what are called, in distinction, the grosser elements of man's nature.

'Tis true, there may be circumstances in



which the endurance, not simply of personal discomforts, but of positive sufferings, becomes even a source of enjoyment, either from an affectionate and reverent submission to the appointments of God, or the expectation of some noble end to be answered by them: but when they are unnecessarily endured, and attended with a constant sense of loss, of disappointment and wrong, this cannot but give a tone to the whole feelings of the heart towards her to whom they are referred. Love, after marriage, no longer lives in anticipation and promise; it looks for fulfilment. It no longer partakes, in any degree, of a pleasure of the imagination; its nutriment is of a substantial nature. Let not young ladies imagine, from this, that it loses its depth or fervency; whereas before, it was a brilliant circumstance, a bewitching attribute of our being; it now becomes its life and breath; nay its very essence.

Thus far we have considered this subject of household accomplishments in its immediate bearing upon the comfort of a family, and the security of a wife's influence. Without them, it is almost impossible to regulate the family expenditures with careful and exact reference to the limits prescribed by a very narrow, or by a moderate income; which is all that can be commanded in, perhaps, the majority of cases. The unhappiness produced by failing to make the two ends of the year meet, is greater, perhaps, than that derived from any other source of trouble in the married state. We believe that every highminded, conscientious woman, who enters the married state, will qualify herself, sooner or later, for the discharge of every duty incumbent upon her; but it will often be at the expense of much pains and trouble that might have been spared, had not an essential part of her early education been neglected.

Those upon conduct to teachers and treatment of domestics and work-women, are admirable. The latter is full of true Christian philosophy; and they are enough, in themselves, to secure to their author the palm of true wisdom and benevolence.

From the former we quote the following. "When the office of teacher is filled by one of your own sex, all your kindest sympathies should be enlisted in her favour, and you should endeavour, by every means in your power, to render her task agreeable, and to sustain her in that position in society to which her manners and acquirements entitle her. Nothing can be meaner than the false pride exhibited by some girls towards the ladies who give them lessons in music, drawing, or languages. Some have been even known to pass their instructresses in the street, without acknowledging the acquaintance even by a passing bow; others salute in passing, but would, on no account, invite the lady to their house as a guest; and she whose cultivation and refinement may far exceed that of her pupils, is considered by them of inferior rank, because she has added to her other merits, that of rendering herself independent by the exercise of her talents." And again: "Much as riches are valued, there is an instinctive homage paid to mental culture and refined manners, beyond what wealth can command; and those who pass by their female teacher in the

street, without bowing to her, would yet hesitate to acknowledge that they did so because she had fewer dollars at her disposal than they had. They probably avoid all scrutiny of their motives, and try to make themselves believe there is a propriety in so doing, which cannot be easily explained. They are right there: it cannot be explained in any principle of justice or sound reason. If a female teacher of unblemished reputation has a refined and cultivated mind; if she has good manners, and the habits of society which belong to the circle in which she teaches, what should hinder her being received into it on a footing of perfect equality? Certainly not the simple circumstance of her turning her talents to account in a community of shop-keepers and merchants, lawyers and doctors, bankers and manufacturers. Why should the lady who makes her living by imparting to others one of her accomplishments, be less regarded than the man who gains his livelihood by selling goods or manufacturing them: and can there be any sense in the half-educated daughter of a lawyer or merchant, treating her more mature and more accomplished teacher as an inferior! That such a thing can take place, in a republic like ours, shows how many generations it requires to remove the taint of aristocracy derived from the mother country. It is to be hoped that the day of its utter extinction is at hand."

"Such a thing," in our opinion, has not even so respectable an origin as that which our author assigns to it; it is by no means confined to what are called the high-born: it can therefore be no taint of aristocracy; it has its origin in a *low, vulgar mind*. Shame, shame it is to the daughters of New England that they can be guilty of "such a thing!"

The subject of the treatment of domestics is one upon which, to this day, there are so few just notions, that in regard to none is light more needed. There is constant complaint upon the part of employers, and only one side of the question being heard, or if heard, believed, the public are really persuaded that the whole blame rests with the employed—that they are altogether an impracticable race. One circumstance in the case is very striking, viz. that we expect from them that complete, faithful, and, if I may be allowed the expression, accomplished fulfilment of their duties; that spirit of fidelity and devotion which, alas! are but too rare among the educated, who have the light of knowledge and the benefit of precept and example. As our author says, "It yet remains to be shown how much the characters of both (domestics and their employers) may be improved when the bond of Christian brotherhood shall be fully acknowledged and acted upon in this relation of life." Whenever that tie is felt and acknowledged, there attaches to this relation an interest which makes it productive of pleasure and advantage on both sides.

I never knew a more devoted or a more valued and respected family friend than a poor servant; and this friendship continued unbroken and unimpaired to the latest day of her long life, although her term of service had ceased many years before. At her funeral, she laid in state—in the best and purest sense of

that term—in the “best parlour” of the family mansion, to the care of which she had given so many of her best years; and received the homage of a whole village, as they gathered around her; some of them paying with tears a heartfelt tribute to her most excellent and useful life. I have seen a lady, herself accustomed to receive homage from the highest and most gifted in the land, kiss affectionately a faithful, interesting servant girl, who parted from her in ill-health, and was going a long distance. I have known a gentleman carry his sympathy with a young chambermaid, a poor girl, getting ready to attend a wedding, so far as to ask whether she had every thing she wished to make her dress complete; and upon being answered, “Every thing but a breast-pin,” furnish that.

The pleasure of wearing the breast-pin was not of so much moment; but the gratification to her feelings, from finding how much they were regarded, was worth the money expended.

She had been trained in his family from her childhood; and he thought her entitled to something more than the crumbs which fell from the children's table. The system of treatment adopted towards domestics, has been so wrong, and persisted in so long, that time must be necessary to counteract its ill-effects upon their character. The reform must begin with their employers; and then it will be sure to go on.

We should like to quote the whole of this chapter, but must limit ourselves to a few passages. After speaking of the difficulties of obtaining domestics in a country where there are so many ways in which young women can obtain a living, she adds that, this circumstance being a proof of the prosperity of the country, ought not to be groaned over as an unmixed evil; and that the best way of providing against it is, by doing all that can be done to render domestic service more agreeable. For this purpose she recommends that there be exercised towards those who serve us, justice and kindness; and a due regard to their convenience and pleasure; that we endeavour to attach them to us by a sincere sympathy in their feelings, interests, and concerns. “Even now there are persons who never find any difficulty in being well served; yet it is not because they give extravagant wages, or allow their domestics unwarrantable liberties; this is not the way; it is by following that simple rule given by our Saviour to his disciples, and which is of universal application, though many do not seem to see its bearing upon this particular social relation: it is by doing unto others as ye would they should do unto you. In families where this broad Christian ground is taken, the domestics feel that their rights are respected, and their happiness is cared for; that though they are expected to do the work, and are to be well paid for it, their labours are to be rendered as easy as possible, and to be relieved by all the recreation and improvement compatible with their performance of it.”

And again. “When they find their comfort provided for, in the family arrangements; and that their employers are willing to make occasional sacrifices of convenience to their special

enjoyment, they become consistent and generous in their turn; and instead of encroaching upon this kindness they avail themselves of it very scrupulously.

“A chambermaid has been known to refuse the most tempting invitation, because she thought her absence would be an inconvenience; and to keep it a secret from her employers, lest they should insist on her going; yet the same person, when certain she could be spared, would announce her going out, like an equal, not asking leave.” Our author recommends to young ladies to be particularly careful how they make unconscionable demands upon the time and attention of servants; to do their own waiting as much as possible, especially when their servants are their seniors; not to interrupt them at meals; not to require little services of them at any inconvenient times, which might just as well be done at times of their own choosing, provided they were informed sufficiently long beforehand that such services would be wanted; and not to keep them up late at night.

The following paragraph may be applied to all the intercourse of life; and it embraces a world of wisdom. “Finding fault in a severe and pettish tone never does any good; it is the last way in the world to make any one sorry for an omission, mistake or accident. When any delinquency must be noticed, it is better to begin by a gentle and kind inquiry, why it was so? that affords the person an opportunity of justifying herself, when right; and when in the wrong, she will be more likely to see and allow it, if she is questioned, instead of scolded. It also saves you from the danger of making unjust reproaches.”

As all other sensible women would do, on the subject of dress, our authoress advises not to sacrifice health, delicacy, convenience, just economy, or even *taste* to fashion. If a fashion is objectionable on any of these grounds, it should be rejected; at the same time that it is desirable not to deviate so entirely from prevailing modes of dress as to render one's self peculiar and an object of remark on that account. An extreme devotion to fashion is another mark of a vulgar mind; and in cases where it involves unjustifiable expense, either of time or money, or an exposure of the health, it is the mark also of an *unprincipled* mind. We agree with our author in this also, that a very simple style of dress is by far the most pleasing in the young; and that the richest articles of apparel look not well when worn by persons with whose general style of dress and living they do not comport.

We are glad, too, to quote the following passage, deprecating a display of finery at churches. “If our ladies were obliged to appear at church all dressed alike, in some very plain guise, I fear their attendance on public worship would not be so frequent as it is now. Better than this, however, far better would it be, if every sober-minded Christian woman would dress at all times in a style suited to her character, and not let the tyranny of fashion force on her an outward seeming wholly at variance with the inward reality. I hope the time is not distant when it will be considered ungentle to be gaily dressed in walking the

streets of cities, towns and villages; when a plain bonnet that shades the face; a plain dress, and thick shoes and stockings, shall be as indispensable to the walking costume of an American lady as they are to that of most Europeans." The conclusion of this passage reminds us of a very mortifying fact, which has been repeatedly asserted, viz. that the ladies who walk the streets of our large cities, are often taken, by foreigners unacquainted with their habits of dress, for courtesans, because, in Europe, no other class adopts, in public, such a butterfly costume.

Thus far we have found much to commend, and but little to condemn in the work before us; yet there are some portions of it to which we object so thoroughly, that we almost doubt whether, on the whole, it will not do more harm than good. In the first place, in the directions to young ladies in regard to their health, there is an unnecessary, and we should think, to them, a very painful minuteness. They must feel as if the doors of their dressing rooms and sleeping apartments had been thrown open to the public; and their very persons exposed to its gaze. We cannot reconcile the fastidiousness which prescribes to a young lady not to allow a gentleman to assist her in putting on her cloak or her shawl, (p. 293,) with the full and free discussion in a book which, because it is addressed to young ladies, will be curiously sought by young gentlemen, of topics which the former would hardly discourse about with one another, and which belong to a mother's peculiar province; or with the inculcation of practices which, instead of being directly enjoined, had much better be inferred from general rules of health applying not to a particular class, but to the whole race of man.

If it be contended that all scruples should be waived where important objects are to be gained, we reply that if this be true in part, it is true in the whole; and the author herself would probably be very unwilling to act fully on this principle, in a book addressed to young ladies. We admit the paramount importance of the subject of health, and would have no necessary instruction upon it withheld from young ladies more than from others; yet Doctor Combe, from whose excellent work Mrs. F. makes large extracts, without being as explicit, is as easily understood, and has already disciples among the female sex, so well imbued with his principles, and trained in their practice, that they needed not a single one of our author's instructions on this subject. Had that gentleman, however, thought it necessary to be equally explicit, we should not have made the same objection. His book is a book on health, and it is written for all; therefore it is not likely to fasten incongruous or revolting associations upon a particular class. But we see very little difference between addressing such things to young ladies, through the medium of a book expressly prepared for them, and then put forth to the world, and pronouncing them in a public lecture; which certainly would not be tolerated. Our sex have their sanctuary, the veil of which should never be lifted; its rights should be respected; its secrets carefully guarded; especially by those who share its privileges.

So far are we from undervaluing this same subject of health, that we are always glad to see it brought forward and enforced. Next to a good conscience, and the light of knowledge, it is undoubtedly the greatest blessing of this life. Yet, in a majority of cases, it is left out of the question to take its chance. The time has been when mothers have been found silly and wicked enough to desire for their daughters, pale cheeks, languid looks and attenuated forms; and daughters, worthy of such mothers, who thought a ruddy hue and fullness of person almost as great a calamity as could befall them. Such folly may still be extant, but we hope it is giving place to more rational views.

Still, however, there is a most stupid indifference, and a most criminal ignorance on the subject of health. Young persons should be trained from the beginning to regard its preservation as a duty of high obligation; and they should be instructed in all the essential rules of health as fast as they are capable of comprehending them. This should be a part of their regular education. I have known young persons so having acquired more control over their appetites, and become more self-denying and careful than their teachers. Those who have had such training may congratulate themselves upon an advantage which few possess; and the value of which they will realise more and more every day that they live. Those who have not should have recourse at once to the excellent work on health alluded to above.

I have heard a lady say that she hardly wished her child to be any thing more than a fine animal the first years of its life. She meant, by this, to express her belief, that physical thrift was the first and most important step towards the future full development of its whole being. If parents generally were of her opinion, although there would be fewer sickly prodigies of a few years, there would be many more men and women of vigorous capacity.

We commend this chapter on health, notwithstanding what is exceptionable in it, to the attention of young people. Though they had much better read the whole work from which the extracts it contains are made; even these will furnish them with knowledge above price; and the remarks made in connexion with them are very good. We regret that we have not room for a few extracts.

*To be continued.*

DR. JENNER made the first experiment in vaccination in May, 1796, by transferring the pus from the pustule of a milkmaid, who had caught the cow-pox from the cows, to a healthy child; and publishing the result, the practice spread through the civilized world. The power of the cow-pox as an antidote to small-pox, was a fact familiar to the common people for a century before Jenner's promulgation of it. The tables of mortality have in consequence been so altered, that the average of life which used to be taken 30 and 33, now approximates to 40.

## EXTRACTS

FROM MISS L. E. LONDON'S NOVEL OF ETHEL CHURCHILL.

Lady Marchmont's meeting with Sir Godfrey Kneller:—

I do not agree with Mrs. Churchill's sweeping condemnation, "that London is only a great, wicked, expensive place;" but you leave the fairy-land of fancy behind you for ever on entering it. It is the most real place in the world: you will inevitably be brought to your level. If I were to quit it now I should quit it not liking it at all; no one does who, having country habits, comes up for only a short time. The sense of your own insignificance is anything but pleasant; then you are hurried through a round of amusements for which you have not acquired a relish, they being, as yet, unconnected with any little personal vanities. You suffer from bodily fatigue, because the exertion is of a kind to which you are unaccustomed; moreover, you feel your own deficiencies, and exaggerate both their importance and the difficulty of overcoming them. But this is only "beginning at the very beginning;" and I have a very brilliant perspective—I intend to be so courted, so flattered, and "so beautiful." You will laugh at my making up my mind to the last; but I do assure you that a great deal depends on yourself.

The first step towards establishing pretensions of any kind is to believe firmly in them yourself: faith is very catching, and half the beauty-reputations of which I hear have originated with the possessors. Having determined upon being a beauty, it is absolutely necessary that I should have my portrait taken by Sir Godfrey Kneller: a portrait of his is a positive diploma of loveliness.

Among my new acquaintance is Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who has just returned from Constantinople, where her husband was ambassador. She is very handsome, very amusing, and a little alarming. She tells me, very frankly, that she has taken a great liking to me.

"Not, my dear," said she, "that I profess the least friendship for you—friendship is just an innocent delusion, to round a period in a moral essay. I lay it down as a rule that all men are rascals to women, and all women are rascals to each other. Perhaps very young girls, who do not know what to do with a superabundance of affection, run up a kind of romantic liking for each other; but it never lasts—one good-looking young man would break up all the female friendships that ever were formed. In our secret heart we all hate each other. What I shall expect from you is a little pleasant companionship; and I offer you the same in return."

My protestations of "so flattering," and "too happy," were interrupted by her continuing:—

"The fact is, we have each the charm of novelty. I know every body, and shall put them in the worst possible point of view. I shall, therefore, be both useful and agreeable. You at present know nobody, and will like to hear all about them—especially to know the worst: of course, therefore, you will be a good listener. Now a good listener is the most fascinating of companions. In time I shall have told all I

have to tell, and you will have heard all that you care to hear: then our bond of union ceases; and so will our friendship, unless we can in any way make a convenience of each other."

Well I have made a plunge into the cold bath of her ladyship's acquaintance, and she accompanied me to Sir Godfrey's. It was quite a visit of canvassing, for he has almost given up his profession; it is a favour if he paints you. Lady Mary told me some amusing anecdotes. Among others she repeated to me a conversation between him and Pope, who called on a visit of condolence during a severe fit of illness. The poet, by way of comfort, gave him every prospect of going to heaven. "Ver good place," replied the invalid, "but I wish *le bon Dieu* would let me stay in my new house—it is good enough for me."

One day Gay was reading to him a most outrageous panegyric, in which he ascribed to Kneller every virtue under the sun—perhaps a few more. Sir Godfrey heard him with great complacency, only interrupting him by a few approving nods, or a "Indeed, sare, you say de truth." At the close he highly applauded the performance, but said, "You have done well, *Mistere Gay*—ver well, as far as you have gone; but you have left me out one great quality. It is good for de Duke of Marlborough that I was not a soldier and his enemy. Once, when I was such a littel boy, I was on St Mark's Place in Venice, and dey let off some fireworks. I tell you, I liked de smell of de gunpowder! Ah! sare, I should have made von great general—I should have killed men instead of making dem discontent vith demselves, as my pictures do."

Sir Godfrey is a little, shrewd looking old man, with manners courteous even to kindness. He received us with the greatest *empresement*, and was in excellent humour, having just received a haunch of venison from one of the principal auctioneers; "There," he exclaimed, in a tumult of soft emotion, "is a goot man! He loves me—see what beautiful fat is on his venison!"

A few judicious remarks, while he was showing us his pictures, placed me high in his favour; but my last compliment was the climax.

"I am," said I, in a tone of the most modest hesitation, "afraid, Sir Godfrey, to sit to you. I shall be discontented with my looking-glass for the rest of my life."

"Indeed!" exclaimed he, "your ladyship has a genius for de fine arts—you taste, you feel dem. But do not be afraid—you shall only look your best; your picture vill teach you de duty you owe to yourself—you must try to look like it."

I thanked him for the glorious ambition which he thus set before me; and we took our leave, saying a profusion of fine things to each other.

London life described:—

Pleasure lasts for ever, but enjoyment does not: the reason is, that the one lies around, and perpetually renews itself; but the other lies within, and exhausts itself. Lady Marchmont was at the pleasantest stage of both. At first, all things are new, and most things delightful. Vanity, novelty, and excitement, at once the graces and fates of society, were all in attend-

ance upon her. A few weeks made her a reigning toast; verses were written, and glasses broken, in her honour; and it was an undecided thing, whether the Duke of Wharton wore her chains, or those of Lady Wortley. One day would suffice to tell the history of many.

"When sleepless lovers just at twelve awake," she awakened also. Chocolate came in those fairy cups of Indian china, which made the delight of our grand-mothers, and whose value was such, that the poet satirist considered their loss to be the severest trial to a woman's feelings—*alias*, her temper while to be

"Mistress of herself, though China fall,"

was held an achievement almost too great for feminine philosophy. Chocolate then enabled the languid beauty to go through the duties of her toilette. Notes were read, laces looked over, the last new verses looked over with them; perhaps, a page read from the last French romance—the mind a little disturbed from its heroic sorrows by the consideration, whether the next set of new bodkins should be of silver or pearl. Then it was to be decided what ribbon would suit the complexion; whether the gazer would have to exclaim,—

"In her the beauties of the spring are seen,  
Her cheek is rosy, and her gown is green;"

or whether he would have to soar a yet higher flight, and cry,—

"In her the glory of the heaven we view,  
Her eyes are starlike, and her mantle blue."

Then the patches had to be placed—patches full of sentiment, coquetry, and bits of opinions as minute as themselves. Essences and powder had to be scattered together, and Henrietta's long black tresses gathered into a mass which might fairly set all the orders of architecture at defiance. Lastly came the hoop, and, with scarf and fan,

"Conscious Beauty put on all her charms."

Friends began to drop in. One came with intelligence of a sale, where the most divine things in the world were to be had for nothing, or next to it—that *next to it*, by the by, is usually a very sufficient difference. Another came fresh from an Indian house, where silks and smiles, fans and flirtations, Chinese monsters and lovers, made the most delightful confusion possible. Ah, those Indian warehouses made the morning pass in a charming manner! many a soft confession was whispered over a huge china jar; many a heart has succumbed to a suite of mother-of-pearl card-box and counters; and as to the shawls, why, the whole feminine world has long ago acknowledged them to be irresistible. To one or other of these Lady Marchmont was usually hurried away; occupied with bargains,

"Bought, because they may be wanted—  
Wanted, because they may be had."

Then came the walk on the Mall, with as many cavaliers in her wake as there are bubbles in the track of the stately swan! each with sigh and compliment equally ready-made. Heavens, but the classic deities did see service in those days! Juno, Venus, and the Graces, do,

certainly, round off a sentence; and the very common place is redeemed by a fine world of olden poetry, that nothing can quite destroy.

#### A Visit to Pope's Villa:—

It was a lovely day; for, say what they will, England does see the sunshine sometimes; indeed, I think that our climate is an injured angel: has it not the charm of change, and what charm can be greater? That morning the change was a deep blue sky, with a few large clouds floating over it; a sun which turned the distant horizon into a golden blaze; and a soft west wind, that seemed only sent to bring the sound of the French horns in the boat that followed their own. As they passed along Chelsea Reach, the bells of the church were ringing merrily.

"Why, that is a wedding peal!" cried the Duke of Wharton; "and it puts me in mind that Miss Pelham and Sir John Shelly are just going to enter the holy and blessed state."

"Yes," replied Lady Mary, "and I never knew a marriage with a greater prospect of happiness—she will be a widow in six weeks!"

"Well," said Lady Marchmont, "you carry your connubial theory even farther than in your last ballad:—

'My power is passed by like a dream,  
And I have discovered too late,  
That whatever a lover may seem,  
A husband is what we must hate.'

Lady Mary smiled very graciously; she almost forgave Henrietta for looking so well; to have one's own verses learned by heart, and gracefully quoted, is more than poetical nature can resist.

"For my part," continued the Duke of Wharton, "I hold that the connubial system of this country is a complete mistake. The only happy marriages I ever heard of are those in some Eastern story I once read, where the king marries a new wife every night, and cuts off her head in the morning."

"It would suit your Grace, at all events," replied Lady Mary; "you who are famed for being to one thing constant never."

"Well," exclaimed Lord Hervey, who had appeared to be absorbed in watching his own shadow on the water, "I do not think it is such a dreadful thing to be married. It is a protection, at all events."

"'Thou, who so many favours hast received  
Wondrous to tell, and hard to be believed!'"

cried Lady Mary: "and so, like the culprits of old, you are forced to take refuge from your pursuers at the altar."

"For pity's sake," ejaculated the Duke, "do let us talk of some less disagreeable subject."

"Fie, your Grace!" exclaimed Lady Mary. "Disagreeable subject! Lord Hervey was only, as usual, talking of himself."

The whole party were silent for some minutes. After all, wit is something like sunshine in a frost—very sharp, very bright, but very cold and uncomfortable. The silence was broken by Lady Marchmont exclaiming,—  
"How fine the old trees are! there is something in the deep shadow that they fling upon the water, that reminds me of home."

"I am not sure," answered the Duke, "that

I like to be reminded of anything. Let me exist intensely in the present—the past and future should be omitted from my life by express desire."

"What an insipid existence!" replied Henrietta,— "no hopes, and no fears."

"Ah! forgive me," whispered Wharton, "if the present moment appear to me a world in itself."

"I," said Lord Hervey, "do not dislike past, present, nor future. Like woman, they have all behaved very well to me. The past has given me a great deal of pleasure; the present is with you; and as to the future, such is the force of example, that I doubt not it will do by me as its predecessors have done."

"Truly," cried Lady Mary, "the last new comedy that I saw in Paris must have modelled its hero from you: let me recommend you to adopt two of its lines as your motto:—

*'J'ai l'esprit parfait—du moins je le crois;  
Et je rends grace au Dieu de m'avoir eue—moi!'*

"It is very flattering to be so appreciated," answered Lord Hervey, with the most perfect nonchalance.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Lady Marchmont:—

After a day's hard shopping they had come home laden with bargains, and the dressing-room was strowed with Indian fans, ivory boxes, and lace. They were going to dine *tete-à-tete*, as there was a gay ball in perspective, and they needed a little recruiting. Chloe, who had never forgotten his mistress's brilliant suggestion of the pigmies, exhausted his genius in the slight but exquisite dinner which he sent up, and which was, at least, duly appreciated by Lady Mary.

"There is something," exclaimed she "wanting in the composition of one who can be indifferent to the fascination of such an omlet as this."

"I own," replied Henrietta, "I never care what I eat."

"More shame for you!" returned her companion; "it only shows how little you consider your duty to yourself."

"My duty to myself!" cried Lady Marchmont; "why that would be

*'Roots from the earth  
And water from the spring,'*

according to the principles laid down in moral essays."

"Moral essays are only a series of mistakes," interrupted her ladyship: "our first duty to ourselves is to enjoy ourselves as much as possible. Now, to accomplish that, we must cultivate all our bad qualities: I can assure you I am quite alarmed when I discover any good symptoms."

"You are laughing!" replied her listener.

"I laugh at most things," replied the other; "and that is the reason why people in general do not understand me. A person who wishes to be popular should never laugh at anything. A jest startles people from that tranquil dullness in which they love to indulge: they do not like it till age has worn off the joke's edge. More-

over, there is no risk in laughing, if a great many laugh before you venture to laugh too."

"How very true!" exclaimed Henrietta; "there is nothing so little understood as wit."

"People cannot bear," replied her ladyship, "to be expected to understand what, in reality, they do not, and are ashamed to confess: it mortifies their self-love. I am persuaded, if all gay badinage were prefaced by an explanation, it would be infinitely better received."

"Why," said Lady Marchmont, "that would be sending the arrow the wrong way."

"A very common way of doing things in this world," was the answer; "and," she added, "I do not care about being popular: and, indeed, rather like being hated; it gives me an opportunity of using up epigrams which would otherwise be wasted. Our enemies, at least, keep our weapons in play: but for their sake the sarcasm and the sword would alike rest in the scabbard."

"I care much more for being generally liked than you do," said Henrietta.

"I do not care about it at all," replied Lady Mary; "if I did, I should not say the things that I do: but, next to amusing, I like to astonish."

"I would rather interest," replied Lady Marchmont.

"Shades of the grand Cyrus! that voluminous tome I used to read so devotedly,—your empire is utterly departed from me!" exclaimed her ladyship: "I have long since left romance behind—

*'Once, and but once, that devil charmed my mind,  
To reason deaf, and observation blind:'*

now I look upon my lover as I do my dinner, a thing very agreeable and very necessary, but requiring perpetual change."

"What a simile!" cried Henrietta, with up-lifted hands and eyes.

"Believe me, my dear," returned the other, "love is a mixture of vanity and credulity. Now these are two qualities that I sedulously cultivate, they conduce to our chief enjoyments."

"My definition of love," said the young Countess, with a faint sigh, "would be very different to yours."

"Yes," replied Lady Mary, "you have all sorts of fanciful notions on the subject. I know what you would like;—an old place in the country, half ruins, half flowers, with some most picturesque looking cavalier, who

*'Lived but on the light of those sweet eyes!'*"

"Well," interrupted Henrietta, "I see nothing so very appalling in such a prospect. How would our thoughts grow together! how would my mind become the image of his! What a world of poetry and beauty we might create around us! I can imagine no sacrifice in life that would not cheaply buy the happiness of loving and being loved."

"Very fine, and very tiresome," answered the other, with half a yawn and half a sneer. "How weary you would be of each other: to see the same face—to hear the same voice; why, my dear child, I give you one single week, and then,

*'Abandoned by joy, and deserted by grace,  
You will hang yourselves both in the very same place!'*

"At least," replied Henrietta, "we should

carry on our sympathy to the very last. Though I cannot peculiarly admire its coincidence, I should say,

‘Take any shape but that.’”

“If it does not take that,” cried Lady Mary, “it will take some other just as bad. Believe me, we are all of us false, vain, selfish, inconstant; and the sooner we cease to look for anything else, the better: we save ourselves a world of unreasonable expectation, and of bitter disappointment!”

“I would not think like you,” replied Lady Marchmont, “not for the treasures of the crowned Ind. I devoutly believe in the divinity of affection; and my ideal of love is affection in its highest state of enthusiasm and devotion. No sacrifice ever appeared to me great that was made for its sweet sake.”

“The Lord have mercy upon such notions!” cried Lady Mary, throwing herself back in her chair.

#### ANECDOTE FROM THE FRENCH.

I was present the other night at a *fete* given by a friend of mine on taking possession of a house she had recently purchased; and a circumstance connected with her bargain, extorted a laugh even from some of the staunchest disciples of the new order of things.

My friend who is a widow, young, pretty, and amiable, took a fancy some time ago to exchange her elegant apartments in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, for a small house in a retired but cheerful situation. Formerly, there was no such thing to be found in Paris, but now, thanks to the English, that is at least one good turn they have done us, all our new streets in the Faubourg Montmartre, consist of small houses, among which as an Englishman himself assured me, one need not be at a loss to find a *comfortable box*. A *maisonnette* of this sort standing in the midst of a very pretty garden, attracted the attention of Madame F——; she rang at the gate, a respectable looking man-servant told her his master was at home, and if she would walk in, would wait upon her in a few moments. As Madame F—— followed the servant to the first floor, the appearance of the house pleased her so much, that she internally vowed to get it if possible. The servant traversed an antechamber that led from the first floor, knocked, and received no answer. “Your master is not at home perhaps,” said the lady, with a disappointed look. “Pardon me, madame, Monsieur is engaged in meditation.” He knocked a second time, “Who is there?” said a voice which was evidently choked with tears. “A lady about the house, sir.” The door opened slowly, and a gentleman of about five-and-thirty presented himself. Although in *robe de chambre*, he was in the deepest mourning, and from the disorder of his hair, and the length of his beard, one would have thought it quite impossible for him to attend to any thing like business. As the door of the apartment that he quitted, remained half open, Madame F—— saw that it was hung with black, and struck with the appearance of so much desolation, she

hesitated how to open her business. At length a question in a languid tone from M. N. emboldened her to enter upon the subject, and in the discussion that followed, M. N. proved that the excess of his grief had by no means made him forgetful of his interests.

At last, however, every thing was agreed; the lady rose to depart, when M. N. sinking his voice to that languid tone, which the care of his interests had made him forget, “Stop, madame,” said he, “there is one thing which I have neglected to mention, and unless that is agreed to, you cannot have the house.” “What is it, sir?” The gentleman drew up the blind, and pointing to the garden, “You see that magnolia, madame?” “Yes, sir, it was the sight of it in fact that attracted me, I love the shade of it above all things, and”——

“Stop, madame,” cried M. N., in a tragic tone, “I cannot sell you my house.” “What, sir, because I admire a fine tree?” “Madame, powerful reasons oblige me to sell this house, I am going to inhabit another not a hundred yards off; no human being can conceive the sacrifice that I make in quitting this roof, but at least I shall take with me that magnolia, that dear tree under which I have so often sat with my first and only love; every branch of which has witnessed our vows of eternal constancy, of unchangeable love! Ah, madame, I would a thousand times rather die, than abandon that tree to the cares of a stranger!” And hiding his face in his hands, the disconsolate widower sobbing violently, threw himself into a chair in a state of convulsive agitation, which frightened Madame F—— in such a manner, that she ran to call for help. “It is nothing,” said the servant, “ever since the death of his spouse, Monsieur has been subject to these attacks, whenever he has company.”

As Madame F—— did not think it right to return to the poor afflicted one, she quitted the house directly, casting a glance of mingled regret and desire upon the pretty magnolia, the only tree that ornamented the garden. What was she to do? to lose the tree seemed hard, but it would be harder still to lose the house; besides her kind heart whispered her, that she ought to sacrifice her own wishes to soothe the poignant grief of the bereaved M. N.

Three months afterwards, our pretty widow took possession of her new house. Her first care was to have the magnolia taken up according to her agreement very carefully, and sent to the house of M. N——. As she sat at the window, regretting the loss of the pretty tree, and thinking what she should replace it with, she saw the gardener and his assistants returning with it. “What is the meaning of this?” cried the astonished Madame F——. “Why, ma’am, that end of the street is filled with carriages, and there is no getting into number 42, for the court-yard is crowded with them.” “Good heavens!” exclaimed Madame F——, “is poor M. N—— dead?”

“Dead!” cried one of the men with a grin, “why he is married, and the grandest wedding it is that I have seen in the Faubourg for these last twenty years.”

Madame F—— was perfectly astounded; it was not till the gardener had told the news

twice, that she could believe it. Then clapping her hands for joy, "replant my magnolia," cried she, "replant it directly, if M. N—— must have it, let him come and take it up himself."

No sooner said than done. M. N—— had perhaps in his garden, a magnolia, under which he exchanges vows of *eternal constancy* and *unchangeable* love with his new wife, for he has never asserted his claim to the *arbre chéri*. A few days after I had heard the story, a report reached me of the pretty widow's approaching marriage. I went to congratulate her upon it, and as I did so, my eye fell upon the magnolia. The same thought, as it appeared, occurred to both of us, for she said to me, smiling, "I am past the age of romance, but if I was not, the foliage of the magnolia should not be confident of my sentiments, its leaves do not murmur the name of the dead."

### FEMALE PORTRAIT GALLERY, FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

FLORA M'IVOR AND ROSE BRADWARDINE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was the Luther of literature. He reformed and he regenerated. To say that he founded a new school, is not saying the whole truth; for there is something narrow in the idea of a school, and his influence has been universal. Indeed, there is no such thing as a school in literature; each great writer is his own original, and "none but himself can be his parallel." We hear of the school of Dryden and of Pope, but where and what are their imitators? Parnassus is the very reverse of Mont Blanc. There the summit is gained by treading closely in the steps of the guides; but in the first, the height is only to be reached by a pathway of our own. The influence of a genius like Scott's, is shown by the fresh and new spirit he pours into literature.

No merely literary man ever before exercised the power over his age exercised by Scott. It is curious to note the wealth circulated through his means, and the industry and intelligence to which he gave the impetus. The innkeepers of Scotland ought to have no sign but his head. When Waverly appeared, a tour through Scotland was an achievement: now, how few there are but have passed an autumn at least, amid its now classic scenery? I own it gave my picturesque fancies at first a shock, to hear of a steamboat on Loch Katrine; but I was wrong. Nothing could be a more decisive proof of the increased communication between England and Scotland—and communication is the regal road to improvement of every kind. How many prejudices have floated away on the tremulous line of vapour following the steam vessel; and what a store of poetical enjoyment must the voyagers have carried home! More than one touch of that sly humour, which seems to me peculiarly and solely marking the Scotch, has been bestowed on the cockney invaders of the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood." May I, a Londoner bred, say a word in defence of the feeling which takes such to the shore of

"Lovely Loch Achray!

Where shall they find on foreign land,  
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?"

But the dwellers in the country have little understanding of, and therefore little sympathy with, the longing for green fields which haunts the dweller in towns. The secret dream of almost every inhabitant in those dusky streets, where even a fresh thought would scarcely seem to enter, is to realise an independence, and go and live in the country. Where is every holiday spent but in the country! What do the smoky geraniums, so carefully tended in many a narrow street and blind alley attest, but the inherent love of the country! To whom do the blooming and sheltered villas, which are a national feature in English landscape, belong, but to men who pass the greater part of their lives in small dim counting-houses! This love of nature is divinely given to keep alive, even in the most toiling and world-worn existence, something of the imaginative and the apart. It is a positive good quality; and one good quality has some direct, or indirect tendency to produce another. It were an unphilosophical creation, that of a human being—

"Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes."

That virtue would have been a sweet lure to better companions. Schiller is nearer truth when he says—

"Never, believe me, appear the immortals—  
Never alone."

Scott has a peculiar faculty of awakening this love of the country, and of idealising it into a love of the picturesque. Who can wonder then, that when such descriptions came accompanied with all the associations of romance—all the interest of stirring narrative—that a visit to "Caledonia, stern and wild," became the day-dream of all who looked to their summer excursion as the delight and reward of the year! I have never visited Scotland—in all human probability I never shall; but were a fairy, that pleasant remover of all ordinary difficulties, to give me the choice of what country I wished to see, my answer would be—Scotland; and that solely to realise the pictures, which reading Scott has made part of my memory.

Another noticeable fact is, the number of books which have grown out of the Waverly novels. How many local and antiquarian tomes have brought forth a world of curious and attractive information, in which no one before took an interest! And here I may be allowed to allude to the prejudice, for such it is, that the historical novel is likely to be taken for, and to interfere with history. Not such novels as Scott wrote, certainly. In the first place, his picture of the time, is as exact as it is striking: the reader must inevitably add to his stock of knowledge, as well as of amusement: he must acquire a general notion of the time; its good and its evil are brought in a popular shape before him; while the estimate of individual character is as true as it is forcible. Secondly, there must be something inherently vacant and unproductive in the mind which his pages stimulate to no farther inquiry.



In such hands, it would be of little consequence whether a fictitious or an actual chronicle were placed—either would lead to no result. Scott's works have done more towards awakening a rational curiosity, than a whole world of catechisms and abridgments would ever have accomplished. History has been read owing to his stimulus.

Prose fiction was at its lowest ebb, when Waverly appeared. Scott gives in his preface, a most amusing picture of the supply then in the market: a castle was no castle without a ghost, or at least what seemed one till the last chapter, and the heroine was a less actual creation than the harp which ever accompanied her. These heroines were always faultless; the heroes were divided into two classes; either as perfect as their impossible mistresses, or else rakes who were reformed in the desperate extremity of a third volume. Waverly must have taken the populace of novel readers quite by surprise: there is in its pages the germ of every excellence, afterwards so fully developed—the description, like a painting; the skill in giving the quaint and peculiar in character; the dramatic narrative; and above all, that tone of romance before unknown to English prose literature. Flora M'IVOR is the first conception of female character, in which the highly imaginative is the element.

Perhaps we must except the Clementine of Richardson—a poetical creation, which only genius could have conceived amid the formal and narrow-motived circle which surrounded her. Clarissa is more domestic and pathetic; though in the whole range of our dramatic poetry, so fertile in touching situation, there is nothing more heart-rending than the visit of her cousin to her in the last volume. He finds the happy and blooming girl whom he left the idol of her home circle, accustomed to affection and attention, surrounded by cheerful pleasures and graceful duties—he finds her in a miserable lodging, among strangers, faded, heart-broken, and for daily employ making her shroud. A French critic says: "Even Richardson himself did not dare hazard making Clarissa in love with his hero." Richardson had far too fine a perception of character to do any such thing. What was there in Lovelace that Clarissa should love him? He is witty; but wit is the last quality to excite passion, or to secure affection. Liberty is the element of love; and from the first he surrounds her with restraint, and inspires her with distrust. Moreover, he makes no appeal to the generosity of her nature; and to interest those generous feelings, so active in the feminine temperament, is the first step in gaining the citadel of her heart. To have loved, would not have detracted one touch from the delicate colouring of Clarissa's character; to have loved a man like Lovelace would. In nothing more than in attachment is "the nature subdued to what it works in." But Lovelace is now an historical picture; it represents a class long since passed away, and originally of foreign importation. It belonged to the French *régime*, when the young men of birth and fortune had no sphere of activity but the camp; all more honourable and useful occupation shut; and when, as regarded his coun-

try, he was a civil cipher. The Lovelace or the Lauzun could never have been more than an exception in our stirring country, where pursuits and responsibility are in the lot of all. They may, however, be noted as proofs that where the political standard is low, the moral standard will be still lower.

Excepting, therefore, the impassioned Italian of Sir Charles Grandison, Flora M'IVOR is the first female character of our novels in which poetry is the basis of the composition. She has all Clementine wants; picturesque accessories, and the strong moral purpose. Generally speaking, the mind of a woman is developed by the heart; the being is incomplete till love brings out either its strength or its weakness. This is not the case with the beautiful Highlander; and Scott is the first who has drawn a heroine, and put the usual master-passion aside. We believe few women go down to the grave without at some time or other feeling the full force of the affections. Flora, had not her career been cut short in the very fullness of its flower, would have loved, loved with all the force of a character formed before it loved. Scott's picture is, at the time when she is introduced, as full of truth as of beauty. The strong mind has less immediate need of an object than the weak one. Rose Bradwardine falls in love at once, compelled by "the sweet necessity of loving." Flora M'IVOR feels no such necessity; her imagination is occupied; her on-lookings to the future, excited by the fortunes of the ill-fated House to which her best sympathies and most earnest hopes are given. The House of Stuart has at once her sense of justice and of generosity on its side; it is connected with the legends of her earliest years; she is impelled towards it with true female adherence to the unfortunate. Moreover, her affections have already an object in her brother. There is no attachment stronger, more unselfish, than the love between brother and sister, thrown on the world orphans at an early age, with none to love them save each other. They feel how much they stand alone, and this draws them more together. Constant intercourse has given that perfect understanding which only familiarity can do; hopes, interests, sorrows, are alike in common. Each is to either a source of pride; it is the tenderness of love without its fears, and the confidence of marriage, without its graver and more anxious character. The fresh impulses of youth are all warm about the heart.

It would have been an impossibility for Flora to have attached herself to Edward Waverly. A woman must look up to love: she may deceive herself, but she must devoutly believe in the superiority of her lover. With one so constituted as Flora—proud, high-minded, with that tendency to idealise inseparable from the imagination, Flora must have admired before she could have loved. The object of her attachment must have had something to mark him out from "the undistinguishable many." Now, Edward Waverly is just like nine-tenths of our acquaintance, or at least what they seem to us—pleasant, amiable, and gentlemanlike, but without one atom of the picturesque or the poetical about them. Flora is rather the idol of his imagination than of his heart, and it might

well be made a question whether he be most in love with the rocky torrent, the Highland harp, the Gaelic ballad, or the lovely singer. They would have been unhappy had they married. Flora's decision of temper would have deepened into harshness, when placed in the unnatural position of exercising it for a husband; while Edward would have had too much quickness of perception not to know the influence to which he submitted—he would have been mortified even while too indolent to resist. Respect and reserve would have become their household deities; and where these alone reign, the hearth is but cold.

Rose Bradwardine is just the ideal of a girl—simple, affectionate, ready to please and to be pleased—likely to be formed by her associates, ill-fitted to be placed in difficult situations; but whose sweet and kindly nature is brought out by happiness and sunshine. She would be content to gaze on the plans her husband drew for “ornamental grottoes and temples,” and content that they were his, ask not if his talents did not need a more useful range and a higher purpose. Rose would have kept her husband for ever at Waverly Honour—Flora would have held

“Shame to the onward thought that ere betrayed  
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade.”

But, alas! to such—the decided and the daring—Fate deals a terrible measure of retribution. I know nothing in the whole range of fiction—that fiction whose truth is life—so deeply affecting as “Flora in a large gloomy apartment, seated by a latticed window, sewing what seemed to be a garment of white flannel.” It is the shroud of her brother—the last of his ancient line—the brave—the generous—the dearly-loved Fergus! How bitter is her anguish when she exclaims, “The strength of mind on which Flora prided herself has murdered her brother! Volatile and ardent, he would have divided his energies amid a thousand objects. It was I who taught him to concentrate them. Oh! that I could recollect that I had but once said to him, ‘He that striketh with the sword shall die by the sword!’”

It is a fearful responsibility the exercise of influence—let our own conduct bring its own consequences—we may well meet the worst; not so when we have led another to pursue any given line of action; if they suffer, how tenfold is that suffering visited on ourselves! For Flora life could offer nothing but the black veil of the Benedictine Convent. There are no associations so precious as those of our earlier years. It is upon them that the heart turns back amid after-cares and sorrows—the nursery, the old garden, the green field, remain the latest things that memory cherishes. They keep alive something of their own freshness and purity; and the affections belonging to those uncalculating hours, have a faith and warmth unknown to after life. To this ordinary but most sweet love, Flora had added the ideal and the picturesque—and love, to reach its highest order, must be worked up by the imagination. She saw in her brother the chieftain of their line—the last descendant of Ivor. He was the support of the cause whose loyalty to its ill-

fated adherents was as religion—their lofty enthusiasm was as much in common as their daily habits; they looked back and they looked forward together. When the last Vich Jan Vohr had perished on the scaffold, there remained for his lonely and devoted sister but the convent—a brief resting place before the grave.

L. E. L.

## THE FIRST PRINTED BIBLE.

THE earliest book, properly so called, is now generally believed to be the Latin Bible, commonly called the Mazarin Bible, a copy having been found, about the middle of the last century, in Cardinal Mazarin's Library at Paris. It is remarkable that its existence was unknown before; for it can hardly be called a book of very great scarcity, nearly twenty copies being in different libraries, half of them in those of private persons in England. No date appears in this Bible, and some have referred its publication to 1452, or even to 1450, which few perhaps would at present maintain; while others have thought the year 1455 rather more probable. In a copy belonging to the Royal Library at Paris, an entry is made, importing that it was completed in binding and illuminating at Mentz, on the feast of the Assumption (August 15) 1456. But Trithemius, in the passage above quoted, seems to intimate, that no book had been printed in 1452, and considering the lapse of time that would naturally be employed in such an undertaking, during the infancy of the art, and that we have no other printed book of the least importance to fill up the interval till 1457, and also that the binding and illuminating the above mentioned copy, is likely to have followed the publication at no great length of time, we may not err in placing its appearance in the year 1455, which will secure its hitherto unimpeached priority in the records of bibliography. It is a very striking circumstance, that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried at the very outset, so bold a flight as the printing an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armour, ready at the moment of her nativity, to subdue and destroy her enemies. The Mazarin Bible is printed, some copies on vellum, some on paper of choice quality, with strong, black, and tolerably handsome characters, but with some want of uniformity, which has led, perhaps unreasonably, to a doubt whether they were cast in a matrix. We may see in imagination, this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art, by dedicating its first fruits to the service of Heaven.

WHEN we apply to the conduct of the ancient Romans, the pure and unbending principles of Christianity, we try those noble delinquents unjustly, inasmuch as we condemn them by the severe sentence of an “*ex post facto*” law.

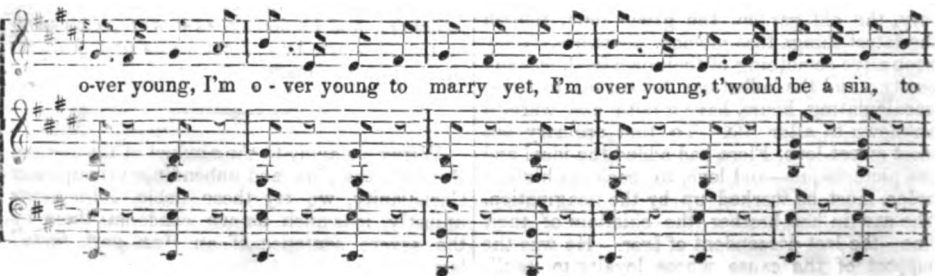
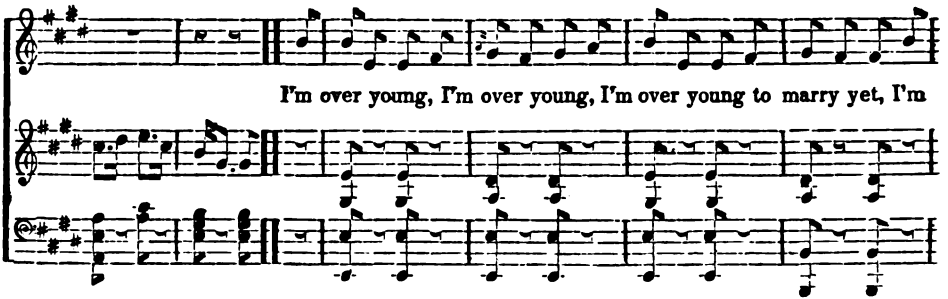
# I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

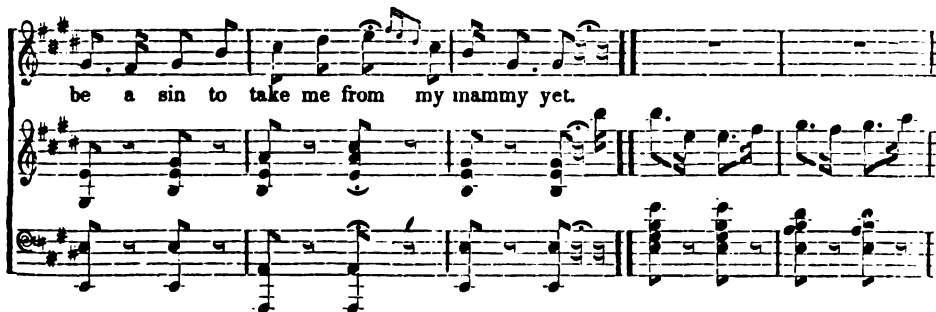
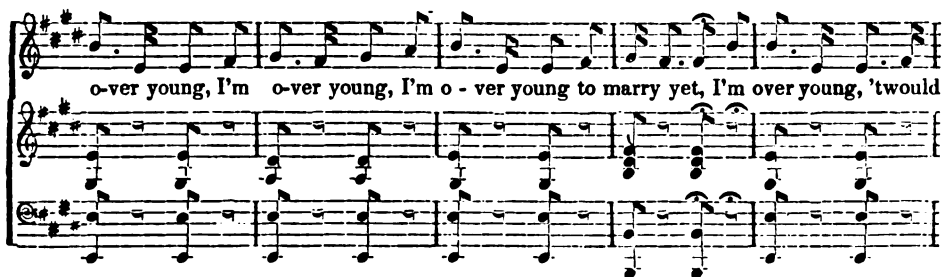
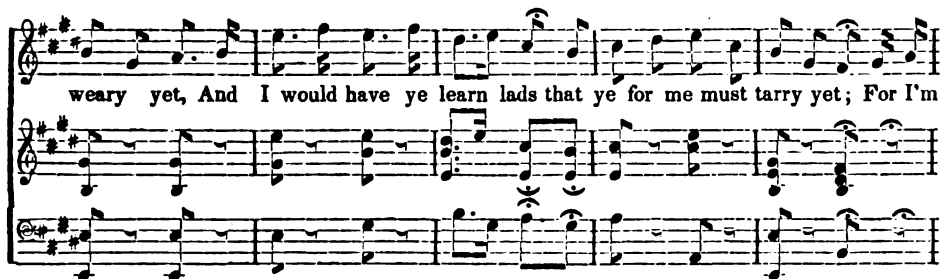
AS SUNG BY

MADAM CARADORI ALLAN.

ARRANGED FROM AN OLD SCOTTISH MELODY, BY ALEXANDER LEE.

*Presented by J. G. Osbourn for the Lady's Book.*





## II.

I'm over young, I'm over young, I'm over young to marry yet,  
 I'm over young, 'twould be a sin to take me from my mammy yet,  
 I'm over young, I'm over young, I'm over young to marry yet,  
 I'm over young, 'twould be a sin to take me from my mammy yet:  
 I hae had my ain way, none dare to contradict me yet,  
 So soon to say I wad obey, in truth I dare not venture yet,  
 For I'm over young, I'm over young, I'm over young to marry yet,  
 I'm over young, 'twould be a sin to take me from my mammy yet.

EXTRACT FROM THE NEW NOVEL OF  
"LOVE."

BY LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

"THERE is a spirit of detraction pervading the highest classes of female society, which it would be well for the fame of England (and we may say America too) were utterly abolished; there is a subtle serpent of malevolent envy, which, above all, lurks beneath the foliage of the green and beautiful female aristocracy of the land, and darts its poisoned fangs into the domestic privacy of life, and lures the old, as well as the young, to listen to its vile whispers, and to disseminate its venom. It fixes its keen eye upon its victims, and first draws the gaze of society upon the object it intends to immolate, then fascinates and lures them on, till they fall into the snare it has prepared.

"SUCH is the effect produced by forgers of scandal; but it is more than melancholy to add, that this delegate and representative of the evil one has chosen and found its principal abode amongst the greatest, the youngest, the fairest females of society. It is lamentable to observe how little good-will, and forbearance, and mercy bind women together in one common cause of support and defence. Who is the first to point the finger of suspicion at a woman! A sister woman. Who that lives in general society has not observed the self-satisfied smile which plays around the lip of her who proclaims one of her own rank and station to have swerved from the paths of decorum! Who has not observed the interest and curiosity awakened in the listening circle at the first murmur of some tale of slander! Who does not know that a watch is set upon the young and beautiful by their compeers, to cast a cloud upon them, and darken the slightest stain which they may incur! Who can be ignorant that this spirit of calumny is the reigning vice of the day! Yet it flourishes unreprieved: no one has been generous enough to step forward and denounce such a spirit as base and unworthy. It is passing strange! and were it not for the alloy which is mingled with humanity, and forces us to behold our corrupt natures in their deformity, it would be scarcely possible to believe that such a love of detraction exists. The law condemns murder; the thief suffers for his crime; the poacher, a few years ago, paid the forfeit of his life for shooting unlicensed on an abundant manor; nay, the man who is perishing for want is condemned for snatching the morsel of food which is necessary to his existence; the destitute incur the penalty of begging from the affluent; but the great lady who insinuates evil of her neighbour or friend, which is perhaps without foundation, or if it be true, who takes malignant pleasure in disclosing the error of one of her sex, passes unreprieved, nay, is sought out as an amusing person, who has always something entertaining to say. Is it not very sad for one who does not participate in this spirit, to witness and watch the entrance of a young, and at first, innocent being, on the world's stage! She probably receives the homage which is conferred in degree on all that world's aspirants for fame; she mar-

ries, it may be, the man of her choice, or it may be not; for a little while she is suffered to sail smoothly down the stream of life; there is a short, blessed space, during which she is allowed to pass without animadversion; but the time is short, indeed; the inquisition is quickly set upon her. She is good, innocent, unconscious of the scrutiny, and it matters not to her, neither does she think, that she is the object of malevolent curiosity; but does her husband fail in his attentions to her! is she exposed to temptation! is she weak! does she waver! does she totter on her high pedestal!—then Heaven have mercy upon her! for no earthly power can deliver her from the net which is drawn around her. English women are remarkable for being the first to blight their associate's fame; how few stand forth to ward off the scandal; or, if unfortunately, the tale be true, how few judge the fallen with leniency, how backward are the generality of women to urge, in extenuation, the causes which may have led to another's ruin; how slow and averse to endeavour to reclaim the erring, or pour the balm of consolation into the self-condemned spirit! A woman who has sufficient moral courage to do this charitable act is laughed at, or is herself condemned; none call her kind, none ascribe to charitable or gentle feelings the conduct she pursues; she is stigmatised with folly, is called good-natured with a sneer, or charged with a love of singularity; but none say, she has a Christian spirit, she acts a Christian's part. Does this severity, this indignation against the frailties of their associates, originate from a rigid love of purity!—from those only of unblemished reputations, of high moral worth! in that case, though it may be deemed severity, it is at least justice; but of all those who cast the stone at others, how few can rest their *motive* on this basis; by far the greater proportion are actuated by a love of gossip, or a desire to build their own upon the fragments of another's reputation, or draw them down to a level with themselves. Those who have escaped detection are the first to fall upon those who have not been so fortunate; and they visit or do not visit such and such a one, not upon the score of virtue, but the score of in expediency."

## TO TAKE INK-SPOTS OUT OF MAHOGANY.

It is perhaps not generally known that a piece of blotting-paper, crumpled together to make it firm, and just wetted, will take ink out of mahogany. Rub the spot hard with the wetted paper, when it instantly disappears; and the white mark from the operation may be immediately removed by rubbing the table with a cloth.

## TO TAKE INK OUT OF PAPER, AND STAINS OUT OF LINEN.

ONE tea-spoonful of burnt alum; a quarter of an ounce of oxalic acid; a quarter of an ounce of salt of lemons, and half a pint of cold water. Place in a bottle, and apply with calico.

## THE TEA TREE.

THE tcha or tea tree flourishes best in a light soil; it is raised from seeds sown in spring and transplanted in rows three or four feet asunder. After three years, the leaves are plucked, and the plants yield three year's crops, and are then renewed. They resemble myrtles, and their flowers are like the wild white rose. In some provinces they grow six or seven feet high, and in others ten or twelve. They are often made use of for hedge rows, and the leaves gathered for domestic use. The leaves at the extremities are the best, and in spring of bright green. When gathered, they are first steamed and then placed on copper, iron, or earthen plates over fires, by which they are shrivelled and curled up.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

"It is a wretched climate," says Miss Martineau, in her last work, "Retrospect of Western Travel." The assertion, like many others, which in her oracular wisdom, she has put forth, respecting our institutions and people, requires qualification. That our spring-time in New England, is a very gloomy reality, compared with the poetical pictures of the old world, we readily allow. The truth is, we have here no spring. As soon as the winter has gone in sober earnest, summer's beauty and brightness burst forth, at once. It is only in our own warm fancies that we can invest the first six weeks, at least, of spring, with any attraction. And in such a mood of fancy did we write the Editor's Table, for April. Oh! for the time when poetry was believed and prophecy fulfilled. Our age of facts and meteorological journals has dispersed the dreams of imagination. We are constrained to admit that here, in the meridian of Boston, from whence we date, not a glimpse of the sweet spring, with its "Buds and birds and blossoming bowers," has blessed our eyes.—The sun, when it does condescend to shine, looks down on our bleak, brown world, with a pale, sorrowing kind of light, like the beams that force their way through the dusty bars of a cold prison. Flowers only show themselves through the carefully closed windows of the well warmed parlour;—and coal fires are as duly lighted and as necessary as they were at Christmas.

Well, we shall have summer.—Glorious summers, that can now, in anticipation, dispel the lingering frowns of winter, are the inheritance of New England; and dearer, pleasanter, lovelier from the contrast with the long and dreary winter—as the blessings of our holy religion never appear so precious, as when contrasted with the dark, barren, cheerless gloom of the heathen mind.

We have named Miss Martineau's new work.—In her preface, she tells us, it is chiefly intended for her own countrymen, to enlighten them on the subject of American manners and character, especially those of our eminent men. She has made some clever hits, and, on the whole, these books are more amusing than her first publication. Still, there is much error, many partial and one-sided statements, and it is plain that she has gathered the hints for many of her sketches, from such prejudiced reports as coincided with her own predilections.—If her English readers give credit to all she has written, their opinions respecting America and Americans, though different, will be scarcely

more correct than those they gathered from Mrs. Trollope's speculations. In descriptions of natural scenery, the latter lady has the advantage; though Miss M. shows a most determined spirit of admiration. But she has not the glowing imagination necessary to the highest faculty of discerning and describing the sublime. Every thing that can be seen, she sees—but in disposing her pictures, she allows the mean and minute often to occupy the foreground; and dwells on trivial and incidental circumstances and things, when, were her soul capable of fully appreciating what she is attempting to describe, she would seize the grand points and pour out her thoughts, in the full free flow which nature inspires. But her ideas often, not always, seem confined to an artificial and narrow scope—this is particularly visible in her chapter on Niagara, where she "dawdles" about most tiresomely. Still, we think her taste for rural scenery, displayed in some of her descriptions, very fine.—And we hope our readers will all have an opportunity of reading this "Retrospect of Western Travel," and then they can better appreciate the merits, and understand the faults of this lady tourist, than from any critical remarks.—One truth, which we hope the English will lay deeply to heart, is taught and enforced throughout this work—that America is a happy country for the people, for the poor, and that these pictures of human happiness, arising from the better education and greater privileges which the labouring classes here enjoy, will prove the charm of her book to Europeans, there can be little doubt. A deep and powerful feeling is pervading the public mind in Great Britain, on these subjects—even the lighter publications, the novels and periodicals, intended chiefly to amuse, are imbued with thoughts and sentiments which show how this divine philosophy of human improvement and happiness are gaining on popular favour. As a portrait of social life in England, contrasted with that which Miss Martineau has drawn of America, we commend the new novel of Miss Landon to our readers. *ETHEL CHURCHILL* should be read by those who read the "Retrospect," &c.—The story of the novel is interesting, though not probable; but the moral tone and the sentiments of the authoress are of a high character. We shall not attempt a synopsis of the tale—we do not wish to deprive its readers of the charm which makes so much of the interest of a romance—its first impression—but we will quote one paragraph of grave reflections, from the many which are interspersed through the scenes of the story, and which, we doubt not, bear the most faithful record of what the writer considered the tendency of her book should be—namely, to awaken the hearts of her readers to their own power of promoting the cause of improvement.—"The state of the poor in our own country is frightful; and ask any one in the habit of coming in contact with the lower classes, to what is this distress mainly attributable?—The answer will always be the same—the improvidence of the poor. But in what is this improvidence originated?—in the neglect of their superiors. The poor (in England) have been left in that state of wretched ignorance, which neither looks forward nor back; to them, as to savages, the actual moment is every thing: they have never been humanized by enjoyment, nor subdued by culture. The habits of age are hopeless; but how much may be done with the children! Labour, and severe labour, is, in some shape or other, the inevitable portion of mankind; but there is no grade that has not its moments of mental relaxation, if it but knew how to use them. Give the children of the poor that portion of education, which will enable them to know their own

resources; which will cultivate in them an onward-looking hope, and give them rational amusement in their leisure hours: this, and this only, will work out the moral revolution which is the legislator's noblest purpose."

So writes Miss Landon—the gay, the gifted, the admired. But no outward propensity can deaden the sensibility of a true woman's heart; and when such an one has the power of expression, the outpourings of her mind will be on the side of humanity and righteousness. Never yet has a female author vindicated oppression, or betrayed the interests of the people. The moral influence of woman has, when permitted to act, either in promoting benevolent designs, or diffusing knowledge, always been exerted for the good of the many. The reason of this right moral influence of the sex is doubtless, in a great measure, owing to the simplicity in which woman receives the truths of the gospel. She does not study ponderous tomes of divinity—the theories and traditions of men; but draws the evidences of her faith from the word of God. And there she finds the poor and helpless especially commended to Christian philanthropy, and more sacred still, to Christian justice. She is constrained to feel and acknowledge, that "God is no respecter of persons,"—that the poor in this world, may be richer in treasures laid up in heaven than those who have gold at command to purchase kingdoms.—And her mental and moral influence is exerted in unison with the requisitions of religion: and as far as female education is made a subject of consideration with good and intelligent men, are they *certainly* securing the rapid diffusion of just and liberal opinions, and right influences to work out improvement.—By education, we do not mean mere school learning, much less the, so called, accomplishments—but skill in all departments of feminine labour, combined, to be perfect, with such moral and intellectual training as shall strengthen reason and right principles, and thus give fortitude in trials, and resources of independent support. A good illustration of our theory is now about being tested in Philadelphia.—We have here before us, the Plan and Constitution of a Society, formed for the express purpose of *improving the condition and elevating the character of industrious females*. At the head of this noble plan, stands the name of that truly worthy and untiring philanthropist, MATHEW CARRY. Would we could set his name in letters of gold! But it will have a more indestructible inscription—on the hearts of thousands whom his charity has and will benefit, his remembrance will be engraved. The blessings of those who were ready to perish, will be about his path, and his memory will be sacred for the constant and generous interest he has shown to meliorate the condition of poor oppressed woman.

The object of this really humane institution, is thus set forth in the preamble to the constitution.

"Whereas the excess of female labour beyond the demand for it, has a natural tendency, by the competition which it produces, to degrade and depress those females who depend on their industry for support: and whereas it is established, beyond the power of contradiction, that in consequence of this state of things, a large portion of the females industriously and usefully occupied in making coarse shirts, drawers, &c., for slop-shops, cannot, exclusive of their rent, earn more, when steadily employed for twelve or thirteen hours a day, than from six to nine cents per day, for food, clothing, fuel, &c. for themselves and children, if they have any, as many of them have: and whereas, paying for their labour at so low a rate is literally '*grind-*

*ing the faces of the poor*,' a crime strongly anatomized in the holy scriptures, and offers violence to the laws of honour, honesty, and religion: and whereas, independent of that holy law imprinted on the human mind, which commands to do to others as we would wish others to do to us, personal and selfish motives ought to influence the male sex to rescue the female from this enormous oppression, as the degradation and debasement of the one sex invariably react on the other.

"And whereas it would greatly mitigate this deplorable state of things to enlarge, as far as practicable, the avenues for female labour; and there is almost always a scarcity of good cooks, fine seamstresses, mantua-makers, milliners, &c.; and many of those females who are suffering penury and distress, while employed on coarse sewing, are, in all probability, capable of being instructed in the above employments, which would be a great relief to that class, and an equally great convenience to housekeepers."

Therefore, they form the Society, &c.—which is to operate by the following means.

"It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee, as soon as the funds of the society will warrant the measure, to hire two suitable rooms, one as a school for tuition in cookery, the other as a school for instruction in fine sewing, mantua-making, &c.; also to engage two competent females, one to teach in each department.

"There shall be a Ladies' branch of the Society, composed of fifteen members, who shall choose their own officers, make their own by-laws, and have the entire control and superintendence of the schools; the operations of which they shall commence with as much promptitude as possible."

This society, if it can be sustained, will be an honour to the citizens of Philadelphia, of which they may be justly proud. We do hope, that the ladies of that beautiful city, will prove themselves worthy the privilege of co-operating in a plan of benevolence, which has for its object the well-being of so many of their own sex. And may the example of this charity be speedily followed in other cities.—The results to which the projectors of this plan look forward, are indeed cheering.—They say,

"We trust to be able to qualify for the different occupations contemplated, fifteen or twenty women every six or eight weeks, and thus not only meliorate their condition, but to a certain extent benefit the whole class, by diminishing the number of applicants for coarse work, and rendering their time and labour more valuable.

"Those who are fully instructed will become more eligible as partners for life, and thus have a better chance of acquiring respectable establishments with rising young men commencing the world, and hence be elevated in the scale of society—an object of no small importance to the community."

#### DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

*Figure 1.* Robe of summer material, *corsage* high, in the surplice form; plaited sleeves with three frills, gradually tightening at the wrist. Hat of fine Leghorn straw, ornamented with ribbons to correspond.

*Fig. 2.* Robe of pink satinnet; it is made in the pelisse style, with the *corsage* partially covered with a *fichu à la Paysanne* of the same material, which is trimmed, as are also the sleeves and the front of the skirt, in a very novel manner. Victoria Bonnet of pink crape, or silk.







# THE LADY'S BOOK.

JUNE, 1888.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## ESTHER, A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

### CHARACTERS.

AHASUERUS, King of Persia.  
HAMAN, his chief favourite.  
MEMUCAN, }  
MARSENA, } Princes of Persia.  
ADMATHA, }  
HARBONA, } High Chamberlains.  
ZETHAR, }  
HATACH, }  
ÆRATHEUS, } Officers of the Palace.  
HEGAI, }  
COURTIERS, NOBLES, &c.  
VASHTI, Queen of Persia.  
ZERESH, Wife of Haman.

### Jews.

MORDECAI, a Jew of the tribe of Benjamin.  
JOATHAM, a Jewish Rabbi.  
AZOR, a kinsman of Mordecai.  
ESTHER, a kinswoman and adopted daughter of Mordecai.

### ATTENDANTS.

*Scene—in the City and Palace of Shushan.*

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Pavilion in the court of the palace.*  
*Ahasuerus sitting at the banquet, surrounded by the princes and nobles of his empire.*

*Ahasuerus.* Princes and nobles, hail! assembled powers

Of fertile Media, and of Persia fair,  
Again I greet you with a sov'reign's love,  
And bid you welcome to my palace courts.  
One hundred days and fourscore, have pass'd on,  
With swift and noiseless wing, since here ye came,  
And to your wond'ring eyes have been reveal'd  
Our kingdom's wealth; our splendour, power, and might!

No idle boast, no glitt'ring pageantry,  
To cheat the dazzled sight have we display'd;  
But pomp, and wealth, and majesty, at which  
Earth's kings, ay, e'en its proudest ones, might bow  
The knee, and sicken with pale envy.

(*All shout.*) Hail, mighty king!  
Long live our sovereign lord!

*Ahasuerus (bows his head).* Receive a monarch's thanks, and grant him yet

For one brief moment's space thy patient ear.—  
Swift as an arrow's flight, seven days have sped  
Since with gay hearts, unscathed by cares rude hand,

Or grief's corrosive touch, ye here have sat  
Around our banquet board, and shared with us  
Our royal dainties; and from sculptured bowls  
Of precious ore, have quaff'd delicious wines,  
Such wines as only grace a monarch's feast.  
With wond'ring eyes ye have admired our pomp,  
Have gazed enraptur'd on this princely pile,  
The boast of Shushan,—with its marble courts,  
Its purple hangings, wov'n in Tyrean looms  
And loop'd with cords of gold, that sweep their folds,

With gorgeous grace around the marble plinths  
That bear the columns fair; thence falling rich  
O'er the bright pavement, ivory inlaid  
With the blue sapphire, and the ruby's stone,  
The changeful opal, purple amethyst,  
And every colour'd gem of beauty rare,  
Gather'd from distant Ind, and hither brought  
To shed their radiance o'er our regal courts!

*Memucan (aside to Admatha).* Look thou,  
Admatha, merry is his heart

With the delicious juice of the crush'd grapes!  
Mark how it sparkles in his princely eye,  
And flushes on his cheek! And list! Again  
The monarch speaks. What meaning in his look!

Some rare proposal dances in his smile,  
Some act of grace about to be divulg'd,  
Which to our revels shall bring added zest.

*Ahasuerus.* Princes, peers who circle round our throne,

And bask beneath the sunshine of our smile,  
Ye deem your monarch bless'd because his board  
Groans beneath dainty cates and rosy wines,  
While servile slaves, adoring kiss the ground  
Press'd by his foot, and million voices hail

Him first, him greatest, 'mong earth's greatest ones.

But vain this pomp! the heart rejects it all,  
And asks for nobler joys to fill its void.  
My wide command, my gorgeous palaces  
Enriched with gems and gold, my spacious courts  
Guarded by sculptur'd forms unique and rare,  
And cool'd by gushing founts, whose feathery  
spray

Descends on glowing beds of perfum'd flowers,  
That scent the rosy air with incense sweet,—  
These all were vain, unworthy of a thought,  
Without the favour of the mighty gods,  
Without the love of her who shares my throne,  
And gilds it with the lustre of her charms!

(*All.*) Long live great Vashti!

Persia's beauteous queen!

*Ahasuerus.* My heart responds with fervour to that shout,

And, to reward your loyalty and love,  
This moment will I summon to our feast,  
My peerless queen. Yes, valiant peers, princes,  
And subjects all, you shall behold her charms,  
Shall gaze with wonder on that priceless gem,  
That lends its glory to my kingly crown,  
And then confess how the great gods have bless'd.  
Harbona, speed thee quick with my commands  
Straight to thy royal mistress; and declare  
My sovereign will, that hither she resort,  
Without delay, array'd in royal state,  
With jewel'd crown decking her lovely brow,  
All as becoms her rank and bearing high.  
And farther still,—bid her appear unvail'd.  
I would the envious shade which shrouds her face,  
Dimming its beauty rare, were thrown aside,  
So shall each eye gaze with uncheck'd delight,  
On Persia's radiant queen.

*Harbona (prostrates himself before the king).*

Pardon, great king, the boldness of thy slave,  
But well thou know'st the queen a banquet holds  
E'en at this hour, within her palace walls,  
Where all the ladies of thy royal house  
Sit with her, at the feast—and much I fear,  
She my request will spurn, nor deign to come  
And stand unveil'd before thy princely guests.

*Ahasuerus.* Harbona, rise! I freely pardon thee,  
Though of thy monarch's absolute command  
Thou dost imply a doubt. Speed at my word,  
Nor fear the queen's rebuke. Her king commands,  
And even she, the loved and cherish'd one,  
First in my kingdom, dearest to my heart,  
Will never venture to gainsay the will  
Of him who reigns sovereign unlimited,  
From fertile India's green and palmy vales,  
To distant Ethiopia's arid wastes.  
Depart in peace, nor longer make delay.  
Go thou, and Zethar bear thee company—  
We are impatient for thy quick return.

*Harbona.* Most gracious king, we hasten to obey!

(*Going—speaks aside to Zethar.*)

Come, Zethar, to our task,—but, gracious heav'n!  
As soon wilt thou send down thy starry host  
To grace this gorgeous banquet, as the queen,  
The proud and scornful queen, with willing feet,  
Haste, at the bidding of her royal lord,  
To swell the triumph of his earth-born pride.

(*Exit Chamberlains.*)

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the Palace.—Vashti, and the ladies seated at the banquet.*

(*Enter Hatach.*)

*Hatach.* Most gracious queen, I come with tiding strange  
To greet thine ear. The king's high chamberlains,

Sent at their lord's command, now wait without,  
To bear thee hence, e'en to the banquet hall,  
Where with his valiant peers, the monarch feasts.  
At first I did refuse their suit to press,  
But earnest were they, not to be denied;  
And I perforce have sought thee, to declare  
The errand which they bring.

(*The Queen rises in anger and astonishment from her seat, and speaks.*)

*Vashti.* Slave! dar'st thou bear unto thy mistress' ear

Such words as these! Know thou dost peril life,  
To come before me with such message bold;  
Or art thou mad? Methinks some sorcerer,  
Some spirit dark and full of wicked wiles  
Has looked upon thee with an evil eye,  
And scar'd thy madd'ning brain. Else whence  
these words?

These ravings rather of a maniac mind,—

Speak quick, and end my wonder.

*Hatach.* Great queen, forgive the humblest of thy slaves,

By whom the pangs of death were far less fear'd,  
Than angry word or dark'ning frown of thine.

I have but told the message of my king  
Brought hither by his servants, who now wait  
In anxious hope an audience to obtain  
Of thee, their queen, touching their lord's behest.

*Vashti.* Most strange! Most wonderful!

I comprehend it not! I dream, methinks!  
Go, Hatach, summon quick the chamberlains,  
And I will meet them in the mirror'd hall,  
Where the bright fountain with its lulling sound  
May cool my fever'd blood. [*Exit Hatach.*]

Unto the banquet hall, he said,

Ye gods forbid it! shame and pride forbid!  
A woman's shame! a woman's queenly pride!  
A queen, said I? Ay; yes, by right of birth,  
Of high, unmix'd descent,—for the same tide,  
The rich and crimson tide of royal blood,  
Which warm'd the heart of Cyrus, my great sire,  
Flows also through my veins, a taintless stream,  
Pure as its fount,—and never shall his shade,  
Where high enthron'd in glorious heav'n it sits,  
Stooping to gaze from his abode of bliss  
On the low scenes of earth, have cause to mourn  
That Vashti was his daughter. [*Exit Queen.*]

SCENE III.—*A marble hall, lined with mirrors.—A fountain playing in the centre.—Vashti reclining on a pile of cushions,—behind her stand two female attendants.—Harbona and Zethar enter, conducted by Hatach, and prostrate themselves before the queen.*

*Vashti.* Rise, lords! your homage vain I ask not now,—

But wait impatient, while you brief disclose  
The message which you bring; for rumour strange  
Has falsified, fain would I so believe,  
Its purport to my ear.

*Harbona.* Beauteous and sovereign queen, the words we bear,

Are those of our dread lord, and we his slaves  
Do but his bidding to repeat them here,  
Else were our lives a forfeit to his wrath.

*Vashti.* Speak on!  
My heart is schooled to hear you to an end  
With passionless serenity. Say on,—  
But let me warn you of the thunder-burst  
That follows oft a calm.

*Harbona.* Most mighty queen, we are but passive slaves;

Powerless to purge offence from out our task,—  
We are the guiltless instruments of wrong,  
If wrong there be, and deprecate thy wrath

With earnest prayer. Full well, great queen, thou know'st

In Shushan's palace courts a feast is held,  
Where all th' assembled powers of this wide realm  
Sit with our monarch at his banquet board,  
While he displays his majesty and might,  
His kingdom's wealth, his pomp and sov'reign state,

To their admiring eyes,—and still ascends,  
From every echoing lip, the loud acclaim  
That speaks a nation's homage and delight.  
Yet to complete their wonder and surprise,  
And as a guerdon for their loyal love,  
He fain would show them what he prizes most,  
Yea, far above all gifts the gods bestow,  
His peerless queen,—the mistress of his heart,  
The ruling star that guides his destiny.  
And us he sends, imploring thee to come  
Wearing the golden crown, and purple robe,  
And gemmed thy beauteous hair with queenly pride,

That every eye which marvels at his pomp,  
May view the treasure, richer far than all,  
And own him crown'd with heav'n's peculiar love,  
Bless'd with a queen so virtuous, bright, and fair.  
Most gracious lady, thus thy lord entreats,  
And farther prays that thou wilt cast aside  
The envious veil which o'er thy beauty hangs,  
That all unshadow'd, in excess of light,  
Thy dazzling charms may burst upon their eyes.  
We have fulfilled our task. Oh, queen, forgive,  
If we offence have wrought, by words not ours.

*Vashti.* True, you are instruments, but daring ones,

To tempt me in this sort. Yet, you I pardon,—  
Scorn and wrath for him who sends me scorn,  
And dare insult the partner of his throne  
With words like these. Preposterous request!  
I did not dream that one on earth there lived,  
Who held his safety at so light a price,  
As thus to offer insult to my name!  
And can he think Vashti will heed his word,  
Who, reckless of her fame, has summon'd her  
To stand unveil'd before a gaping crowd  
Heated with wine, and let their jests profane  
Pollute her ear ne'er jarred by vulgar sound?  
No, Persia's queen stoops not to such disgrace!  
Depart, my lords, and bear my answer back,—  
Go, tell your king, that Vashti did not wed  
To swell the pomp and triumph of her lord;  
She has a spirit, that will not be chain'd  
E'en to the chariot-wheels of Persia's king,  
All-powerful as he is. Her free-born soul  
Was form'd for rule,—great Cyrus was her sire,  
And no low thought, no act unworthy him,  
Shall sully her proud name!

*Harbona.* Alas! great queen, forego these bitter taunts,—

I fear to bear them to my angry lord,  
They'll chafe him sore. Hast thou no gentle word  
To soften thy reply?—we humbly pray,  
That for thy servants' sake, thou would'st not stir  
With scornful word the monarch's slum'ring wrath.

*Vashti.* On me 'twill fall, and know, I fear it not,

I would he should be chaf'd—so now depart,—  
I am in haste,—th' untasted banquet waits,  
For thou, ill-omened, didst disturb our feast.  
Therefore, begone,—and say I will not come.  
The ruddy nectar of the purple grape,  
Has sent its fumes into thy monarch's head,  
And when soft sleep has cool'd its feverish heat,  
He will rejoice that his command was spurn'd,  
Unworthy him, and insolent to me.  
Go, for I fear him not, nor hast thou cause.

Farewell, my lords, nor do your queen the wrong,  
Ever again, on such an errand bent,  
To seek her presence; lest some wo befall,  
More mighty than you dread from him you serve.  
[*Exit Lords.*]

SCENE IV.—*An apartment in the palace. Ahasuerus, Memucan, Marsena, and other princes and nobles.*

*Ahasuerus.* Gods! do I live to hear it?

Vashti insults her lord! sets him at naught,  
And beards him publicly with woman's scorn!  
Eternal gods! hurl down your thunderbolts,  
And with your fiercest lightnings smite me low,  
If with a coward heart, I shrink from aught  
Which strict and awful justice may demand!  
Princes and peers who stand around the throne,  
I ask your counsel in this dark affair,—  
Our power shall not be braved, our will despised,  
And yet th' offender pass unheeded by.  
Though 'tis our queen, she meets with her deserts;  
Not e'en our love shall shield her from reproach  
And condign punishment. Speak then, my lords,  
Your counsel I demand.

*Memucan.* As thou, great king, commandest, so we speak,

Fearless, free, as to a monarch just;  
For not alone her king and sovereign lord,  
Has Vashti wrong'd, dishonoured, and despised,  
But all who sat with him around his board,—  
Nay, all his peopled provinces shall groan,  
If her rebellious act unpunished goes.  
Far, far abroad, its evil fame shall spread,  
Till to the utmost verge of thy broad realm,  
It shall be told by peasant, lord, and slave;—  
The shameful tale, which all might blush to hear,  
Shall be familiar as a household word,  
And rouse up idle women, weak, and vain,  
To grasp at rule, to spurn their wedded laws,  
And brave defiance to their rightful lords.

*Marsena (aside to Admatha).* Right eloquent he is in this good cause,

Nor wonder I to hear his earnest words,  
For well, I ween, he has a shrew at home,  
A tameless shrew, that love nor fear can rule.

*Ahasuerus.* 'Tis true, alas! too true!

Say what thou wilt, and I shall have it done.  
'Tis easier far to lop a limb diseased  
Than leave it to infect the neighbouring trunk  
With slow decay. And for the general good,  
I will be first to throw afar a dear  
But poisonous ill.

*Memucan.* Oh, king! most wise art thou, and ever just,

And ever ready, for thy subjects' weal,  
To sacrifice thyself. Let then, my lord,  
(Since it doth please him bid his servants speak,)  
Send forth his high command, touching the queen;  
That she be banished from his heart and throne,  
Since she has forfeited his royal grace,  
And openly rebelled against his power.  
Then let another fair and bright as she  
Possess her lost estate, and share thy throne,  
The partner of thy kingdom and thy love.  
Still may thy servant speak!—Let this decree,  
Be written in our law, that changeless law,  
Which ever stands immutable and firm.  
Thus may it best be known throughout the land,  
Teaching rebellious wives 'twere wise to give  
Honour where honour's due, and meek submission  
To their wedded lords.

*Ahasuerus.* It shall be done.

This hour shall see me sign her banishment,  
And she shall know I will be king indeed.  
This sceptre, and this crown of sovereignty,  
The symbols of my power, shall not adorn

A royal shade who fears or knows not how  
Like a true king to exercise command.  
Through all my hundred provinces send forth  
This just decree, touching our banished queen.  
In every varied tongue spoke in our realm,  
Let it be written fair, that all may read,  
And with my signet seal. So be it known;  
Such is our royal pleasure and command.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—*An apartment in the palace. The king and Memucan.*

**Memucan.** I did but do thy bidding, gracious king,  
When with despatch I sent forth the decree  
Of Vashti's banishment.

**Ahasuerus.** Ay, with most cruel haste,  
Thou didst the deed. Thou fearedst lest I should  
change;  
Lest in a cooler hour, my angry mood  
Should pass, and love return. Full well thou  
know'st

The inebriate wine had fired my blood,  
And paralyzed my brain,—else had thy words  
Fall'n powerless to the ground, as they deserved;  
Thou didst not well to chafe me in such sort.  
Because at home thou hast an angry wife,  
Thou fain would'st wreak the wrongs which she  
inflicts,

On all of woman-kind. Weak that I was,  
To list thy cunning arts;—they've wrought me wo,  
And desolation dire. My sun has set,  
My bright resplendant sun, that shed its rays  
Benignant o'er my path, and lighted up  
My world with love, and hope, and ecstasy—  
But I will see her yet,—once more behold  
Those peerless charms I have so long adored,  
And at her feet confess my sin and grief.  
Go, and bid Hatach warn her I approach,—  
Nay, cease thy wiles, 'tis vain for thee to speak,—  
I am resolved to win her back again,  
If so the gods permit.

**Memucan.** Great king, forbear thy wrath!  
She has departed, whither none can tell.  
Soon as she learned thy will, with fierce disdain,  
And brow of angry pride, she call'd her slaves,  
And bid them quick prepare to follow her.  
None traced her steps, nor mark'd the course she  
took,

But ere o'er yonder distant mountains broke  
The orient dawn, she with her maiden train.  
Had pass'd the city gates.

**Ahasuerus.** Gone forth to exile, lonely and  
uncheer'd!

Ye gods, forgive my sin! But as for thee,  
False, cruel man! 'tis thou hast wrought this deed,  
And wrought it with a calm demoniac joy,  
As now thou break'st these tidings to my car.  
Yea, thou dost revel in thy monarch's wo,—  
I see it in thy eye, and hear it breath'd  
In the low accents of thy treach'rous voice.  
Go,—rid me of thy presence, which I loathe—  
Since thou art false, there's none whom I may  
trust.

**Memucan** (*falling at his feet*). My lord! my  
king! kill not thy slave with words  
Unkind as these,—words which he ill deserves.  
Reflect one instant, ere thou dost pronounce  
Such sentence harsh,—and if thou canst recall  
One act disloyal, or one treach'rous deed,  
That ever blacken'd Memucan's fair fame,  
Then, and then only will he bow resign'd  
To thy displeasure stern, and deem it just.

**Ahasuerus.** Nay, rise my lord,  
I feel I am unjust. Despair and wo

Are busy at my heart, to turn its blood  
To gall. Thou hast been ever true; most true  
And firm, till now, and zealous to perform  
My slightest wish. 'Tis pity that thy zeal  
Should e'er o'erstep thy love. Else might the  
hand

Which erst has pour'd the balm of woman's love  
Into my thirsting soul, still minister  
To all its wants, and soothe my ruffled mood,  
When chaf'd by cares that often line the crown,  
Gorgeous with gems and gold.

**Memucan.** Thy pardon, gracious king;  
If I have err'd, 'twas through desire to serve  
Thy righteous cause, and vindicate thy fame,—  
And not to gratify one selfish thought.  
And yet I pray thee, mourn no more for her  
Who spurn'd thy love, and with such rash disdain  
Defied the power she was most bound to obey.  
All praise the act which drove th' aggressor forth,  
And call it wise, expedient, and most just.  
Then in a nation's loud approving voice  
Find comfort for thy loss, and let my lord,  
Take to his bosom soon another queen,  
Whose beauty shall delight, whose gentler soul  
Shall soothe his cares and hush his vain regrets.

**Ahasuerus.** Too well thou know'st, when first I  
thought to wed,  
Of all that sought my love, 'twas she alone  
Who fix'd my wand'ring heart. Now she has gone!  
And where upon the habitable earth,  
Dwells there another who can touch my soul,  
And charm it in such wise as she has done?

**Memucan.** I know not where, but sure one may  
be found,—  
'Twere strange, indeed, if 'mong those radiant  
forms

That bloom throughout our land, in pillar'd hall,  
Or in low dwellings by the fountain's side,  
Where clust'ring roses bloom, less bright than  
they,  
And od'rous spices breathe, 'twere strange  
methinks

Were there not one could charm thy royal eye,  
One fair and graceful as thy banish'd queen,  
Though she, indeed, was beautiful as thought.  
Let then, my king, if it shall please his grace,  
Send forth his servants throughout all his realm,  
Servants well skill'd in choice of female charms,  
And from each vale and city of the land,  
Far as thy sceptre sways, let those bright maids  
Whom the high gods have bless'd with rarest gifts,  
Be gather'd to the courts of Shusan fair,  
Where when the time allotted by our law  
For preparation meet, in the free use  
Of fragrant baths and purifying odours,  
Shall have pass'd, each shall be brought to thee,  
That thou may'st choose from out th' assembled  
throng,

The maiden fair who pleases most thine eye,  
And seems by nature form'd to fill the place  
Once graced by fallen Vashti.

**Ahasuerus.** Full well thy thought doth please,  
And I will have it so. Quick, send thou forth  
Most trusty ministers, as thou hast said;  
And bid them call forthwith the fairest maids,  
Where'er they may be found,—and bid Hegai  
Straight prepare all things for their reception,  
Garments, and odours, and apartments rich,  
Within the palace walls.

**Memucan.** Swift I depart thy message to fulfil,—  
And may a balm be found ere long, my king,  
A sovereign balm, to heal thy wounded heart.

[Exit Memucan.]

(To be continued.)

Written for the Lady's Book.

# REVIEW OF THE YOUNG LADIES' FRIEND.

Concluded from p. 228.

IN regard to the deportment of young ladies on all occasions, there is a precision required of them by our author, which would, wherever adopted, destroy all that freedom and naturalness which after all constitute the greatest charm both in mind and manners, and without which there is little scope for the varieties of individual character. The following directions are given, in regard to their deportment in the street.

"You should converse in low tones, and never laugh audibly; you should not stare at people nor turn round to look at them when passed; you must leave off your juvenile tricks of eating as you walk along, going without gloves, swinging your bag, untying your bonnet—running to overtake a person, or beckoning to a friend. These things may seem very harmless in themselves, but they all serve to give an impression of character—and, as persons who see you only in the streets, must judge of you by what occurs there, it is desirable that all your actions, movements, and looks, should indicate modesty and refinement."

In the first place, the reason given for these instructions is not the proper one—as it is of very little consequence what those who see you only in the street think of you. A proper self-respect, and a desire to conform to the customs of those by whom you are surrounded, because such conformity is a proper mark of respect to them—are the motives which should regulate the conduct as far as mere artificial manners are concerned. A natural sense of propriety would prevent young ladies from transgressing in any important particular specified in the above paragraph. We should think very poorly of one, whose extreme anxiety to be thought proper, should prevent her from beckoning in the street to a friend whom she wished to see—or even from running a few steps to join her, if she must otherwise lose her society—and I must confess, that I should respect a lady less for that slavish submission to rule, which would induce her to bear the uncomfortable presence of her bonnet-strings in a hot day, rather than untie them. What want of refinement can there be in the untying of one's bonnet-strings, even in the street? I certainly would not have young ladies in the habit of laughing and talking loud in the street—as a habit it would be decidedly improper and unladylike. But we object to that extreme strictness which should exclude the possibility of their being ever thrown off their guard in those respects, by any circumstance whatever.

Persons who are *exceedingly proper* in trifles, are apt to be narrow-minded upon all subjects—to lose the power of discriminating between essentials and non-essentials—between what is intrinsic and what is superficial—and to be governed by the strict letter of all laws, human and divine. There is another instance

of Mrs. Farrar's extreme and unnecessary minuteness:—"If you perceive a lady to be in danger of losing some article of dress, such as a veil or boa, collar or handkerchief, tell her of it, *with grave politeness*." Why with grave politeness! it is too slight a thing to require being done in any particular manner.

The following are some of the author's instructions in regard to dinner parties:

"Arrived at the place, and disrobed of your shawl or cloak, let your gloves be on, and with erect carriage and firm step enter the drawing-room with your parents, either three together, or following them alone, or on the arm of a friend or sister. Look towards the lady of the house, and walk up at once to her, not turning to the right or left, or noticing any one till you have made your curtsy to her, and to the host. Then you may turn off towards the young people, and take a seat among them with that agreeable expression of ready sympathy on your face which encourages conversation.

Again:

"A child, a picture, an animal, or a bunch of flowers, may furnish topics for conversation until dinner is announced."

Would not one imagine the first of these directions to be given by a drill serjeant upon the parade ground? Think, too, of a rule prescribing the expression of the countenance, and topics of conversation! The following instructions are given in regard to the deportment at table.

"When fairly seated in the right place, spread your napkin in your lap to protect your dress from accident; *take off your gloves and put them in your lap under the napkin* (!) If soup is helped first, take some, whether you like it or not; because, if you do not, you alone may be unemployed, or else the regular progress of things is disturbed to help you to some other dish; so take the soup, and sip a few spoonfuls, if you do no more. Where the old fashion of challenging ladies to take wine prevails, it generally begins directly after soup; if you are asked, do not refuse, because that is a rebuff; but accept the challenge graciously, choose one of the wines named to you, and when your glass is filled, look full at the gentleman you are to drink with; then drop your eyes as you bow your head to him, and lift the glass to your lips, whether you drink a drop or not. If challenged a second time accept, and have a drop added to your glass, and bow as before."

Does not this last sound very much like a recipe?

"If you are puzzled which to choose of all the variety which the second course presents, and the lady of the house invites you particularly to take of a certain dish, let that determine you. Where the champagne is given between the courses, a young lady may very properly take one glass; but, when it comes round a second time, let her cover the top of her glass with her hand, as a signal to the servant that she will take no more. If little glass bowls with water in them, called finger glasses, are served round to each person, at the end of the second course, it is that you may dip your fingers in, and wipe them in your napkin. Observe whether, after this, the lady of the house

throws her napkin on the table or returns it, and do likewise, for the customs of houses vary.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Be sure to get through with your dessert, and have your gloves on, ready to move, by the time the lady of the house gives the signal, and take pains not to put yourself, or your chair, in the way of those who are passing down the room to the door.

"The time between leaving the dinner-table, and being joined by the gentlemen, is generally a very easy and social one with the ladies; the young ones walk about, or run up stairs, or play with children, or have some jokes or stories in a corner by themselves, while the matrons discourse of their own affairs. If your dress wants any adjusting, this is the time to attend to it," &c.

To give full effect to all these instructions, let us imagine half a dozen young ladies at a dinner obeying them implicitly. Behold them enter the dining-room, "with erect carriage and firm step," and looking towards the lady of the house—scrupulously careful not to turn their eyes to right or left, until they have saluted her. This done, each one, as she takes her seat, assumes "an agreeable expression of ready sympathy," and falls to talking about a "worked ottoman, a child, a picture; an annual, or a bunch of flowers." Next observe them when "fairly seated" at the dinner-table—each one spreading her napkin and tucking her gloves beneath it—then dutifully eating a little soup, whether they like it or not—then the whole six when asked to drink wine, looking first full at the gentlemen who have pledged them, then, dropping their eyes, bowing their heads, &c., with all the precision of a military manœuvre. See them when champagne is offered a second time, studiously covering their glass with their hand—see them, selecting from the second course, the dish recommended by their hostess, and carefully watching when this course is over, to ascertain whether she throws her napkin on the table or retains it, and doing accordingly—for it is not to be supposed that such an important circumstance as the proper bestowal of this article, can be put out of mind by any conversation, however interesting, in which the young ladies may happen to be engaged, or by any thing else. And now, they all have their gloves on, ready for the congé.

All this may be very well as an automatical exhibition—but is it likely to be any thing else? Besides, without daily practice, young ladies could scarcely equal in automatics their Shaker sisters, and, verily, it appears to us, that the latter should be left in undisturbed possession of the only claims to admiration which they ever think of preferring. Truly must the mother say, that "a dinner well performed by all the actors in it, is very fatiguing"—if it must needs be *performed*—but why have it a performance? Mayhap, a pantomime, too, for so much attention to form, must be a great hinderance to conversation. Except in regard to the general ordering and arrangement of such a party, which are learned upon very slight observation; why have any strict rule whatever—why not allow some modification of manner from individual character?

If a young lady have native sense, refinement, and benevolence, she may be sure of not offending in any point essential to good breeding, or the proper enactment of her part in society. If she have not, all the rules in the world will not supply the deficiency, or make her agreeable and pleasing. We object to this extreme scrupulousness, in mere matters of form, not only because it is in very bad taste, but because it has, in many instances, a very injurious tendency. Where undue importance is assigned to what is merely extrinsic and adventitious, there is little chance for a just appreciation of the proper ends and objects of life.

It is not, however, merely in ceremonious parties, and in the street, that our author requires so much formality: in her directions as to the intercourse of brothers and sisters, she shows that it is a first principle with her in all the intercourse of life. In a chapter upon the relation of brothers and sisters, which, in the main, we highly approve, she says—"Never receive any attention from them, (your brothers) without thanking them for it—never ask a favour of them, but in cautious terms—never reply to their questions in monosyllables." A sufficient comment upon these directions is furnished in the fact, that some brothers and sisters we wot of, who are all to each other that Mrs. Farrar would say they ought to be—have been greatly amused at the idea of such a style of intercourse, and have entertained themselves with trying how far they could recollect not to be monosyllabic, and not to ask favours otherwise than with *great caution*. There should be kindness and generous devotion on the part of brothers and sisters towards each other—but no formality—or, if you please, a grave politeness. This delightful relation ought not to be placed on a footing with the accidental associations of society in this, more than in any other respect. Besides, there is danger that by a sort of moral metonymy, the sign will come to be taken for the thing signified, and the affections will degenerate into mere form.

Formality should never be resorted to, except for the want of something better. It is precisely because nothing better can be commanded or applied, under such circumstances, that it is used on state occasions, and in parties of mere ceremony. The free promptings of an affectionate, generous, benevolent heart, are as much better than *rules*, in the intercourse of friendship, or, even of common civility, dictated by a sense of what is due from man to his fellow man, as inspiration is better than the fancies of the poor heathen, who rudely shapes a block of wood, and then imagines it a God. In all such intercourse, formality is but an irksome incumbrance.

We come now to a subject, one of the most important of which our author treats, and that in regard to which we differ from her most widely, namely—behaviour to gentlemen. We have before said, that her book would have been more useful in many parts, had she addressed young ladies as predestined wives and mothers. So far from doing that, however, she bids them "Let the subject of matrimony alone, until properly presented to their consideration, by those



whose right it is to make the first advances." Yet she shows the impossibility, not only of their obeying this injunction, but of acting consistently with it herself, by saying, "Since a refusal is to most men not only a disappointment, but a mortification, it should always be prevented, if possible." And again:—"If you do not mean to accept a gentleman, who is paying you very marked attentions, you should avoid receiving them whenever you can," &c. All this is highly proper, and could not well be omitted in a chapter on behaviour to gentlemen: it only shows the folly of attempting to enforce any theory so completely at variance with nature herself that it must be impracticable.

But Mrs. Farrar does not deviate from her theory upon this subject, merely when she cannot avoid doing so. In several instances, she addresses young ladies as if she would make the getting of a husband the grand incentive to all the duties and proprieties of life. This is a view of the subject which we strongly dislike, and would never have presented to them. For example; after a long exhortation, and many instructions upon the subject of pouring out tea and coffee at table, she says—"I knew one very happy match that grew out of the admiration felt by a gentleman, on seeing a young lady preside at the tea-table. Her graceful and dexterous movements there, first fixed his attention upon her, and led to a farther acquaintance." Indeed, she would have their imaginations continually haunted by these very gentlemen, whom they may not permit to assist them in putting on their shawls or cloaks. Even in bidding them (p. 130,) put up their bed-rooms neatly, before going to bed, she gives this reason, namely; that in case of some sudden alarm from fire or other circumstance, it would be so mortifying to see "*a gentleman*" "stumbling over their petticoats," or "kicking a stray shoe or stocking before him!" And is it not fair to infer, that her earnest injunction to let the cap fall well over the curl-papers, which she denominates, "*a frightful appendage*" to a woman, has reference, also, to the possible apparition of "*a gentleman*?" It is quite curious to observe these perpetual outbreaks of womanish nature, in a book which inculcates so earnestly its suppression.

Again:—In the very chapter in which young ladies are enjoined not to think of marriage at all, until the subject is "properly presented," &c.—speaking of a class of girls whose minds are always running upon beaux, and who manifest this prevailing tendency in every possible way, she says—"Such girls are not the most popular, and those who seem never to have thought about any at all, are sought and preferred before them."

This idea is enlarged upon and repeated, in a long paragraph, which concludes as follows: "Those who are free from all anxiety about being established, will generally be the first sought in marriage by the wise and good of the other sex; whereas, those who are brought up to think that the great business of life is to get married; and who spend their lives in plans and manœuvres to bring it about, are the very ones who remain single; or what is worse, make

unhappy matches. *Policy* and propriety, both cry aloud to the fair ladies of this happy country, to let the subject of matrimony alone, until properly presented to their consideration by those whose right it is to make the first advances."

All this is undoubtedly true; and yet, what strange inconsistency there is in holding up the fear of not getting married, as a reason for not thinking of marriage at all! Setting aside the inconsistency, is it the best, the most proper reason to give for observing the restraints of delicacy and good sense upon the subject?

It is one thing for a woman to contemplate marriage as her probable destiny, because that of the majority of her sex, and appointed by Him who made them, and to aim at some fitness and completeness of preparation for her future responsibilities; and quite another to think of *getting a husband*, as the object upon which, whatever she does may have some bearing, as the great end of her life, the reward of all her virtues and accomplishments. The latter is as odious and disagreeable, as the former is right and proper.

When a young lady shows that she has this false view of the subject, she gives convincing proof of an ill-ordered, ill-informed, vacant mind; for, if she were occupied with the actual, as she ought to be, she would not be unduly absorbed in what is to her contingent and ideal. She discloses, too, a want of that native delicacy, which should be the universal characteristic of her sex; for if the married state was God's appointment, he also appointed that she should be led to enter into it through the exercise of her deepest, tenderest affections, and not as a matter of cold speculation. There is no danger that a young lady, who has been properly trained to the duties of life, so as to have her mind constantly occupied, as it should be, with her own improvement and the good and happiness of others, should commit this error.

We quote the following, as we think, highly objectionable passages from this same chapter on behaviour to gentlemen:—"If a finger is put out, to touch a chain around your neck, or a breast-pin that you are wearing, draw back, and take it off for inspection. Accept not unnecessary assistance in putting on cloaks, shawls, overshoes, or any thing of the sort. Be not lifted in and out of carriages, on or off a horse; sit not with another in a place that is too narrow; read not out of the same book; let not your eagerness to see any thing, induce you to place your head close to another person's."

There is a great deal implied in these few lines; whether more was meant than meets the eye or not, far more is involved. We object to the method and spirit of these directions, not merely on the score of good taste, but of principle, too. In the first place, the style of manners here prescribed, implies great want of confidence in the other sex. It presupposes that they are not worthy of trust; that they have neither delicacy nor honour; that they are on the alert to take advantage of the slightest circumstance which they can possibly turn to advantage in prosecuting sinister ends. If



such were the race of man, it would be quite wrong to trust young ladies in society at all; the best and most proper expedient would be a grand universal nunnery.

The tendency of all unjust and ill-founded want of confidence in all the departments and relations of life, is to make those towards whom it is manifested, what they are suspected of being. Such a style of manners, therefore, on the part of ladies to gentlemen, if universally adopted, would have a positively demoralizing tendency. There is still another view of the subject; another reason for the same result. Primpness and prudishness are so repugnant to the taste of gentlemen—they so completely rob woman of her charm, that were all the virtuous to become prim and prudish, their influence would very much diminish, and that of the vicious increase proportionally. The kind of precision which our author inculcates, never commands respect. For it is in itself of the very essence of indelicacy. It supposes the mind of the *precieuse* full of all sorts of naughty thoughts. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

One cannot help suspecting, that a body who thinks it necessary to build up all these fences about herself, and to cry out so loudly, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther," is conscious of wanting that inherent power of self-protection, which is always found associated with native dignity and refinement in woman. We, of course, do not mean to include in our censure, that *native* shrinking reserve of character which is sometimes met with; for nothing of the kind, which is natural, offends; but that which is artificial, and worn as a sort of garment. We maintain, that any woman of sense and propriety, may be free, frank, confiding, untrammelled by rules, in her intercourse with gentlemen, and yet command whatever style of manners she pleases on their part. A glance of her eye, a tone of her voice, some sudden change of manner, will immediately set at a proper distance him who ventures too near the point he may not pass.

There is a mutual desire between the sexes, to appear well in each other's eyes, which God undoubtedly implanted for wise purposes. Without referring to the institution of marriage, which unites so many of them in the closest earthly bond, it was intended that each sex should exert great influence over the other. Whatever counteracts the designs of Providence, must be bad; and we repeat, that woman cannot have her just influence, where she deprives herself, in any degree, of her power of pleasing.

In concluding this article, we should be glad, if we could, to add some sanction to these excellent precepts and principles, which are scattered throughout the book, which spring from an enlightened humanity, and which in most things, not relating to the artificial forms of society, are marked by good sense, and high moral principle.

But we must put our veto upon her monkish sentiments about marriage; because we are unwilling that a woman should be indifferent in regard to it. It should form false and mistaken views of an institution, which is the well-spring and fountain of all social hap-

piness and civilization. We would have her thoughts turned towards it, and her mind fitted for it, as her probable and high destiny.

We protest, too, most earnestly, against the whole scope and spirit of the author's remarks upon "Behaviour to Gentlemen." From whatever source they are derived, they depreciate the power of our sex, and the virtue of the other, and have a tendency to give to their mutual intercourse associations degrading to both.

In regard to such a book, its style is comparatively a matter of so little consequence, that we have forgotten to speak of it. It is extremely well written, but it would have been a more agreeable, as well as a more useful book, had there been less of detail in regard to many subjects already well understood, and more illustration connected with those of greater importance.

E. B. S.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## DEATH OF WOLFE.

BY MISS JANE H. WILLIAMS.

This young officer, equally distinguished for his bravery and amiable qualities, led the British and Colonial troops to victory before the walls of Quebec, and fell in the moment of success.—*Grimshaw's United States.*

Far from the green hills of thy native land,  
Thy last sigh with the battle clang was blended,  
No mother watched thee and no sister band;  
Young warrior, on thy dying moments tended;  
Thy only canopy the boundless sky;  
Thy only dirge the shout of victory.

And thou didst fall! so gentle, yet so brave!  
With the proud name a soldier loves before thee;  
Borne from the battle to thine early grave—  
While fame her laurel wreath was holding o'er thee;  
As the glad shout triumphantly passed on—  
From rank to rank, "they fly, the day is won."

And didst thou pass unmourned to Death's dark night,  
When the dread envoy from the foe had found thee?  
No! for the brave, thy brethren of the fight,  
With saddened hearts and dim eyes gathered round thee;  
When stern hearts melt and many a tear-drop steals,  
Tells it not grief which language ne'er reveals?

Thou hast thy meed; the hero's meed is thine:  
Thy name recorded in the book of glory;  
The laurel wreath thy memory doth entwine,  
Emblazoned, chronicled in song and story;  
And few there be who boast with thee a name  
On fame's proud scroll, can equal virtues claim.

Quebec's fair domes bear record of thy fame;  
Proud Montmorenci on its bosom bears it;—  
Orleans green Isle doth speak, and Abraham's plain  
On its pil'd rocks and frowning heights still wears it;  
And free-born men within their hearts do keep  
An altar to thy memory, still and deep.

Rest soldier, rest, the war cry wakes thee not;  
Nor the loud trumpet breaks thy calm repose;  
Yet is thy grave a consecrated spot,  
Where many a brave deed done bright lustre  
throws.

Sweet be thy slumber in thy narrow cell,  
And soft thy pillow, soldier fare thee well.

*Bellevue, Pa.*

Written for the Lady's Book.

## XIMENA, THE FLOWER OF PERU.

BY MISS L. E. PENHALLOW.

THE last rays of the sun were gilding the lofty towers and glittering peaks of the royal palace of Cuzco. It was a gorgeous sight—the rich sunset of a tropical region: the many-coloured clouds seemed marshalled as if to take a short leave of that bright luminary, to which so many a heart in Peru was turned in adoration, to which so many a knee bent in silent homage. Fit emblem of the universal benevolence and love of its great Author, the orb of day in its parting, as well as its meridian ray, shone alike upon the humble roof and the imperial palace, upon the lowly cottage of poverty and the lordly abodes of wealth, though not alike did all greet those beams.

In the presence chamber of that proud dwelling, adorned with all that Peruvian wealth and Spanish luxury could combine, beat a heart oppressed with ambitious cares, with the firm resolve to subject all around him to his power. At this house the only occupants of the usually crowded hall of state, were Don Alonzo de Castro, the late viceroy of Spain, and his son, Don Ferdinand. The mild, benevolent countenance of the father, his venerable brow furrowed by years, formed a striking contrast to the proud demeanour, lofty bearing, and haughty, though handsome features of his son. Don Ferdinand was pacing the apartment with his plumed bonnet in his hand, his thoughts intently fixed, while the occasional contraction of his brow, or the hasty glance from his dark eyes, led to the suspicion that his thoughts were aught but ministers of pleasure, when his silent reverie was interrupted by the voice of his companion—

“Thank Heaven! Ferdinand, my wishes are at last realized; my royal master has at length complied with my request. I may throw aside the cares which have so long been an unfitting burden for my age. I may now look forward to the repose which declining years demand; and upon you, my son, will devolve the honours, the dignity, the wealth, nay, more, far more, the power of benefiting, of improving, of christianizing these unfortunate Peruvians. Their religion, erroneous as it is, has ever seemed to me the most natural species of idolatry—they have but mistaken the gift for the Giver—they bask in the beams of yonder brilliant luminary—they perceive its rays imparting life and fertility to every thing around them, and they look not beyond; they adore the effect; but the glorious cause is to them unknown. While we have conquered and subjected so many of their race, I blush to say it, while we have slaughtered so many—oh, be it ours, be it thine, my son, to raise some, to impart to them that glorious hope which we possess.”

The benevolent old man ceased; a glow of feeling brightening his face, as he became animated with his subject. Opposed as were these sentiments, and the principles which had actuated his conduct while in the exercise of his authority, to those of his countrymen in general; the annals of Peruvian conquest and

Spanish dominion, yet give us some brighter spots, some instances where humanity triumphed over avarice, where the spirit of human brotherhood was extended to the oppressed and unfortunate Indian. So rare, however, was such an event, that it formed the exception, while the general rule was that of cupidity, harshness, and cruelty. It was the policy of the Spaniards to compel the conquered nations to receive their faith, unitedly with their laws and customs; to enlist on their side the whole power of their religious trust, their superstitious fears; thus they believed their sway would be the more absolute over the conscience, which aided by their physical ascendancy would prevent all attempts to throw off the yoke which was at first so galling. De Castro, however, was influenced by higher and nobler feelings for the unfortunate and high-souled nation, over whose destinies he had been appointed to rule; he looked upon them with the benevolence of a Christian, with the kindness of a superior nature, who feels himself responsible for the use of the authority entrusted to him. Had such a spirit as his prevailed, had the mild spirit of a Fenelon, had the disinterested benevolence, the pure charity of a Las Casas, been there, how readily would the simple Indian have embraced that faith, which was too often presented to them at the cannon's mouth, at the point of the sword, with death as the only alternative. The mild and gentle Peruvians, some of whom had been converted under the government of De Castro, worshipped him rather as a celestial being, than as one with like passions as themselves; and the sequel of our tale will prove how powerful an influence such a mode of treatment might have exercised over them. But to return to Don Ferdinand, who, with all the pride of a Castilian noble in his veins, looked upon the country over which he had now become viceroy, merely as a field where a golden harvest might be reaped for his avarice, and new laurels might crown his ambition.

“Tell me not, my father, only of persuasion; if that will suffice, be it so; but they must submit: those chiefs who yet hold out against us must yield, from their mountain fastnesses, their secret retreats, they must come forth and yield a willing, if it may be, but at all events, an entire subjection to Spanish power. I cannot stoop to parley with them, to woo their submission; they must acknowledge our supremacy, our right to command; they must receive our faith, or,” said he, grasping the jewelled hilt of his sword, “the days of Guamanza and of Arica must return; those bloody tragedies must again be enacted.”

“Bend not the bow too tightly, lest it snap asunder,” said the old man; “I come to you now as a suppliant; I, who but two days since, commanded here as a sovereign, I come to ask a boon, one which I trust you will not refuse to grant. The prisoners who were taken in the engagement near Ica. Don Inez, who for many months has been confined to his tent by the wound received in that engagement, yesterday held a conference with me, and asked for farther orders respecting the disposal of them; they have been kept in close confinement for ten months, and still refuse to divulge the secret

hiding place of their treasures—will still acknowledge no other sovereign than the Inca Gonzaga. I came to ask of you their pardon and release; they will not yield to power—perchance gratitude might do what force has never yet been able to accomplish.”

“No!” exclaimed the new viceroy, forgetting at once all the better feelings of his nature, and that his parent was the suppliant, “I am now the representative of Spain; the New World shall feel and respect the power of my sovereign; I cannot meet them as equals; as a conquered people they must adopt our faith, receive our laws, be vassals to Spain, or they must die.”

“Talk not of death, Don Ferdinand,” exclaimed his companion—“had such been their nature, had they been the degraded race you deem them, where were now your father! The field of Del Oro drank the noblest blood of Spain; from that field your father had never returned, but for the generosity of that race whom you now doom to slavery or death. Since that day, I have never seen my deliverer, but for his sake, did not my duty to Him who is the Indian’s God as well as my God, claim it, gratitude to that noble youth would arrest my course and teach me mercy to his race.”

Perchance De Castro had touched a chord which responded to the feelings of nature in the breast of his son—perchance in complying with his father’s request, he was influenced by the boon he had himself to crave, a boon which would at once gratify his love and his ambition—for he accurately estimated his father’s influence over the deposed Inca and his daughter.

“On one condition, then, I yield, and grant their release. Don Ferdinand grants it to his father, not the viceroy to the Peruvians. Your influence is unbounded; use it then for me, and you may do what you will with the prisoners of Ica—let the beautiful Ximena be mine, and with her I obtain a claim, an influence over her people, which, as the son of the Inca, the husband of Ximena, none can question; the neighbouring princes will yield, when they see the Spanish and Peruvian power united.” Don Ferdinand hesitated—his haughty spirit could not brook to tell how wholly the proud Spanish noble had yielded his heart to the beautiful Peruvian—he could not tell all the magic power which bound him to the fair Indian girl. The ardour of passion, the deep feeling which the mention of Ximena had awakened, were for a moment all powerful; the viceroy was forgotten in the lover, and the breast on which sparkled the stars of many orders of nobility, beat with a quickened throb in pronouncing the name of the Indian maid. “Say to Gonzaga all which your wisdom may suggest—tell him of all the advantages of the union—let Ximena be my bride, and the day which gives her to me, restores her captive countrymen to liberty.” As he uttered the last words, the young viceroy left the apartment—his haughty spirit, unused to concession and wont to see obstacles disappear before him, had found his love but heightened by the coldness and opposition of the Peruvian maiden. In sullen silence he passed the crowd of his attendants, to discharge the functions which his new office demanded.

In her own apartment, the windows of which on one side commanded a view of the far hills and plains of her own native land, on the other looked out upon the busy city, was the daughter of the Inca, beautiful as the far-famed Houris of eastern story; she reclined listlessly upon a couch, while her attendants were busy in wreathing the folds of her dark hair, or collecting the fairest flowers of the garden for her, the fairest and most beautiful flower of all, but withering even in its bud. To describe Ximena were to realize all our dreams of ideal beauty—the high polished brow spoke her the daughter and descendant of kings; the full dark eye, rivaling that of the gazelle, and the mouth whose sweetness was irresistible, or the finely rounded form which might furnish the sculptor with a model, were all enhanced by the charm of the sweetest voice, the most winning manner. Ximena was indeed emphatically named “the Flower of Peru;” her hand had often been sought by neighbouring princes; the noble and chivalrous of her own brave land, had wooed in vain; and still Ximena was cold as the snow upon her native Andes, till she saw Anselma, the gallant cacique of Aragua. He had rendered his name illustrious ere he appeared at her father’s court, where he won, and was soon to call “the Flower of Peru” his own, when in an engagement with the Spaniards, Ximena heard that her earthly hopes were blighted, that her lover had fallen in the affray.

From that moment, the very name of Spaniard fell upon her ear as a death note to all her hopes of happiness, with one exception only; the virtuous De Castro—the friend of her countrymen, seemed of another race than the cruel destroyers of her nation, the murderers of her own happiness. The advances of Don Ferdinand had ever been repulsed with coldness by the daughter of the conquered. She would brood for hours and days over the wrongs and sufferings of her country, until selfish griefs were almost lost in sorrow for its woes. In such a mood was Ximena, when our story first introduces her to us. An attendant presented the request of Don Alonzo de Castro, for an hour’s private conference. Ximena felt she had neither the right nor the wish to refuse his request, and he was admitted.

“Why is the daughter of Gonzaga sad?” said De Castro—“why is the Flower of Peru withering?”

“Could I smile in gladness,” said Ximena, “when my country, is conquered, my father stripped of his rights, my countrymen in chains? let our mountains still rise in their grandeur, till their summits are lost in the clouds—let the bright Peruvian bird sing as gaily as ever—let the vicuña bound as lightly over our hills—let our rivers roll in beauty, as they did before the invader trod our shores, but ask not the daughter of her kings to smile when captivity and death are the portion of her country.”

“Ximena, you wrong us; we would bring you a richer treasure than your mines can ever yield—we bring you not captivity and death, we offer you our faith, and with it the friendship of our sovereign.”

“The faith you offer, what has it produced but misery and death? Your sacred book has

been offered in one hand, the sword in the other. Has not our glorious Sun ever kindly received our homage—does he not daily answer our prayers? And the friendship of your sovereign! let him call across the great ocean his subjects, and our country may again be happy, my poor imprisoned countrymen again be free.”

“It is of that I would speak to you, Ximena—heard you aught of those whom Don Inez captured at Ica! their fate is in your hands—say but the word and their chains fall—one word from Ximena, and they are free.”

“Say you so, noble Spaniard, and will yon bright Sun rise to-morrow on so many of his liberated children? What would not Ximena sacrifice to procure such a blessing!”

“Be my daughter, the bride of Don Ferdinand, and henceforth Spain and Peru are united; one sovereign, one interest, will cement the bonds.”

The face which but a moment before had flushed with pleasure, became suddenly pale—“No! the affianced bride of Anselma, it cannot be! life, any thing else, but to become the bride of the Spaniard; all but that would Ximena bear and suffer for her countrymen.”

When De Castro had left her, and Ximena found herself alone, the conflict of her feelings was almost beyond endurance; on one side she beheld her own blighted hopes, the chosen object of her youthful love, bleeding, dying, under the sword of the Spaniard; a hated marriage with one of that race who had been the destroyers of her nation—on the other, she beheld the joy of the ransomed captives, favour for her father, perhaps restoration to his former power. The conflict was agony, but it terminated in the sacrifice of self. It were vain to tell all the struggles which tore the heart of the high-souled girl, till the day appointed for the nuptials of the proud viceroy and the fair “Flower of Peru;” it were vain to tell of all the splendour and magnificence which marked that festal day, as the bridal train approached the temple, which glittered with the precious metals in the bright rays of the morning sun. A Catholic priest stood ready to pronounce the word which was to sever her heart from the fond remembrance of early love, and give her to one of a dreaded race. The beautiful victim, arrayed in costly jewels and ornaments, which the pride of her lord and the taste of her attendants had chosen, stood as if adorned for sacrifice; and when the fatal word was past, when the long array of Spanish and Peruvian nobles had disappeared, and she found herself once more in her own apartment, the whole bitterness of her lot, the past with its dreamy visions of delight, the sad present, the dreaded future, were before her. Tearing from her head the jewelled tiara which seemed but as a mockery to her grief, she poured forth to her favourite attendant, Elmora, the deep anguish of her heart—“Would that the ocean which rolled between us had been a barrier for the Spaniard; would that each hemisphere might have given a home to its children; would that Peruvian wealth had been hid in the deepest recesses of the earth, ere it had forced that cruel race to take from us our country and our freedom. But, alas! Ximena, the daughter of her Inca, has become the slave of the Spaniard; no more can she in

careless gaiety bound over the hills of her home, a free and happy one; no more with Anselma talk of Peru's past glories, and with his noble spirit dream of farther renown; no more—but alas! to name Anselma were treason, and I am now allied to his murderers—the bride of Anselma is the wife of the Spaniard; but there are happy hearts this day in Cuzco; the liberated captives, with all who hold them dear, beat with unwonted joy. There is yet one sunny gleam even in the path of Ximena.”

“One of the captives seeks a brief audience with my Royal Mistress,” said Elmora, interrupting the train of Ximena's sad thoughts.

“Let him be admitted,” she replied; “the daughter of Gonzaga will ever listen to their tale of woe and oppression.”

Why deepens the blush on the pale cheek of the mourning bride? why glares that eye with more than its usual brilliancy when the stranger enters? is it a shadow of the past? is it a vision of her fancy, or is it indeed Anselma, the cacique of Aragua, the chosen of her youthful love, who now appears before her. The stranger leaves not a moment to doubt; he tells her of his captivity, of the moment when lying upon the field of Ica, the Spanish sword had pierced his heart, when even his own followers had left him as dead; he tells the long tale of suffering and of cruel despotic power exercised over his fellow captives; details his plans of revenge, and proposes to Ximena to crown his love, to fly with him to a mountain retreat, where, far from Spanish tyranny, they may yet be happy.

“It may not be—Anselma, have you not heard—say, know you not of all that has passed!”

“Know I what?” asked the eager Anselma,—“that you have deserted the altars of your gods, that you have chosen the God of the Christians? I have but even now returned to Cuzco; I know only that I am free, that Ximena is again mine.”

“You know not, then, the price of your freedom; you are free, but Ximena is a captive; yes, believing that you fell in the fatal engagement of Ica, to procure the liberty of the prisoners who escaped that day with life, Ximena, this morning, became the bride of the Spaniard.”

“The bride of the Spaniard! the relentless tyrant! is nothing so sacred as to elude his grasp! Oh, treachery! would that the darkest recesses of our prisons yet confined us; that the field of Ica had indeed been our grave, ere the daughter of Gonzaga, the bride of Anselma, had been sold to the tyrants—but revenge is mine,” said the young cacique, as his manly brow darkened at the remembrance of all his wrongs.

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A summons to arms arouses Don Ferdinand; a party of the discontented Peruvians, who, but partially subjected, had waited only for a leader, are in arms. The viceroy assembles his troops in haste, animates them to the combat, encourages them to victory, tells them that Castile must be triumphant, that the New World is theirs, that each new revolt, by proving their superiority in arms, will but strengthen their power. The struggle was short, but bloody; the Peruvians, led on by Anselma, fought with

all the fury of desperation; they fought against the spoilers of their land, against the foreign oppressors; while the Spaniards, with the fixed determination of subjecting all to their power, with cool courage and practised skill, soon found themselves masters of the field. Don Ferdinand, whose bravery yielded to none of the chivalric knights of Spain, in the thickest of the *mélée*, having received a severe wound, was carried into the city to the imperial palace, where all possible aid might be administered. The prisoners too, among whom was their leader, the cacique of Aragua, were conducted in triumph to the city, there to receive their doom from the viceroy.

While Don Alonzo de Castro is listening to the fearful tale of slaughter, to the bloody records of the day, he discerns among the prisoners the generous Peruvian, the preserver of his life, whom he had so long sought in vain; what were his mingled emotions when he learns that the leader of the revolt, the captive cacique, was his preserver. "Noble Peruvian," he exclaimed, "to you I owed my life on the plains of Del Oro; you have this day led the revolt in which my son has been severely, alas, I fear fatally wounded; your life is forfeited, but my debt of gratitude cannot be forgotten; I would save you; live—there is one means of escape; embrace our faith, the law pardons him who becomes a Christian, that law may save you."

"I ask not for life," answered Anselma; "my name, my country, my freedom, all that is dear to me, are gone, and should I yield, too, my faith? No! yonder bright luminary shall not behold me a traitor. I ask not for life; let Spanish cruelty do its utmost; what is life alone? all for which I would have lived, is ravished from me; I die, but I die worthy of myself; I die as becomes the descendant of kings."

At this moment Ximena, breathless with impatience, rushes into the presence chamber, throws herself before De Castro, and implores the pardon of the captive chieftain; she confesses all, that he was her affianced lord, that she had long wept his death, that had she not still believed it, no power on earth, not even the hope of rescuing her countrymen, should have compelled her to plight her faith to another.

"Mine is not now the power to pardon," said he, gently raising her, "and I dare not hope that Don Ferdinand will again pardon those who have recovered their liberty to rise in arms against him, but on the condition of sacrificing their gods. To him you must look; with a haughty bearing, he is still noble and generous; his clemency you must implore."

Forgetful of every thing but the safety of Anselma, Ximena hastens to the couch of her husband, to supplicate his mercy. A few hours had indeed wrought a fearful change in the proud viceroy; naught else but the presence of his beautiful bride, the tones of her voice seemed capable of arousing him from the languor which loss of blood and the intense agony from his wound had occasioned. He listens to her story, he hears that the rebel cacique was his fortunate rival, the preserver of his father's life, that in a moment of heroic self devotion, and believing him among the slain, she had consented to become his bride.

He gives orders that Anselma should be admitted, and informs them that his wound is fatal; at this final moment he declares the cacique free. "Learn," said he, "from us to die; learn that our religion teaches us to pardon; receive again your bride, re-establish your kingdom, teach your countrymen the Christian's faith, and tell them that it enjoins forgiveness even to the deadliest foe; and teach them too, that the Spaniard was born to give laws to the New World—and you, my father, be to them a parent, to the Peruvians, still a friend." His voice failed, and De Castro saw before him the last of his noble race in the cold embrace of death.

Filled with gratitude and admiration, Ximena and Anselma, forgetting the long line of cruelty and oppression, which from the time of Pizarro, with few exceptions, even to the present moment, had left their deep traces upon their country's glory, unitedly exclaimed, "Can Christians be so noble? can they so freely pardon? our religion enjoins the duty of revenge; that law which teaches forgiveness must be divine; henceforward, it shall be ours. The God of the Spaniards shall be our God."

Portsmouth, N. H.

## LAURA BRIDGMAN,

THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND GIRL OF THE BOSTON INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WHERE hides the light that to the eye

A holy message gave,  
Tinging the retina with rays  
From sky, and sea, and wave?—  
And where the sound, that to the soul  
Its sinuous passage wrought?  
Or deftly breathing, made the lip  
A harp-string to the thought?

All fled!—all gone!—not even the rose  
An odour left behind,  
Faintly, with broken reed to trace  
The tablet of the mind.  
That mind!—it struggles with its doom,  
The sleepless conflict, see!—  
As through its Bastille-bars, it seeks  
Communion with the free.

Yet still its prison-robe it wears,  
Without a prisoner's pain,  
For happy childhood's mimic sun  
Glow in each bounding vein,—  
And blest philosophy is near,  
Each labyrinth to scan,  
Through which the subtlest clue may bind  
To Nature and to man.

So, little daughter, lift thy head,  
For Christian love is nigh,  
To listen at thy dungeon-grate,  
And every want supply.  
Say, lurks there not some beam from heaven,  
Amid thy bosom's night?  
Some echo from a better land,  
To make thy smile so bright?

There's many a lamp in Greenland cell,  
Deep 'neath a world of snow,  
That cheers the lonely household group,  
Tho' none beside may know;  
And doth not God, our Father's hand,  
Light in thy cloister dim  
A hidden and peculiar lamp  
To guide thy steps to Him?

Written for the Lady's Book.

## EVENING THOUGHTS.

How true "that man was made to mourn!" Yet when we look into the causes of his sorrow and trace them to their commencement, we find that he alone is the chief cause; and that it is through his own depravity and disregard of duty that sorrow so oft bows him down. We find that it is through his sinfulness alone that he is less pure, less happy, or less lovely than it was originally intended he should be.

When we cast a lingering glance o'er the records of time, we find there that which has been transmitted from generation to generation, through thousands of years.

We have the history of mankind daily before our eyes, from the commencement of the world to the present time; and yet we find man the same depraved being as he was from the beginning; and the more familiar we become with his actions the more convinced are we that

"Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Yet no! we cannot say that man was lost in the labyrinths of depravity from the dawn of his existence; for was not he once the sole lord of creation, and "monarch of all he surveyed," originally free from sin, until temptation, too great to be resisted by his weak nature, destroyed the original purity of his character, and called forth that depravity of his being which was intended should never have been! It was the Divine will that the first inhabitant of earth should remain pure and uncontaminated.

But he, the first fallen, and cause of mankind's fall, chose rather to be the father of sin, and disobey the dictates of conscience, than be restricted in one single point. And thus has sin been transmitted from the fall to the present time; and man, not seeking to regain the original purity of his character, sank deeper and deeper into the dark sea of depravity, till he is finally engulfed in its elements of strife, and borne swiftly along amidst its dashing and boisterous current. Man becomes daily more depraved, till he is hastening to exceed the world at the time when God could bear its wickedness no longer, but overwhelmed it with the flood. Yes, man seems fast trying to regain that point; and in a manner still more dreadful, again call the vengeance of God upon him!

As we glance o'er the fables of the ancients, we find how numerous, after the fall, were their gods. We find there separate deities for almost every thing. They appear to have been guided by what they thought the will of their dumb idols more than by any thing else in existence. And indeed we find not only gods reigning over all things, but goddesses also presiding.

We see there the goddess of beauty, gently wafted in her tiny shell o'er the foam of the sea. We view there the goddess of morning, and mother of the winds, ushered in by her speedy steeds, in her chariot of light. We look again, and our attention is attracted by the goddess of wisdom, with her golden helmet and breast-

plate; with her lance erect, and claspings tight her agis.

We gaze there on the goddess of youth as a young and beautiful female; and she who was the ruler of peace surrounded with her bright and glowing bow of variegated hues. Indeed, if we were to stop to name them all, we should find them almost innumerable, for each and every thing had its separate ruler.

But although, in those days of superstition, gods and goddesses reigned throughout, whence did they arise, and how frail were their workmanship. Formed by man's hand alone, how short were their duration. Possessing statue forms, of what was their power! Though beautiful to gaze upon, yet in what did their beauty consist! They were but still and silent forms that were inanimate and void of life; possessing no mind and incapable of motion. Yet were they worshipped and held sacred. Yet were they loved and idolized in those days of superstition and ignorance, whilst the great Ruler of all remained unknown and unworshipped.

But now those days of superstition have passed away, and God's commandments have been promulgated almost throughout the globe. And still man's depravity makes him disregard his Maker, and forces him in his troubles to cry aloud, "that man was made to mourn." He was "made to mourn," but not until after the first fallen being had brought sin into the world, and, with it, all the evils that torment the life of man.

But still has not man much to be thankful for, even when bowed down with the afflictions which accompanied the beautiful and gifted Pandora, when she was presented to Prometheus? Has he not hope left, which remained behind; and does not that sustain him when all else has fled?

But yet, in all the stages of life, from the tottering infant to buoyant youth; from the dawn of manhood to hoary age, we find the words of the Scottish poet verified, "that man was made to mourn." As man descends the declivity of life, he sees more fully the rashness of his fellow beings. As he approaches the edge of the declivity, after travelling through all the stages of life—after experience has taught him many a bitter lesson—when the furrowed brow and whitened lock mark plainly the ravages of time—he stands ready to cry aloud to those who are fast following his path, and those who stand ready with joyous looks to glide down the apparently smooth journey of life. He stops them for a moment in their course and bids them

"Through weary life this lesson learn,  
That man was made to mourn."

But still, though "made to mourn," man's hours of happiness and joy far outnumber those of sorrow. And man cannot expect to mingle with his fellow beings and yet have life pass smoothly on and have nothing to ruffle the calmness of his days. But he must live to experience many bitter moments, he must live to bear many disappointments in the course of his existence: he must learn that earth is not his dwelling place, nor the Paradise of man; he must consider how frail is his being, and

that in man's goodness consists his happiness;  
and he must live to learn that

"Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn."

We may traverse the globe from east to west;  
we may journey on from pole to pole; from  
where dwells the lone Greenlander, to the habi-  
tation of the savage Hottentot; from where the  
iceberg sparkles in solid mass beneath the mid-  
day sun, where the habitation of man is not  
found; to where the scorching sands of the  
desert mount in whirlwinds on high, and bid  
defiance to the dwellings of man.

We may travel in all regions of the globe  
where the habitation of man may be found, still  
we see the same passion pervading the breast  
of all. The love of authority is the ruling  
passion of man. From the highest to the low-  
est; from the conqueror and king to the mean-  
est of their subjects, all find some object, one  
over whom they can exercise their authority.  
But still are not all at last equal; and do not  
all, through weary life, have cause for mourn-  
ing? Does not the greatest monarch have  
causes of sorrow and moments of anguish, as  
well as those of lower degree? And does not  
the velvet turf cover the tombs of all, whether  
conqueror or king, knight or baron, chief or  
noble, or those who rank among the lowest of  
mankind?

We may visit the mausoleums of the ancient  
kings; we may go into the sepulchres of the  
once famed nations of earth; we may gaze on  
the grand tombs of once mighty men; or we  
may look on the lowly graves of those who wel-  
comed death; and yet the contents of one rank  
not higher than that of the other. The deserted  
mansion of clay is all that remains; the lofty  
and the lowly spirits have fled, and left but their  
deserted temples to show that such ever existed.  
Whilst the soft voice of nature whispers over  
all, "that man was made to mourn."

F.

### HARK! THOSE SOUNDS!

(BALLAD.)

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

HARK! those sounds that proudly swell  
Over mountain, vale, and dell!  
Tyrol's heroes are returning,  
Like their native valleys free;  
Bringing joy where late was mourning,  
And for thralldom—LIBERTY!  
Oh! what rapture fills each beating breast,  
As long sever'd hands, to hands are press'd;  
Hearts that sank beneath Oppression's chain,  
Feel (save Love's) no fetters now remain!

AIR.

All his task of conquest o'er,  
The warrior now from danger free,  
May tune his shepherd-pipe once more  
On the green hills of Tyrolee!

Hark those sounds! of joy they tell,  
Ringing out like bridal bell!  
Tyrol's heroes are returning,  
Home they come, the proud, the free!  
Ev'ry other bondage spurning,  
Save beauty's chains, in Tyrolee!

Written for the Lady's Book.

### FRAGMENTS OF AN UNPUBLISHED INDIAN STORY.

BY JOHN HOWARD WILLIS.

"Old scraps and morsels from a curious tale,  
Whose lengthen'd sadness would alone besit  
Some moody hour to tell."

[PROGRAMME.—*A midnight attack on an Indian village by a hostile tribe—Prisoners taken—An Indian girl, a captive, rescued by a young French officer, who places her in the family of a gentleman of rank, to whose daughter he is betrothed—The Indian girl falls in love with her deliverer—and so forth.*]

#### A BIT OF EVENING LANDSCAPE IN CANADA— A TRADITION.

IN following the shores of lake St. Louis, along the beautiful drive from the village of La Chine to that of Point Claire, an observant eye will rest frequently, and with pleasurable admiration, upon numerous knolly points stretching out into the azure glassiness of its waters. These are, for the most part, bedecked with neat white cottages; and where they are wanting, the bright verdure crowning their graceful and sloping acclivities is shadowed with lofty and noble trees, disposed in the finest effect of nature's happiest mood of picturesque adornment. They form lovely breaks in the keeping of the shore landscape, when viewed from the lake; and in their own immediate locality the most delicious little nooks of rustic retirement and slumbering quietness imaginable.

I well remember one of those delightful green promontories, somewhat more extended than the rest, to have been, in my early boyish days, a favourite resort in hours of truant absence from home or school; and where daylight always passed away too soon in the mingled pursuits of my recreative employ—paddling a birchen canoe over, or disporting among the transparent waves of its shoreward offing, or building a mimic Indian camp upon the grassy beach, with its proper proportion of bark wigwams and blazing council fires—for I was then, as I have strangely ever been, an enthusiast in my admiration of the free and reckless fashion of life identified with the red sons of the forest wilderness; and, in the days of my juvenility, took no small pains and advantage of opportunity to perfect myself in all the peculiar economy of their erratic habits. How often, too, have I sat under a large, wide-spreading elm which, in this spot, flung its far and deepening shadow over the placid margin of the lake below, when wearied with the sports of the day, I have, at its close, lingered still about the place for the double purpose of rest and anxious cogitation—alike to prepare body and mind for the account of time to be rendered, and all the ills to which my truancy secured full heirship at home. And yet, as I reclined in the soft summer twilight at the foot of that solitary tree, I would forget the fearful ordeal so immediately to darken the memory of all the bright joys of the past and fading day, as I gazed upon

the mistiness of approaching night, spreading its dusky mantle over the broad surface of the serene and beautiful St. Louis—and the twinkling stars dotting their minute loveliness of light in the splendour of their countless myriads along the deep blue of the cloudless sky—and the swarming fireflies gleaming around every bush and brake, in semblance like sparkling showers of brilliant flamespecks in their ceaseless glowing. The shrill, plaintive scream of the mosquito-hawk, as he swept his wheeling flight above me, in that lonely and darkening hour, would lend much to its effect in such a scene. And, possibly, to give it a more powerful cast of impression in a moment like this, borne upon the gentle breeze of evening, and sweetly mellowed by distance, the ear would catch the wildly echoed chorus of the reckless *voyageur*, giving time in its measured cadence to the quick dipping of his light paddle. And the rushing noise of cleaving waters, the glittering ripple of foam, the steersman's halloo, and the loud, prolonged, and peculiar signal shout, rising at times above the liquid track of the swift speeding canoe squadron—all would conjointly tell of some costly freighted northwest brigade, inward bound, and now nearing its destination, after months of a toilsome and fearful navigation through the lonely regions beyond the great rivers and mighty lakes of this vast continent.

I was, as I have ever been, a dreamer—a very “weaver of crazed visions,” even in the light and gleesome days of my early boyhood; and the impulse of my young nature would lend a lavish sympathy to a scene, and sights, and sounds like these, almost till they brought oblivion of all else beside on the downy wings of some sweet and specious delusion. But, with all this, one stray glance at a particular object near would, on the instant, dispel the little elysium of my happy and wandering thoughts—I would start to my feet, and hurry away as expeditiously as a nimble pair of heels could contribute to the celerity of the movement. Nor need such sudden change of mood and scene be a matter of surprise, when is considered the probable effect on a fanciful boy which the near vicinage of a grave in the falling gloom of night would produce. It was then only known to me as the “*Indian girl's grave*,” and in some way connected in story with an old ruined *chateau* on the summit of a hill, at some distance from the lake side. In regard to the historic particulars identified with this lonely resting place of the departed, I knew little in these long past and ghost-fearing days; but I was, nevertheless, keenly alive to the tales told by the grandames of the neighbourhood, giving that little green mound in the hollow, under the clump of crimson-tufted sumachs, a fearful interest to my momentary glance upon it in the shadowy twilight hour. The country crones had stamped the story with the authority of tradition; and their assertion was, as is usually the case in all such fearful matters, taken as fact. They told, that often standing at the head of that grave, the spirit form of a beautiful Indian girl would be seen on calm starry nights, or in the clear moonshine, looking earnestly upward to the blue sky, gazing, it would seem, on some

particular object there, and a stream of gore welling from a deep wound in her bosom.

Of course, all who believed in the fact of this spectral appearance could do no less than farther take for granted that foul play, or deep wrong of some sort, had marked the hapless fate of the being whose remains had long since mingled with their kindred clay in that sequestered spot. And there was a story connected with it, though all of “the olden time” which, romantic as it was, still was founded on a fact well authenticated by many at this day.

#### PICTURE OF AN INDIAN GIRL.

*Mi-mea*—for such was the name of the fair Algonquin, signifying, in the usual figure of Indian nomenclature, “My young dove”—had barely completed her eighteenth summer, when the desolating system of savage warfare left her without home or kindred, or shelter, or protection in the world, beyond that of the kindly roof beneath which she was now so welcomingly cherished. It has been already observed, that she was beautiful—and this was felt, when the kindling gaze of the curious or fastidious in the peculiar style and grace of female loveliness, lingered on each noble and delicate feature of her fine countenance, just slightly tinted with the clear, glowing hue of her race, and through which the pure carnation of young blooming life mantled as brightly as on the more dazzling complexions of European climes. And the quiescent light of large, dark eyes, which seemed to bear, in their placid and gentle beaming, no evidence of the fervid passion slumbering beneath, and which, when roused to expression, flashed forth all the vivid fire, telling of the awakened wild nature within—even to a degree of strange and gleaming fierceness. But this would pass away; and the mild bearing of her tall, symmetrical figure, and the elastic grace of its every perfect proportion, in her timid and fawnlike movements—and the liquid tones of her low, sweet voice, when breathing the soft and melodious language of her nation—alike conspired to incline the belief that she claimed natural affinity in beauty, fondness, and gentleness to her winning appellation of the “Young Dove.”

Months followed each other; and in the revolving flight of time a year came round, and the Indian girl was now as a daughter and sister among that happy family circle.

Effort certainly had been made to obtain some communication with her people, but she seemed singularly indifferent to the result; and the affectionate regard that so quickly grew to her from those around, and which the peculiar fascination of her sweet and innocent manners was attaching more lastingly from day to day, operated alike to detract much from the interest and perseverance of the research, which at length was entirely abandoned.—It was an employ of delight to the lovely sisters, to win their *protégé* from the clouded ignorance of her previous life by the most endearing forms of instruction; and the grateful *Mi-mea*, feeling all this—with the native clearness of her perceptive faculties, was as equally forward in her attempts to meet the wishes of her fair young



friends. She was an apt and willing pupil, and possessing much of natural capacity, her progress was equally pleasing and useful to herself as pleasurable in the extreme to her teachers. Josephine soon taught her to express her wants, and at length to discourse with tolerable ease in her own pretty and fluently playful language; and Zoë would make her sit at her feet while she touched her lute, and sang the sweet and simple ballads of her infancy's home. Then indeed would the Indian maiden seem to change the usual timid and placid character of her demeanour—and she would sink on her knees, with her bright black eyes beaming all of soul through her streaming tears, and gaze upward at the beauteous minstrel, as though she looked on a being from the spirit-land of her own traditional paradise beyond the far distant mountains. Sometimes they would get her to sing some little ditty of love, in the musical accents of her native tongue, and Zoë then accompanied the plaintive wildness of that Indian melody with the soft breathing tones of her richly cultivated voice. And that song, in its varying and fitful measure, would express a tale of war and captivity—love—devotion—despair and death;—now fiercely and hurriedly energetic, and then waning into a touchy and dirge-like sadness, so impressively mournful and overpowering in effect as to move the listener to weeping.

In grateful return for all which the kind sisters taught her of their refined habits and pursuits; Mi-mea, on her part, instructed them in many little and curious arts of ingenuity, peculiarly belonging to her wild and wandering forest life. She showed them how to cull the herb or flower, imparting a rich dye to the delicate bark with which their fair hands fashioned, after the method of her example, the slight and beautifully woven fruit-basket; and from her they also acquired the rare process of the fantastic, and somewhat elaborate character of Indian embroidery with the bright-tinted hair of the moose, or less pliant porcupine quill—and numerous other similar acquirements, singular as being peculiar alone to her wild race.

It was observable too, with this Algonquin girl, how strongly, in many instances, the instinctive habits of her people and previous life would predominate, even amid all the change of scene and custom around her. The carol of a wild wood-bird, as it flew past, whether from that link which memory entwines to the heart from the feelings and joys of earlier existence, or the mere abstract impulse of the moment, would affect her much; and, whatever her employment at the time, she would start to her feet, and listen, and gaze after the airy track of the feathery fugitive for minutes together, till gathering tear drops bedimmed the lustrous light of that long and earnest glance. Perhaps, it might have been at some sweet remembrance awakened thus of her childhood's home, and the early dreams of her young heart. And often, for days together, a deep and clouding melancholy would seem to veil her gentle spirit. She would shun all gaiety or social intercourse with those about her, and wander in abstractive sadness along the border of that blue spreading lake; and, frequently, for hours sit lonely and

silent beneath some tree, vacantly contemplating its glassy bosom.—It is no less a strange than certain fact, that this fitful and thoughtful mood is a peculiar characteristic of the Indian nature, when transplanted from its native wilds, and free and reckless existence, to the restrictive sphere and more fettered routine of civilized life. Aware of this, Mi-mea's friends intruded not any particular notice or remark upon the cause or manner of her demeanour, or on the seclusion she courted, when these visitations of a lone and, seemingly, mysterious sadness came over the placid and mildly-happy tone of her usual innocently joyous disposition.

#### REJECTION—JEALOUSY—AN AVOWAL.

The close of a fine day in early autumn was heaping piles of gorgeous clouds upon the distant horizon of that calm and crystal lake; and the bland gales of evening floated from hill and valley, along its luxuriant and romantic shores, rich odours of ripened fruits and blowing flowers. The busy music of bird and insect from grove and meadow, was gradually dying away with the waning daylight; and that sweet and voluptuous silence, which comes on the shadowy wing of the slow descending twilight was hushing all things to a slumbering and peaceful rest. It was a scene of soft and tranquil beauty—the unbroken and misty azure of that widespread expanse of waters, and the cloudlike reflected shadow of the pine-tufted isles, so fairy-looking, dotting the translucent gleaming of its mirror-bright surface—and away, away beyond the faint outline of the distant shore, and the far dimly-gray mountains. A light glancing object seemed, fitfully, to play over the broad bosom of the lucid lake, and at whiles come more distinctly into view, as it skimmed along its liquid track. It was fast receding from the land, till at length it was lost in the deepening obscurity of the hour; but it was yet so near as to enable the shoreward wanderer to distinguish, from the prolonged shout and echoing chorus, wailed brokenly and faintly to the ear over the darkened wave, the canoe-melody of the wild Indian. They were part of a deputation from various friendly savage tribes to the French governor of *Mont-real*, and now on their return home to their forest camps.

Strange enough, along with the others in that fragile yet securely bounding craft, there was one whom, perhaps, it were proper to have previously mentioned. Among the few who had escaped the midnight attack on the Algonquin village, was the younger son of one of its high chiefs who had fallen a victim in the relentless massacre. The youthful warrior was away from home with a few attendants, on a distant hunting excursion at the time; and thus, it is probable, was saved from sharing a similar fate with those who fought so desperately and unavailingly on that bloody night. It being the frequent custom with these Indian tribes to betroth their children at an early age—similar to the usage of eastern nations in this respect—and particularly where present benefit or promised power accrued from the joint interests of such precocious alliance; in accordance with this politic providence, the fair Mi-mea, while

yet a child, was plighted to this young chief, of a similar tender age, and of a family superior to her own in wealth and standing in the tribe. Like all matches of this description, however, there was much of indifference, and little of affection between the affianced pair as they grew up to maturity. Possibly, to the youthful warrior it was matter of little interest or thought whether the intended union was an object of immediate or prolonged convenience to those who had busied themselves in the measure much more than himself; and the beautiful Mi-mea was as equally indifferent, in the spirit of that enforced or passive obedience peculiar to her people, to a destiny like this.

But when the destroying scourge of a fierce warfare left that young surviving chief desolate, and comparatively alone amid the blood-crimsoned ashes of his boyhood's home; and they told him that his bonded bride perished not there, but was a resident of her own free choice in the dwellings of the white people, it was natural enough that, in the drear and desponding solitude of his situation, a new and growing interest in her fate should spring up in his heart. It was not long before he stood before her, and claimed her as his wife,—and the bond he urged was not denied. But equivocation was not the property of a nature like hers; and she told him, with little of palliative prelude, that the link between her affections and the sympathies of her native race was broken for ever. She told him that force, not an idle sense of duty, might compel her compliance with what, after all, was at best but a conditional obligation—the mere result of national usage. And then she spoke, in low, stilled accents of the grave; and bade him look well upon her, and say if the gaze drew forth hope or promise from that evident alteration which but a few changing moons had wrought. She farther spoke of much in appeal to his young and not unfeeling nature, and the sweet, soft, liquid music of her gentle voice seemed not to be altogether lost upon him; for in the melodious breathing of her native tongue she poured forth a touching eloquence, having her heart mingled with its every fluent and pathetic tone.

It was the hour of evening, and the scene such as has been recently described. There was a small glade-like opening in the grassy little headland stretching into the lake, forming a sloping hollow looking upon its wide spreading waters, and bordered around with thick clumps of the crimson-flowered sumach tree, whose ruby tufts and silver leaves shone, in daylight's more garish and gayer hour, in fanciful keeping with the verdant carpeting of the pretty spot they enclosed. In this place, in an attitude of abstract and contemplative sadness, though her dark and still bright gleaming eye seemed idly to follow the speedy track of that light and vanishing canoe, stood the tall and gracefully slender form of the Algonquin maiden—in the holy calm and softened shadow of that twilight hour, looking like some beautiful spirit of night, which had prematurely wandered from its own mystic sphere while the waning light of day yet lingered on the earth. But a few moments previous, the young Indian warrior had parted with her hero, closing the last of

their few brief interviews, ere he embarked in the canoe we have noticed as now fast speeding out of sight, and which had purposely touched and waited for him at the beach beneath.

There was a scowling and sinister darkness settled upon his swarthy brow, and a fierce glare in the flaming glance of his expressive eye, which had not been attendant on his mien at their previous meetings. He had been fully aware of all the circumstances in connexion with, and following, his betrothed one's deliverance from the marauding and merciless enemy—and had seen the young officer in the course of his visits to her at the Chateau. A glance at his handsome person, in the bravery of its martial decoration—then the thought of her deep debt of gratitude; and he deemed of his own rude, unattractive array, in comparison with that smiling and gallant white war chief—and, too quickly, black and vindictive doubt and purpose flashed on the fell suspicion of his burning brain. And his hand clutched the hidden hilt of his thirsty knife, and for an instant the glitter of his keen tomahawk brightened in its upward baring to the setting sunlight, at a moment when chance exposure and situation gave the easy and secret opportunity for such murderous deed. But he paused—it was the decision of his intended victim's safety; for just then the beautiful Zoë stole to her lover's side, unconsciously interposing the form which was so idolized in shielding protection to him from a fate as certain as it was deadly in resolve. The uplifted arm of the savage fell to his side, and his grasp of that peculiar and sanguinary weapon relaxed of its convulsive hold—while the glaring fury of his eye died away, and altered to an expression mingling of surprise and admiration in its fixed and steady gaze. Possibly, he had rarely looked on loveliness bearing the exquisite character of that presently before him. And in addition to these feelings other and stranger thoughts began to gather over him, as a deeper blackness than before settled on his proud, dark features. He turned, and strode swiftly away to the place of his appointed and last interview with Mi-mea—the spot where we have already described her, as adding, by her graceful and pensive attitude, to the charming keeping of the evening landscape.

What passed between them, in the matter and manner of their concluding conference, may be briefly told. It was the language of accusation on his part, mingling much of unjust aspersion and insinuation with vaguely muttered threats of a revengeful purpose. And even in the moment that the vindictive anger of the excited young savage prompted the gesture which gave the bare blade of his gleaming knife to her unshrinking gaze, that usually timid girl resented the fearful action with the same patient and contemptuous glance which had marked her bearing, under all of the foul and contumelious charge and speech he had lavished upon her. Her statue-like attitude of calm, dignified composure was unchanged in character, long after the wild, shrill signal whoop from the shore below had summoned the furious chief to his impatient companions; nor did it alter at parting, when he turned, and poised his glittering weapon—as if about to launch it

forth in its swift errand of blood, to avenge that suspected wrong whose thought so fiercely flamed around his heart. But there was fate or purpose to stay the murderous act—and a minute more, and his dark form could be seen in that light canoe, as with strong and ready paddle he aided to urge its course from the land with fearful fleetness.

There is an exquisite and searching music in the voice of those we love, when it comes unexpectedly or unhopd for upon us, which startles, yet thrills and delights—as no melody within the reach of art, no sound or harmony of earth can equal—whose sweet and touching enchantment has no parallel of joy, no similitude in life to its own soft and beautiful tones, and which neither time, nor absence, nor unkindness, nor the chilling misery of hopeless despair even, can dim and deaden to the ear. And so felt Mi-mea, when her name was gently breathed near—and she started at the voice, as though a sudden electric spell had shot through soul and frame—and turning, she beheld the lover of Zoé at her side. He was commissioned with some light errand to her from the latter, and had thus sought her out in her customary evening ramble.

“I would be tempted to deem, fair Mi-mea,” said the young officer, in the habitual and winning tenderness of his manner, after a moment’s earnest contemplation of the saddened and impressive change perceptible in the attenuated form and pallid features of the still beautiful Algonquin, “that yonder birchen skiff bears more of regard in that steadfast and sorrowing gaze of thine, than its mere fairy-like fashion and glancing speed could possibly attract. Say, is there not some young and gallant war-chief there, whose bold heart but beats more deeply devoted to thee, in fond proportion as the bounding course of that barken craft over the blue waters just parts him farther from thy sunny smile? Possibly, him of whom I have but lately heard; the youth now bearing the lone and lofty eagle plume above the few remaining hatchets of thy shattered tribe, and of whom they farther speak as being long plighted to thee after the manner of thy people—bonded to thee, it may be, by a link more fondly fettering than mere custom could ever twine around young hearts, being the object of thy first and early love.”

A strange gleamy light shone in the expressive dark eyes of the one thus spoken to, but which faded away almost as soon as it brightened there; and a humid mistiness seemed to veil their soft lustre, as swelling tear-drops grew within them, and trembled ere they fell upon her wasted cheek. The silence that preceded her reply to one who so little knew or dreamed of the wild and secret devotedness to him pent up within, and drinking the life drops of that gentle maiden’s bosom, might have been a struggle to subdue or an effort to rally the expression of her nature’s long sufferance of anguish, and it might, equally, have been likened to exhaustion or despair—the low, calm, passive voice in which her feelings at length found utterance.

“True, that to him of whom thou hast heard I was betrothed in the years of infancy. It was the fashion of my people; and once I knew not

—I sought not, nor cared to know that change from it might be. Yet do I not regret that I have learned to feel that it could—it has been set at naught. My heart has been altered, mine eyes have been turned from my forest kindred; and the Indian girl has suffered herself to forget the tented dwellings of her early childhood.

—How could she be expected to cherish remembrance of all which has been her lone and shameful pleasure to cheatingly hide from her heart and thoughts by vain and idle dreaming! Listen to me—to Mi-mea, thou good and beautiful young war-chief, nor turn thee away in pity or contempt from the poor Algonquin, when she dares to tell thee that her first, her last and only love awakened upon the act which for ever severed her affections—her every pulse and thought—from those of her own rude and lowly native sphere. That love has never told to any its boundless compass of idolatry, but it has never slumbered—no, no, I feel it can never slumber, even in the grave. Nay, in pity look not thus so sadly and strangely upon me, now that I have to thee spoken the erring presumption of my self-deluded heart. I know thou lovest another, and that thou art beloved—the cherished life-pulse of one whom I would gladly die to pleasure. I have ever felt that there was deep wrong to her in this my unhappy and despairing passion; and to save her pure and gentle heart the pain of such a truth I have struggled with, and crushed mine own.—Alas! at best, how little in repayment of that deep load of gratitude which has been, and is mine, in repayment still.

“A little time will soon pass over, and thou wilt bear thy young bride to the home of thy fathers beyond the great salt lake; but Mi-mea’s eyes will be closed and her bosom cold and still before the moment of that parting comes—a moment which she could never look upon and live. Thy faith is not as the belief which is ours from the traditions of our rude ancestors; yet, I cling to the creed of my people in this thing, even as wildly as I have striven to forget them in all else. They have often told me, that yonder beautiful star shines above the land of thy nation and thy birth. Now listen to, and promise poor Mi-mea, that her last, lone (if idle) request will not be lightly held. I feel that the dark spirit of death has shadowed me with its cold wing; and my mother often comes to me in the night hour, to bid me prepare to join her soon in the land of souls, far—far beyond the setting moon. Make the Indian girl’s grave where she is standing now, that it may catch the beam of that fair star, whose nightly splendour brightens down upon the spot of thy dwelling, among the kindred of thine own happy clime; for I strangely feel that the sleep of death with me will be more sweetly hushed and gentle in that star’s pale and silver light. And remember—oh! remember this, when thy gaze is given to that lovely planet, and memory with thee goes back to the days of thy sojourning in this forest land—perhaps to Mi-mea, and of moments like this, feel in that lonely and darkened hour that *I am gazing too*—for my deep, wild, boundless love of thee will not, cannot pass away with life; it is, as it ever has been, my spirit’s only pulse and joy, and that

spirit will nightly waken to tell, how even the grave could not hush or hide the undying devotion of an Indian maiden's love."

#### THE LAST AND CLOSING SCENE.

It might have been a fortnight after this meeting between the Algonquin girl and the object of her singular, and almost more than human passion, that one morning a small, desperate looking band of savage warriors stealthily landed at a part of the lake shore, some distance from the Chateau, and from which it was separated by a deep ravine, at the bottom of which a stream, barely fordable, hurried on to discharge itself into the lake. It appeared, from the peculiar caution of their movements, that some secret purpose was in view; for they drew up and concealed their light water craft with themselves among a thick underwood which plentifully grew around the place, and prevented their approach from being readily noticed in this direction from the mansion. The one who seemed to bear authority over the party was the young chief, noticed as Mi-mea's bonded suitor, and who alone quitted the spot, and glided away into the brakes and bushes with all the silent and watchful tact peculiar to his race.

It so happened, that on this same morning, the sisters and their protégé—to whom they now seemed to be more attentively fond than ever—had rambled in the neighbourhood of the ravine. The weather was bland and cheering for the season; and the companions separated to amuse themselves in culling from the abundance of blooming autumnal flowers growing around the place. Mi-mea, whose former ready participation in such a playful and pretty pursuit used to be so much a matter of assistance and instruction to her friends—had wandered to a little shaded spot on the edge of the dell, and was reclining her weakened form beneath a silver barked birch, which flung its trembling shadow down upon the creek below. How long the ever brooding dream of her heart thus won oblivion to all beside in life it were not easy to tell; but from the sweet stupor of such thoughts she was roused by a loud shriek. The voice was Zoë's; and as if new life had, with that wild, piercing cry of distress been instilled into her exhausted energies, she flew in the direction of its summons. A few fleet steps of her light foot gave its occasion to her eye, as with her usual quick perception, its motive and certain consequence flashed upon her brain. It was the young savage, bearing away with a furious speed the fainting form of the beautiful white girl. His landing, in the manner we have described, had been for the purpose of an act like this—involving, as he deemed, so much of deep retaliation for the suspected wrong to him in the seduction of his plighted bride. And then the fiery impulse of his own wild nature's impetuosity of passion, while he glared with the gloating gaze of a foul demon on the mantling beauty his rude arm encircled, as he dashed onward to the dark ravine, in his course to his concealed companions in the lake shore covert.

A few bounds more of that nerved and untiring pace would have secured the savage in the possession of his helpless prey, for the brink

of the gloomy tangled dell was nearly gained; when his furious career was suddenly arrested by the Indian girl flinging herself in the path before him, and tightly clasping her arms around his limbs with a convulsive strength which effectually put a stop to his farther progress. To cast his almost lifeless burden to the earth—to unsheathe his murderous knife, and bury it in the fair bosom of the devoted being whose grasp but relaxed alone with the crimson gush which followed that deep and deadly thrust, were but the impulse and act of a moment. Yet, as the red streaming life-tide of his hapless victim flew up into his face, and his downward glance caught the expression of her pale features, so mildly and sweetly calm and resigned, even when the writhing agony of that mortal wound forced the large, chill, death damps upon her beautiful brow, remorse for the fell deed seemed to touch him then—the rude and suddenly waked ferocity of his savage heart appeared to have passed as quickly away. Injustice in thought to her—her beauty and gentleness—her affinity of race—the scenes of mutual early happy life—the homes of their infancy, and their crowding and innocent memories—the cruelty of this last act—altogether might have swept in quick succession over his flaming brain; and he stood like one bewildered, vacantly looking on the ruin he had wrought,—in the prostrate form of that lovely and bleeding maiden at his feet, now vainly endeavouring to staunch the welling tide, outpouring her pure life, with the long, soft, rich tresses of her raven hair. And he started, and looked around, when, as if recalled to strength and energy by some new and mighty impulse, she caught up the blood-stained weapon he had dropped from his hand, and which lay near, and flung it with a wild and straining effort among the brush-wood bordering the streamlet in the deep and shadowy dell. The act left him without the means of aggression or defence; and just then a pistol-shot cut the eagle plume from his twisted scalp-lock. His ready eye told him a deadly and desperate enemy was close upon him. He was unarmed and guilty—an instant more, a crash down the wooded cliff of that dark defile was heard, and the savage chief was no longer visible.

The dying Mi-mea had seen the approach of the young officer; and the possibility of harm to him had prompted the act which left her murderer without the means of its infliction. And rallying the waning pulses of fast receding existence for the effort—the last, lone test of her imperishable devotedness of affection, she caught up the form of the still senseless and rescued object of his love, and struggled a few paces forward to meet his hurried advance to the spot, as if to proffer him the treasure which she had saved to him at so dear a cost. The exertion centred in itself the convulsed and closing energies of expiring life; for she sank at his feet, bathing them with the last warm, draining gush from a heart whose pulse had been so long—so wildly all of him alone. "Love her as Mi-mea worshipped thee, and my spirit will be happy"—were the dying words of that beautiful and hapless fated Algonquin girl, as she faintly and sweetly smiled her joy in that moment, when the lip of him she so deeply loved gave its first

and last fond pressure of pity and gratitude to her own; and, ere it severed from the touch of that lone and hallowed kiss, her pure spirit had passed from its sorrow in her last and happy breathing there.

Quebec, Feb. 1838.

### THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

**STAND**,—whilst the storm rolls past!—Enormous clouds  
Come muttering up the sky; and the low wind  
Wails like a murdered ghost!—The wolves lie still:—  
The jackal cries not:—the lone owl is dumb!  
But the strong oaks shudder, and the solemn pines  
Wave their dark hair, and bending, whisper,—“Wo!”

Look, look!—who rideth, and rideth,  
O'er river,—and hill,—and plain—  
With the bright-eyed lightnings before him,  
That shoot through the darkening rain?  
He crashes the oaks of the forest!  
He rendeth the veil of sleep!  
And the Bacchanal Winds behind him  
Come blowing their trumpets deep!

Hark, hark!—like a monarch, he crieth  
“Ho! Ho!” to his night-black steed;  
And each thing of the wilderness flieth  
Aghast, at its topmost speed!  
Oh, swift comes the flood from the mountains,  
When it scatters the raging drouth;  
But the wild, wild hunter,—he cometh  
Like the ball from the cannon's mouth!

He flies!—And what power can check him?  
Not the king on his armed throne;  
He driveth the storms before him!  
He splitteth the strength of stone!  
Yet, his dissonance falls like music  
On the dreams of the innocent child;  
And the spirit of Truth unarmed  
Disarmeth the Huntsman wild!

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.

“Put money in thy purse.”—*OTHELLO*.

It was a bright November morning, and the city of New York looked, what in truth she is—the “Emporium” of a great commercial nation. The harbour was studded with a forest of masts, and the streets thronged with a busy and cheerful-looking population. This was before the “great fire,” and the greater “bank failures” had paralyzed industry and destroyed confidence. No wonder that the young naval officer, who for the first time found himself in this scene of traffic and turmoil, should wish for some place of quietness more secure than the Babel-like hotels afforded.

“A private boarding-house must be more comfortable than this huge temple of Mammon, where the only recommendation is cash; and where no one thinks of the stranger. Why

should they when all are strangers? I will go where I do not, at every meal, meet a mob of strange faces.” So he took up a newspaper, and soon found a notice which promised what he was seeking for. It ran thus—“A single gentleman can be accommodated with a pleasant apartment and board in a quiet and genteel house. Apply at No. 48, Greenwich street.”

“The very thing for me,” thought the lieutenant; and away he hurried to Greenwich street. He rang as loud a peal as a lord would have desired to support his dignity. The black servant who hurried to the door, very obsequiously requested the gentleman to walk into the parlour till Mrs. Bolton, the mistress of the mansion, should have notice of his coming. The hall was spacious, and the two parlours, which communicated by folding doors, the orthodox American fashion, were handsomely furnished, and promised, as the advertisement had done, a “genteel family.”

“Who rung the bell, John?” said Mrs. Bolton, anxiously, as her servant appeared.

“A gentleman who wishes to see you ma'am.”

“A boarder do you think?”

“No doubt, ma'am; for I never seen him before.”

“Is he dressed genteelly?”

“Yes ma'am, very genteel—all in uniform.”

“Go, John, see that every thing is ready for the dinner. Now, Ellen, my dear child,” continued Mrs. Bolton, addressing her daughter, after the servant had left the room, “now you go up and do your best to fascinate this stranger. Tell him your mother will be at home soon; and I will come by the time he has made up his mind to take lodgings here. Of course, you need say nothing of my terms, only make yourself agreeable.”

“I warrant me he'll stay when he sees the dear little gipsy,” said Mrs. Bolton to herself, when she was left alone, “and pay for the room he shall if he takes it. Ah, Ellen is a treasure, worth her weight in gold. Not one of the young gentlemen in my house would stay a week at the prices I charge them, if Ellen was gone. I shall make more money by her bright eyes and pleasant smiles than her father did by all his speculations. Beauty is a fortune to a girl—and to her mother also, if she knows how to manage.”

Meanwhile the fair Ellen, who certainly was as bewitching a creature as a little beauty of fifteen could be, opened the door with a timid air, made a graceful curtsy to the waiting stranger, and said, in that soft, liquid tone, which sounds so irresistible when breathed from ruby lips—“Ma' has not yet returned from her walk, but will probably be here soon. Pray take a seat, sir.”

The young lieutenant seemed fully to appreciate the fortunate chance of meeting first with the daughter; and he conjured up a thousand little themes of conversation to detain her, never dreaming that it was her plan to detain him. As Mrs. Bolton had anticipated, he did make up his mind to stay where he was, if he could obtain a room, long before she made her appearance.

At length Mrs. Bolton entered. A real picture she was of what most men desire to find

in a boarding-house—namely, good living. Her short, fat figure and oily face proclaimed the rich dinners at which she presided. A Grahamite would have been shocked by the representation of roast beef which her round, florid cheek exhibited. But no person would have thought her the mother of the pretty Ellen; and yet, at the age of her daughter she was very much like her in countenance and form. When a woman gives all her heart and soul to worldly thoughts, how very unideal she will become!

Mrs. Bolton approached the stranger with a keen scrutinizing look, and taking a seat near him, said, "You wished to see me, sir?"

"I did. I noticed by an advertisement in the morning papers, that you have an apartment to let. I called to look at it, if not already engaged."

"Yes sir, yes sir; I have a very good room; it has been occupied by a very wealthy gentleman who is lately married. My house is very popular, sir. Several young gentlemen want the apartment; but I'm in no hurry to let it, as I am quite particular about those I take into my family. But you may see it. Now, Ellen, dear, go see that the dinner is properly attended to."

Having dismissed her daughter on a service in which she never took part, nor understood, Mrs. Bolton prepared to climb the stairs, (no very easy task to one of her weight of limb,) and show off a small room in the fifth story, the only vacant apartment.

"It is very high up, madam," groaned the officer.

"Why yes, rather high for one with the asthma, like myself," replied the landlady, out of breath, the blood mounting to her face and neck till her skin assumed a purple hue; "but no one in my house complains of the height of the stairs. You see, sir, that I keep a first-rate table; have very genteel boarders; and my sweet girl and the other ladies of the family make young gentlemen like yourself so happy with their society that they never care what rooms they occupy. You see, sir, my Ellen is a dear little creature—I call her little, though she is taller than her mother; but I have been in the habit of calling her my little darling from her cradle. She has been, and is, my only comfort in this world. Poor child! her father died when she was a babe, or she would have been living like a lady; she has been educated like one. I have spared no expense for schools and masters I assure you. Ellen sings, plays and dances like an angel. She was always the first in her class at Mrs. Larnen's seminary; and then she is so amiable, so affectionate!—But how do you like your room? Six dollars per week, besides the charge for wine, brushing boots, &c. &c."

"If you have not given any other gentleman the promise of it, I will take it."

"Oh, that is of no consequence. I like your appearance; and appearance does much with the ladies, you know. The room is yours, when will you take it?"

"An hour from this I will send my traps—baggage I mean."

"Very well sir; all shall be in readiness. Your name if you please?"

"Charles Montgomery."

"Ah, Montgomery! a very good name; are you a relation of the famous General Montgomery?"

"Distant, madam."

"And in the navy, I perceive?"

"Lieutenant under Commodore \*\*\*\*."

"Ah, very well, very well; a lucrative business, no doubt?"

"Pretty good: however choice, not a motive of gain, made me a sailor."

"Very good, very good; all shall be in readiness; then an hour hence you'll send your luggage?"

"About that time," said the lieutenant, and left Mrs. Bolton.

"A sweet little thing, indeed!" said Montgomery to himself as he left the house. "Heavens! what an eye! brilliant as a diamond! the long eye-lashes; and such ruby lips! Oh, nothing like her!"

"Hollow, mister! don't run over people because you wear the uniform," cried a porter whom the youth stumbled over before he was aware that any one but himself occupied the side walk.

"Pardon me, good fellow, I did not see you," said Montgomery, ashamed for his absence of mind, and passed on more carefully to the hotel.

While the love-stricken officer settled his bill and made arrangements to move to Greenwich street, Mrs. Bolton returned to her room to give her daughter some useful hints, as she called them.

"There, Ellen dear, there is a beau for you," said Mrs. Bolton as she entered. "How beautifully the uniform becomes him! He is a handsome fellow, and a descendant of the famous General Montgomery, and rich to boot; so much I found out. Now you must put on your best smiles to catch him, my dear."

"How can I catch him, ma', when Emma Comstock and the rest of the girls try to out-shine me! I am sure they will, for as soon as any of the gentlemen speak to me, they put their heads together and laugh. I am very sure they turned Mr. Van Zeitungsschreiber against me, for he always was attentive to me before they made sport of him and me."

"Tut, tut, child! do you think they would have succeeded had I been in favour of his paying particular attentions to you? No, indeed! I have the cards in my own hands, and know how to shuffle them; and as far as I permit, and no farther, can any lady-boarder get into the graces of my gentlemen-boarders. It is my interest to have the gentlemen pleased with the ladies, so they don't go as far as marrying, unless they board with me. I know how to throw out hints in favour of my ladies, and how to balance the scale. Mr. Zeitungsschreiber is a foreigner and a poor man—no son-in-law for me. I let him go on in his gallantries to Miss Comstock till he began to be earnest in his attentions to her; and as I found out that he intended to go to house-keeping after he was married, I just threw out a few words about the girl's extravagance, her laziness and bad temper, at a convenient season, and off he popped to Miss Darning; but I hinted to him a love affair between her and a young gentleman; and that

she still was true to her first love, and expected some time or other to marry him. So they all remain here, you see, and pay me full board. That's what I call management, my dear."

"But I never heard a word of this before, ma'!"

"Nor I, child; but that, I tell you, is my way of management."

Ellen Bolton had heard her mother often talk of management as a virtue; and it had often puzzled her how an evil action could be changed into a virtue, merely by making it subservient to a selfish motive; but she had never taken time to reflect on the subject. In the present case she was willing that she should put the match between herself and Montgomery on her list of managements; as she was quite smitten with him. So she went to work to study her smiles, her attitudes and dress, to the full satisfaction of her mother.

It is indeed a fact, that a woman who keeps a boarding-house has the cards in her own hands; and if she is not a good and pious, or strictly moral person, she will shuffle them at all times to suit her own convenience without regard to the feelings or interest of her boarders. And on this account many boarding-houses may be compared to the infernal machine lately invented in France, consisting of a number of fatal instruments, turned by a single hand. Not that we intend to infer that the body is literally in danger; the law prevents open assaults; but character, more dear than life itself, is often assailed and secretly undermined by the landlady, to destroy the confidence and friendship which otherwise would unite her boarders in a happy and social bond.

A boarding-house might indeed be the abode of social and happy members, were the landlady a woman who looked upon her boarders with the interest we are commanded to feel toward our neighbours; and were the boarders grateful and reasonable. But unfortunately, there is generally a constant jarring between the two parties. The landlady thinks that when she has furnished her boarders with their meals, and her chamber-maid has given their rooms a rub, her duty is done, and the least favour asked, even if the boarders have a right to demand it, is coolly, and often harshly refused. And be it recorded, to the shame of our sex, that such women will rather favour the gentlemen than the ladies. Those ladies, however, who have husbands or brothers boarding at the same house, can, by the fear the landlady entertains of them, be somewhat comfortable; but wo to the widow and spinster, if situated in the family of such a woman.

On the other hand, many ladies who board are constantly finding fault and never satisfied, however kindly the landlady may treat them; and their love of mischief-making keeps the house in a constant uproar, so that no comfort is to be taken either by the landlady or those boarders who are peaceably disposed. This conduct frequently produces a constant disturbance, till they separate enemies for ever.

It has often been stated by landladies, that the lady-boarders are more troublesome than the gentlemen. We cannot deny this assertion. We are brought up on domestic principles. We know

when our food is properly cooked, and our rooms kept clean; and being confined daily at home, we hear and see many transactions which escape the gentlemen. We are also more passive; and for that reason are more liable to be imposed on. The gentlemen, on the contrary, are but very little in the house; and if they find their meals ready to satisfy a sharp appetite, created by exercise through the day, and a bed made to receive them in the evening, they see nothing to disturb their equanimity. They are content. But should they stay at home as the ladies do, see what they see, and hear what they hear, we doubt whether they would easily keep up their imputed amiability. What would a gentleman say if he should chance to enter his room unexpectedly and see a dirty woman standing by his toilet using his tooth-brush, and combing her filthy hair with his dressing-comb? What would he say if he should hear himself called by his landlady, a young conceited fool; a dissipated, good-for-nothing fellow, a crabbed, snarling, old bachelor, &c. &c.? Yet this, my good gentlemen, is often the case when your landlady is out of sorts. So believe me, your proverbial good nature is the fruit of blessed ignorance.

But while the writer is giving a faithful sketch of boarding-houses, managed by low, unprincipled women, she hopes not to be understood to set forth all the establishments of this kind. She has boarded for many years; and she can with truth say, that there are many honourable exceptions. She has generally been situated in boarding-houses where she has enjoyed the same privileges, and received the same kindness as if she had been boarding among friends or near relations; and her landladies have been, with one or two exceptions, in the best sense of the word, ladies and Christians. But those few alluded to, and others represented to her by her friends, are sufficient to create a wish among all who desire to live in peace and Christian fellowship with their neighbours, that a reformation may be made in these establishments, which now have become almost indispensable to the community.

We have made a long digression, but we think the subject deserves attention; and that our readers will feel as interested as we do, to analyze it, and come to the elementary parts; that the evil causes of constant jarrings, ill will and uncharitable conduct between boarders and their landlady, and the boarders themselves, may be properly understood and imputed to the original source. We will now recommence the story of the Boarding-house.

It was a most unaccountable mystery to Mrs. Bolton's former friends, how she had become a bad woman. She was born of clever parents, not rich or of high standing, but of respectability, who brought her up for domestic life, and had given her a tolerable good education, not in the least dreaming that she should marry above their own condition. But Miss Hannah Robins was pretty, and considered a fine girl. When about eighteen, she happened to meet with Mr. Bolton, a man much older than herself, rather plain and uneducated; but he was thought to be rich, and he caught her on that bait. They married, and the unsuspecting Mrs. Bolton soon found that her husband was poor and depended

on an old bachelor-uncle. This old gentleman hired a store for Mr. Bolton and supplied him with goods on commission, at a certain per cent. which Bolton was to render his relation and patron; the rest going to support himself. Unfortunately his uncle died, and by some unforeseen calamity he left his estates insolvent. Mr. Bolton was one of those easy, good-natured, and I may say, lazy men, who do no harm in the world, except to themselves and families. He had, through life, made no exertion to lay up money against old age; all that he had made, he had spent as he went along. He had lived in very good style all his days, and trusted to a large legacy after his uncle's death. The sudden demise of Mr. Bolton, senior, and the state in which he left his affairs, was, therefore, as perplexing as unexpected; and finding himself thrown from a comfortable living and bright hopes for the future, to poverty and dependence, his mind was not able to sustain the shock. He sickened and died, and Mrs. Bolton found herself a widow with one child to support. She was indeed for some time a pitiable woman. Her furniture was taken and sold for the benefit of her husband's creditors; her landlord told her to remove from his house; and her former friends, one after another, dropped off.

It is indeed a true adage, that misfortune will make us better or worse. That sorrows and all the trials we meet with on earth, are sent to try our faith and improve our hearts, no one doubts who is capable of tracing their blessings and afflictions from the hand of God. Happy are they who humbly bend under his just providence. Many do so, and shine brighter and brighter as their sorrows increase; but those who never in their lives thought they enjoyed more than they deserved, and never sent a grateful thanksgiving to heaven for all their enjoyments, when troubles come upon them, murmur at fate and harden their hearts. Mrs. Bolton was one of these unhappy beings. She had been, since her marriage, in a situation to make a show, and her society was very respectable. She had been considered an exemplary woman; had given her mite to the poor; set down her name on the catalogue of charitable institutions, and she had been a regular attendant on public worship. No one who is acquainted with her would have suspected that she could materially change under any circumstance whatever. Ah, how little we know the human heart. Yes, how little we know even our own! We see a striking proof of this in the reply of Hazael to the prophet Elisha, when he tells him of the evil that he will do to the children of Israel. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" said he, and forthwith he returns to the court and commences his wickedness by murdering his royal master. This shows how earnestly we should watch and pray lest we fall into temptation.

The truth is, the human character is never fully developed till the powers of the mind are brought into exertion, either by compulsion, or the hope of gaining some favourite point. There had, hitherto, been nothing in Mrs. Bolton's circumstances to call forth her powers of mind, or develop the real tendencies of her heart. Now that she saw herself poor, neglected and for-

saken by the world, she curled her lip in contempt, and said to herself, with a confident smile, "I'll repay the world's scorn; I'll make money and rise above it. Henceforth I care for no one but myself and child; and I'll make a fortune still." Having come to this conclusion she packed up her few movables, and went to New York, the mart of adventurers, took there a small house and commenced keeping boarders. Her business, however, was on a very limited scale. Her boarders were of the common class of people, who could pay but a small compensation, and even these were few. Nevertheless, she so managed her affairs, that in a year or two she was able to move to a more public part of the city, into a large and genteel house, and succeeded in getting boarders who could pay well for their board. As her prospects brightened, she concluded to give her daughter a showy education. She was sent to a fashionable school, and at the head of accomplishments she intended for her, stood dancing, playing on the piano-forte and singing. But Miss Ellen was an idle, and rather deficient girl, and the money her mother spent on her education would have yielded a better interest in the savings-bank. Whether Mrs. Bolton knew not enough herself to judge of her child's progress at school, or whether she weighed the amount of knowledge gained by the money she paid for her education, we know not; but certainly no one could boast more freely of her child's accomplishments than Mrs. Bolton. When she moved to Greenwich street, Ellen was only thirteen, but no one could see her without pleasing anticipation of her beauty when she should arrive at womanhood, and she soon found that to keep a full house of gentlemen-boarders, she would have to keep her at home as much as possible. For this reason she not only made her pass the vacations at home, but often sent for her in the midst of the term, to the great detriment of her morals and useful improvement. At the age of fifteen, Ellen returned from her boarding-school, and was pronounced by her mother to have "come out." A new era in Mrs. Bolton's life now commenced. She saw with secret delight the swarm of admirers that crowded around her daughter, and she formed the resolution to apparently favour all, while she kept a sharp lookout that no one should captivate her heart unless he had a fortune.

However, the greater part of her unmarried gentlemen-boarders were clerks, with moderate expectations, and a few foreigners whose rank and wealth were not clearly established. She could only boast one gentleman of leisure as her boarder, a rich bachelor; but for reasons best known to herself, she studiously kept him from her pretty Ellen's society as much as possible. It was at this juncture that Lieutenant Montgomery arrived, and created a sensation in our Boarding-house world, which we will endeavour to depict in the next chapter.

*To be continued.*

Roses come to us from Persia, and into Persia from India. They abound in the countries round the Caspian.



Written for the Lady's Book.

## ALTHEA VERNON; OR, THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

A NOVELETTE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

*(Concluded from p. 224.)*

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE friends of our unhappy heroine gathered round, and the group was soon environed by a close crowd, as is usually the case when a lady faints at a ball. "Let her be carried immediately to her room"—said a physician who was present; and when Selfridge hastened to assist Lansing in this office, he heard Mrs. Conroy say to her daughters—"Now we can get that handkerchief"—and pushing her way among the people, she prepared to pick it up from the floor. To rescue it from the grasp of this malignant woman and disappoint her pertinacious curiosity, Selfridge hastily set his foot upon it; and feeling much indignation at the unconscious gewgaw, he trampled on it rather too energetically, and then kicked it into a corner under a bench. The increasing denseness of the crowd prevented the Conroys from seeing what became of it.

Althea was carried to her apartment; and the physician, after recommending the usual remedies, and remaining till she showed signs of revival, resigned her to the care of Mrs. and Miss Dimsdale and Miss De Vincyn; and as he returned to the ball-room to inform the company that Miss Vernon would now do well, he met Selfridge and Lansing in the corridor, waiting to hear his report.

When Althea recovered her consciousness, she found herself lying on her bed, disengaged from her ball-dress, and her three friends anxiously watching her. She started up, looked all round, and exclaimed wildly—"What has happened!—Have I fainted!—Where is the handkerchief? I do not see it!—It is lost—it is lost—I know that it is!" "What handkerchief, my dear?" asked Mrs. Dimsdale. Miss De Vincyn made a sign to that lady, not to persevere in the question: and bending down to Althea, she whispered—"It is safe no doubt—such a handkerchief cannot easily be lost." "Such a handkerchief, indeed!"—sighed Althea. "Oh! that it were not such a one." "Compose yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Dimsdale; "you must not talk till you are perfectly recovered." "But the handkerchief," persisted Althea, sinking back on the pillow. "I *must* know if it is really lost; or, worse than all, if Mrs. Conroy has found it."

The Dimsdales looked much amazed. "Her head is confused," said Miss De Vincyn; "recovering from a fainting fit, is like waking from an oppressive dream. She will be more coherent after a little repose." "Dear excellent Miss De Vincyn," resumed Althea, "will you not inquire for that handkerchief, and send some one to search for it in the ball room?" "I will, indeed," replied her friend; "if you

will promise not to speak a word till my return."

Miss De Vincyn then left her, with the intention of sending for Selfridge to meet her in the upper parlour and commissioning him and Lansing to search for the handkerchief; still wondering at Althea's excessive solicitude about it, and grieved at the effect it had produced on her. To Mrs. Dimsdale and Julia, all this was enigmatical: but they had too much considerate kindness to disturb Althea by farther inquiries; and while Julia folded and put away the ball attire of her friend, Mrs. Dimsdale took her seat by the bedside in silence.

Miss De Vincyn found Selfridge walking the corridor in evident perturbation, waiting impatiently for an opportunity of obtaining some farther information respecting the condition of Althea. "Miss Vernon has recovered," said she—anticipating his question. "Will you oblige her by inquiring for a handkerchief which she dropped in fainting, and which, I believe, is a valuable one. Mr. Lansing, I am sure, will assist you in the search."

"That vile handkerchief!" exclaimed Selfridge, thrown entirely off his guard. "I believe I kicked it under one of the benches. But I will go in quest of it." "She seems to think," pursued Miss De Vincyn—"that you may possibly find it in the hands of the Conroys." "Then I will tear it from them," replied Selfridge, completely losing all command of himself.

Seeing her smile, he paused and continued in a milder tone.—"Tell Miss Vernon that, as far as depends on me, she may assure herself of that handkerchief being restored to her." Lansing just then came up to inquire also after Althea, and Selfridge leaving him in the corridor with Miss De Vincyn, ran down into the ball room to fulfil his commission.

In the meantime, we must go back a little (according to the frequent necessity of story-tellers,) and relate, that when the bustle occasioned by the fainting of our heroine had subsided, Mrs. Conroy proceeded to look about for the handkerchief: but luckily neither she nor her daughters had seen Selfridge spurn it under the bench. They had but one pair of eyes apiece, and all their eyes were at that moment occupied by the intense interest he evidently took in Miss Vernon, and the agitation of his manner when he assisted Lansing in conveying her out of the room.

"Where can that mysterious handkerchief be?" said Mrs. Conroy. "I am convinced it was the cause of her fainting."

"I dare say," observed Phebe Maria, "Miss De Vincyn picked it up, and took it under her protection." "No matter," remarked Abby Louisa—"it is now of no farther consequence. Of course, none of us really care about examining the thing."

"Here comes Mrs. Vandunder," said Mrs. Conroy; "she has just got back into the room, and is making directly towards us: to inquire, I suppose, the cause of all this commotion. Let us avoid her, and go and talk to the Crokenwells, or the Rodenfields.—No, we won't—Billy has joined her."

"Really, mamma," observed Phebe Maria;

"we pay very dear for Billy.—And I begin to think he will cheat us out of himself, at last."

"Not if we play our cards skilfully," replied Mrs. Conroy. "Young men that know themselves to be eligible, are not very prompt in making up their minds, and are frequently off and on a dozen times before they are finally secured. And there, I protest, is Sir Tiddering; he has actually finished his supper already, and is talking of his own accord to both mother and son. The group is now worth joining; so let us go and ask them what has become of Wilhelmina, and we will make Mrs. Vandunder talk of her in a way that will render the whole family still more absurd and vulgar in the eyes of the Englishman."

When Selfridge returned to the ball-room, in search of the handkerchief, he found that there was a long recess in the dancing; the musicians having gone out to get their supper. The waiters were handing round refreshments; and some of the company were seated, while some who had not been over-fatigued with dancing were exercising themselves in a promenade round the room: and some were standing in knots and talking. As he approached the bench under which his foot had deposited the handkerchief, a party that had been seated there, rose and left the room to seek the cool air of the piazza. The handkerchief he found lying in a corner, quite out of view to all casual observers; and taking it up, he saw with vexation that it was soiled, rumpled, crushed, torn, and as he believed, entirely spoiled. The centre was so much injured, that the delicately-marked letters were entirely illegible, but Selfridge supposed, of course, that they had formed the name of Althea Vernon. He put it into his breast-pocket, and leaned against a window frame, while he soliloquized on a subject so new to him.

"Well," thought he—"all that I can now do, is to replace this handkerchief by another exactly like it, if possible, or, at least, of equal value. It was absurd in me to give it such rough usage: but it is out of the question to return it to her in the state to which I have reduced it. What excessive folly in Althea Vernon to be the owner of a handkerchief, whose costliness has made it of so much importance as actually to interfere with her peace and comfort. She was evidently afraid to trust it a moment in possession of the Conroys. But I will not betray her weakness, even to Lansing. I will return to the city early in the morning, purchase for her another handkerchief, similar or equal to this, and send it to her in an envelope, for I think I will not see her again. I must endeavour to subdue this fancy for Miss Vernon, and therefore it is best that our acquaintance should terminate. As Mr. Conroy says, a wife that gives eighty dollars for a pocket-handkerchief, will not suit me. Fortunately, I can have no reason to suppose that she regards me with any thing more than indifference." But, as Selfridge brushed the hair from his forehead in passing a pier-glass, he thought it just possible that perhaps she did.

He was now met by Lansing, who said to him—"Selfridge, I congratulate you on the recovery of Miss Vernon. I have just seen

Mrs. Dimsdale, who reports that she is doing well. I believe none of her friends intend returning to the ball-room, and Miss De Vincy desired me to inform Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds, that *she* will not appear again to-night. But the musicians have resumed their places, and it seems there is now to be waltzing. Are you not engaged to Miss Conroy?"

Selfridge started, and repeated the name of Miss Conroy, with one of those exclamations which gentlemen-readers can easily imagine, and which ladies need not know. "I am engaged to her," said he—"for a cotillion or something. But I can dance no more to-night, and with any of that hateful family I *will* not. Waltz with that girl!—my aversion!—my antipathy!—By heaven, I can do no such violence to my feelings. From this night, I abjure all acquaintance with every female of the name of Conroy."

"There's something more in this than meets the ear," said Lansing.

"No matter," resumed Selfridge. "But do me the justice to believe, that I neither like nor dislike, without sufficient cause, and that I can adduce good reasons for all I say, and for all I do."

"I doubt," replied Lansing, "if I can carry my credulity quite so far."

"Lansing," resumed Selfridge—"be still more my friend; take Miss Conroy off my hands. Make some excuse for me, (I know you are clever at these things,) and if she must and will dance, waltz with her yourself."

"Truly, you are putting my friendship to a severe test," answered Lansing, "and my ingenuity also. *Mais allons*. What apology can I offer for you?"

"Any thing—nothing—say I'm sick, I'm dead—or say, which is nearer the truth, that I am going to leave Rockaway early in the morning, and must retire to prepare for my departure."

"That is, you would rather pack your trunk and go to sleep, than dance with her lovely self. How your character will suffer."

"I care not. You are going to the city in the morning."

"Yes—but I like Rockaway so well, that I shall return in the evening."

Lansing now proceeded to the Conroys, to excuse Selfridge to Abby Louisa; and he managed his task with so much address, that she could not seem otherwise than satisfied, and was also not the least displeased at the opportunity of exhibiting herself in the waltz, with a partner still more eligible than the very palpable innamorato of Althea Vernon. Sir Tiddering, whose supper had put him into an extremely good humour, was actually seen whirling along with Phebe Maria, to the manifest triumph of her mother, who hinted to Mrs. Vandunder, "that the baronet having found his attempt on the heart of her eldest daughter quite hopeless, was now transferring his devoirs to the younger."

"Well—she'd better have him then," said Mrs. Vandunder, tartly. "That is, if she can get him. Thank fortune, none of my family is necessitated to take up with no foreigners. We

have not come to that yet, and I hope we never shall. They don't seem to suit: for they're nothing like our natural selves."

Selfridge retired to his room, from whence he despatched a concise note to Miss De Vincyn, requesting her to tell Miss Vernon, that her handkerchief should be sent to her on the following evening. When this billet was communicated to our heroine by her friend, who was now alone with her, (the Dimsdales having retired, as their assistance was no longer necessary)—Althea exclaimed—"But, if Mr. Selfridge has found the handkerchief, why does he not relieve my anxiety by restoring it to me at once?" "Probably," replied Miss De Vincyn, "it has become soiled from lying on the floor, and he is going to send it to a laundress, before he returns it to you." "Men know nothing about such things," said Althea. "It will never more look like a new handkerchief; no matter how skilfully it may be done up. And the lace that trimmed it—who will quill it on again to look as it did before. Oh! how I wish I had never carried the handkerchief into the ball-room!"

Miss De Vincyn, unable to understand the extreme importance she attached to this handkerchief, now persuaded her to try earnestly to compose herself to sleep. Althea smiled faintly, and pressed the hand of her friend, as she took leave of her for the night, but murmured—"My sleep, I fear, will be but little."

## CHAPTER XVII.

Next morning our heroine felt a great inclination to pass the whole day in her room; but the fear of exciting remarks, and perhaps invidious ones, made her wisely determine to endeavour to appear as usual; though she knew that it would be a hard task. Her friends expressed their pleasure on seeing her at the breakfast table, from which many of the young ladies, and all the Conroys, absented themselves on account of the fatigue of the ball; and also, because nearly all the gentlemen (including Selfridge, Lausing, Mr. Dimsdale, and Mr. Conroy), had gone up to the city. Althea looked pale, and felt nervous and out of spirits. She was restless, distraight, and had a presentiment that the adventure of the handkerchief was not yet over. Still, her chief fear was, that Selfridge had observed that the name on it was not her own.

Miss De Vincyn devoted much of her time during the day to Althea, and the charm of her conversation, (in the course of which she related many interesting and amusing things that she had seen in Europe,) finally succeeded in giving a more cheerful tone to the feelings of our heroine, who had also the gratification of receiving an affectionate and entertaining letter from her mother at New Manchester. "Ah!" soliloquized Althea—as she folded up and put it away—"how dear mamma would grieve if she knew what strange sufferings I have brought on myself, by indulging my nonsensical fancy for that hateful handkerchief. Only let me have it once more in my possession, and I will enclose it in a little box by itself, and never look at it again till I restore it to the right owner. But I much doubt, if I shall find it in

a fit state to present to her. It will then be my duty to replace it with another, for which purpose I shall have, for a while, to use the most painful economy in my own expenses; as I am resolved that dear mamma shall be put to no inconvenience by my absurdity. And, worse than all—have I not violated my sense of right, and tarnished my integrity, by meanly using the property of another, and attempting a deception in wishing it to be considered as my own? To act a falsehood, is nearly the same as to speak it. And then, if all should be discovered—how contemptible I shall have made myself—and for what?"

In the afternoon, most of the company went to ride; and those that did not, were loitering in the piazza and at the front windows, to see them set out.

Sir Tiddering Tattersall came up to Wilhelmina, and said, he was monstrous glad to see her able to take the field again, as last night she was quite "knocked up."

"Knocked up," said Wilhelmina—"I don't know what you mean—I can't attempt to understand English."

"Oh! you were certainly knocked up, when you had to give in."

"Give in."

"Yes—in consequence of pinching shoes, excoriating stockings, squeezing corsets, screwing hair strings, scarifying handkerchiefs, and all the other evils that young ladies' flesh is heir to—particularly on ball-nights."

"Mamma," said Wilhelmina—"he is talking to me about all sorts of bad things—I know he is!"

"Sir Tattering Tiddering," said Mrs. Vandunder, bridling—"I'd have you to understand, that me and my daughter never was used to no disrespect from nobody. People from the old country an't half as particular as they ought to be. But we Americans is always delicate."

"So I perceive, madam," answered Sir Tiddering. "And I have not the least doubt, that you and the whole Yankee population are very respectable people."

"There, only hear him, ma'," cried Wilhelmina—"he's calling us respectable again—and Yankees beside."

"It's just like him," said Mrs. Vandunder—her face turning scarlet with anger—"Him and all his countrymen is made up of brass and sass."

"Brass and sass!" said Sir Tiddering—"a capital combination that—I'll just put it down (taking out his note-book,)—it will figure in my journal. Sass, I suppose, is for the sake of the rhyme."

"Ma—I told you he was all the time making fun of us," said Wilhelmina.

"The patience of Job couldn't have put up with an Englishman," ejaculated Mrs. Vandunder; and turning her back to him, she walked majestically away, fanning herself exceedingly. Seeing her son Billy, who was reclining on some chairs at a little distance and listening with a broad grin, she hastened to make her complaint to him. "I declare," said she—"that fellow han't no more manners than a grizzly bear, and he looks just like one."

"*Brutum fulmen*," said Billy—"there's no

doubt of that. But remember, he's a baronet."

"Then, of all noblemen, keep me from baronicks," cried Mrs. Vandunder. "I would not allow you, nor myself, nor even Wilhelmina, ever to speak to him or look at him again, if it wasn't for spiting the Conroys."

"That's right," replied Billy—"my way exactly—always spite the Conroys. But see, Sir Tiddering has drawn Wilhelmina to the far end of the porch, and is whispering to her. You had better go and look after them."

Mrs. Vandunder hastily turned about, and scuttled towards them as fast as she could; followed at a distance by Billy. She pulled Sir Tiddering by the sleeve, exclaiming—"What are you saying to my daughter? Any thing improper?"

"Very probably," he replied—"I am asking her to take a ride with me in my buggy, and she seems rather skittish at the name of the vehicle."

"Well, she may," replied Mrs. Vandunder. "It's hard to get over these things for people as is polished."

Just then Sir Tiddering's servant brought round the buggy, in which two horses were harnessed tandem. "That's really a stylish set out," observed Billy; "quite a neat concern." The dull face of Wilhelmina brightened, and that of her mother shone with pleasure. "To go or not to go?" said Sir Tiddering.

"Oh! certainly," replied Mrs. Vandunder—softening her voice and smiling prodigiously. "It an't polite for a lady to object to ride with a gentleman, after he's had his chaise brought to the door on purpose. Upon my word it looks very genteel. Wilhelmina, (in a low voice) you know when we talk to the Conroys about it, we can call it a *chinchy*. Go up stairs, and get on your pink satin bonnet and your laylock shawl, and be ready to wait on his lordship immediately. Think what a dash you'll cut, with two horses Indian file."

Wilhelmina departed with unusual alacrity, Sir Tiddering conducting her to the hall door, and lingering there a few moments to conquer his inclination to laugh. By this time, there were many additional spectators assembled in the piazza; the Conroys had been all the while peeping through the shutters of the saloon. When Wilhelmina re-appeared, Sir Tiddering handed her into the buggy, jumped in beside her, touched his leader with the whip, and turned the corner of the hotel. "*Tandem triumphans*," said Billy. "Well, after all," ejaculated Mrs. Vandunder—"there's no gentleman in the known world equal to an English baronick, when you once get acquainted with him. Poor Mrs. Conroy must be quite lonesome there in the big parlour, and nobody near her but her daughters. I'll go in and set with her a while."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

As soon as Selfridge arrived in the city, he hastened to Mr. Stewart's emporium of fashion, unwilling to excite remarks or give rise to conjectures by confiding the commission to any one of the ladies he was acquainted with.

Taking with him the defaced handkerchief as a pattern, he was so fortunate as to find one exactly like it, that was yet unsold. He immediately made the purchase, intending to seal it up in a blank envelope, and send it to Miss Vernon. On his way down Broadway to his lodgings, previous to the dining hour, he overtook Lansing, who lived at the same house, and Selfridge inquired if he would take charge of a little parcel, and deliver it to Miss Vernon, on his return that evening to Rockaway.

"Are you really not going back thither yourself?" asked Lansing.

"No," replied Selfridge—"I shall proceed to Philadelphia to-morrow, in the early boat, and pass a day or two in that city—or probably a week, or a fortnight, or, perhaps, a month."

"And where then?" inquired Lansing.

"I do not know—perhaps I shall go to the coal-region, or to the North Carolina gold mines—perhaps to the Virginia Springs, or to Cincinnati—I may take a voyage down the Mississippi to New Orleans—or I may go round to Boston, by way of the lakes."

"Your route, indeed, seems very undecided," observed Lansing. "But when shall we see you here again?"

"I do not know. One thing is certain: I shall not settle in New York."

"I regret to hear you say so," rejoined Lansing. "Yesterday, you seemed to admire every brick in our houses, and every flag-stone in our pavements, and would not permit me to apologise for the dustiness of the grass, and the scantiness of the trees, in the place we call a park. Then you thought even the flattest and tamest parts of our sea-coast wonderfully picturesque and romantic—Rockaway, in particular."

"Do not laugh at me, Lansing," said Selfridge—"that is all over now."

"What is all over? Have you discovered that there is no chance of prevailing on the lovely Miss Vernon to accept your addresses?"

"I have never addressed Miss Vernon."

"Not exactly, perhaps, in good set terms. You have only given her every possible reason to suppose that she might look for the important question at any minute. Selfridge—it is unpardonable in our sex to trifle as we do with the feelings of women."

"Feelings!—What feelings, what sensibility can exist in the heart of a woman who, without any extraordinary wealth to excuse such extravagance, can be so vain and so silly as to expend eighty dollars on a single pocket-handkerchief!"

"And has Miss Vernon been guilty of this folly?"

"Yes; she has—and probably of many others similar in character. With such a wife, what chance of happiness can a man expect?"

And then, Selfridge, notwithstanding his resolution to the contrary, could not forbear confiding to his friend the story of the handkerchief, as far as he knew it, and according to the light in which it appeared to him.

"I am sorry to hear all this," said Lansing. "I had hoped better things of that very pretty little girl, with whom Miss De Vinny, a woman

of sense and observation, is evidently desirous of cultivating a friendship. Listen to me, Selfridge. I advised you at the beginning of your *penchant* for Althea Vernon, not to proceed too rapidly; but to allow yourself time to understand something of her disposition and habits. Of her vivacity, intelligence, and beauty, there can be no doubt; and fascinated by them, you have unthinkingly allowed your admiration to become apparent to every one, and certainly to the young lady herself."

"Have I, indeed," exclaimed Selfridge, eagerly. "But do you think—do you believe—that there is any hope—fear I mean—of her being favourably impressed towards me?"

"I know not," replied Lansing; "but Miss Vernon, I am convinced, is not one of these very susceptible young ladies, who will fall in love with any man whatever, merely because he seems to think her handsome."

"But I am not 'any man whatever,'" said Selfridge, smiling.

"Very true," rejoined Lansing. "So I will beg your pardon for the *lapsus lingua*, and make the *amende honorable* by acknowledging you to be an extremely well-looking personage, of fine figure, fine hair, fine eyes, and fine teeth—in short, *fait à peindre*. Also, I confess you a gentleman of good connexions, good character, and good talents, educated at college, familiar with the best society, and possessing sufficient private fortune to establish yourself handsomely in an extensive business whenever you choose to begin. There now—are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly," said Selfridge, half laughing; "and I ought, in gratitude, to return all these compliments; particularly as I can do so without any violation of truth. But, though it is a very pretty amusement to be thus enacting *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I would rather just now have an answer to my question concerning Miss Vernon."

"That is, you would rather hear that Miss Vernon, if solicited to become Mrs. Selfridge, might probably be induced to consent; and, indeed, I know no reason why she should not. I must own I never saw her frown at your civilities, or avoid your society. I am not sure that the roses on her cheeks did not assume a deeper glow, and her eyes sparkle more vividly, when you were talking to her. Still, perhaps, it was only the delight of gratified vanity."

"She has no vanity," said Selfridge.

"Well, well—have it as you please," pursued Lansing. "She is a woman, therefore may be won." But thus far I will counsel you. In your fear of deciding too soon, do not err on the other side and be too fastidious. Neither should you consider the follies of gay and unreflecting youth, like so many mortal sins, Edgar Mandlebert fashion. Give up, for the present, this wayward scheme of chasing the points of the compass all round the Union. Return to Rockaway. See Miss Vernon—and then—*vogue la galère*."

Selfridge made no immediate reply; but his brow cleared, his eye brightened, he sprang lightly up the steps of their residence, and before entering the door, he turned to Lansing and shook him warmly by the hand.

## CHAPTER XIX.

It was towards the decline of the afternoon, that our heroine and Miss De Vincy were walking on the beach, Julia Dimsdale remaining in her room to write letters, and Mrs. Dimsdale having taken Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds on a ride with the children in her own carriage. Althea was unusually pensive, and Miss De Vincy endeavoured to entertain without fatiguing her. They came to the fragment of the storm-wrecked vessel, which was now sunk deeper in the sand, and with its thick clusters of sea-weed had become dry in the sun. The two young ladies spread over it the shawls which they had carried on their arms, and sat down to rest themselves, and to gaze at the untiring ocean-view, over which was louring a distant mass of dark and heavy clouds, portentous of a thunder-storm.

Suddenly they were startled by the voice of Selfridge, who having just arrived from the city, came down at once to the beach, finding that Miss Vernon and her friend had gone thither. Althea cast down her eyes on seeing Selfridge, and turned not red but pale, and caught herself beginning to mark the sand with the point of her parasol. After the first salutations were over, Selfridge producing the packet, presented it to Althea, who, on opening it, perceived that the handkerchief was entirely new, and that there was no name in the centre-piece.

"Oh! Mr. Selfridge," she exclaimed; "this is not the handkerchief I lost."

"It is not," said he. "To the original, of which this is a duplicate, I had unthinkingly given such rough usage after you dropped it last evening, that it was no longer in a fit state to return to a lady. You must allow me to replace it with another, which I hope will be found in no respect inferior."

A hundred conflicting thoughts and feelings now rushed through the mind, and agitated the heart of our heroine. The most predominant were, regret that Selfridge should have incurred the expense of purchasing another handkerchief, and fear that he had perceived the name of Miss Fitzgerald.

"Did you," she asked, in a tremulous voice,—"Mr. Selfridge, did you observe the name marked in the centre?"

"I saw no name," said he, looking much surprised. "It must have been effaced before I took up the handkerchief, which as I told you, had been very rudely treated, particularly by my unthinking self."

Althea, overcome both with joy and sorrow, hid her face with her hands, and burst into tears. Selfridge, amazed and disconcerted, gazed for an instant, and then looked towards Miss De Vincy, who put her arm within his, and drew him away. "Let us," said she in a low voice—"give Miss Vernon time to recover herself. It will be better than to make an attempt at consoling her, for as we know not the cause of her agitation, we may rather increase than dispel it."

They then retired to a little distance, walking farther up the beach.

After Althea had indulged in a copious flood

of tears, she began to feel more composed, and asked herself what Miss De Vincly would do in a similar predicament. The answer rose at once to her mind, and pausing a while to call up all her resolution, and gain something like firmness to effect her purpose, she endeavoured to dry her eyes and summon courage to walk towards her friends; but finding that her steps tottered, she resumed her seat, and signed to them to return.

Althea held out a hand to each, and said in a tone in which extreme confusion struggled with her desire to act rightly, "Mr. Selfridge—my dear Miss De Vincly—I can no longer forbear an explanation which, though sadly humiliating to myself, is due to you both—due to the kindness—the interest"—

Here her voice failed—and tears again came to her relief. Her friends regarded her with deep compassion, and besought her to spare herself any disclosure which might give her pain. "Oh, no," said she; "when it is once over I shall feel better." And then with blushing cheeks and tearful eyes, she candidly related the story of Miss Fitzgerald's handkerchief, disguising no motive and suppressing no fact. The looks of both her friends brightened when they found it only an illustration of girlish folly, bringing with it its own punishment of annoyance, vexation, fear of discovery, and consequent mortification. And Selfridge felt extreme delight when he found that neither she nor her mother had been in reality the purchasers of the unlucky gewgaw.

"At the same time," continued Althea; "it is impossible for me to accept this new handkerchief from Mr. Selfridge. Whatever inconvenience it may cost me, justice requires that I should abide the consequences of my absurd and incorrigible fancy for such a bauble; and my unprincipled folly in presuming to pass off as my own, a piece of extravagant finery which did not belong to me. By economising strictly in my other expenses, I can myself have ready an embroidered handkerchief of equal value, to give to Miss Fitzgerald, on her return from the north. This I will do, and if necessary, explain to her the whole, even at the risk of her whispering the tale to her acquaintances and spreading it among mine; though I well know the unfortunate secret to be perfectly safe with Miss De Vincly and with Mr. Selfridge."

Miss De Vincly kissed the cheek of Althea, and directed to Selfridge a look so eloquent, that he understood it in a moment. With a heightened colour and a beaming eye, he said to her heroine—"For my honour—for my secrecy—I can offer a sure guarantee—my hand."

"Your hand," said Althea—starting.

"My hand—my name—my heart."

Althea now again covered her eyes. She turned appealingly to Miss De Vincly, who said to her—"My dear Althea, Mr. Selfridge only desires to know if he may be allowed to hope. He is not so vain or so unreasonable as to expect his offer to be accepted, after so short an acquaintance, and without the sanction of your mother."

"Oh! no, indeed," said Althea; "mamma, dearest mamma must know all."

At this moment they were joined by Lansing,

who had accompanied Selfridge from the city, but had purposely allowed himself to be detained in the piazza by the Conroys, that he might not arrive too soon at the beach, and be considered *Monsieur de Trop*. A glance told him the situation of affairs, and giving his arm to Miss De Vincly, he said,—“Come, we must all turn our steps towards the hotel, or we shall be overtaken by the storm. The sea-birds scream as they fly home for safety, and the fishermen are mooring their boats along the shore.”

Miss De Vincly cast her eyes toward the sea, which the rising wind was covering with spots of foam. Already the zig-zag lightning quivered along the low and gloomy clouds, and glared over the darkened water, and the solemn roll of thunder was heard murmuring at a distance. And yet the sun was shining brightly from that small portion of the heavens which still retained its unclouded blue.

Lansing and Miss De Vincly preceded their companions on their way back to the hotel. "I knew," said Lansing—"or rather I had a presentiment that Selfridge would offer himself as an appendage to the handkerchief."

"Ah!" said Miss De Vincly; "you can know but the half of that story. It is but a few moments since Mr. Selfridge himself has been in possession of the whole. And the ingenuous explanation of Miss Vernon, has resulted as you suppose."

"Selfridge has sped so rapidly in his wooing," said Lansing; "that it is very encouraging to his friends. I, for one, should like extremely to follow his example, if I thought I could do so with the same chance of success."

There was a pause, and Lansing continued,—"I wish Miss De Vincly would remind me of the proverb, that 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

"That proverb cannot apply to Mr. Lansing," was her reply.

"Explain," said Lansing. "Is there a possibility that the fair lady may be won, or do you insinuate a compliment by implying that no one could suspect me of want of courage?"

"Want of confidence, rather," said Miss De Vincly.

"Ah!" replied Lansing; "man is made up of inconsistencies. That is my favourite theory, and I am myself an evidence of its truth."

"Well, then," rejoined Miss De Vincly; "if by Faint-heart you mean yourself, I am going to frighten you by bringing you to the point at once.—Am I the fair lady that you think of winning?"

"Even so—your charming self."

"Very well—the sooner this affair is despatched the better. I am, then, to understand that, in fashionable parlance, you are addressing me."

"Certainly—consider yourself addressed."

"Really," resumed Miss De Vincly; "there must be something peculiar in the air to-day—I wonder if the almanac predicts about this time—'Frequent courtships, accompanied by immediate proposals.' The saloon this evening will look like the stage in the concluding scene of a comedy. I suppose we shall see the patron of Schoppenburgh drawn up with Miss Phebe Maria, and Sir Tiddering with Wilhel-

mina—not to mention our two friends that are walking so leisurely behind us.”

“May we not add a fourth pair?”

“No, no,” answered the lady; “I have not had half enough of the delights of a single life, and I am not yet inclined to surrender my liberty even for a chain of roses; a chain of which the thorns remain long after the flowers have faded. I just now reminded Miss Vernon of the shortness of her acquaintance with her innamorato, and mine with Mr. Lansing is shorter still. Besides, I have no doubt of finding some one I like better.”

“Is there no one you at present like better?”

“Yes—twenty; with whom I am well acquainted, and all of whom I regard either as possible, probable, or positive lovers, at least if the usual symptoms are to be credited.”

“No lover can be more positive than I am,” said Lansing. “How long a time do you think requisite for becoming well acquainted with me?”

“I shall never know you; as you say inconsistency is your characteristic.”

“I spoke only of the general inconsistency of human nature.”

“From which I am to suppose you are pre-eminently exempt. But I see large drops of rain indenting the water. So, let us quicken our pace or we shall not escape the approaching shower.”

“I regard not the shower,” said Lansing.

“But I do,” replied the lady. “I regard it, just now, more than any thing else. There, do not talk any more, and do not take the trouble to look so complimentary.—Running home from the rain will be quite enough, without the additional fatigue of flirtation.”

“Flirtation,” rejoined Lansing; “I am serious—perfectly serious.”

“Are you, indeed! Then the subject may be easily disposed of. Consider yourself refused.”

“But I will not *stay* refused,” murmured Lansing, as she quitted his arm on arriving at the portico of the hotel, in which they found the Edmunds and Dimsdale party, whose ride had been curtailed by the unfavourable aspect of the clouds.

In a few minutes, Selfridge and Althea came up, and Miss De Vincny said to our heroine, “Were you not apprehensive of being caught in the storm?” “What storm?” asked Althea, looking back towards the ocean. “For my part,” said Selfridge, “I saw nothing but the gleam of sunshine.”

## CHAPTER XX.

The tempest was now rapidly approaching: the last spot of blue disappeared from the sky, and the last sunbeam vanished. The air grew dark and darker, till a dense and heavy gloom had spread over sea and land.

“The wind swept the clouds rolling on to the main,”

and the scattered sand-heaps whirled in eddies along the shore. “The blackening waves were edged with white,” and the increasing roar of the breakers, seemed to vie

in loudness with the coming thunder. The lightning no longer darted in arrowy lines from the opening clouds—it flashed out in vast sheets of glaring and intolerable light, instantly followed by tremendous peals that sounded like the volleying report of artillery, lengthened by repeated echoes.

Most of the company at the Rockaway hotel were assembled in the saloon; and some remained in the portico watching the awful progress of the summer storm, till the rain came on and compelled them to take shelter within doors. At length it subsided; gleams of cerulean brightness began to appear above the parting clouds, and a rainbow seemed to span the ocean with its prismatic arch. The setting sun now poured its glories from below the retiring vapours, its upward rays burnishing them with crimson and purple. The petrels had come out again, and were circling about the waves, and dipping their glancing pinions in the foam. And a ship that had taken in her sails during the storm, spread them once more to the cool and refreshing breeze that now blew from the west, and rapidly laid her course till she was diminished to a dark speck on the horizon.

Evening came, tea was over, and Mrs. Vandunder, who throughout the tempest had expressed great apprehension for Wilhelmina's pink satin bonnet, now testified equal alarm for the safety of the young lady herself; wondering incessantly that she and Sir Tiddering did not return. Billy assured her they must have stopped in somewhere for shelter, opining that both of them had at least sense enough not to keep out in the storm when houses were every where in sight. “Between you and me and the post,” said he to his mother,—“I am quite sure, that though he might think Wilhelmina could stand a drenching well enough, he would not expose his horses to it: much less himself.”

The stage from the city came in later than usual, having stopped at Jamaica during the worst of the storm; and Mr. Dimsdale, who was among the passengers, reported to Billy that they had seen a glimpse of Sir Tiddering and Miss Vandunder in one of the parlours of the inn, and that in all probability they had resumed their vehicle as soon as the rain had ceased, and, therefore, their arrival might be momentarily expected. Still they came not, and the general impression was, that they had perpetrated an elopement, though for what reason was not very clear: and it was concluded that they had added another to the frequent instances of runaway matches, when there is nothing to run away from. Mrs. Vandunder talked and conjectured all the evening, and her son seemed really uneasy.

Early in the morning, the patrol of Schoppenburgh proceeded to the city in quest of the fugitives. It was found that Sir Tiddering's servant had departed, having asked for his master's bill, and paid it with money left with him for the purpose.

The day passed on very pleasantly to Selfridge and Althea; but Miss De Vincny, without appearing to avoid him, contrived to prevent Lansing from having the slightest conversation with her, apart from the company.

When the afternoon papers arrived at Rock-

away, they contained the following announcement.—“Married, last evening, at the City Hotel, by Mr. Alderman Bridlegoose, Sir Tiddering Tattersall, Bart. of Biggleswade Lodge, Berkshire, to Miss Wilhelmina Showders, daughter of the late Baltus Vandunder of Schopenburgh.”

This notice was shown to Mrs. Vandunder by a dozen different people, and her ill-concealed joy was very diverting, as, paper in hand, she announced it to the Conroys. “Dear me,” said she, “what a trying thing is the disobedience of one’s only daughter. Mrs. Conroy, how happy you are to have two daughters, both single, and likely to be so. To think that Wilhelminar should have given me the slip at last, and all of a sudden too! But to be sure it makes her an English noblewoman. ‘Miss Wilhelmina Showders’—(reading the paper.) Showders was her grandmother’s maiden name. To think of my daughter being married without a white satin wedding dress, and no bride-cake. ‘Sir Tiddering Tattersall, Bart.’ I see he has got another name that we did not know of. I wonder if Wilhelminar will be called Lady Bart! I suppose he will take her to England, and she will be put in the papers whenever she rides out or goes any where; as I am told they publish every thing the great people do. I wonder if her and the queen will visit. However, it will make no difference with me. I shall treat every body just the same as if I was not a nobleman’s mother-in-law. It is not right to take airs because we get up in the world, so I shall visit my old friends just as usual. Mrs. Conroy, I shall certainly call on you when we all get back to New York. For my part I shall start off to the city early in the morning to see more about this business.”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Conroy, highly offended at the above *tirade*, “it will be well for you to do so. You may find him out to be a refugee pick-pocket. He paid his addresses to both my daughters successively, (as is well known at Rockaway,) but we were all too prudent to run the risk of being taken in by him. We have lived too much in society not to know a gentleman when we see one.”

On the following day Althea Vernon received a letter from her mother informing her that she had returned to the city in consequence of Mr. and Mrs. Waltham having been sent for to Albany on account of the severe illness of Mrs. Waltham’s father. Mrs. Vernon informed Althea that if she was beginning to tire of her visit to Rockaway she wished her to return home, being now there to receive her. Althea was not tired of Rockaway; and Miss De Vincly thought of remaining there another week, Mr. Dimsdale’s family were to stay a few days longer, the Conroys were going home, the Vandunders *had* gone, and it had become very delightful to our heroine to have Selfridge as the companion of her rambles.

Selfridge, on hearing of Mrs. Vernon’s return, went up to the city next morning with Lansing, carrying with him a letter from Althea to her mother. He came back in the afternoon looking highly delighted, and informed her that, introduced by Lansing, he had delivered the letter in person; that he found Mrs. Vernon a

very charming woman, as he had anticipated; and that, having made known to her his connexions and circumstances, he had requested permission to visit her daughter in the hope of being one day allowed to claim a nearer relationship.

The answer of Mrs. Vernon was favourable; and Althea being now very desirous of some confidential conversation with her mother, was glad when she heard Mr. Dimsdale say that some unexpected business requiring his constant presence in the city, his family had concluded to shorten their stay at Rockaway. It was decided that they should all return to town in the morning. Althea took a very affectionate leave of Miss De Vincly, with the expectation of seeing her shortly in New York. It is somewhat surprising that on leaving Rockaway our heroine did not look back on the ocean-scenery with more regret, even though Selfridge *was* riding on horseback beside Mr. Dimsdale’s carriage, and though he *did* sit his horse well and manage him gracefully.

Althea having marked very beautifully the name of Miss Fitzgerald on the new handkerchief, sent it to that lady in a blank cover as soon as she heard of her return from Canada. Miss Fitzgerald, who had attached so little consequence to the loss of the first that she had forgotten all about it, put the substitute among her other handkerchiefs and noticed it no more, being engaged in preparing for her return to the south.

Miss De Vincly and the Edmunds family staid a week in the city after they came from Rockaway, during which time Althea saw them every day. They then proceeded on their contemplated excursion up the Hudson, returning to Massachusetts by the northern route. After this, Lansing’s business obliged him to go very frequently to Boston. And when, by Miss De Vincly’s invitation, Selfridge and Althea made her a visit at her house immediately after their marriage, (which took place in the spring,) they found that the friendship between Lansing and herself had so much increased that there was some probability of their concluding to pass their lives together.

Mrs. Vandunder kept her promise of calling on the Conroys after their return to the city, and informed them that she had received a letter from her daughter, whom she now called Lady Wilhelminar Tattersall. It was dated from Saratoga Springs, (where Billy had joined them,) and it apprized her that they should be in town next week to sail in the first packet for London. Mrs. Vandunder did not show Mrs. Conroy the postscript, which ran thus—

“My husband is the best man in the world. He says I must let him take his course, and he will let me take mine. I never was so happy in my life. We have a parlour and a table to ourselves, and a luncheon before dinner, and a supper after tea. I have left off tight shoes and all my other torments, and go all day in a wrapper; for nobody sees me but my husband, and he says he don’t care how I look or what I do. I hope he will be just the same after we get to England.”

To conclude.—Sir Tiddering departed with his bride in the next packet, after taking care



to obtain possession of her fortune, which saved him a while longer from the necessity of coming to the hammer, as he called it, and perhaps going to live in one of the cheap towns on the continent.

Billy Vandunder "walks Broadway" as usual, and gives the cut *indirect* to the Conroys, who being engaged in new pursuits only toss their heads at him. Mrs. Vandunder is married to a Pole, whose name she has not yet learned to pronounce.

Selfridge, soon after his engagement to Althea Vernon, commenced a very advantageous business in New York. Lansing, on his marriage with Miss De Vincy, removed to Boston; but the easy communication between the two cities brings the two friends frequently together. We need not assure our readers that Althea, as a wife, has never given her husband occasion to remember the *embroidered handkerchief*.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE.

### A DOMESTIC TALE.

It was a clear warm morning toward the last of April, and all nature was reviving from the torpid embrace of winter. The purple violet put up its head with an arch look, as if it said, "Here I am—are you not glad to see me again?" and even the glorious sun wore an air of being delighted to appear without his mantle of clouds. Every thing looked pleasant—no! Mrs. Morgan looked any thing but pleasant, as she took her seat at the breakfast-table, in a comfortable room in a large handsome mansion, formerly called Raccoon Hill, but to which its present mistress had given the more euphonious appellation of Beech Grove. She commenced operations by extending her hand with a cup of coffee over the breakfast-table; but taking care not to let her own portly person decline an inch from its perpendicularity, thereby compelling her husband to rise and bend over the table to reach the irragrant beverage she offered.

"You must help yourselves as you can; there is nobody to 'tend table!" said she, jerking her head, as she offered another cup to the youth at her right hand, in the same awkward manner.

Mr. Morgan seemed too well accustomed to his lady's airs, to give himself much trouble about the matter, and merely said,

"Where is Peter, my dear?"

"Gone to the blacksmiths," replied the lady, "I suppose by *your* orders, though I have twenty times ordered that he should never go any where till after breakfast. If I could but have my own way with the servants, they should do a different business, I can tell you. But you ruin them."

"My dear," said Mr. Morgan; "we have talked this over so often, that I am rather tired of it. I cannot consent to be made a cipher in my own house, nor fear to tell a man I hire, to go of an errand; but, suppose you give Peter, who is spoiled, up to me; I want another hand;

and hire a lad of whom you shall have the sole management?"

"That I will, with pleasure!" eagerly responded Mrs. Morgan, with a smile of triumph; "if you will not concern yourself with him, and nobody order him but myself."

"Agreed!" cried Mr. Morgan; "you, Sarah—and you, Charles, remember that no one is to interfere with the new man your aunt hires, on any pretence."

Mrs. Morgan drew up her ample person, and with what she intended for an air of great dignity, replied; "My nephew, Charles Alston, is not in the habit of interfering with my orders; if you will keep Miss Sarah in check, I will answer for him. There now! crying again; I never saw such a girl. One can't say a word, but you go to crying."

"It's enough to make any body cry, aunt," exclaimed a boy of fifteen, whose merry eye and gay countenance presented a striking contrast to the timid, melancholy girl of thirteen, who had been addressed as Miss Sarah. "Yes; it's enough to make any body cry, to go without one's breakfast, and see every body else eating. I shall cry myself in a few minutes for a second cup of coffee, and poor little Sarah has not had her first yet."

"You are very impertinent," cried the aunt, filling a cup, however, and passing it; "here, Sarah, why could not you ask for a thing without crying! I hate to see people always crying."

"Come, aunt," said the lively Charles; "such servants as you want are scarce in these parts; so, if you will let us finish our breakfast, I will tell you where you can get one, just the thing."

"Humph! A boy of your selection must be a nonesuch," growled Mr. Morgan, as he fixed his small bright blue eye on the open countenance of Charles, whose eyes met his frankly and cheerfully; after a momentary investigation, a humorous smile stole over his own queer face, and he continued,

"But, perhaps you are right; you may be a very good judge of the qualities demanded by your aunt, seeing you were born and brought up in the same place she was."

The lip of the high-spirited boy lost its smile, and his dark cheek flushed to his very eyes, which were raised with an expression of momentary fierceness; till reading in the peculiar expression of his uncle's features, that no insult was intended for himself, he turned quietly to his breakfast. Not so his aunt, throwing herself back in her chair, she seemed for a moment too angry to speak; but then with a sort of macaw scream, the torrent poured forth—

"Is this the way, sir, you dare to insult me, a lady born and bred of one of the first families in the Union; I, that never knew what it was even to put on my own shoes and stockings; but was waited upon like a queen, till I demeaned myself to marry a trumpery New England farmer, who has no ambition to be a gentleman! Yes, you may look round and laugh! I know what you mean; my uncle's house was not so handsome! But it was always full of company. And you, sir, you are rich

enough *now*; but wasn't it my money that made you so! Answer me that! And to say I want spirit-broken people—when I am one of the easiest women in the world to live with! I only want them to do every thing I tell them, without mistakes and grumbling, and I am perfectly satisfied."

Her husband, and even her dutiful nephew, burst into a laugh at this characteristic declaration, upon which, turning an eye of wrath on the latter, she exclaimed—

"I'm not surprised at Mr. Morgan; it's just of a piece with every thing else; but you, a gentleman's son, and heir to a fine estate, should undervalue yourself!"—

"Come, come, my dear," said Mr. Morgan, with sudden gravity; "you should not say so much on that subject, as the estate you mention cannot be his unless he loses some three or four of his nearest relations, and you should not put such things in his head. I have nothing against your nephew, he is a good lad, and I like him; a little wild or so, but he'll outgrow that—but I was thinking, that unless you bring servants of your own training, you will hardly get any you like."

"I wish I could!" screamed Mrs. Morgan; "I wish I *could*! But you know very well, I cannot."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Morgan, rising, "don't think about it; all I mean to say is, that you expect too much, you require perfection, which is the cause of your trouble."

As the old gentleman said this, he left the room, perfectly satisfied, to judge by the satirical grin on his lip, and the twinkle in his eye, with the commotion into which he had thrown his gentle helpmate. The blood rushed to the very temples of Mrs. Morgan, as she scowled at the retreating combatant; then fixing her eyes on the quiet and frightened Sarah, she said, with a scornful air—

"Your uncle need not be so free with his taunts. He had a good five thousand dollars in cash, to do what he pleased with. I wonder if he could have held his head so high as he does now, if that had not paid off mortgages, and helped him otherwise! If my poor dear boy had lived, 'twould all be right enough; but to have his estate, with my money on it, go to them that are no kin to me,—but that it sha'n't, I can tell you."

"Dear aunt," cried Charles, "instead of talking here, you had better be on the move, to get the boy I spoke of, there are two or three want him, and he may be snapped up in a minute. It is old Andrew Price's son, Job."

"He!" said the lady, "why, he is not much better than a fool."

"No, indeed, aunt, you are quite mistaken; he is not so smart as some, but he is a very good steady boy, and only wants a little care and teaching; at any rate *he will do just as you bid him*, whatever it is, that I can assure you."

"That is the very thing I want. That is all I require," said Mrs. Morgan; "I will talk with his father this very morning; I am going to the village, and will call there. Do you step down in the meantime, and desire old Price and his son to be at home. As for you, Miss,

do you rinse the cups and saucers, and help tidy the room. You must not expect to eat the bread of idleness, I can tell you."

As Mrs. Morgan sailed out of the room, Charles turned to the little girl with a discontented look, and said,

"I was going to ask you to go down with me; but my aunt has taken special care to give you something to do; she makes you work like a dog. Why don't you tell her you *can't*, and complain to your uncle? If you will take your own part a little, I'll second you."

"Mercy on me, Charles! I would as soon jump into the fire. You do as you please, because aunt is so fond of you; and so long as you don't disturb uncle, he won't interfere with you; but it is very different with me. I suppose you know the reason, well enough."

"Indeed, I do not; I only know that you are the niece and only relation, that folks know of, to Mr. Morgan, and ought to have his property by right, when he dies, and that aunt has a Christian hatred toward you for the same. Is there any mystery! for goodness sake let us have it, and as far as my help can go, I give you my word and honour, I will stand by you!"

And Charles, drawing a chair near her, fixed his dark eyes sparkling with the eager generosity of boyhood, on her pale countenance.

"I believe you, Charles," answered Sarah; "but I have no mystery to reveal. My mother married against the will of my grandfather, contrary to the advice of my uncle; in short, she ran away with my father and—her relations would never see her or forgive her. She was poor and not happy; but let me do my poor father the justice to say, that his misfortunes and poverty did not arise from idleness or dissipation, but were the consequences of an uncontrollable passion for speculation. Never man desired to get rich more than he did. He loved my mother, and the sight of her, reduced to indigence by his means, cut him to the heart. He was irritated, too, with my grandfather, for not forgiving her, and hated to be toiling for his daily bread, almost within sight of her father's mansion. The questions and condolences of the neighbours, sounded like taunts of suppressed exultation; he became gloomy, and brooded over schemes of aggrandizement, that would, if successful, place him higher than my mother's relations. But money was necessary for the prosecution of any of these projects, and the difficulty of raising it, for a time deterred him, till in an unhappy hour he was offered by a Mr. Smith a share in some speculation, apparently so safe and profitable, that he determined to mortgage his small farm to a man in the neighbourhood, and go with Smith. He did so, and lost half the money he had put in. The person that held the mortgage, threatened to foreclose, as he called it, but offered, if my mother would sign the deed, which before she had refused to do, to advance a farther sum and wait longer. Worn out by my father's importunity, and caring very little about it, she consented, and my father plunged into various speculations, none of which answered his sanguine expectations, till on his return from a journey, he found my mother on

her deathbed. She died—and not one former friend even came to her funeral.”

Sobs checked the voice of the fair young girl, and retreating to a window, she gave way to a burst of sorrow.

“I had rather have taken a smart flogging, Sarah, than have made you cry so,” said Charles. “I had not a thought of hurting your feelings. Come, dear Sarah, leave sobbing, and sit down, and let me wipe your eyes, and my aunt shall not scold you, if I can prevent it.”

“I am very foolish,” said the little girl, after a few minutes, mastering her emotions; “but so few speak kindly to me now, that I cannot think of my poor mother without weeping; but I will finish my story. My father determined to gather the remains of his property, and go to the west, where he felt assured, that in a short time he could make a fortune. I was too young to be taken so far, and he placed me at a boarding-school, in a neighbouring town, paying a year in advance, and promising that at the end of that period he would return for me, or remit payment for another. But he did not come again; nor did we hear from him; and for three months the mistress waited patiently, and then—she applied to my grandfather, stating that from various reports, she had no doubt that my father was no more.

“After many reproaches against the memory of my parents, he agreed to pay a trifling board for me, but said I must learn to work and get my living, instead of accomplishments. Mrs. Joice was so kind, however, as to give me lessons occasionally, while I remained with her, which was for nearly three years. When my grandfather died, no orders were sent to give me mourning; I was not even sent for to the funeral, and remained an outcast from all my relations till after my uncle married, when your aunt insisted on bringing me here. You may say that she was kind in so doing, and I ought to be grateful. But, Charles, it was not from a wish to protect the orphan—no, she proclaimed to Mrs. Joice, that it was because her husband should not waste his money in bringing me up a *fine lady*, when I could do *chores*, tend the baby, and earn my living in her house, instead of eating the bread of idleness. My uncle scarcely spoke to me; but said, that since she had chosen to bring me from where he had wished me to remain, I should in future form one of the family; and as I *was* his niece, I should have a seat at his table.

“After the death of her babe, she wished to send me back, and pleased enough should I have been to go, but my uncle sternly refused, and said she must take the consequences of acting against his inclination; that when she would remove me from school, he had sworn I should not go back: so, though nobody loves or cares for me, I am kept as a sort of upper servant.”

“Yes! I love you, and so does your uncle, I dare say,” eagerly cried Charles; “only he does not want my aunt to see it; she is fearful he will make you his heiress, and I’m sure I hope he will. Who should have his property, but his own niece? Keep up your courage, dear Sarah; now I know how the land lies, as old Price says, I shall know how to befriend you, and

depend on my love and good will in all things.”

“Oh, no, Charles,” said she; “uncle hates me, because of my father. Betsy heard him say, that he might be alive for all he knew, and not a cent of his should ever come to him directly or indirectly. Oh, I wish he would make a will and give his estate to you, Charles; then my aunt would be satisfied and treat me kindly.”

“If he did, Sarah,” cried the high-spirited boy, “do you think I would keep it? It would be robbery. But cheer up, my little cousin, all will be well. I must now go and see Job Price, and talk to his father and mother; I am determined my aunt shall have an imp to do her bidding till she is tired of it. If we don’t see some fun, I am mistaken.”

Shaking her hand kindly, the gay-hearted Charles sprang from the open window, and was soon seen bounding over fence and field, making a bird’s eye path to the village, where the young Machiavel had a plot in progress to give a lesson to his aunt, and create what he trusted would be a fund of amusement for himself. A son of the south—ardent, high-spirited, and daring, from various causes, he was a general favourite. His aunt was proud of, rather than attached to him; she regarded him as the future representative of her family; her brother’s wife having brought consumption into his house, and his numerous offspring were dropping, one by one, as they arrived at adolescence, into the tomb. Mr. Morgan loved him for his evident disinterestedness, a general knowledge of matters and things, which he had (heaven knows how) become possessed of; and more, for a certain shrewdness and enjoyment of the ridiculous, in which their characters greatly assimilated. Mr. Morgan was himself a shrewd man, and though indulgent to his wife, and giving up to her control the affairs of his household, no coaxing or worrying could urge him beyond the line he had laid down, or screw from him a secret he chose to keep. He did not choose that any one should know how he intended to dispose of his property, and whether he had made a will, which was a constant thorn in the side of Mrs. Morgan. The idea that any, but one of her own family should possess her handsome house, and elegant furniture, with the hills and dales surrounding it, even after she could no longer enjoy them herself, was gall and wormwood; and she might have said like Queen Mary, that when she died, “Beech Grove,” would be found written upon her heart.

Though it appeared evident, that Sarah possessed no share of her uncle’s affections, her residence in the family was a source of constant uneasiness to Mrs. Morgan.

In judging of the feelings and motives of others, we are perpetually mistaken, because we hastily endow them with our own passions and dispositions. Instead of analyzing their minds and tempers; instead of deciding by analogical reasoning, what they will do by what they have done; we dress them at once in our own feelings and prejudices, our own affections and aversions; in short, we judge of ourselves, when we think that we are judging of others.

Hasty and passionate tempers, (high-spirited people, as they are usually termed,) are the principal victims to this mental delusion. The man who would call out his friend for an insulting gesture, or an unadvised expression, is constantly on the *qui vive*, expecting challenges, —engaging seconds, and practising with hair triggers. The envious and malicious, who delight in whispering tales to the disadvantage of others, think that all their acquaintance do the same; and use it as a solace to their consciences that, as others will speak ill of them, if they have the opportunity, they had better tell their own story first.

Mrs. Morgan could not be said to love her family *individually*, for she was generally at variance with some of them, but to the family itself, to the family name, her respect and devotion was unbounded. Judging Mr. Morgan by herself, she concluded that Sarah, his nearest and only relative, would, if she did not prevent it, be his heiress, on condition of taking his family name, and transmitting it to her children. A slight circumstance favoured her supposition. Mr. Morgan, detesting the very name of Emerson, when Sarah was brought to his house, insisted that she should drop it, and be called by the maiden name of her mother, and her aunt, at that time the mother of a healthy baby disregarded it; but *now* it pressed upon her brain like the leaden cap of the inquisition.

Sarah was yet rinsing the china, when Mrs. Morgan entered, attired for her expedition, and holding up her hands, exclaimed—

“Well! If ever I saw such a lazy, idle girl before. It is a good hour since breakfast, and you have done nothing at all. You don’t earn the salt to put in your porridge. But your uncle shall know it; I’ll tell him the moment I see him, and I’ll know if he encourages you in disobedience.”

“I am doing them as fast as I can, ma’am; I shall soon be done,” cried poor Sarah, in nervous trepidation; “I should have done them before, but—but—I was hindered.”

“What hindered you? I should like to know,” screamed Mrs. Morgan. “What hindered you? Can’t you speak? Who has been in here? Tell me, this moment.”

“Oh, nothing, ma’am, nobody; nobody has been here, except Charles,” sobbed Sarah.

“Oh!” said her aunt, pausing; “well, well; do your work child, I forgive you this time, and shall not mention it to your uncle.”

Our romantic readers may imagine that Mrs. Morgan fancied a youthful love between the pair. To do her justice, such a silly idea did not enter her head. She saw that Sarah had been in tears, and knowing the wild spirits of Charles, for the sake of present mirth, often urged him to play tricks of which he afterwards repented—she concluded he had been teasing Sarah; of course she had no desire to have the matter investigated. After a moment’s pause, bidding Sarah good mornings, in a tone of unusual kindness, she entered her carriage, and drove to the village.

If the reader will go with me, I will transport him much more rapidly than the fat coach horses did Mrs. Morgan, to the cottage of An-

drew Price, the jack-of-all-trades of the village. Do not expect to see the *cottage ornée* of an English nobleman, where the plate glass case-ments and thatched roof contrast so ridiculously; nor is it the rustic abode of “exquisite taste,” containing some *houri* of matchless charms, whose surprising adventures fill four volumes. Neither is it the half-ruined, tumble-down cottage of the painter, that looks so romantic in his sketches, and so desolate in reality. Andrew’s cottage is a good substantial tenement, consisting of two rooms below, and a loft above. It was situated in a field or lot, where, (instead of roses, dahlias, and mignonette,) a hundred sturdy cabbages presented their broad bosoms to the sun, while mighty pumpkins and more delicate squashes luxuriated side by side, amid the various deeper vegetables of the kitchen garden. Nor was the enclosure destitute of fruit; directly in front of one window was a cherry-tree, from which, by dint of close watching, they secured a few quarts of cherries, and near the other grew the quince-tree, from which the thrifty Mrs. Price has been known to gather a peck in the season. But the pride of Andrew’s heart, the glory of his domain, was a magnificent apple-tree, that grew in the centre of his lot. Andrew was fond of variety, proud of his skill in horticulture, and had grafted or inoculated its numerous branches with as many kinds of fruit. He had been eminently successful, and while one side of the tree presented to the admiring eye apples of all hues, the other side was crowded with pears of every variety. In another part of the garden, surrounded by a low paling of stakes, was the “flower knot,” where amidst goodly roots of balm and sage, hyssop and sweet-marjoram, were scattered pink-roots, marigolds, bachelor’s-buttons, and forget-me-not.

We have shown that Andrew was a gardener—he was likewise barber, shoemaker, and farrier of the village. To crown his anomalous character, he was a fiddler and singing-master. His tall thin person might be seen every sabbath in the choir, wielding his pitch-pipe as it were the sceptre of a monarch; and not a dance could be had in the village, if Andrew’s fiddle was not in tune. With all his various acquirements, Andrew was a henpecked husband. Vain, loquacious, and dogmatical among his neighbours, at home he quietly succumbed to the tyranny of his better half. She would have been as much surprised to see him undertake any thing without her concurrence, as to see his lapstone, his rake, his razor, or his violin voluntarily perform their respective offices. Yet in the main, she was a worthy woman, careful to save what her husband earned, a pattern of neatness, a kind neighbour, and (when Andrew and Job obeyed her behests,) an affectionate wife and mother.

Job, the only child of this good couple, was a lank queer-looking lad, with green eyes and coal black wiry hair. In his formation, nature seemed to have forgotten bone and muscle, supplying their places by elastic gristle. So loosely was he put together, that his uncle Zeb said,—“If one could but *twist* him up a little, he might be shoved through a knot hole.” Yet, Job was not deficient in strength, and in agility

could rival a monkey. Neither was he an idiot, but totally without that natural acuteness that in general distinguish the boys of New England. There was nothing stupid in his countenance; on the contrary, his features were rather sharp and alert, but his eyes, those mirrors of the soul, were dull and expressionless.

Job had been educated in a sort of abstract regard for truth; he had no love for falsehood; he would not tell a wilful lie to get any thing, or a wanton lie to injure another; but if, by saying, "no," instead of "yes," he could escape a whipping, Job's conscience never interfered to prevent it. Job had rather a high opinion of himself; he was firmly convinced that his father and mother were the "cutest folks in the states;" therefore, it was contrary to reason, that he, being their son, should not be as 'cute as they were. To him, experience was no schoolmaster; for though the constant butt of his companions, Job could never understand it; and after being imposed on one day, was equally open to imposition the next. He was good-natured, active and honest; and if we add, that he was grateful to those who befriended him, after all he was no such despicable character.

In the outer room of Andrew's domicile, (which answered as parlour, kitchen, and bedroom,) were assembled the three individuals we have endeavoured to describe.

Andrew, seated at his bench, was making in his best style, a double channel pump, hoping the excellence of his workmanship would attract the notice and custom of Mrs. Morgan. Mrs. Price's foot wheel went merrily round, spinning shoe-thread for her husband; and honest Job had taken his station upon a huge block near the fire, busily employed in whittling a stick.

Standing near a window, from whence he could command a view of the road, was our acquaintance, Charles, his usual arch glance and gay smile, still lit up his countenance, but he was impressing something on the minds of his hearers with unusual earnestness.

"Hark!" said he, starting; "yes, there is Mrs. Morgan; be sure to remember all I have said; it will be better for me not to be seen, but when she is gone, I will come back."

Raising his finger, in a monitory gesture, he glided into the inner room and through a back door, just as the rich lady's carriage stopped at the wicket that led to the cottage.

Imagine the astonishment of Mrs. Morgan, when the parents of Job, after extolling his excellent qualities of honesty, good nature, agility, and unhesitating obedience, demanded a written contract, that she should hire him at a certain stipend for the term of six months; and should she dismiss him within that period, should forfeit his wages for the full time, provided that he obeyed all her lawful commands.

"What!" cried Mrs. Morgan, "not turn away my own ser—, I mean hired help, if I don't want them! I never heard of such a thing, and I shall make no such fool's bargain."

"Just as you likes, ma'am, for that," said Mrs. Price, "we don't want for to force Job on you no how; there's enough as will be glad on

him; why, it was ony yesterday, that Mrs. Lane, Squire Lane's wife, you know,"—

"Well, well," cried Andrew, "it's no use argufying; there's enough as will be glad to get him, as you say, and if Mis' Morgan can't afford it, why it's no use; all is"—

"Not afford!" exclaimed the lady; "it is not *that*; I hope I can afford as much as Mrs. Lane. But I should think my word would be enough. And if he behaves well, why should I want to turn him away! No, no; this won't do."

"Why, ma'am, if you would only hear to reason," cried Mrs. Price, "I had rather he'd go to you than any where, because, you see, you are a real lady born and bred; and so we kept him to home, from going to Mrs. Lane, or to Mrs. King, till we see you, 'cause your nephew, Mr. Charles, said you would make no difficulty about it, as he was just the boy wanted."

"Jest let me amplify it," said Andrew; "you see, ma'am, that my wife and I have bin a thinkin it over, and we calculate that the reason you have to turn away so many, is 'cause the lazy fellers gets tired like of being steady, and acts bad jest to get you to turn 'em off. Now, ma'am, when Job does wrong, jest send him to the old woman or me, and tell us what he's done, and we'll strap him within an inch of his life; and when he knows how he's got to stay, and can't be turned off, and got to be strapped into the bargain, why, he'll behave judgmatically."

Mrs. Morgan was puzzled; she was uncertain, and balanced between the desire of possessing such a jewel as Job, and the fear of being cheated.

"I should like to have a little talk with your son," said she; "is that the lad?"

"Yes, ma'am, that's Job; but he's proper shame-faced; he ar'n't used, you see, to talkin to ladies," answered Andrew.

"Get along, and talk with the lady," cried Mrs. Price, snatching the stick out of his hand, and giving him a smart blow with it, by way of showing her authority, and whispering at the same moment, "remember what Charles told you."

Thus urged and admonished, Job advanced with a very low bow, and stood before "the presence."

"Young man, I wish to ask you a few questions; in the first place, what can you do?"

"A little of every thing, marm," responded Job.

"Can you clean knives, and wait at table?" was the next query. Job thought cleaning knives easy enough, and waiting at table, he concluded to be waiting till he was helped, so he boldly said,

"Oh, yes, marm, sartinly."

"Very well," observed the lady; "but, can you drive?"

Job was a little nonplussed—what did she want him to drive, was the question; the geese, the pigs, the cows, or the cart? He thought he could drive most of these; so taking heart of grace, he answered, "Yes, marm."

"Very good; I think you will do," said Mrs. Morgan; "but you must remember one thing; you are to obey my orders, and mine alone; and

whatever I tell you to do, or not to do, you will mind—whoever else orders you. Do you understand me!"

"Yes, marm," answered Job, promptly. "I'll do my best, and I won't mind nobody but you, by jingo!"

Mrs. Morgan was pleased with his earnestness, and though she saw that he was awkward, she fancied he would soon improve; so relaxing her first dignified determination, she consented to sign a contract. Andrew produced one ready drawn, only the blank of the lady's name to be filled up, which was signed by all parties, and the lady took her leave, ordering Job to come up presently and enter upon his duties.

For a week, nothing occurred to render Mrs. Morgan dissatisfied with her bargain; Job, though awkward, was docile and obedient. Charles hovered round him like his guardian genius, directing, extenuating, and remedying his blunders. The sabbath came, and all nature seemed to partake of the peace and rest of that day. The weather was mild and pleasant, and the birds were rejoicing to find the trees once more covered with green foliage.

Mrs. Morgan ordered her carriage, to convey herself and Sarah to church, for though a footpath led through pleasant meadows and quiet lanes, she thought it beneath her dignity to *walk*, more especially as strangers were expected to be present. Mr. Morgan who hated parade of every kind, and Charles, who detested riding with his aunt, had departed half an hour before, to stroll leisurely by the footpath, and Mrs. Morgan and Sarah, in full dress, entered the carriage.

"Drive on," said the lady, perceiving the carriage did not move; "What is the matter!"

"Cause, ma'am, Peter says how it an't his business no longer; and, besides, he's got a sore hand; so he's gone to the village," said the girl, who was standing at the head of the horses.

"I'll have him turned out of Mr. Morgan's employment the moment I come from church!" screamed Mrs. Morgan; "but where is Job? Tell him to come and drive, or has he chosen to walk off too? Where's Job, I say!"

"He is fixing himself, ma'am; he'll be here in a minute," responded the damsel.

For a minute longer, which appeared to her a quarter of an hour, Mrs. Morgan waited; human patience—the human patience of Mrs. Morgan, at least, could wait no longer; taking out her immense gold watch, the pride of herself and the admiration of her handmaidens, she called at the top of her lungs,

"Job! I say, Job! tell him to come *this* moment, he's dressed enough; tell him to come this moment, or I'll complain to his mother."

Little did Mrs. Morgan know the spirit she waked! Sending his voice before him in a shrill, "Coming, marm!" Job shuffled down and made his appearance at the side of the carriage, in nothing but his shirt, and a blanket thrown over his shoulders; his clothes were under one arm; his other sustained his shoes and stockings. Mrs. Morgan screamed with terror, for she thought the boy crazy; the girl

at the horses' heads, shrieked and fled into the house, while the horses, a little excited by the clamour, started for church.

Job, who had not looked at the coach-box, concluded some one was on it, and entered the house very leisurely, to finish his toilet, when he met the girl emerging from the parlour, to which she had betaken herself, and from a window of which she had seen the accident.

"Run—you young savage, run!" yelled she. "The hosses is runin' off with the cotch, and Mis' Morgan and Sarah will be sartingly killed. Run, you dog—run!"

Suiting "the action to the word, and the word to the action," she put her fat corporation in motion, at the top of her speed, for twenty yards, when she stopped panting and breathless. Job had stood bewildered for a few seconds, when the truth flashed upon his mind.

"By jingo!" shouted he, dropping his coat and trousers, with the rest of his clothes, but holding on to the blanket, he sprang forth after them.

The horses had by this, got something of a start; the screams of Mrs. Morgan, aided by the cries of Sarah, kept them from flagging; the road was good—the steeds were used to it—Job was far behind, and they were proceeding at a pace that would soon have landed the ladies at the church, or in the ditch; when a tall man, with bushy whiskers that covered half his face, sprang over the wall from an orchard adjoining, and boldly seized the reins. He found little difficulty in arresting their progress, had it not been for the uproar behind, the horses would have stopped of their own accord. Seeing them perfectly quiet, the man approached the window of the carriage, and stood to receive their commands.

"Is there any thing more I can do for you, ladies!" said he, fixing his eyes on Sarah, so earnestly that she drew back in some confusion.

"Open the door—open the door!" shrieked Mrs. Morgan. The stranger obeyed her commands, and to his consternation, the bounteous form of the worthy lady was precipitated full into his arms. Staggered by the shock, he stepped backward, lost his balance, and fell on the verge of a slight declivity, down which he rolled with his portly burden, till stopped by a fence, they lay imbedded in a comfortable mud-puddle. The horses, again left to their own discretion, moved off on a gentle trot, and poor Sarah, too much terrified to scream, hid her eyes with her hands, and sank on her knees on the bottom of the carriage. At this moment, along came Job, the blanket which he still grasped flying out behind him; he looked neither to the right nor the left, but with the spring of a panther, bounded after the carriage. The stranger had freed himself from the recumbent weight of Mrs. Morgan, and had just raised himself as Job dashed by; he supposed him a maniac escaped from his keeper, and his heart thrilled with terror, as he saw him with long leaps gaining rapidly on the carriage, where sat the timid Sarah. Leaving Mrs. Morgan to her own resources, he scrambled up the bank, and in his turn pursued the horses. Job overtook the steeds, caught the reins, and with one

bound, seated himself on the box, then gathering the blanket about him, looked back into the carriage for instructions. Sarah, raising her head and seeing his well-known face, exclaimed—

“Oh, Job! save me, save me; a horrible man has just dragged my aunt from the carriage to rob and murder her; save me, save me!”

Job looked back and saw the man coming “like a streak of chalk,” as he afterwards described it; his hair bristled with horror; instant flight was all that could save him; but he was too kind-hearted to forsake poor Sarah; so shaking the reins and yelling at the horses, he drove on, determined to make an effort to get away from the supposed highwayman. Shaking the reins, and whooping wildly at the horses, he succeeded in urging them to a rapid trot, and would, probably, have reached his father’s house, the haven to which he was steering, had not a trifling mistake of one rein for the other, been the means of depositing the carriage, the horses, Sarah and Job, in a ditch on one side of the road. Job was upon his feet in a moment, and seeing the stranger within a few yards, gave a sign to poor Sarah, and leaping the fence, gained in safety his father’s cottage.

*To be continued.*

Written for the Lady’s Book.

## RANDOM SKETCHES.

### No. I.

BY A POOR GENTLEMAN.

**GOOD READER**—Your humble servant. Pardon our self-introduction. We were indebted for our birth and “raising” to the “down-east” country: and you know we *eastern* yankees are a peculiar race, and do some things after our own fashion. But every lineament of your countenance bespeaks a generous heart, and our solicited boon is already granted.

“Well,” said the lamented Crocket, (poor fellow! he *went ahead* nobly, till envious death took up his motto, and checked his bold career!) “it is a rough-and-tumble world, in which we live:” and what is more befitting than that fellow-travellers along its rugged pathway should sometimes while an idle hour in social converse? The most insignificant may at times amuse—perchance instruct—and even our rude vagaries may sometimes claim your listening ear.

We call our proposed lucubrations *Random Sketches*, and shall be disappointed if we do not prove them such, before we have done with them. We design in their arrangement to acknowledge no law but *our own will*, and, with—one of old, “be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes us,” according to the best of our ability. In other words, we mean, when the fit takes us, to *laugh*—to laugh at *you*, perhaps, good reader: and for want of something better, we may sometimes laugh at *ourselves*.

And again, when the humour suits—we may *cry*—no, no, that’s too common—we may *weep*—albeit not much given to the mood lachrymal! Thus much for our *head-line*.

We debated for some time the propriety of a motto. A *Latin* one seem most charming—it would smack of *erudition*. But we had no quotation-book by us—and we resolved to throw ourself upon the reader’s good nature to pardon the omission, and to believe us capable to have selected an apt one, if the translation had been given. As for an English one, we banished the thought at once. Every body would understand it—and ’twould be vastly vulgar!

In the *third* place—for we like of all things a logical division—while we assure you that the suppression of our musical cognomen is the result of inordinate modesty—we shall demur if you deem it announced with any view to the excitation of sympathy. “Poverty,” said a venerable washer-lady, some evenings since, as she was reeling home under the accumulated weight of her over-charged *feelings*—“poverty is no disgrace, but it is *extramely inconvenient*!” With all due deference to her great experience, we beg most decidedly to differ with the latter part of the proposition. There are times, at least, when the *converse* of the statement is true. Witness the late commercial distress. The banks stopped specie payments, and private companies did the same. Your humble servant could not but follow such illustrious examples: and as we were never known to possess any *bills*, other than certain unpaid ones of our tailor and shoemaker, we were thus enabled to live like certain small animals, when they have mistaken the right gate, and wandered into a field of clover. Neither, on the other hand, would we wish you to despise us for our honest confession. “Never judge a man by his coat,” said our uncle Jonathan, in the days of our boyhood, and our sentiments entirely agree with him. No, reader, we ask not for sympathy: our poverty is our *vantage-ground*. And let it be understood here, that if any remissness ever occur in the course of our *Sketches*—it will be because we are dining with a friend, or engaged in mending our coat!

Lastly—we would claim your entire confidence in our character as a gentleman. One certainly may not doubt upon a point if furnished with *proof positive*: and we give you upon this subject that most indubitable of all proof—*our own assertion*. Surely, if one does not know so simple a thing as whether he be a gentleman or no, his knowledge must be as a wood-sawing gentleman said another’s character was—“mighty few!” Still, “to make assurance doubly sure,” we will add that we sport the character of a *retired militia officer*—that we have on our file of letters three, whose superscription reveals an “Esq.” appended to our name—and that we were once prosecuted for flogging a boy, while teaching a country school.

And here—having fully explained our benevolent design—we would make our bow, but that we perceive by the merry twinkle of your eye, that you have, like ourself, good reader, an affection for rhyme. Your eye brightens, and your heart expands, when you “rove in

the sunlight of the poet's paradise." Ah! we have touched a sympathetic chord, and will at once unburden our overloaded breast. Kind reader! your noblest feelings will respond to ours, when we tell you that heavy at our heart lies the fate of

## NEGLECTED GENIUS.

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unlighted caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Thus sang the lamented Gray, and there is not a heart but echoes the melancholy truth. Indeed, who that ever reflects upon the thousands of uncultivated minds, cannot but admit that, had circumstances favoured, our brightest literary constellations would fade in the overpowering light of the stars and suns of other systems. Do we seek the cause?

"But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll:  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial currents of the soul."

Yet 'tis idle to waste sympathy upon lost treasure, if we do not learn from it wisdom for the future. Vain to lament former neglect, unless we learn present duty.

We do not here allude, however, to the great mass of neglected mind: let government provide for its case—but there are many around us who have struggled manfully with their fate, and whose heaven-born genius only pines for consolation and succour. If it be asked whose is the duty of patronage, we answer—it is especially the duty of those who conduct the public press—as possessing advantages, peculiar advantages, favourable "to call young genius into birth," and it is the duty of the public then to sustain it. There are some editors who seem to feel this responsibility—but by far too great a proportion pass on recklessly, and crush many a bud of promise that springs to life in their pathway.

As we are a professed lounge—or rather a "gentleman of literary leisure"—we frequently "drop in" to give our sage advice to an editorial friend. Among the papers which the reckless Johnson was committing to the flames, some days since, we espied one which seemed to possess unusual interest. We reserved it, and found it to be the first warbling of a new-fledged bardling! We were enchanted! There was a sweetness—a spirit, in its numbers, that entirely transported us. We remonstrated with our grum friend of the elbow-chair—we assured him it was ravishing—we depicted the despair of the forlorn poet! Reader, 'twas all in vain. Johnson is a clever fellow—a *very* clever fellow—but he has "no music in his soul;" besides, he had put the article "under consideration"—and he declared it should *stay* under consideration. We were feelingly reminded of the injunction not to cast pearls before animals who could not comprehend the compliment, and bore away the treasure with a saddened heart. But gentle "CLIO" shall not at least be denied the poor boon of sympathy. Listen, reader, and drink in the rapturous lay!

## "THE STOLEN KISS."

## I.

"I saw a rose gently waving  
On the evening's bland wing;  
Ah! why, thought I, on empty air  
Should it its odours fling:  
I bent me down, thoughtless of harm,  
And snapt it from its tree;  
I turn'd me round, there stood a maid  
Darkly frowning on me.

## II.

"O why," says she, 'could you thus be  
So unfeeling to me;  
So rash to mar the last sweet blush  
Of my own dear rose-tree:  
It will smile not sweetly again  
On her who has so long  
Close watched, it till away has pass'd  
Another winter's storm.'

## III.

"O maiden," I said, 'how could I  
Turn and leave it alone;  
When it blush'd so, like the sweet lips  
Of my own dear lov'd one:  
Then smiling she answered, 'take it,  
If such pleasure it bring;  
And another thou shalt have,  
The first that blooms in spring.'

## IV.

"So stood the rose-tree, robb'd by me,—  
Of its beauty sundered;  
Nor one small part could I restore,  
Of what I had plundered.  
The loss she grieved, then smiled on me,  
But greater was the smile;  
For her ardent heart had told her,  
Who 'twas like all the while

## V.

"Now dear lady! no forgiveness  
Can you not grant to me;  
Who has no dark sin committed,  
No beauty robb'd of thee:  
Lovely as when first I snatched it,  
Thou art, and none other:  
Thou should'st have said, 'if 'tis so sweet,  
Come on, take another.'"

"CLIO."

Editors, as we before remarked, are too generally culpable in this matter. It is not long since a western editor refused the publication of a poem, and at the same time gave an extract from it. That extract wrote the editor an — no, that would not be polite: but his ears *must* be very long. Here is the extract:

"Ont to the west,  
There is a nest,  
High on the mountain's top:  
The ravens there  
Run here and there,  
They don't know where to stop!"

We never knew any thing in nature half so affecting, except an account we once read, of "a poor disconsolate squirrel, cocked up on a lonely fence, gnawing a great gravel-stone, while the tears rolled down his cheeks." But this sin lies not wholly at the door of editors. The public are in part at fault. We remember seeing a *published* effusion of a young aspirant,



some time since—and the community listened with perfect apathy to the lay. We can give but a verse or two:

"TO A LADY GATHERING FLOWERS.

"While the spirit of sweet youth  
About thy head its garland wreatheth,  
And the music of thy heart  
Through those lips of perfume breatheth.

"While the wind of summer-time  
Thy raven tresses shaketh:  
And not a thought of grief or care,  
With thine opening eye awaketh:"

Alas! alas! we must close the strain, unfinished. What became of the bard, after this cruel instance of gross neglect—whether he soared away to a more congenial planet—whether the pitying muses bore him home to Helicon, to nurse his wounded heart—or whether he sought out some lonely dell, and even now *lisps* his sad sorrow to the pitying winds,—we are utterly unable to state!

Patient reader! we fear you will adjudge us to resemble the western "ravens," in not knowing where to stop. But if you love the cause we have at heart—bear with us yet a moment. The poem we would present thee is an *unpublished fragment*, and has enjoyed only the limited circulation which an *Album* could have. Its author is a young lady: and if the public will but appreciate her worth, no doubt she may yet leave her name and works a rich legacy to the age in which she lives.

"STANZA.

"Where is Cupid's crimson motion,  
Billowy ecstasy of war?  
Bear me safe, meandering ocean,  
Where the stagnant torrents flow!"

With one of old we exclaim, "O for a coach,  
ye gods!" E.

THE VERY FRIENDLY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

(FROM "SKETCHES OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN.")

WE know—and all people know—so many specimens of this class, that in selecting the few heads our limits enable us to take from a great number, we have been induced to give the very friendly young gentleman the preference over many others, to whose claims upon a more cursory view of the question we had felt disposed to assign the priority.

The very friendly young gentleman is very friendly to every body, but he attaches himself particularly to two, or at most to three families: regulating his choice by their dinners, their circle of acquaintance, or some other criterion in which he has an immediate interest. He is of any age between twenty and forty, unmarried of course, and must be fond of children, and is expected to make himself generally useful, if possible. Let us illustrate our meaning by an example, which is the shortest mode and the clearest.

We encountered one day, by chance, an old

friend of whom we had lost sight for some years, and who—expressing an anxiety to renew our former intimacy—urged us to dine with him on an early day, that we might talk over old times. We readily assented, adding, that we hoped we should be alone. "Oh, certainly, certainly," said our friend, "not a soul with us but Mincin." "And who is Mincin?" was our natural inquiry. "O don't mind him," replied our friend, "he's a most particular friend of mine, and a very friendly fellow you will find him;" and so he left us.

We thought no more about Mincin until we duly presented ourselves at the house next day, when, after a hearty welcome, our friend motioned towards a gentleman who had been previously showing his teeth by the fire-place, and gave us to understand that it was Mr. Mincin, of whom he had spoken. It required no great penetration on our part to discover at once that Mincin was in every respect a very friendly young gentleman.

"I am delighted," said Mincin, hastily advancing, and pressing our hand warmly between both of his, "I am delighted, I am sure, to make your acquaintance—(here he smiled)—very much delighted indeed—(here he exhibited a little emotion)—I assure you that I have looked forward to it anxiously for a very long time;" here he released our hands, and rubbing his own, observed, that the day was severe, but that he was delighted to perceive from our appearance that it agreed with us wonderfully; and then went on to observe, that, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, he had that morning seen in the paper an exceedingly curious paragraph, to the effect, that there was now in the garden of Mr. Wilkins, of Chichester, a pumpkin measuring four feet in height, and eleven feet seven inches in circumference, which he looked upon as a very extraordinary piece of intelligence. We ventured to remark, that we had a dim recollection of having once or twice before observed a similar paragraph in the public prints, upon which Mr. Mincin took us confidentially by the button, and said, exactly, exactly, to be sure, we were very right, and he wondered what the editors meant by putting in such things. Who the deuce, he should like to know, did they suppose cared about them? that struck him as being the best of it.

The lady of the house appeared shortly afterwards, and Mr. Mincin's friendliness, as will readily be supposed, suffered no diminution in consequence; he exerted much strength and skill in wheeling a large easy-chair up to the fire, and the lady being seated in it, carefully closed the door, stirred the fire, and looked to the windows to see that they admitted no air; having satisfied himself upon all these points, he expressed himself quite easy in his mind, and begged to know how she found herself to-day. Upon the lady's replying very well, Mr. Mincin (who it appeared was a medical gentleman) offered some general remarks upon the nature and treatment of colds in the head, which occupied us agreeably until dinner-time. During the meal, he devoted himself to compliment every body, not forgetting himself, so that we were an uncommonly agreeable quartette.

"I'll tell you what, Capper," said Mr. Mincin to our host, as he closed the room door after the lady had retired, "you have very great reason to be fond of your wife. Sweet woman, Mrs. Capper, sir!" "Nay, Mincin—I beg," interposed the host, as we were about to reply that Mrs. Capper unquestionably was particularly sweet. "Pray, Mr. Mincin, don't." "Why not?" exclaimed Mr. Mincin, "why not? Why should you feel any delicacy before your old friend—our old friend, if I may be allowed to call you so, sir; why should you, I ask?" We, of course, wished to know why he should also; upon which our friend admitted that Mrs. Capper *was* a very sweet woman, at which admission Mr. Mincin cried "Bravo!" and begged to propose Mrs. Capper with heartfelt enthusiasm; whereupon our host said, "Thank you Mincin," with deep feeling; and gave us, in a low voice, to understand, that Mincin had saved Mrs. Capper's cousin's life no less than fourteen times in a year and a half, which he considered no common circumstance—an opinion to which we most cordially subscribed.

Now that we three were left to entertain ourselves with conversation, Mr. Mincin's extreme friendliness became every moment more apparent; he was so amazing friendly, indeed, that it was impossible to talk about any thing in which he had not the chief concern. We happened to allude to some affairs in which our friend and we had been mutually engaged nearly fourteen years before, when Mr. Mincin was all at once reminded of a joke which our friend had made on that day four years, which he positively must insist upon telling—and which he did tell accordingly, with many pleasant recollections of what he said, and what Mrs. Capper said, and how he well remembered that they had been to the play with orders on the very night previous, and had seen Romeo and Juliet, and the pantomime, and how Mrs. Capper being faint, had been led into the lobby, where she smiled, said it was nothing after all, and went back again, with many other interesting and absorbing particulars: after which, the friendly young gentleman went on to assure us, that our friend had experienced a marvellously prophetic opinion of that same pantomime, which was of such an admirable kind, that two morning papers took the same view next day: to this our friend replied, with a little triumph, that in that instance he had some reason to think he had been correct, which gave the friendly young gentleman occasion to believe that our friend was always correct; and so we went on, until our friend, filling a bumper, said he must drink one glass to his dear friend Mincin, than whom, he would say, no man saved the lives of his acquaintances more, or had a more friendly heart. Finally, our friend having emptied his glass, said, "God bless you, Mincin,"—and Mr. Mincin and he shook hands across the table with much affection and earnestness.

But great as the friendly young gentleman is, in a limited sense like this, he plays the same part on a larger scale with increased *ecclat*. Mr. Mincin is invited to an evening party with his dear friends the Martins, where he meets his dear friends the Cappers, and his dear friends

the Watsons, and a hundred other dear friends too numerous to mention. He is as much at home with the Martins as with the Cappers; but how exquisitely he balances his attentions, and divides them among his dear friends! If he flirts with one of the Miss Watsons, he has one little Martin on the sofa pulling his hair, and the other little Martin on the carpet riding on his foot. He carries Mrs. Watson down to supper on one arm, and Miss Martin on the other, and takes wine so judiciously, and in such exact order, that it is impossible for the most punctilious old lady to consider herself neglected. If any young lady, being prevailed upon to sing, become nervous afterwards, Mr. Mincin leads her tenderly into the next room, and restores her with port wine, which she must take medicinally. If any gentleman be standing by the piano during the progress of the ballad, Mr. Mincin seizes him by the arm at one point of the melody, and softly beating time the while with his head, expresses in dumb show his intense perception of the delicacy of the passage. If any body's self-love is to be flattered, Mr. Mincin is at hand. If any body's overweening vanity is to be pampered, Mr. Mincin will surfeit it. What wonder that people of all stations and ages recognise Mr. Mincin's friendliness; that he is universally allowed to be as handsome as amiable; that mothers think him an oracle, daughters a dear, brothers a beau, and fathers a wonder! And who would not have the reputation of the friendly young gentleman?

Written for the Lady's Book.

### SONG.

#### DARK EYES ARE BEAMING BRIGHTLY.

ADAPTED TO MOZART'S "*O dolce concerto*."

DARK eyes are beaming brightly,  
Sweet lips are wreath'd in bloom,  
And fairy feet bound lightly—  
Yet all to me seems wrapt in gloom;  
For cold and dull the gleaming  
Of beauty's rich array!  
To him whose heart is dreaming  
Of thee, love, ever—far away.

They, smiling, bid me banish  
Such sadness from my brow,  
And tell me care should vanish  
Where joy holds reign as she doth now;  
How idly are they speaking!—  
From scenes like these astray,  
My heart its joy is seeking  
In thought of thee, love—far away.

The spells of pleasure's bower—  
Its music, mirth, and wine,  
No longer hold their power  
O'er pulses chill'd to them like mine;  
For, oh! I gladly sever,  
In feeling, from the gay,  
The heart whose dreaming ever  
Dwells with thee, dear one—far away.

J. H. W.

Quebec.

\* Better known, perhaps, as the simple but beautiful air of "*Away with Melancholy*."

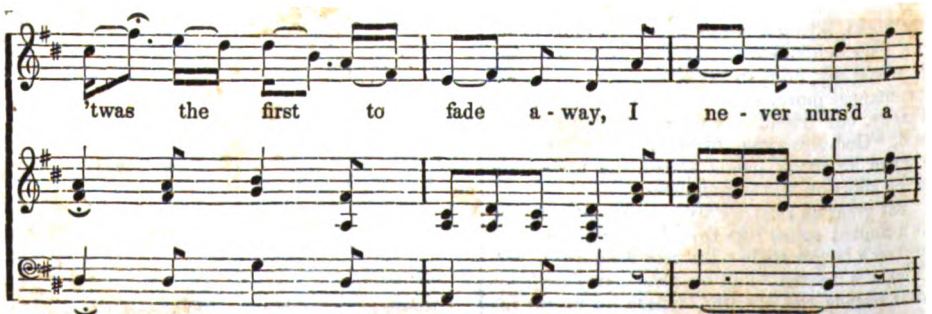
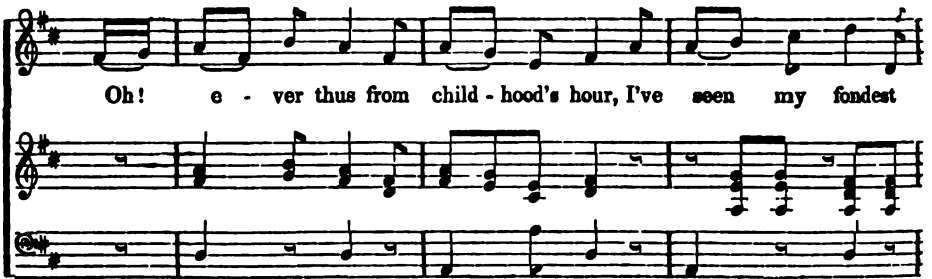
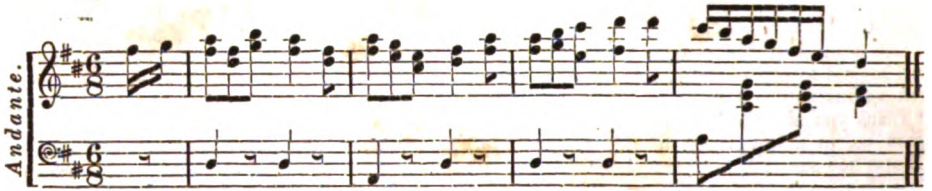
# HINDA'S LAMENT,

## A BALLAD, WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY

W. J. WETMORE.

*Presented by J. G. Osbourn for the Lady's Book.*





## II.

Now too, the joy most like divine,  
 Of all I ever dreamt or knew,  
 To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,  
 Oh misery! must I lose that too?  
 Yet, go—on peril's brink we meet,  
 Those frightful rocks, that treacherous sea,  
 No, never come again—though sweet—  
 Though heav'n—it may be death to thee.

## THE ENCLOSED COMMON.

BY MRS. ARDY.

I stood and gazed from the breezy height,  
 The scene was fair in the morning light,  
 And I cast my joyous glance around  
 On a grassy track of smiling ground;  
 The silvery stream ran clear and cold,  
 The broom looked gay with its flowers of gold,  
 In each path the clustering wild-rose smiled,  
 And the purple thyme grew thick and wild.

There, blooming children in playful glee,  
 Gathered white wreaths from the hawthorn tree,

There, wearied peasants, their labours done,  
 Watched the rich rays of the setting sun;  
 And the fevered slaves of Mammon's toil  
 There rested from anxious strife a while,  
 And seemed new vigour, new life to breathe  
 From the fragrant air of the open heath.

Again I stood on the breezy height,  
 But an altered prospect met my sight,  
 Where flowers had blushed in their varied hues  
 The smoke of the brick-field rose to view;  
 And I gazed on formal and measured roads,  
 And on crowded, comfortless abodes,  
 And found no trace of the birds and bowers,  
 That had lent a charm to my childish hours.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## BEAUTY.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

Thus she stood  
Praising God with sweetest looks.—RUTH.

MODEST beauty praises God  
When it sends it glance abroad  
With a look of cheerfulness.  
Beauty doth the Giver bless,  
When its roses show the hue  
Of bright health, with lip of dew,  
And religion of a face  
Where is written all of grace.  
What a holy hymn is ever  
With a sweet expression blest !  
Sending music up which never  
Skillless, soulless art hath sent ;  
Rend'ring worship, such as we  
In the lines of beauty see.  
From the eyes of diadems,  
From the mouth of pearls and gems,  
From the smile of calm delight  
Beaming intellectual light—  
From the nameless charming whole  
That holds empire o'er the soul,  
Doth in harmony arise  
Beauty's homage to the skies.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## FLOWERS.

BY A. M'M.

### I.

EMBLEMS of purity,  
Brightest of earth,  
Children of innocence,  
Blest was thy birth.

### II.

Eden's magnificence,  
Gems of the heart,  
Love's own interpreters,  
Poets' wreath.

### III.

Charming and soothing  
The desolate heart,  
Peerless and beautiful  
Surely thou art.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

To a devout mind, (and without devotion, there can exist no real and high perception of beauty,) all nature, even in her minutest works, speaks loudly of infinite wisdom and goodness. We know of no science which has a more devotional and refining influence on the mind than botany. True devotion and refinement go hand in hand. Every blossom is an evidence of an over-ruling Providence—every flower-cup is a beautiful commentary upon the character of God. He is restricted to no one particular channel for conveying to the immortal soul, which he has made in his own image—knowledge of his character and purposes.

The mind which reads, unimpressed, a passage of "holy writ," may be taught a vivid lesson of the divine benignity, from the humblest flower that

"wastes its sweetness on the desert air;" and thus touched and softened, may be drawn by the cords of love to its Father in heaven.

It is thus that nature and revelation mutually aid each other. These are the two grand and leading sources of religious truth. Let them never be divorced. Would that there were more love, ay, more devoted love of the works of God !

In order to strengthen the natural taste, which every young happy heart feels for the beauties of nature, we would earnestly recommend the study of botany. It is peculiarly suited to the female mind. For this beautiful science not only enlarges and purifies the sources of thought, but by inducing a habit of searching the fields and woods for specimens, it strengthens the constitution and promotes health.

But it may be objected, by our city readers, that they have no opportunity to study plants and cull wild wood-flowers. The city has no fields or flower-strewn walks.—Still we answer, in the words of the old adage, where there is the will there will be a way. The commonest flower will suffice; and many flowers of various classes may be found in the city. When these fail, a stroll into some neighbouring suburb or village, will readily furnish the "botanical box," with divers rare and beautiful specimens. We would advise every young lady, who intends to pursue this study, to procure for herself, the "botanical box," so called—which is of tin, tube-shaped and furnished with a cover. In this box flowers can be carried without injury, and preserved for a considerable length of time in a good state of freshness.

In recommending the study of botany, we mean not to encourage such a smattering of it as is confined to its "technical terms." We have heard persons discourse largely on the science, whose acquaintance with it extended no farther than to "the stamen, calyx, and petal."

Many of our fair country readers are practical botanists, without understanding much of the science. They know the names, qualities, and uses of plants; they hail the flowers as messengers of joy and love and abundance. To such minds, the study of the science will afford a wide, an inexhaustible field of enjoyment.—Flowers are the poetry of nature, its lyrical poetry, and furnish to the genius of woman, a never-failing source of inspiration. Here is a specimen from the pen of one who always seems to revel like the bee or the humming-bird in a flower-bed. Mary Howitt is nature's own poet; (a learned critic has objected to the term *poetess*—declaring that there is no sex in genius—thank him,) and we think this ballad one of her happiest effusions.—Is it not a gem ?

"Buttercups and daisies—

Oh the pretty flowers!  
Coming ere the spring-time,  
To tell of sunny hours.  
While the trees are leafless,  
While the fields are bare,  
Buttercups and daisies  
Spring up here and there.

"Ere the snow-drop peepeth,  
Ere the crocus bold,  
Ere the early primrose  
Opens its paly gold,  
Somewhere on a sunny bank  
Buttercups are bright;  
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass  
Peeps the daisy white.

"Little hardy flowers,  
Like to children poor,  
Playing in their sturdy health  
By their mother's door:

Purple with the north wind,  
Yet alert and bold;  
Fearing not and caring not,  
Though they be a-cold.

"What to them is weather!  
What are stormy showers!  
Buttercups and daisies—  
Are these human flowers!  
He who gave them hardship,  
And a life of care,  
Gave them likewise hardy strength,  
And patient hearts to bear.

"Welcome yellow buttercups,  
Welcome daisies white,  
Ye are in my spirit  
Visioned, a delight!  
Coming in the spring time,  
Of sunny hours to tell—  
Speaking to our hearts of HIM  
Who doeth *all things well.*"

**ALICE; OR, THE MYSTERIES:** a sequel to Ernest Maltravers;—These volumes so eagerly looked for have appeared; and though they will doubtless disappoint public expectation, which was too much excited to permit any thing within the verge of human genius to satisfy its feverish curiosity, yet we think that Bulwer has shown good sense and good principles in this denouement. There is more of deep thought, more earnestness of purpose in this history of a life than the writer has shown in any of his previous works of fiction. He has, in some of his other productions, laboured to pull down what he thought was wrong; in this his endeavour is to build up what is right. We refer particularly to the colloquy in the second volume of Alice, between Maltravers and De Montaigne. We say nothing of the love-chapters—those all will read—yet the adventures, it is evident, are not what most interest the author. His great aim is to impress on his readers the virtue of action, the obligations of genius, and the philosophy that teaches us to confide in the destinies, and labour in the service of mankind. (See p. 47. vol. II.)

"Are any further provisions necessary to be made by law, for the protection of the *rights and property of married women*?"—We have received a pamphlet containing the speech of the Hon. Thomas Herttell of New York, delivered in the legislature of that state, about a year since, on the subject named above. We are also promised the observations of the same gentleman during the late session; when that report reaches us, we shall have much pleasure in laying before our readers the sensible and cogent arguments by which Judge Herttell advocates the cause of our sex. There is little doubt that this bill, "for the protection and preservation of the rights and property of married women," which has now been two sessions before the legislature, (see May number of the Lady's Book for 1837, page 212,) will finally become the law of New York.

"*Celestial Scenery*," by Professor Dick, is a work of uncommon interest. The subjects, so vast, so grand, so incomprehensible, appeal to the loftiest attributes of our nature, to the faculties of *reason* and *imagination*, and to the feelings of *hope* and *reverence*. We give an extract, which we think replete with sublimity and beauty; not in language merely, but in ideas, which seem to grasp an earnest of the soul's immortality.

"In the preceding chapters I have described at

some length, the celestial phenomena of the planets, both primary and secondary. From these descriptions it appears, that the most glorious and magnificent scenes are displayed in the firmaments of the remoter planets, and particularly those of their satellites. Even the firmament of the moon is more striking and sublime than ours. But in the firmament of some of the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn, there are celestial scenes peculiarly grand and splendid, surpassing every thing which the imagination can well represent, and these scenes diversified almost every hour. What could we think of a globe appearing in our nocturnal sky 1300 times larger than the apparent size of the moon, and every hour assuming a different aspect? of five or six bodies twenty or thirty times larger than our moon appears, all in rapid motion, and continually changing their phases and their apparent magnitudes? What should we think of a globe filling a twentieth part of our sky, and surrounded by immense rings, in rapid motion, diffusing a radiance over the whole heavens? When Jupiter rises to his satellites, and especially when Saturn and his rings rise to his nearest moons, a whole quarter of the heavens will appear in one blaze of light. At other times, when the sun is eclipsed, or when the dark sides of those globes are turned to the spectators, the *starry* firmament will open a new scene of wonders, and planets and comets be occasionally beheld in their courses, through the distant regions of space.

"The sublime and magnificent scenes displayed in those regions, the diversified objects presented to view, the incessant changes in their phases and aspects, the rapidity of their apparent motions, and the difficulty of determining their *real* motions and relative positions of the bodies in the firmament, and the true system of the world, lead us to the conclusion that the globes to which we allude, are replenished not merely with sensitive but *intellectual* beings. For such sublime and interesting scenes cannot affect inanimate matter, nor even mere sentient beings, such as exist in our world; and we cannot suppose the Creator would form such magnificent arrangements to be beheld and studied by *no rational beings* capable of appreciating their grandeur, and feeling delight in their contemplation.

"If creation was intended as a display of the perfections and grandeur of the divine being, there must exist intelligent minds to whom such a display is exhibited; otherwise the material universe cannot answer this end, and might, so far as such a design is concerned, have remained for ever shut up in the recesses of the Eternal Mind. Such scenes could not have been intended merely for the instruction or gratification of the inhabitants of the earth. For no one of its population has yet beheld them from that point of view in which their grandeur is displayed, and not one out of a hundred thousand yet know that such objects exist. We are, therefore, irresistibly led to the conclusion, that intelligent minds exist in the regions of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, for whose pleasure and gratification these sublime scenes were created and exist.

"Those minds too, in all probability, are endowed with faculties superior in intellectual energy and acumen to those of the inhabitants of our globe. For the rapidity and complexity of the motions presented in the firmament of some of the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn, the variety of objects presented to view, and the frequent and rapid changes of their phases and apparent magnitudes, are such as require the exertion of intellectual faculties more powerful and energetic than ours, in order to de-



termine the real motions of the globes around them, and to ascertain the order of the planetary system of which they form a part."

The *Charcoal Sketches*, by Mr. Joseph C. Neal of this city, are, as we perceive by an announcement in the London journals, about to be republished in the great metropolis. The work is eminently deserving of this compliment, and we have no doubt will be as popular on the other side of the Atlantic, as it has been, and will continue to be among all judicious readers on this. It is certain that in comic vigour, both of conception and delineation, it is not matched by any modern production. The characters are drawn with inimitable skill; and beneath the broad and glowing humour which flows on the surface, there is an under current of philosophy—an acute and admirable perception of human motive—which shows the nicest observation and sagacity.

We hope soon to hear, that Mr. Neal has been engaged in some similar work; for in our judgment, he is capable of much better things than any that have been accomplished by the much celebrated "Boz."

"The Editor's Box." It is some time since we have given this a thorough shaking. And now, what shall we do with all these papers and packets? Here are many excellent articles, no doubt, at least none should be condemned till patiently examined. And this shall be done—but we must have time. Lest, however, some of our correspondents should fear that their favours had missed their way, and gone to the receptacle of all things lost upon earth, instead of lying snug and safe in our box, we will mention a few that we have read and accepted.

"The White Ladies."

"The Smuggler's Daughter."

"The Poet's Exercise."

"Tale of an Aeronaut—by Grenville Mellen."

"Our Country."

"The close of Evening in Summer."

Two poems from "Moiner;" and glad we are to welcome her pure effusions.

We have also several articles from our correspondents at Quebec and Montreal; and the "Productions of a Young Student," and "The Fate of a Coquette,"—and many others, which we have not yet had time to look over.

#### DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Spotted muslin robe, trimmed with a deep flounce, edged with lace, and headed by a *bourillon*. High *corsage*, with square collar, and *manche à volans*. The collar, *ceinture*, &c., are edged with lace. Drawn bonnet of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with blue flowers and ribbons.

Fig. 2.—Robe of striped salmon coloured *gros de Naples*, a plain *corsage*, with a row of lace arranged in *demi cœur* round the top. Sleeves à la *Marie de Medicis*, ornamented with knots of straw-coloured ribbon. Breast-knot and *tablier* of knots *en suite*. Rice straw hat, a large oval brim, and moderately high crown; the latter decorated with a bouquet à la *Duchesse*.

#### NEW BONNET.

"The Victoria bonnet is becoming the leading fashion for the spring. It is composed of straw-

coloured and green silk, trimmed with rose-coloured ribbon. This bonnet was described in our last. It will be found on the right hand figure of the May No.

In the hope that it may please some of our fair readers, we copy from an English paper, the following description of dresses, worn at Queen Victoria's drawing-room.

*The Duchess of Kent*.—Train of white satin, richly brocaded in lilac and silver, lined with white satin, with a handsome silver border; dress of silver spotted net, trimmed with a rich silver flounce to correspond, looped with diamonds and amethysts—the whole of British manufacture. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and amethysts.

*The Princess Augusta*.—A rich white satin dress handsomely trimmed with blond lace; manteau of rich broche satin, tastefully trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, a splendid silver toque, with feather and diamonds.

*The Duchess of Gloucester*.—A magnificent brocaded train, worked all over with gold, mixed with an elegant trimming of tissue d'or in puffings, and lined with rich white satin; body and sleeves à la *Medicis*; elegantly trimmed with gold lace looped at the arms with splendid diamonds; skirt of rich gold lama, a colonne, over a rich white satin slip.—Head-dress, magnificent plumes and diamonds; lappets of rich Chantilly.

*The Duchess of Cambridge*.—Silver tissue dress of British manufacture, trimmed with ermine; train of light blue velvet, blonde lappets and trimmings; stomacher richly ornamented with diamonds and turquoise.—Head-dress and necklace, with diamonds and pearls.

*Duchess of Northumberland*.—A magnificent green velvet train and bodice, lined with rich white satin, and superbly trimmed with Brussels point lace and ermine; petticoat of the richest white satin, very splendidly trimmed, with flounces of Brussels point lace, headed with a garniture of green and white brocaded satin ribbon. Head-dress, diamonds, and plume superbly ornamented with diamonds, pearl lappets, ornaments, emeralds, diamond necklace, and ear-rings *en suite*.

*Countess of Litchfield*.—White satin dress, trimmed with silver lace, white satin ribbon and turquoise; train, blue satin, trimmed with silver lace, diamonds, and blue satin ribbon; body, ditto; diamond and turquoise necklace and ear-rings. Head-dress, white plumes, diamond and turquoise comb; lappets of splendid silver lace.

*Baroness de Rothschild*.—A most magnificent train composed of black velvet, elegantly trimmed with tulle and ribbons; body and sleeves à la *Medicis*, richly trimmed with gold lace; skirt of black tulle, over a rich black satin, embroidered in real jet. Head-dress, fine ostrich feathers and costly diamonds, and splendid blonde lappets.

*Hon. Lady H. King*.—A very elegant tulle dress, trimmed with bouffants de tulle et des fleurs dahlia, corsage à la *Berthe*; the train in *rimoire rose*, trimmed with a bullion of tulle and ribbons; sabots and mantilla in rich blonde. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; parure in beautiful pink topazes.

*Lady Peel*.—A train of rich white Pompadour satin, with bouquets of sky blue velvet, elegantly trimmed with blonde and ribbons; rich blonde *berthe* and ruffles; dress of white gauze iris, embroidered in blue chenille and pearls, a *tablier*. Head-dress, plume of white feathers, *mouchete en argent*, rich blue and silver blonde lappets, and tiara of brilliants.

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### EMBELLISHMENTS.

January No.,	Plate of Fashions, elegantly coloured—and scene from Fridolin.
February,	do. do.
March,	Plate of Queen Victoria, do.
April,	Plate of Fashions, do.
May,	do. do.
June,	do. do., and Title Page on steel.













I am ever your friend  
L. H. Sigourney.

*Published by J. B. Ford, New York.*



# THE LADY'S BOOK.

JULY, 1838.

## MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It is a difficult and delicate task, to sketch the biography of the living; particularly so, when the portrait is to be drawn for a personal and esteemed friend. But in the present instance there is little reason to fear. The talents and merits of Mrs. Sigourney are universally felt and acknowledged. She has nobly won her high place in the literature of our country.

Lydia Huntley was born in Norwich, Connecticut. She was the only child of her parents, and consequently was brought up with great tenderness. Her parentage was in that happy mediocrity which requires industry, yet encourages hope; and the habits of order and diligence, in which she was carefully trained by her judicious mother, have no doubt been of inestimable advantage to the intellectual character of the daughter.

She early exhibited indications of genius. Perhaps the loneliness of her lot, without brother or sister to share in the usual sports of childhood, had an influence on her pursuits and pleasures. We are by no means in favour of establishing priority of intellect, as the standard of real genius. Still it is true, that many distinguished persons have been marked in childhood as extraordinary;—the opening blossom has given forth the sweet odour which the rich fruit, like that of the Mangostan, embodies in its delicious perfection. At eight years of age, the little Lydia was a scribbler of rhymes—like Pope, “*lisping in numbers.*” Her first work was published in 1815. It was a small volume, entitled “*Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose and Verse.*” Before this, however, she had fortunately met with a judicious and most generous patron. To Daniel Wadsworth, Esq. of Hartford, belongs the tribute of praise, which is due for drawing such a mind from the obscurity where it had remained “*afar from the untasted sunbeam.*”

In 1819, Miss Huntley was united in marriage with Charles Sigourney, a respectable merchant of Hartford. He was a gentleman of cultivated taste and good literary attainments. From that period Mrs. Sigourney has devoted

the leisure which the wife of a man of wealth may generally command, to literary pursuits. And her improvement has been rapid and great. Her published works are, “*Traits of the Aborigines,*” a poem written in blank verse: “*Connecticut Forty Years Since,*” a prose volume, principally of traditionary description: three volumes of “*Poems:*”—“*Sketches,*” an interesting volume, chiefly written for the annuals—“*Letters to Young Ladies,*” an excellent work; and a number of books for children and youth. In all these works, varied as they are in style and subject, one purpose is recognized as the governing motive,—the purpose of doing good. In her prose writings this zeal of heart is the great charm. She always describes nature with a lover’s feelings of its beauties, and with much delicacy and taste; still we think her talent for description is more graceful and at home, as it were, in the measured lines of her poetry than in her best prose. Her genius seems to brighten in the muses’ smile, and she can command by that spell, as Prospero could with his staff, the attendance of the “*delicate spirits*” of Fancy, which like Ariel, bring

“*Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not:*”

and those “*solemn breathing strains*” that move conscience to its repentant work, or lift the trusting, contrite soul to heaven. “*Oh God! who can describe Niagara!*” exclaimed Mrs. Butler, in the agony of her admiration.

Mrs. Sigourney has described it and worthily too; and this single poem would be sufficient, had she written no more, to establish her fame as a poet. It does more and better, it stamps her as the devoted Christian; for except faith in the dread Invisible had sustained her genius, and trust in the Saviour had kept warm the fount of sympathy in her heart, she could not have surrounded a theme so awful, strange, and lonely, with such images of beauty and hope. True it is that female poetic writers owe their happiest efforts to religious feelings. Devotion



seems to endow them with the martyr's glowing fervency of spirit. In the actual world the path of woman is very circumscribed, but in that "better land" her imagination may range with the freedom of an angel's wing. And there it is that the genius of Mrs. Sigourney delights to expatiate. And this constant uplifting of her spirit has given a peculiar cast to her language and style; rendering the stately and solemn blank verse measure the readiest vehicle of her feelings and fancies. She has a wonderful command of words, and the fetters of rhyme check the free expression of her thoughts. She is also endowed with a fine perception of the harmonious and appropriate, and hence the smooth flow of the lines, and the perfect adaptation of the language to the subject. These qualities eminently fit her to be the eulogist of departed worth, and incline her to elegiac poetry. To her tender feelings and naturally contemplative mind, every knell that summons the mourner to weep awakens her sympathy; and the dirge flows, as would tears, to comfort the bereaved, were she beside them.

Nor is the death song of necessity melancholy. Many of hers sound the notes of holy triumph, and awaken the brightest anticipations of felicity—ay,

"Teach us of the melody of heaven."

She "leaves not the trophy of death at the tomb," but shows us the "Resurrection and the Life." Thus she elevates the hopes of the Christian, and chastens the thoughts of the worldly-minded. This is her mission, the true purpose of her heaven-endowed mind; for the inspirations of genius are from heaven, and when not perverted by a corrupt will, rise upward as naturally as the morning dew on the flower is exhaled to the skies. The genius of Mrs. Sigourney, like the "imperial Passion Flower" has always been

"Consecrate to Salem's peaceful king—  
Though fair as any gracing beauty's bower,  
Yet linked to sorrow like a holy thing."

It is this sadness which shows her strains to be of earth—their purity and serene loveliness are angelic. If there be a want felt in reading her effusions, it is that of fervency. The light is brilliant and pure, but it does not kindle into flame. Her "truths" need to be more "impassioned," to produce their greatest effect. Yet this deficiency arises from that delicacy of taste, which makes her fear to pour forth the full gush of her feelings. And it is very seldom that a woman can or will do this. Hence much of the monotony and mediocrity of their poetry.

We must not omit to record that Mrs. Sigourney is, in private life, an example to her sex, as well as their admiration in her literary career. She is a good wife and devoted mother; she has two children, a daughter and son, whom she has hitherto educated entirely herself. And in all domestic knowledge, and the scrupulous performance of her household duties, she shows as ready acquaintance and as much skill as though these only formed her pursuits. Her

literary studies are her recreations,—surely as rational a mode of occupying the leisure of a lady, as the morning call or the evening party.  
EDITOR.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## ESTHER.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Continued from page 244.

### ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The city of Shushan. The court of an eastern house, filled with shrubs and flowers. A fountain in the centre; beside which sits Esther, a Jewish maiden. A few paces from her stands a youth with a bow in his hand, from which he has just shot upward an arrow. Suddenly he approaches the maiden, and addresses her.*

*Boy.* Sweet cousin, did'st thou mark my arrow's flight,

As with a swift and most unerring aim,  
It parted from the string, cleft the blue air,  
And smote the topmost twig of yon dark fir,  
Bringing it down from its aspiring height  
To the bare earth—a trophy of my skill?

*Esther.* I mark'd it well, and thought 'twere pity sure

In wanton play to smite so proud a thing,  
That stood rejoicing in its airy height,  
Giving its resinous odours to the breeze,  
And quaffing from the sun's refulgent urn,  
Full draughts of light and life; while heav'n's own dews

Nurtured its growing beauty day by day,  
Till it became, of yon majestic tree  
The very topmost glory and delight,  
The diadem that lent it regal grace,—  
And thou hast wrought its fall—in idle sport,  
Hast made that worthless, which—

*Boy.* Nay, peace, fair coz,—thy moral is too long,

And passing grave to come from ruby lips,  
That shame the damask of the blushing rose.  
I thought to win a smile for this my feat,  
And not provoke a priestly homily.

Thou bad'st me never smite a living thing,—  
Else I'd have brought yon bird that seems a speck  
Far in the azure vault, low at thy feet,  
A prouder trophy of my archery  
Than this poor tuft of leaves.

*Esther.* Then, Azor, had we been at deadly feud,—

For well thou know'st I shudder to see flow  
From aught that breathes the crimson tide of life.

*Boy.* Thou art a very woman in thy mood  
I know full well, and lov'st thy odorous bowers,  
Thy sparkling founts, music and tales of old,  
And moonlit colonnades, and maiden's glee,  
Better than bolder scenes, and stirring deeds  
That make the pulses bound, and the young blood  
Leap like a torrent through the burning veins,  
In a wild ecstasy of joy and bliss!

*Esther.* Indeed, indeed, thou'rt right. These gentle spells,

Are flow'ry links that bind the heart to home,  
And with a witchery that naught can break,  
Enchain the young affections. R and life's morn  
They cast a gentle radiance, which no shade

Can e'er eclipse. What say the aged? After years

May bring new scenes, wrought with more rainbow hues,

But none so lovely, none so fraught with bliss,  
With life's first brightness, youth's delicious joy,  
That quaffs from every cup nectareous draughts,  
Which the lip seeks in vain from golden bowls,  
When time's dark shade has veil'd its early morn.

*Boy.* Sweet coz, thou art a world too fair, too bright,

For such a quiet, home-bred bliss as this!

Why, thou wert form'd to fire the poet's song,  
To lend new valour to the warrior's arm,  
And queen it o'er the mighty and the brave,  
Low sighing at thy feet. Nay, never smile  
With such a pretty air of proud disdain,  
As though thou'dst scorn such triumph for thy charms.

But yester eve, beneath this trellised vine,  
I heard our kinsman, Mordecai, discourse  
With Joatham, the rabbi—and they said  
Thy brow was form'd to grace a diadem,—  
And pity 'twere thou wast not born a queen!

*Esther.* A queen, said'st thou?

Far be such fate from me! I thank my God  
That he has placed me in a humbler sphere,  
Where peace and love, and sweet affections grow,  
Like fragrant violets, nurtured in the shade.  
Believe me boy—I speak no idle words,—  
I'd rather be a captive Jewish maid,  
Cherished by Mordecai, beloved by thee,  
Than reign unrivaled o'er this mighty realm,  
Cloth'd with the splendour of its lawful queen!

[Enter Mordecai.]

*Mordecai.* Thou would'st not be a queen!  
Said'st thou not so, my child?

*Esther.* In truth I did,—save of my father's heart!

That is the only empire which I crave.  
For there I can maintain my queenly state,  
Without a cumbrous crown to press my brow,  
Within whose jewelled circlet lurk sharp thorns  
That pierce the maddening brain—wear such who will—

I ask no richer diadem than this  
Which crowns me now, woven by Azor's hand,  
Of buds and simple bells that drink the dew,  
And cool my temples with their balmy breath.

*Mordecai.* My child, for years  
Thy smile has been the sunlight of my heart,  
Thy voice, the music I best loved to hear,—  
Yea, sweeter seemed it than the strains rung forth

From Judah's harp, when with a lofty tone,  
It told the glories of our princely race.  
I know for thee ambition has no charms,  
No syren voice to lure thy gentle soul  
From quiet joys, and the fond interchange  
Of kindly thought, to climb her dang'rous heights.  
But duty often prompts us to forego  
Our cherished hopes, and yield to her control,—  
And now her voice is murmur'ing in my ear  
Solemn and stern, like those unearthly sounds  
Which Moses heard from out the burning bush,  
And 'midst the thunders of that dreadful mount  
Where God declared his law. Or that which fell  
On Abraham's startled ear, when him it bade  
Lead forth unto Moriah's mount his son,  
His only son, the child of his old age,  
And offer him a precious sacrifice  
Unto the Lord his God.

*Esther.* And art thou too, my father, thus required

To show thy faith, and seal it with the blood

Of her, thou long hast cherished as a child?  
If so, I ready stand—nor shall the sin  
Of disobedience rest upon my head.

*Mordecai.* Not with thy blood, my child—oh, not with that!

But I must ask thee to surrender what  
Thou hold'st than life more dear. Yet, boots it not,

Perchance, more to unfold.—Did'st thou not say  
Thou would'st not be a queen?

*Esther.* And dost thou speak with earnest thought of this?

I never dream'd that such a thing could be!  
Nor would I have it so.—I can stand forth  
At thy command and dare even death itself;  
Yea, cheerfully lie down as on a couch,  
And bare my bosom to the sacred knife,  
If so my God ordains. Ah! rather far  
Would I do this, than scale that giddy height,  
Whence I so late beheld one, bright and fair  
As ever wore earth's proudest diadem,  
Dash'd headlong down, without one warning word,—

'The sport and victim of a tyrant's will!

*Mordecai.* A moment list, my child. Time serves not now

To test the justice of the monarch's act,  
Or scan the merits of the banish'd queen.  
We are sad exiles from our palmy vales,  
We languish for the music of our streams,  
And the green hills o'er which our fathers roiv'd.  
Long, long thou know'st we have besought our God

To loose our galling bonds, and lead us forth  
From out the stranger's land, to our own soil,—  
That goodly soil, where rest our father's bones,  
And where our God has made his presence known.  
Exiles we are, beneath a pagan sway—  
Yet has this prince, a heathen though he be,  
Granted us many boons, and been our shield  
From evils that assail'd. He lent us aid,  
When we implor'd it, to rebuild the temple,—  
And free permission has he ever given,  
That we adore our God, and keep our fasts,  
And hold our solemn festivals, unharm'd,  
Unscathed by all.

*Esther.* And yet, my father—

*Mordecai.* Nay, sweetest daughter, patience yet a while.

This heathen king is lenient to our race,  
And many favours may be wrought for us,  
Perchance, deliverance from our irksome bonds,  
By a most weak and humble instrument,  
Whom God shall raise, and station near the throne.  
Nay, Esther, start not—by that changeful look,  
I see thou read'st my purpose. Say'st thou, yea!  
Or dost thou with a maiden's timid fears,  
Shrink from fulfilling the high destiny  
To which by Heav'n thou'rt called? Full well  
thou know'st

The edict is abroad through the wide realm,  
For th' ingath'ring of its fairest maids.  
Fast are they thronging in,—but go thou forth,  
Bright in the peerless lustre of thy charms,  
Strong in thy purpose, and the prize is won;  
The crown is thine, thy people are redeem'd,  
And songs of grateful joy shall greet thine ears,  
And blessings waited from a thousand tongues,  
Make thy full cup of happiness o'erflow.

*Esther.* My father! this is but a fever'd dream,—  
Unreal! impossible! it cannot be!  
Send me not forth to such a cruel fate!  
Still be my dwelling-place thy sheltering arms!  
There let me rest, thy tender love my shield,  
Thy guardian care the blessing of my life.  
E'en should I win the favour of the king,

(But vain, prepost'rous, such an idle thought !)  
 What snares beset my path ! what perils sore !  
 Perils that wait on kings ! Remember her  
 Who, like the morning star, so lately shone  
 The very cynosure of happiness  
 And joy ! Remember beauteous Vashti,  
 Quently and gracious—oh, remember her,  
 And for thy daughter dread such fearful doom !

*Mordecai.* I can dread naught for thee, naught  
 for myself,

When God's own finger points to duty's path.  
 My people are oppressed,—prophets and kings,  
 Th' anointed ones of heaven,—babes at the breast,  
 Mothers and maids, and men of fourscore years,  
 Whose youth has withered in a foreign soil,  
 All wear the chains, the galling chains of slaves,—  
 And thou alone canst free them. Thou, the  
 chosen,

The appointed one, the ordained of heaven,  
 And raised to greatness for this work alone !

*Esther.* Alas ! my father, think upon my youth,  
 My gentle sex, my humble, quiet life,  
 Reared amid birds and flowers, and loving hearts,  
 From which mine drank, as from a gushing fount  
 Full draughts of bliss. From dawning infancy,  
 Where'er I turned, fond eyes met mine with  
 smiles,

Kind arms upheld, and gentle voices bless'd,—  
 While, like a clinging vine I closer twined,  
 And threw my tendrils forth, seeking support,  
 And basking in the ever radiant glow,  
 That like a sunbeam, pure affection wore.  
 For such a lowly, cherished one as this,  
 The task thou nam'st is all too vast and high.  
 It asks a mighty hand, a lofty soul,  
 Stern and experienced, wise in council,  
 Arm'd at all points with courage and resolve,  
 A fitting instrument for heaven's high will.

*Mordecai.* Thou know'st, my child,  
 That in his sovereign wisdom, dark to us,  
 The God who reigns above oft chooses weak,  
 The weakest ev'n, and humblest instruments  
 To work his will. The rod that Aaron bore,  
 Was but a dead and powerless thing to sight,  
 Till his Almighty breath fann'd it to life,  
 And cloth'd its naked stem with odorous flowers,  
 That yielded in their turn miraculous,  
 The almond's grateful fruit. So Moses' rod,  
 Instinct with power divine, smote on the rock,  
 And forth there gush'd a pure translucent stream,  
 To bless the thirsting tribes. Thus, too, the hand  
 Of that great priest and prophet of our race,  
 A human hand,—feeble and frail as this,  
 But used by God to work his high behests,  
 Moved back the waters of the rushing sea,  
 Till high up-rear'd, like crystal walls they stood  
 On either side,—while safe our father's pass'd,  
 And sang their songs of triumph on the shore.  
 While as they onward went, the ocean closed,  
 And buried in its silent depths profound,  
 The dark Egyptian and his mighty host.  
 Praise Him, my child ! He is our father's God,  
 Our guardian and our shield !

*Esther.* I praise Him ever, when the rising  
 morn  
 Sends light and beauty through the wak'ning  
 earth,

And when the evening dews gently distil,  
 And the fair moon with all her host of stars  
 Come forth to keep their silent watch above.  
 And, dearest father, 'mid the temple's pomp  
 My prayers and thankful songs ascend to Him.  
 But in the quiet of my own dear home,  
 My purest off'rings on his altar rest,—  
 For there my cup o'erflows, and my full heart  
 Pours forth its grateful tribute for the love

Which in a thousand forms blesses my life,  
 And crowns each day with joy. Each day, till  
 this,—

When thou wilt force me from thy arms away,  
 And change my bliss to woe !

*Mordecai.* Nay, sweetest daughter, wipe away  
 those tears !

Thy bliss, made up of love and innocence,  
 Shall change to holy triumph, to delight  
 Pure and exalted as the angels know.  
 Deem not I lightly sever from my side  
 The cherished flower so long my pride and care,—  
 That I can calmly see it borne away,  
 Nor feel the glory of my garden gone.  
 But self must yield to duty's higher call—  
 And in the silence of the midnight hour,  
 Such visions dawn'd upon my dazzled sight,  
 As Jacob saw on Bethel's holy plain,  
 When angel shapes descending bless'd his dreams,  
 And brought from heaven their messages of love  
 Mine too were full of promise and high hope,  
 Which none can e'er fulfil—save only thou !  
 Do then my bidding—yield thee to thy fate,—  
 God's finger points the way as visibly  
 As did the fiery pillar, when it led  
 Through the dark wilderness our wand'ring sires.

*Esther.* And is there no escape, my father ?  
 None ?

And wilt thou give me to a heathen prince ?  
 Shut me for ever from thy house and love,  
 And rob me of that dear and cherished hope  
 Precious to all of David's royal line,  
 To whom the promise came,—that from his seed  
 Should spring the Saviour destin'd to redeem,  
 And lead to glory our enfranchis'd race—  
 Ah ! can'st thou crush this hope ? Can'st thou  
 endure

With cruel hands to rend the tender bonds  
 Which knit me to my kind, and cast me forth  
 An alien from my people and my home ?

*Mordecai.* I cast thee forth, to be received again  
 With tenfold love ! Think not, my child, that  
 moved

By the false whispers of ambition's voice,  
 I trust thee from my arms to the world's snares,  
 In search of greatness for thyself or me.  
 God reads my heart, and his all-seeing eye  
 Knows with what bitter anguish it is rack'd  
 By the most sad and stern necessity,  
 Of yielding thee, my joy, my dearest pride ;  
 The sunlight of my home, its all of bliss,  
 To the great work which thou art called to do.  
 Think'st thou, sweet daughter, were we seated  
 now

Beneath our native palms, that lave their boughs  
 In the cool gushing of Siloa's wave,  
 Singing the songs of Zion, while our tribes  
 Held proudly up the ark of Zion's God,—  
 I would not rather see thy youthful brow  
 Wearing as now its crown of simple flow'rs,  
 Than crave for it the richest diadem,  
 That e'er encircled royalty's proud head ?  
 The blood of David's high and mighty line  
 Flows in thy azure veins—and pagan crown  
 Can add no lustre to thy regal brow,  
 Though sown with orient gems, the wonder  
 Of the world !

*Esther.* I fear me much thou buildest mighty  
 hopes

On a foundation false and frail indeed !  
 I am a timid maid, powerless and weak,  
 That like the cowering dove, shrink in my flight  
 From the fierce glancing of the eagle's eye,  
 And seek the covert of some friendly shade  
 To smooth my ruffled wing. This trembling hand  
 Were nerveless in thy cause,—it scarce can draw

The silken string of Azor's flexile bow ;  
And this poor heart knows naught of valour's  
throb,—  
Its pulses answer only to the tones  
Of grateful piety and gentle love.

*Mordecai.* But it has noble cords untouch'd till  
now,

Which may respond to the high notes of joy,  
That like the swelling of the ocean waves,  
When the bright moon rides o'er them in her  
might,

Shall burst responsive from a nation's voice,  
And hail thee their deliverer!

*Esther.* Remember thee, my father, whence I  
sprang;

And ne'er suppose that yonder haughty king,  
Would take unto his bosom and his throne  
A Jewish maid? one of that hated race,  
Despised and scoffed at as a leprous taint,  
And made a mark for unbelieving tongues  
To break their bitter gibes and jests upon!  
No! he would blight me with his withering frown,  
And for my daring, pour on all my race  
The vials of his wrath!

*Mordecai.* My daughter, none thy lineage yet  
shall know!

Trust this to me—it shall be wisely plann'd—  
And so thou grant thy father's earnest prayer,  
All shall be well for thee and for thy race.

*Esther.* 'Tis no light sacrifice which thou dost  
ask!

No trifling test of deep and fervent love,  
Wrung from my struggling heart! Must I then  
quit

Father and friends, and every household tie?  
Customs endeared by long and early use,  
And join no more in feasts and sacrifice,  
And solemn fasts, known only to our tribes?  
My father, this doth ask for deeper thought,  
Earnest and high, and commune with my God.  
I go to seek his aid, his grace implore,  
And when the conflict of my soul is past,  
I will come forth and tell thee my resolves.

*Mordecai.* Bless thee, my child! and may our  
father's God

Shed on thy youthful head his richest dews,  
And guide thy gentle steps through verdant paths,  
And by the borders of translucent streams,  
To peace and joy at last! [Exit.

SCENE II.—An apartment in the palace of Shushan.  
*Hegai* discovered writing. Enter *Memucan*.

*Memucan.* Well met, *Hegai*! By thy look of  
ease,

And the calm quiet of thy tranquil brow,  
I draw ill auguries for our royal lord.  
Thou hast, methinks, more leisure than beseems  
His weal or wish. How stands it with thee now?  
Hast many maidens yet beneath thy care?  
Or do they slowly come? Fearing, perchance,  
To trust the royal mandate.

*Hegai.* Not so, my lord. Fast as the ocean  
waves

Kiss the white beach, so fast the thronging maids  
Besiege our gates; each eager for the prize,  
And dazzled by the prospect of a crown.

*Memucan.* Brave tidings these! And are the  
dameles fair,

Such as may chance to please the monarch's eye?  
*Hegai.* Yea, some of them surpassing fair,  
indeed,—

Lovely, and soft as the refulgent moon  
When forth she breaks through clouds of silvery  
light!

Various their charms—maids from the Tigris

1\*

With bright golden hair, and glorious eyes,  
Blue as the azure of their cloudless heav'ns.  
Others from Cashmere's vale, whose glowing  
charms

Outvie the splendour of the op'ning rose,  
While laughing dimples, ever and anon,  
Disturb the slumb'ring crimson of their cheeks,  
Soft as the lucid circles of the lake,  
When the bland zephyr woos it.

*Memucan.* *Hegai*, thou dost kindle with thy  
theme!

Sure, wondrous strong must be the 'witching spell  
That moves a bosom waveless as thine own,  
To send forth such a glowing burst of words!  
But 'midst this radiant throng, is there not one  
Distinguish'd o'er her mates? One who may  
charm

With look and voice, the king's fastidious taste,  
And win him to forego the vain regrets  
Which still he nurtures for that banish'd one,  
Who shared so long his kingdom and his throne,  
And lost them by her overweening pride?

*Hegai.* Yea, there is one, more glorious than the  
dream

That steals amid the fragrance of the rose,  
And the soft sighing of the halbut's voice,  
Upon the youthful poet's raptur'd soul!

*Memucan.* Thou dost arouse my wonder mightily!  
Whence came this peerless maid? her lineage,  
And her name? Hast thou of them heard aught?

*Hegai.* My lord,

All that I know, unto thine asking ear  
I willingly unfold. One sultry eve,  
Just as the sun threw his declining rays  
Through yonder lattice screen, a maiden veil'd  
Stood at our gates, attended by a youth  
Who wore the habit of a Persian slave.  
Humble he seem'd and to the damsel paid  
Lowly submission as his place became.

No word she spake, though oft I question'd her,—  
But by the trem'ulous motion of her veil,  
Which close she crowded round her drooping face,  
I saw she wept. Compassion mov'd my heart,  
And quick admitting them, I strove to learn  
From the young page the secret of her grief,  
And on what errand hitherward she came.

There too, within his eyes stood gathered drops,  
But with a manly hand he dash'd them down,  
And brief replied—"That by her kinsman urg'd,  
His gentle mistress sought these palace walls

Obedient to the mandate of the king,  
And humbly hoping to obtain his grace.  
She was the offspring of a princely line,  
Worthy to mingle with the royal race  
That Persia made her boast. *Esther*, her name;"—  
But farther revelation made he none,  
Forbidden, as he said, aught more to tell.

*Memucan.* And did he then retire?

*Hegai.* He did, my lord. But first on bended  
knee,

And with a passion that convulsed his frame,  
He caught the maiden's hand, and sealed his lips  
A minute's space upon its spotless snow,—  
Then rising quick, with low obeisance,  
Hurried from my sight.

*Memucan.* And uttered she no word? that  
trembling maid,

Thus left alone beneath a stranger's care?

*Hegai.* Naught said she—but her low and  
frequent sighs

Broke on my ear, telling the bitter strife  
That shook her soul, I sought in vain to soothe,  
Then yielding her to gentle *Mirza*'s care,  
I left her till the morn.

*Memucan.* Thou saw'st her then?

*Hegai.* I did, my lord,—and started back amazed

At the bright radiance of her matchless charms!  
Long years I've held this piece, and view'd each  
day

Of lovely maids, all the most bright and fair,  
But none like her.—Not Georgia's dark-eyed girls,  
Perfect in shape, dazzling in loveliness,  
Nor the soft beauties of Circassia's land,  
Full of sweet grace and witching tenderness,  
Can boast such exquisite and wondrous charms  
As stamp perfection on this stranger maid.

*Memucan.* If she is all thou paintest, good  
Hegai,  
Our sovereign lord ere long will find a bride  
Worthy his love, and basking in her smile,  
Forget to murmur for his banished queen.

*Hegai.* Nay, doubt it not. Though few can  
please his eye,

Nice to excess in choice of female charms,  
He ne'er unmov'd can see this matchless one.  
Assured in serving her, I serve my queen,  
I minister with most peculiar care  
To all her wants,—nor leave her aught to ask.  
Seven gentle maids, fairer than hours,  
Constant attend to catch her slightest wish,  
And serve her person with officious zeal.  
Jewels of priceless worth, and vestments rich,  
With fragrant myrrh, odours, and spices rare,  
Are heap'd with hand unsparing at her feet.  
To her, the fairest one, are likewise given  
The stateliest rooms, graced with bright hangings  
Artfully arranged with golden cords,  
And rings of silver, wrought by cunning hands.  
While to refresh the air, cool fountains play,  
And grateful incense, wreath'd from censers rich,  
Breathes round delicious perfume.

*Memucan.* And if ambition is her leading star,  
Doubtless she liketh well this luxury  
And pomp,—drawing bright omens from the zeal,  
That professes her the homage due a queen.

*Hegai.* Ambition prompts her not.—Her face,  
her mien,

The soft expression of her glancing eye,  
Tell not ambition's tale. No idle wish  
To rival her compeers, no proud conceit  
Of her own passing loveliness, ere stirs  
Her tranquil soul. Full of all gentleness,  
Calm as the dewy star that evening loves,  
And blushing with sweet maiden bashfulness  
At word or look of praise, she brightly shines  
Amid the lesser lights that round her beam,  
Eclipsing all, with her effulgent rays.  
Fraught with some high and holy aim she seems,—  
Some deep unfathom'd mystery ne'er told,  
That moves her, for what end none knoweth yet,  
To seek our monarch's grace.

*Memucan.* A crown and royal state are aim  
enough;—

I deem naught mightier brings her to our gates.  
Soon shall be known if this transcendent one  
Wins kindly favour and a queenly crown.  
Till then, farewell;—my duty calls from hence,—  
Sternest than thine,—moving mid gentle shapes,  
And minist'ring to nature's loveliest works.  
Farewell! and peace be thine! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—An apartment in the palace. *Ahasuerus*, king of Persia, and *Memucan*.

*Memucan.* Hail, mighty king!  
May peace and joy be thine! and soft repose,  
After the toils of battle yield thee rest!  
Thy presence like the vivifying rays  
Of yon bright sun, brings life into our hearts,—  
We joy to welcome thee, our conquering lord!  
To see around thy brow the laurel wreath  
Of triumph and renown, and hear thy step

Sounding again within the marble courts  
Of Shushan's palace fair!

*Ahasuerus.* Thanks for thy greeting, *Memucan*.  
Grateful

Such honest warmth, to the o'er-wearied ear  
Deafen'd with jarring sounds of bloody war.  
I have, 'tis true, returned a conqueror;  
The brazen gates of haughty Babylon,  
Have op'd before my might, and her proud towers  
Have at my bidding bow'd low to the dust.  
My foes I have subdued, my throne stands firm,  
Millions of voices raise the glad acclaim,  
And hail me victor with triumphant songs!  
Yet dove-eyed peace broods not within my heart;  
Vain the world's homage to assuage its pangs,—  
Pangs of regret for her, the banished one,  
Who now would greet, with smiles of radiant love  
And songs of soul-felt joy, her conquering lord.  
My kingdom's wealth, my honours and renown,  
I would resign,—all, all without a sigh,  
Could I recall that act, that cruel act  
Which drove her from my arms!

*Memucan.* Thy pardon, gracious king! I fain  
would soothe

These vain regrets, and point to future joys.  
I fain would name yon fair assembled throng  
Of maidens, bright and beautiful as morn,  
Who wait thy fiat to dismiss their fears,  
Or with fruition crown their fondest hopes.  
'Mongst all those flowers of maiden loveliness,  
Blooms there not one, my liege, one gentle form,  
On whose fair brow thy royal hand may place  
The queenly crown, and deem it well bestowed?

*Ahasuerus.* None such I yet have seen,—  
And if not there, throughout this spacious world  
Vain would the search be made. There lives not  
one

Upon this solid earth, like her I mourn,—  
So fair! so gloriously beautiful!

*Memucan.* But yet, great king, among yon lovely  
band

There moves a maid, more beautiful by far  
Than thought e'er framed, or raptured dream  
portrayed,

In the full light of her resplendant charms,  
Thou wilt forget all former loves and joys;  
Dinn will their memory wax, as the pale beam  
Of midnight's glim'ring star shines faint and weak,  
Beside the lustre of the full orb'd moon!  
Pardon the boldness of thy servant's words,  
Love prompts my speech, else would I not presume  
Thus far to—

*Ahasuerus.* Bold are they in good truth! But  
prove thy false

My vengeance lights on thee! Declare from  
whence

The tidings came, and who has dared to say  
The maiden rivals *Vashti*?

*Memucan.* Great king, the maiden's fame abroad  
has crept,

Even from her guarded bower,—and by it urg'd  
I questioned *Hegai*, thy chamberlain,  
Touching the rumoured tale—all he confirm'd,  
And with unwonted eloquence, discoursed  
Of her unequalled charms most ravishing,  
And noble soul, scorning all low desires.

*Ahasuerus.* Mine is an eye most difficult to  
please

As well thou know'st; and seldom doth it rest  
Upon a face, however fair and bright,  
But it discovers some deformity  
To mar the whole and disenchant my gaze.  
But if this maiden prove so heavenly fair,  
As thou would'st fain persuade me to believe,  
I'll wed her straight with pomp and revelry,  
And make her partner of my heart and throne.

Go, bid Hegai send her to me, quick,—  
I would behold this wonder of the world,  
Whom thou, bold man, hast dared with lawless  
tongue

To laud above thy queen,—alas! alas!  
That I should say, she is no more a queen!  
Sunk from my sight! yet, fallen though she be,  
She leaves no brighter star in all the heav'ns.  
And hear me swear,—yea, register my oath!  
By all the gods we worship, should this maid  
Not verify thy words, or should she prove  
In aught less fair and beauteous to my sight;  
Than her I loved,—and still *do* love, my lord,  
Spite of her scorn, and my most rash decree,  
She, too, shall seek yon walls, and idly there  
Wear out her life, the plaything of an hour,  
While my dishonoured queen shall be recall'd,  
And all shall kneel in homage to her sway!

*Memucan.* Great is the king! his word is ever  
just!

Low bend his slaves submissive to his will,  
Anxious by swift obedience to attest  
Their zeal and love. With eager feet I haste  
To do thy bidding. Pardon, my sovereign,  
If in aught I err.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*In the house of Mordecai. Mordecai  
and Azor.*

*Mordecai.* It is a glorious eve!  
How pure the air, laden with balmy sweets  
From bud and flower that love the silent dews,  
But hide their perfume from the garish day!  
How stainless yon bright arch! and mark those  
clouds,

That paint the western sky; what gorgeous hues!  
What gay fantastic shapes! how swift they change,  
And in their airy change, each radiant form  
Seems lovelier than the last! The whispering  
breeze

Is redolent of sweets, and fans my cheek  
With such bland motion, as an angel's wing  
Would give, methinks. Come, Azor, let us forth  
To breathe the air of this most blessed eve,  
Beside yon fountain's brink, her favourite seat,—  
O'erarched with graceful vines, that ask her hand,  
But vainly ask, to train their rank luxuriance.

[*They go out and seat themselves beside the fountain.*]

*Azor.* Nay, day by day, I've trained them for  
her sake,  
And oft at twilight's hour, as here I sat  
In meditation deep, the fountain's flow  
Seemed like the murmurs of her gentle voice,  
And all that ministered to sense or soul,  
All objects and all thoughts,—the perfum'd flowers,  
The evening song of birds, the insects' hum,  
The gorgeous clouds of heaven, the starry hosts,  
The rosy beam of yonder planet fair,  
And the unrivalled beauty of the moon,—  
Have whispered to my inmost heart of her,  
Who once in happier days, blest with her smiles  
Our home, and shed around a beaming light  
On all that since is dark!

*Mordecai.* Hush these regrets!  
List the low plaint of Judah's captive sons,  
And triumph that a champion has arisen,  
Yea, even for them the slighted and despised!  
Mourn not for her, the flower we cherish'd long,  
And nurtur'd with affection's tears and smiles,  
She has gone forth strong in her heart's pure  
faith,  
Invincible in virgin innocence,  
And guarded by the arm of Israel's God.  
Thus with a triple shield of adamant

Defended well, she sallied to her task,  
Crushing each gentle hope, each cherished wish,  
Home-born, and whisp'ring of joy to come,  
In the high hope deliverance to achieve  
For those who sadly sing their exile strain  
Far from Judea's land. Yon rising moon,  
Twelve times her silver horn has filled with light,  
Since my heart's treasure left these circling arms  
To seek the palace walls—and patiently  
I have endured uncertainty's dread pangs,  
That like a gnawing worm tugged at my heart,  
Drinking its very life-blood, drop by drop,—  
Most patiently, till now,—now, when suspense  
Has grown to agony, more bitter far,  
Than sad assurance of extremest ill.

*Azor.* Alas! alas! so beautiful! so young!

So rich in all those graceful attributes,  
That make soft woman in her weakness strong!  
And now! oh, God, what has she now become!

*Mordecai.* What'e'er to us she seems—a rifled  
flower,

Cast forth to perish from the spoiler's hand,  
On that same flower nurtured by kingly pride,  
And taught to shed its beauty o'er the throne,  
Round which a nation kneels,—in God's pure eye,  
She is a stainless and a holy thing—

By her renouncement of each selfish thought,  
Her singleness of heart, that to one end,  
One noble purpose, led her forth to dare  
The obloquy or plaudits of the world,  
Indifferent to each, so she achieved  
Her nation's safety from besetting foes,—  
She is so purged from every taint of earth,  
So spotless white, that naught dare e'er assail  
Her heav'n-born purity. What'e'er her fate,  
Untouch'd she stands,—nor calumny's foul breath,  
Nor with'ring scorn, with her low demon laugh,  
Can cast one shadow on her stainless name.  
It is engraven in characters of light,  
On thousand hearts, whose latest pulse will throb  
With love, and pride, and holy gratitude,  
At the high courage of this matchless maid.

[*Enter Joatham, a Jewish rabbi.*]

*Joatham.* Joy to thee, Mordecai! To God the  
praise!

Praise and thanksgiving from our inmost hearts,—  
For lo! o'er Persia reigns a Jewish maid!

*Mordecai.* God of my fathers! bless him for these  
words!

Even with such blessings as the patriarch gave  
To Jacob, his first-born! My brother, speak!  
Whence came these tidings? know'st thou of their  
truth?

*Joatham.* Yea, verily, I do;  
But now, within the crowded palace court,  
I mingled with the throng, and heard the words,  
Which rumour with her hundred busy tongues,  
E'en at this moment, bruises through all the land.  
The Lord has heard us—Esther is the queen!  
The monarch saw, and ravished with her charms,  
Placed on her gentle head the golden crown,  
And on the coming day with princely pomp  
Proclaims his beauteous bride. Elate with joy,  
I sought thee straight through every crowded street,  
And marvel'd greatly at thy absence strange,  
Just at the moment when our cherished hopes,  
Were rip'ning to perfection.—And apart  
From all the world, beside this quiet fount,  
Thyself as quiet as its lucid wave  
That sparkles 'neath the moon, I find thee now,  
And pour my tidings on thy grateful ear.

*Mordecai.* To Israel's guardian God be all the  
praise!

To him, who now, as erst in days of old,  
Bends down his ear, to catch his people's cry,

And through thick gath'ring clouds, bids light to shine!

Since on her high emprise my child went forth,  
Thou know'st my brother how my life has pass'd;  
How, as each weary day went slowly by,  
I lingered near the spot wherein she dwelt,  
In hopes, perchance, to catch some whispered word  
Dropped in the palace court, of her I love,—  
Yea, with a love stronger than nature's own,  
Which bade her call another, by the name  
Affection gave to me. A long, long year  
Has linger'd on. But as the time drew near  
Which should decide her fate, fulfil my hopes,  
Or blast them with a word—I could endure  
But with a coward heart, the dread suspense  
That tortured every nerve, and hither fled,  
Where Azor lingered lone, a hermit sad,  
To wait the tidings God has pleased to send.

*Joatham.* Full of high import are they,—bearing  
to us

Results beyond our ken. Now, let us forth,  
And gird us for our work. Time wears apace,  
Bearing our fleeting sands with viewless speed,  
On to oblivion's gulf.

*Mordecai.* First seek with me the temple; there  
to raise

Our grateful songs, and ask for farther aid.  
Come with us, Azor. Downcast is thine eye,  
Nor wears thy pallid cheek the hue of joy;  
Come, swell our hymn of triumph, and forget  
Each selfish feeling in a nation's joy!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## NATURE AND ART.

BY MRS. C. GORE.

ON the coast of Lancashire, within distant view of the ruins of Furness Abbey, lies a small territory, an island or peninsula, according to the ebb or flow of the tides that lave its flat and unfruitful shores. At noon, perhaps, the traveler beholds it an islet, moored, as it were, under the protection of the mainland; isolated and cheerless, containing—in the midst of the forty acres of arid land which centuries of cultivation have barely redeemed from barrenness—a single dwelling; a small farm, the rosemary bushes of whose garden-enclosures form the nearest approach to a tree discernible in the place. But a few hours later the dreariness of Hailisle, (or Helisle, as it is pronounced by the fishermen of the coast,) is in some degree relieved by the reappearance of the hard smooth sands, a quarter of a mile in extent, connecting it with the Lancashire coast. It now assumes the aspect of a rude nook of earth, ribbed from the neighbouring farms by the firm compact terrace which affords a delightful and exhilarating walk to the inmates of that solitary abode.

Viewed from the house, however, the scene assumed a totally different appearance. Persons accustomed to the rich garniture of inland landscape, with its contrasting features of hill, dale, or mountain,—river, lake, or torrent,—verdant pasture or golden plain,—are apt to tax a marine prospect with monotony. But ask the abiders by the great deep whether they ever experience the sense of satiety arising from sameness of object. It is not alone the vast transition from

the smooth surface of the summer sea to the boiling, seething fury of the mighty ocean labouring with the terrors of the storm, which vary their unspeakable extent of prospect. A thousand intermediary changes are hourly, momentarily, perceptible. Not a cloud sailing across the sunny sky,—and ocean-skies teem with those humid exhalations,—but casts a correspondent shadow on the surface of the waters, darkening their blue to purple, or changing their glossy green to the tinges of the dying dolphin. The “seachanges” of a marine view are in fact so infinitely multiplied by the effects of wind and weather, tide and time, that from the first gleam of morning to the last of evening twilight, too wonderful a succession of beauties presents itself to the observant eye, for the commemoration of pen or pencil.

But independently of its fine prospects of the open sea, the farm of Helisle commanded a coast-view of unusual interest. Though immediately adjoining the spot the shore presented only a gravelly bank, yet at the distance of half a mile along its windings, commences the beautiful mountainous ridge, shelving to the sands of Furness from the lofty heights diversifying the district of the Lakes. From these, with their changeful mists or clear prominence against the sky, Helisle borrows another source of endless variety; and while the dainty tourist might pronounce this region of gulls and curlews, remote from city, town, or even village, the most desolate fragment of a sufficiently desolate country, the dwellers on the spot found in its exciting breezes and varying tides as attractive a play of features as ever brightened the serene countenance of solitude.

Yet the inmates of the secluded house were people who had seen the stir and tumult of the world; had sat and even presided at good men's feasts; having retired to the precarious shelter of that comfortless abode neither from disgust at the giddiness of the crowd, nor a milder frame of self-denying philosophy. They came there all but penniless;—they still abided there, miserably poor. But though Master Warnford's wife was saluted by her humble neighbours of the coast as “*Mistress*” or “*Dame*,” she had claim to the right honourable title of “*the Lady Anne*,” being daughter to the Earl of Lovell, one of the proudest peers of England; by whom, on her rash marriage at sixteen with the younger son of one of Cromwell's upstart generals, she had been cast off and renounced for evermore. The earl, by whose undue domestic severity the ear of his daughter was first inclined towards the first lovesuit tendered to her charms, resented with harshness the rash step his harshness had brought about; and though, for five years after their marriage, the Warnfords entertained no doubt of his eventual pardon, they were at length forced reluctantly to admit that all hope was lost of Lord Lovell's secession from his oath to behold his daughter's face no more. They now felt that they should have dealt more sparingly with the small patrimony derived by Warnford from his deceased parents, which was all but dissipated in the belief that, after a certain period of estrangement, the earl would recall his daughter to his favour, and restore her to her rights upon his inheritance.

But this expectation was extinguished. A staunch adherent of the House of Stuart, to whose haughty and obdurate despotism the frailties of his own nature bore considerable affinity, the Earl of Lovell had in his time been exposed to insult and injury at the hands of the Roundheads; and his narrow spirit took delight in revenging on the son and grandchildren of General Warnford the long-smarting wounds of his self-love; regardless that in the veins of the latter was flowing the blood of progenitors whom he worshipped with all the paltry adulation of family pride. Rejecting every overture of reconciliation from his daughter, he left her letters of entreaty unanswered, and at length returned them unopened; till Warnford, who, at thirty years of age, had progressed from the romantic youth into a disappointed, gloomy, helpless, hopeless man, insisted that she should humiliate herself and him no more by the renewal of these unavailing solicitations.

From the period of their imprudent marriage, the young people had inhabited a small house in the little capital of the county-palatinate, of which Warnford's mother was a native; and there, in attempting to secure to the lovely Lady Anne, whom he had allured, while a student of Oxford, from her father's stately mansion in the neighbourhood of the university, some portion of the comforts of her luxurious home, his substance had dwindled away. At thirty he was the father of two children, a girl and boy, with barely the means of maintenance for his single self.

"We shall starve—we and these helpless ones must starve!" was Warnford's desponding ejaculation, on the night when Lord Lovell's silent rejection of his daughter's last petition satisfied them that all expectation of succour from his mercy was at an end. "Our debts in this place nearly equal the small remnant of my means. I have no friends, no kinsman, no interest to push me forward in the world. Though the slightest word from Lord Lovell's lips would, without diminishing by a doit the property he prizes so dearly, secure me from the king's government the occasion to work out my independence and bestow an education on our children, we must sink still lower in the scale of misery—must work—must want—and perhaps work and want in vain. Perhaps, with our best efforts, these babes may sink under their privations; and you, my patient, suffering wife, prove unable to confront the hardships we have no longer hope to overcome. Would—would that I had died, ere I persuaded you to desert your prosperous and bright career, for the cheerless home of an obscure and poverty-stricken man!"

"Have you courage to say this?" faltered his wife, who sat rocking with one foot the cradle of their elder child, and holding in her arms the noble infant she had just hushed off to sleep upon her bosom, "when you know that my sole solace in my troubles is the belief that life would have been worthless in your eyes unshared by the wife and children who are weighing you down to poverty!"

"And so it would!" cried Warnford, with rapid utterance. "You have been, you *are*, you even will be—the crown and glory of my

days. The sight of these children and their tender caresses would be as a foretaste of heaven, but for the anxieties for their future welfare darkening my soul. But to know that, grievous as are the straits to which my rashness has reduced you, they must become a thousand-fold more cruel, distracts my very reason. You, so tenderly reared—so cared for that your foot fell upon velvet and not a breath was suffered to blow on your fragile youth—you to labour—you to need the common necessities of life!—O why was I tempted to do this thing, and how shall I abide the sight of your wretchedness?"

"Cheer up, Warnford!" cried the kind-hearted being, whose nature was a nature of love, sparing one hand from her little charge to extend it to the ready caress of her husband. "If this be all, cheer up!—You know me only as the thriftless, giddy girl—the dainty, tender woman—henceforward you shall see me the stirring matron—the careful housewife. Love would be a pitiful thing did it suggest no higher proof of its strength than honeyed words and idle fondling, such as I have, perhaps, wearied you withal. But it has a power and courage of its own! Trust me, it has a power and courage of its own!—a power to act, a courage to bear, which constitute a yet more intimate portion of its happiness. Had we been prosperous—world-seekers, pleasure-hunters, wasters of the gawds and luxuries of life—sweet protestations and tender embraces had been the utmost proof in my power that never have I repented the act suggested by the wantonness of girlish preference. My reason now confirms my choice.

"The blessing of God decrees that the vows so lightsomely sworn can now be renewed in all the solemnity of womanly truth; and to that first sweet promise to love and honour, in sickness and in health, to take for richer for poorer, for better for worse,—I superadd a pledge that, knowing the *poorer*, and having experience of the *worse*, I would still bear all, and more also, for your sake."

Warnford made no reply. He was labouring, with a strong man's effort, to restrain the tears that would have fain burst forth from the inmost recesses of his heart. He was too proud to weep in her presence—too agonized to speak.

"You think, perhaps," added Lady Anne, in a lower voice, "that this fortitude will not abide; that poverty is a gnawing thing which devours the strongest courage. *Try me!* I have the consciousness of a stronger mind—a yet more enduring patience. I defy the cares or wants of life to do more than bow down my body to death;—they shall neither tire my submission nor exhaust my tenderness for you and those whom you have given me!"

He was about to answer, when pressing his hand fervently with the soft slender fingers in which it was still enveloped, she added, "One word more!—I have a condition to affix to my devotedness.—I must have you cheer your spirits for my sake—I must have you up and bestir yourself—I must have you persevere to a good end! I will labour cheerfully, but you must be my help-mate and companion. I will oppose a cheerful face to sorrow, but yours must no longer wear a frown. We are not



utterly deserted of Heaven—we have youth and health; and for how many of the creatures of God do these form a sufficient provision! Such fair and promising children are not vouchsafed to us in vain. They are given us as pledges of better days—they are given us as encouragement to bear and to forbear—they are given as an incitement to our efforts, and a comfort to our cares. For *them*, dearest, and for *me*, look to the brighter side of things. If I do not forget my father, I have at least forgotten my father's house; nay, I have forgotten all, save love and duty—love that makes duty light, and duty that sobers and consecrates the sportiveness of love. Low as we are in life, I am happy; be happy too, and nothing will be left me to desire."

And, lo! thus cheered and comforted, there was hope by the desolate fireside of the necessitous man.

But this was not all. Words of solace were not the only offering of the good and tender wife. She had words of counsel, too, for his ear, which, after much debate, tended to a happy issue.

Lady Anne persuaded him to quit Lancaster, to renounce the intercourse of those of their own degree—people who loved them no jot the better for attempts to maintain a position in life ruinous to their narrow fortunes. After much seeking, they found notice at an attorney's office of a vacancy at the miserable farm of Helisle; and nearly the remainder of Warnford's heritage was expended in the necessary outlay for lease, stock, and plenishing. Having settled themselves thus, at the extremity of civilization, they resigned all pretence to gentleness of condition, the pomps of life; worked hard, fared hard; and after two years' buffeting between necessity and the lingering influence of their early breeding, found their refinement of nature and sentiment worn down to the exigencies of their condition. Algernon Warnford held the plough which was to procure bread for his children, while Mistress Warnford tended the two lean milch-kine, which afforded their chief subsistence.

The unfruitful soil was such as to tax the utmost efforts of the inexperienced husbandman. The peasant's boy and girl, hired to assist the labours of the distressed family, gave only trouble by their ignorance. But in the sequel, perseverance prevailed. Though he who, as a gentleman, had been a bad scholar, proved as a farmer an indifferent agriculturist, the effort of being up early and late, toiling through summer's sun and winter's frost, overcame, as Providence hath promised, the stubborn curse of nature; and at the close of five years of heavy labour, the Warnfords were not only able to maintain their elder children, and a younger—an ocean pearl, born in the briny solitude of Helisle—but had amassed great store of wealth—a press full of linen, spun under their roof—several articles of household furniture, the product of their united ingenuity—and, above all, a stout coble-boat, which, with the aid of an able builder from Whitehaven, who passed a couple of summer months domiciled with them at the farm, Warnford had launched with great ceremony from the stocks, and christened and

painted with the auspicious name of "The Lady Anne of Helisle." It may be doubted whether the Earl of Lovell, who was now officiating in his frivolous old age as Lord Chamberlain to his most gracious Majesty, had in the interim achieved any effort half so gratifying.

Nor was the ornamental department wholly neglected. Warnford had retouched and white-washed, within and without, the plaster walls of the little dwelling, had contrived a rude carpet of sheepskins for the portion of the hall or kitchen specially habited by his wife, and had even planted the spot of ground beneath her window with hedges of fragrant rosemary, which, as its name denoteth, rejoices in the dew of the sea; for the sea-spray reached it there. On winter nights the humbleness of the one-storied mansion was its sole security against the tremendous storm-bursts of the Irish channel; and often, when signals of distress boomed from the offing, Mistress Warnford would start from her pillow, and with a prayer of intercession for the souls in peril, bless the roof that gave such comfortable shelter to the helpless ones whom her soul loved.

In fine weather, she and her children—more especially her son Walter—often accompanied Warnford when his day's labours were done, in an evening sail, coasting those beautiful shores. Or she would follow him to the mainland, when business carried him to market at Dalton or Rampside, for a kindly visit to the wives of one or two small farmers, with whom they maintained interchange of good-will, borrowing or lending, nursing or claiming tendance in sickness, exchanging a basket of fish for a brood of early chickens, or a measure of rapeseed or yarn, for faggot-wood or turf. It was one of the sacrifices exacted of Warnford's pride by his more nobly-constituted wife, that he should stoop in all things to his altered condition, and live, and let live, with those among whom Providence had appointed their career.

There was old Hal Hobbs and his dame, cot-ters on the Condish estates which extend along the coast by Furness, who thought the month a long one in which Mistress Warnford, or her good man, forgot to bring Watty and Leeny to taste their honey, or garden berries.

"Marry—the boy and girl were so sprightly, yet so jaunty and well-spoken withal," that the old people hailed the coming of the young mother, (with her large loving eyes beaming tenderness on the fair child, the young Lucy, that still lingered in her arms, from fondling more than helplessness,) as a festival in their life of labour.

But as years drew on, the mother, as by nature appointed, began to outweigh the wife in the bosom of Lord Lovell's daughter. She had borne cheerfully with her lot for herself, and for her husband; she could not be so easily contented for her children. Her mind, and that of Warnford, had been formed by early education; and though no leisure or opportunity was left them now for indulgence of scholarship, they knew enough to derive double enjoyment from the revealed phenomena of nature, which afforded the recreation of their uneventful lives. But the children had no books—no instructors; and, engrossed by the homely in-

dustry indispensable to their support, their parents could do little in that task of unremitting preceptorship indispensable to drive the young and volatile through the thorny ways of learning.

Walter and Helena accordingly wandered all day long about the featureless fields of the islet, without a shrub or bush to fix their attention, or a field-flower to enliven the saline herbage. Hand in hand they watched by the shore till the receding tide left clear to their eager feet those sparkling sands, to which every ebb of the waters afforded hazard or novelty; purple sea-shells, lightly embedded there, the curious pebble, the stranded weed, detached from the podded vegetation clinging to the sunken rocks; the living jellies of the sea-anemone or star-fish, or some shelly outcast flung by the waves on the shore to crawl its awkward way back again to a more congenial element. The white gulls would stand unheeding, while the two little ones went wandering up and down; or the curlew dip its wing into the wave within reach of their little hands; so gentle were their movements, and so customary their presence on the spot.

But when Walter attained the age of hardihood, and at ten years old, delighted to unmoor the coble from its chain, and having set the sail, steer boldly along the shore towards Furness, having compelled his sister to bear him company, that they might encounter together the chastisement of their disobedience, Mistress Warnford felt that the boy's spirit was breaking bounds. He had none of the usual occupations of youth to exhaust his elasticity of limb and muscle—no pony to ride—no tree to climb—no companion to overcome in wrestling, quoits, or other athletic exercises. He had no associate but his sister Helena; for a sort of innate arrogance kept him aloof from the herdsman employed in the out-door labours of the farm. At length, having escaped one day from home to the fair at Dalton, and tarried away till the tide had flowed and ebbed and flowed again, distracting his mother with apprehensions lest finding himself belated, he should attempt to wade through the channel of the flowing waters when nearly breast-high, as she had often known him to do before—she resolved, when she clasped the truant once more in her arms, (after having dared the passage in a crazy tub of a boat, long condemned as unseaworthy by the fishermen of Rampside,) to make some attempt at rescuing her son from a state of life, where the energies of his arrogant nature were thus afflictively doomed to run to waste.

A letter was accordingly indited to the Earl of Lovell by his daughter; pretending no penitence for the past, but setting forth the degraded prospects of her children for the future, unless he deigned to extend a succourable hand, and enable them by fitting education to assume at some future time a position in the world more consonant with their honourable kinship. For herself, she asked nothing—low as was her estate, Lady Anne avowed herself content. All she entreated of her father was to call her fair young son to his presence, and decide, by personal investigation, whether it were not foul shame for a youth so nobly gifted in mind and body, to sink into a hewer of wood

and drawer of water. Unknown to Warnford was the letter written and despatched to the Dalton post-office; and as his wife stood watching the coble driving over the little channel to the mainland, bearing with it the missive which was to decide the destinies of her offspring, she almost trembled at the reflection that her proceeding might become a source of alienation in the little family, even as her island home, which at sunrise had been part and parcel of the continent, was now a severed islet, circumscribed by the roaring sea.

Time passed away, but no answer from Lovell Court! Lady Anne felt that she had humiliated herself in vain. Her father's heart, like her father's door, was irrevocably closed against her, and she congratulated herself that she had not acquainted Warnford with her measures, and so procured him a share in her disappointment. For Warnford was now a gloomy-minded, unyielding man. Hard labour and severe care had extinguished the happier impulses of his nature. His slavery had become mechanical to him, for he saw that it was to be the unamending portion of his life; but not even the gentle companionship of his angelic wife could bring smiles to his face, or words of gladness to his lip. His father's spirit was breaking out in him. He had grown devout; not with the wholesome piety of a heart at ease, which beholds motive for gratitude in even the least of the benefits conferred by the bounty of Providence; but with a sour, fretful, fractious spirit of superstitious fear; a peevish interpreting of texts—an angry resentment of the triumph of the king and his church. With his wife he was invariably irritable—with the children tyrannical and unjust; and while grieving that young Walter must grow up in such bitter bondage, she rejoiced that the father knew nothing of the emancipation she had premeditated for her son.

One day when the lad was assisting his father to cart shingles from the seaward shore, and Mistress Warnford was busied in hanging out upon the rosemary bushes a web of fine linen, the product of her winter's spinning, which she had destined for clothing for the boy, had he been called away by his grandsire, Helena shouted from the garden-stile tidings that two strangers, richly dressed, were crossing the sands on horseback, guided by young Hob, the stable knave of the hostel at Dalton. Involuntarily the matron blushed, and drew closer round her face the pinners which the sea breezes had blown away, as she hastened towards the porch of her humble home, to set her house in order for the reception of guests whom she suspected to be on their way to visit the Lady Anne Lovell, not to confer with Master Warnford of Helisle Farm.

They came. They doffed their broad beavers courteously to the trembling woman, requesting her to announce to her mistress that the auditor and chaplain of the Earl of Lovell were under her roof; and when her exclamation, "You come to me then from my father!" revealed the truth, they were sufficiently wanting in tact to betray their amazement that the daughter of their illustrious patron should be clothed in weather-stained linsey woolsey, and

have her cheeks swarthy and withered by everlasting exposure to the sun and winds of that shapeless island.

Their errand was quickly said. They brought missives from the earl, undertaking the charge of his elder grandchildren, on condition that they were given up to his care, to be bred as became the future inheritors of his fortunes. His elder daughters, the Marchioness of Saltram and the Lady Helena Mauleverer, having in their turn incurred his displeasure, he engaged to make forthwith a handsome settlement on Walter and Helena Warnford, upon a renunciation on the part of their parents of all interference in their future destinies.

Lady Anne trembled as she read; *not* lest her husband should refuse his assent to the humiliating proposals she had brought upon herself, but rather lest he should *agree* to part with the children. It was only for her son she had petitioned. She knew her own capability to bestow upon her blooming Helena such education as she held indispensable to an humble home-staying woman; and the project of the earl to deprive her at once of both her children, filled her bosom with dismay. She would fain have answered by a hasty negative, and dismissed the two delegates of Lord Lovell ere Warnford could be apprized of their arrival. But this was impossible. Two horsemen could not easily arrive at Helisle unknown to the farmer; and accordingly, after the lapse of a few minutes, Warnford, in his fustian suit, and wearing his stern looks, entered, and bade a surly welcome to the strangers.

To the surprise of his wife, however, those looks brightened when the object of their mission came to be explained. The Helisle outcast had that morning discovered that he was likely to be a heavy loser by the season's crops; and had received within a few days an insolent letter from the attorney of his landlord, claiming arrears of rent, and threatening ejection; and having these evil prospects before him for his helpless family, the offers vouchsafed by Lord Lovell came like manna in the wilderness.

It was not a generous sentiment which decided his grateful acceptance. He thought nothing of the ultimate benefit of his offspring. He thought only of the joy of deliverance from a present burden; of having fewer mouths to fill by the wasting toil of his hands; fewer eyes to keep watch upon his mental irritation, when he came from work to the contemplation of work to come.

The mother was silent when she heard sentence pronounced; for no arguments *she* could urge would prevail over his determination. The days were gone when her gentle voice could work miracles with his sullenness. She had gradually ceased to be the lovely Lady Anne in his eyes—the angelic Lady Anne in his heart. She had become Mistress Warnford—Dame Warnford—Goody Warnford—the butt of his ill-humour, the slave of his domestic despotism.

But while repressing thus her words and tears, the mother's heart was wrung with anguish. Master Rickatts, the auditor, explained that it was the earl's intention, on receiving the engrossed assent of the parents to his

adoption of his grandchildren, to despatch his equipage and attendants to meet them at Lancaster; that a tutor was already appointed to prepare young Walter for Eton College; and a *gouvernante* of confidence to escort Helena to the court of France, where her aunt, the Marquise de Castries, sister to the Earl of Lovell, (holding a high appointment in the suite of madame, the sister of Charles II.,) would provide for her suitable education better than could be done in the gorgeous seclusion of Lovell Court. Mistress Warnford listened in consternation; courts and princesses for her Helena! for the untutored child of nature, accustomed to chase her father's Irish hounds along the sands, or hold the steerage of the coble for her wilful brother! But there was no remedy. Warnford decreed that it was to be so. The children were to go—he seemed to care nothing whither. When she wept and wrung her hands at parting with them, her husband reviled her that the thing was of her own doing—that but for her letter to the earl, there would have been neither thought nor speech of their removal from Helisle. For many months afterwards, when roused in the watches of the night by the bellowing of the storm, she called upon the names of her children, and wondered how they fared at that unquiet moment, he would answer her still with texts, illustrative of the restless thanklessness of human nature, that had no virtue to content itself with the dispensations of the All-seeing and All-wise.

Thus admonished, she resigned herself. There was still the little prattling Lucy—with her open brow and clustering auburn curls, clinging yet closer to her mother, for having lost the young companions of her infancy. Lucy was now more than six years old; hitherto content with the enjoyments of her age—the sights and sounds revealed by the common changes of season and the elements. But there was none to lead *her* forth on the silver sands in search of purple sea-shell, or streaming weed: none to venture with her to the back of the island, where a long strip of crisp rank herbage gave forth, in the early spring, a few specimens of hard, stiff, prickly-blossomed weeds, the wretched Flora of miserable Helisle. Till, at last baffled of all hope to wander, the gentle child disposed herself to follow, like a spirit, up and down, the household movements of her lonely mother; to watch her while she set the milk or churned the butter, spun beside the hearth in winter, or in summer trimmed up the garden walks, or sat in the shadow of the house, making or mending garments for her husband, or nets for his summer fishing.

Intense was the love that sprang up between them! As the mother's hair whitened and withered under her coil, Lucy's lengthening tresses grew to overhang her ivory shoulders, and proclaimed that the fair girl, so lately a child, was soon to be a woman; and for *her*, Mistress Warnford never experienced one of those misgivings she had felt for her elder offspring. So refined was the natural look of Lucy Warnford—so gentle-toned her voice—so fine her aptitude in receiving instruction, that the

trammels of education appeared superfluous. Uninfluenced by the example of a boisterous brother, Lucy had never, even in her sports, outpassed the silken limits of her sex. In her, nature had made "a lady of her own."

The talk of the mother and daughter was often of the absent ones: Lucy had gradually forgotten all but the name of her brother and sister. She had a vague recollection of having been clasped to her mother's bosom more graspingly and tenderly than usual, after parting from a group of grand personages, among whom the shadowy forms she remembered as Watty and Leeny, had been borne away; but nothing farther. It had been covenanted by Lord Lovell that no intercourse was to take place between the parents and children; saving that, on the first day of every year, came a letter from Mister Rickatts, stating that Master Walter and Mistress Helena were in good health, progressing in their studies, and contenting the expectations of the earl. Walter was now on the eve of being entered at Oxford; Helena of being withdrawn from the Convent of Panthemont, where she had received her education, to be introduced by the Marquise de Castries into society. All this was duly discussed between Lucy and her mother, but always in Warnford's absence. Speech of courts or scholarship, princesses or earls, were things he could no longer abide. The influence of religious enthusiasm on a mind disturbed by disappointment, in that uttermost solitude, had produced its usual distressing consequences. He had become a fanatic—a visionary. His delight was to wander from home; to follow after strange preachers among the dales of Lancashire or Westmoreland; and lacking these, to hold forth in exposition of the scriptures; by misinterpretation of which, his own mind had been led astray. Had it not been for the thrift and patience of his partner, the little farm must have gone rapidly to ruin. But the guardian angel—the pearl without price—the tender wife and mother, watched over all; received back with unrepining tenderness the miserable wanderer; and during his absence wrought with double diligence in his behalf.

While Helena (Lovell as she was called, not Warnford) was emerging from her convent, graceful, skilful, accomplished, arrayed with all the cost and elegance becoming the position she was to hold in the world, Mistress Warnford, still only four-and-thirty years of age, was stretching her husband's nets to dry upon the stone fence of her little garden; driving her few lean sheep to their fold; salting the winter butter for the family; folding the snow-white linen for the press; not repiningly—not with a yearning thought of better days; but with a mild serenity of brow, and contentedness of soul, worthy of admiration. Nay, sometimes on a cheery May morning, when Lucy's step was bounding before her, or Lucy's morning kiss had been more earnest than usual, a low-voiced tune, like the murmur of the waters rippling on the beach, would proceed from the lips of the hard-working, tender-hearted woman. Her fair hands and well-turned arms were hard and brown with unremitting labour. But the soul within her was unchanged; soft, fair, femi-

nine, and noble, as in her days of helpless gentility.

It was a brilliant day, meanwhile, in the annals of Lovell House, that witnessed the arrival of the Marchioness de Castries and her niece, to preside over its princely establishment. Henrietta of Orleans had now been some years dead; and the Marchioness was glad to abandon the city where the murderers of her beloved mistress remained unpunished, for her brother's lordly mansion in Scotland Yard. Overlooking the Thames, where floated, moored to its garden-stairs, several barges bearing the cognizance of the earl, Lovell House was a fine old structure of the time of the first James; ponderously magnificent—and consequently in strict accordance with the style of living affected by the man designated by Rochester, Buckingham, and Tom Killegrew, as "the pompostorous Earl of Lovell."

Harder in his nature, and more worldly than ever, Lord Lovell hailed with delight the coming of the stately marquise, whose breeding of Versailles was to add new dignity to his domestic circle, and the beauteous grandchild who was to breathe the rejuvenescence of her eighteen years upon his withered existence. His vanity was tickled by anticipation of the gay figure these daughters of his line would make in the royal circle of Whitehall; and his malice gratified by the notion of the envy with which their elevation to his favour must be regarded by his two rebellious daughters, the Ladies Saltram and Mauleverer. Of his third daughter, his once-loved Anne, he thought no more than if she had been buried *dead* instead of *alive* in the ultima thule of Helisle! Morally extinguished by her *mesalliance*, his lordship deemed it superfluous to inform himself whether she retained so much as physical existence.

But there was one person at Lovell House, to whom the arrival of the two ladies afforded any thing but satisfaction. Sir Walter Lovell (for the vain youth had been knighted by the king when officiating as proxy to the earl at the installation of Knights of the Garter) had long reigned supreme in the affections of his grandfather. Frivolous and licentious, the false position in which he was placed, by Lord Lovell's peremptory alienation from all natural ties, had gradually effaced all natural affections in his bosom. To love the earl was impossible. His sister was banished to a foreign country. His parents were henceforward nothing to his tenderness or duty. The world was to be all in all; its splendours his solace—its favour his sufficient happiness. The lessons of adversity were forgotten. As the manners of the young courtier softened, his heart grew hard. Dissolute in his habits, his chief anxiety was to keep from the knowledge of his grandfather, excesses of a nature to be held derogatory by the stately old nobleman; and Sir Walter justly feared that the establishment of female espionage at Lovell House must be fatal to his superficial reputation.

"I kiss your fair hand, sweet sister!" cried he, throwing himself without ceremony into a seat, in the gorgeous withdrawing-room, appointed to the marchioness's use, the day after Helena's arrival in her native country. "I was dining last night with Muskerry, or should

have been at hand to assist our lady aunt from her coach, and tuck the chaplain and lapdog under either arm, to make their solemn entry into Lovell House."

"The latter duty you would have been spared," said Helena, smiling at his affectation of dress and manner, which all but rivalled her own. "In place of chaplain and lapdog, the *chère marquise* travels with a pair of the prettiest and most adroit *soubrettes* that ever pinned up a fontange, or stretched a stomacher; and neither Mademoiselle Péroline, nor Mademoiselle Celeste, is in the habit of being "tucked" under the arm of a cavalier so unlettered as to groan under the weight of Alençon point after Easter, or to sport boots of chamois leather, while Spanish morocco is to be had for money."

"I' faith, well said!" cried Sir Walter, enchanted by the grace with which the *belle Parisienne* sat tossing a *cassolette* of perfumes, affixed to her wrist by a golden chain, which ever and anon she caught in her snow-white hand, to cast it lightly forth again. "And I was wrong to talk of such old-world pets as lapdogs and chaplains to ladies of degree, who doubtless entertain a marmoset and an astrologer! But tell me, sweet sister! what is the last news from the Salle de Diane, and the circle of its purest Diana, Athénée de Montespan? Is his holiness's Bolognese bull promulgated yet by the cardinal, and sanctioned by *la bonne compagnie*? And is it now a received thing to intersperse breast-knots of lilac on an amber-coloured bodice?"

"Even as you see, good brother," replied Helena; "but trouble not your fastidious eyes with a thing so trivial as this my morning *négligé*. Suspend your judgment until Thursday night; when, having been presented to her majesty in her private closet, we are to appear at the ball at court, and lo! you shall behold a certain robe of silver gauze, embroidered on the seams in Parma violets, whereof every eye hath an encrusted topaz, of which even Lauzun protested the fashion to be unique, when I danced in it, as one of the handmaidens of Flora, in the last royal ballet performed at St. Cloud."

"Silver gauze is altogether cittyish and tawdry," said Sir Walter, disdainfully. "Gauze of silk or thread is your only wear. I protest to you, *ma mignone*, that cloth of gold or silver is obsolete and unseasonable for this merry month of May."

"Obsolete!" cried the young beauty, with rising bloom: "how long, pray, has Scythian London presumed to affect principles of its own upon such subjects? Have *we* Parisians so liberally supplied you with tailors, embroiderers, and bulletins of fashion, in the overflowing of our goodness and frippery, that you end by setting up as dictators on your own account!—Bah! Content yourselves—worthy fog-bewildered souls as ye are—with legislating in musty parliaments and long-robed courts of justice, but presume not (as Elizabeth said in her haste to her senate) to meddle with matters beyond your reach. I maintain that gauze of silver is fitting wear for a ball-room, even were the dogstar raging. But here comes the marchioness, tottering under the weight of her

rouge and *faux toupet*—a salute on either cheek, if you love yourself, my gentle brother. To kiss her finger-tip, as you did mine, would pass for a most unnephewlike *sang froid*."

"My dear soul, how is this!" cried Madame de Castries, having courteously accepted from Sir Walter the gullant embrace suggested by her niece. "What is it I hear—that my brother has neither evening set apart for the reception of society—nor groom-porter, nor pharo-bank, nor ombre, nor basset, nor anything usual or decorous, established in the house! What means such strange irregularity in an establishment of so much note and splendour?—and what does he intend us to do with ourselves when there is nothing going on at court, and neither ball nor masquerade in question! Does he expect us to mew ourselves up with him of an evening in this state-prison, to the light of half a dozen sconces, and perhaps the tune of a couple of fiddles, lullabying one to sleep with 'Damon, god of my affection,' or some other playhouse ditty!"

"Doubtless, my dear madam," replied Sir Walter, having led her to a chair, "my grandfather will accede to all your reasonable desires. Hitherto his household hath been neglected: his office detaining him chiefly near the king, and my own naturally studious and retiring disposition having engaged me in literary and scientific society, whence such toys as cards and dice are necessarily banished."

"I cannot live without my hocca," cried the marchioness, taking a long pinch of *rapée* from a glittering box, enamelled with a portrait of her friend Sir Evremont, having a stanza from Voiture engraven on the golden reverse. "To sleep without the incentive of my nightly game is as impossible as to wake without the excitement of my morning coffee. See to this for me, Walter: consult the Chevalier Hamilton and the few other civilized beings you have got among you—make me up a little coterie, to wean me gradually from the cream of luxurious Paris down to the skim-milk of splenetic London! Conversation, taste, or elegance, we do not look for from you; but, in pity to two forlorn females, give us that which even blockheads can provide, a pack of cards and a tolerable cup of Mocha."

Thus adjured, Sir Walter decided that it would be more prudent to seek a confederate in the marchioness than attempt to out-general her manœuvres. He promised, therefore, to do his best for her ladyship's enlivenment; and Lord Lovell was induced to endure, as the avowed guests of his sister, the society of the profligate companions of his nephew. Assured by the marchioness that high play was one of the vices *de bon ton* monopolized by the *grand monarque* for the delectation of his court, the earl submitted to see a bank established in the grand gallery of Lovell House, illuminated twice a week for the reception of visitors; and there, as a pretext for quaffing Spanish wines with the gay and brilliant Sir Walter Lovell, and bandying light retorts with his beautiful sister, the Duke of Buckingham, Beau Fielding, Jemyn, Count Hamilton, and other leading fashionists and wits of the day, consented to sacrifice their patience to the tedious patter of the old earl, and a few gold pieces to

the insatiable love of play of the Marchioness de Castries. It became one of the most-frequented mansions in London; and Charles himself sometimes laughingly deplored the etiquette which forbade him to become a loungeur in the gay saloons of his lord chamberlain.

But the fair Helena had not been educated in Paris to so little purpose as to imagine that the brilliant homage of these libertines of fashion was the one thing needful. Her grandfather had promised her a noble fortune; but not even the broad lands he was to bequeath her would obliterate at the court of a Stuart, the shame of ignoble and roundhead descent. The triumph of the new comer, in her robe of silver gauze and Parma violets, had excited universal indignation among the maids of honour, both of the queen and the duchess. Who was this Miss Lovell that smiled so insolently as she walked a minuet with the young Duke of Monmouth, after fixing the admiring attention of Grammont and all his satellites!—an impostor! The offspring of a *roturier*, whose real name was besprinkled with the mire of the commonwealth. The whisper went round. Helena's eyes sparkled with indignation. "They should repent the ignominy cast upon her. She would soar above them, and surprise them yet." Already the Earl of St. Albans was among her rejected suitors. She had set her heart—(HER heart)—upon a duke! The laurels wherewith she would fain be crowned were strawberry-leaves; and it was after forming this resolution, (while apparently devoting her attention to the beauty of a pair of cats of cracked porcelain, gracing the marchioness's chimney-piece,) that his young grace of Glamorgan was invited by Madame de Castries to become her pupil in the mysteries of basset. Lord Lovell was satisfied that the Duke visited so assiduously at the house, in compliment to himself—the venerable friend of his grandsire. Sir Walter found that the youth was ambitious of forming himself in his *école des bonnes manières*. The marchioness decided that he came there to pay his compliments to her snuff-box, and the four aces. But Helena was equally positive that, whatever the Duke of Glamorgan might come to seek at Lovell House, he should find nothing less important than a duchess. He was a gentle, ingenuous youth; and fearing to alarm him by a display of her Parisian levities, she gave up coquetting with Harry Jemyn, and bandying witticisms with Rochester, to edify the world of fashion by the strict decorum of her maidenly reserve.

While these glittering pageants were enacting in the vicinity of Whitehall, the desolation of Heisle waxed gloomier, and yet more gloomy. Warnford's reason was now completely disordered. It was only by following him incessantly, in his wanderings, that his matchless wife prevented him from becoming the victim of his delusion. Often did he rush forth upon the sands when the tides were rolling in upon a winter's night; and amid the bellowing of the storm, and the frightful violence of the night winds, command the waves to recede, in confirmation of his faith; nor could anything but the persuasive caresses of his wife, (her voice being inaudible among the tumults of the

scene,) induce him to seek shelter at home from the inclemencies of the weather. At other times she would follow him to Dalton, and from Dalton pursue her weary way to the mountains of Black Comb or Langdale, and while he wandered frantic among the ravines and recesses of the hills, attend his steps with bleeding feet and panting bosom, clinging to him protectingly when she saw him about to precipitate himself from some frightful precipice, as an ordeal of the protection of the Almighty.

But, alas! during these frequent absences from home, her gentle Lucy was left alone with a boorish servant on the solitary islet; and this necessity was, of all her trials, the most painful to Mistress Warnford.

"Not unto me should this duty have been appointed!" did she more than once murmur while following the wanderings of the demented man through storm and ford, among perilous morasses or shelving rocks. "It is his son who should be here to do this;—his son, with a strong arm to restrain, and a strong voice to overmaster the paroxysms of his fearful madness."

But there was no son at hand to relieve her painful efforts by the sacrifice of his filial duty. Walter Warnford had ceased to exist; for the Sir Walter Lovell, in whom his existence was merged, was a vain voluptuary, who would have pished and pshawed at the mere mention of his absent parents, and their misfortunes.

"I have been pestered with a strange letter this morning," said Helena to her brother, producing one day at arm's length a clumsy packet, by mere contact with which she seemed to think herself dishonoured. "Did you know that those people in the north were still alive! My aunt informed me at Paris, (on my inquiry about them on some occasion or other,) that they were all swept away by an inundation—conflagration—or the Heavens know what."

"Leave that knowledge to the Heavens, then," my pretty Helena, drawled Sir Walter; "for it is written in black and white, that we are either to know no parents or know no grandsire; and I have a notion that our elderly gentleman, with a rent-roll of sixty thousand per annum, is the acquaintance worth preserving of the two."

"The more so, that our aunts, Saltram and Mauleverer, have lately been attacking the earl on his weak side, per favour of his ghostly comforter, Father O'Mahony," observed Helena.

"And what says yonder inopportune letter," demanded her brother, setting his ruffles.

"Many things unseemly to repeat. 'Tis writ by little Lucy, (the child, though grown into a woman, is endowed apparently with scarce instruction or breeding for a chambermaid,) who informs me that her father is a lunatic, and her mother, it would seem scarcely more rational—since she trudges after him up and down, like an esquire of the body, leaving her young daughter to be devoured by rats and mice, and such small deer, but lacking nourishment of her own. In short, they are all crazy, and all starving. What is to be done?"

"Nothing! The smallest intercourse would be followed by our expulsion from the favour of

the earl. Such, since I attained years of discretion, hath been the reiterated lesson of old Rickatts, who stand so much our friend."

"'Tis a most misjudging thing of this young girl to have placed me in so sore a strait," observed Helena, tearing to pieces a rose, the gift of the Duke of Glamorgan, which she had taken from her bosom. "How am I to answer her letter?"

"Take no note of it, child—as I do those of my unruly creditors. 'Twould be an encouragement to importunity were such applications favoured with an answer. Miss Lucy will conclude that her petition miscarried, and we shall be troubled no more with her importunities."

Lucy *did* conclude so; for, to her young heart, the monstrous idea of filial ingratitude had never presented itself. She pictured to herself her beautiful sister, shining like a star in courtly resorts, and reveling in the luxuries of life—she pictured to herself her brave brother, commanding the respect of society by the exercise of every manly virtue; (for, blest as both had been with the enlightenment of education, how could they be otherwise than high-minded and virtuous!) and could not refrain from conjecturing what would be their anguish, could they dream, that while they were pampered with the sweets of life, want was in the dwelling of their parents!

For want was there indeed! The fields of Helisle lay uncultured, the fences broken, the garden-ground a waste! Not a head of cattle—not a sheep—not a living thing in the ruinous sheds—not a handful of meal—not a root—to yield nourishment to the miserable family. For some time the neighbours were generous, and administered to their necessity. But the demand came too often. The season was a bad one, and there was a famine generally upon the land. Winter was coming on severely; fuel was unattainable. Mistress Warnford had shaped her own warm clothing into garments for the lunatic, while, one by one, Lucy insinuated her vestments into her mother's hoard; and with blue lips, and wasted shivering arms, protested, when charged by the tender woman with her good deed, that she could not work while encumbered with winter covering. The poor girl grew weaker and weaker; yet every day she went forth on pretext of rural labour, though there was neither stock nor crop to exact her cares; she only wished to hide from her mother the want and sadness of her hungry face.

Yet, even in that depth of misery, the mother bore all with resignation. Her faltering voice had yet strength to talk of better days in store; her languid eye to look forward to some remote epoch of worldly felicity, when her absent children were to be restored to her, and all was to be well.

"Heaven is merciful," was her constant exhortation to the gentle girl, who brought water to lave her bruised feet when she returned from her painful wanderings—and water was the only offering that remained to Lucy as a token of welcome to her parents. "Heavenness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." When your brother comes into

possession of his independence, will it not be his first thought to fly to our relief? And what delight, to be rewarded for my past miseries, clasped in the arms of my lovely Helena, and beholding *thee*, my duteous child—my youngest born—my best beloved—walking at length in the sunshine of prosperity!"

But, while talking thus with parched but patient lips of the sunshine of prosperity, "a hopeless darkness settled o'er her fate." The miserable man, whose insanity had recently taken a furious turn, (the result of wretchedness, witnessed and shared,) was one day missing from the chamber where he was accustomed to lie, and howl away the intervals of his more restless paroxysms; and his wife, girding on her tattered raiments, prepared herself, as usual, to cross to the mainland, and inquiring the direction of his course, follow and follow through the pitiless storm, till some lucid interval enabled him to recognise her voice, and to return with her to their destitute abode. But, lo, as she was about to go forth, Lucy met her upon the threshold, and in silence prevented her departure. It was in vain that Mistress Warnford remonstrated or questioned. Lucy could reply only by the tenderest caresses—by clasping her mother's hand—by imprinting kisses on her mother's cheek; till after some time she gathered courage to lead her to the spot where lay the dead and disfigured body of the maniac.

For a single moment the widow beheld in him once more the lover of her youth, and wrung her hands in anguish. But better thoughts succeeded. The sufferer was gone to his rest; though he had perished by his own hand, his will was guiltless of the deed; and the poor friendless woman had still fortitude to exclaim—"The will of God be done!" She remained alone with the dead while the weeping Lucy went her way to the mainland, and brought back those who, with sore grumbling at the interruption, dug a grave in the deserted island for the mangled remains of the unhappy Warnford!

To abide longer on that calamitous spot, the two helpless women felt to be impossible. Gathering together the scanty remnant of their property, they set forth to beg their way to London. A charitable friend at Dalton gave them shelter on that first homeless night; and even at that desolate moment, the poor widow felt, as she wept upon the head of her loving and lovely child, that a treasure was hers in the affections of her devoted Lucy, that counterbalanced the evils of her lot.

Weeks of patient perseverance conveyed them to the capital. But, alas! they arrived at a moment disastrous as the history of their own destinies! The plague had broken out, and high and low were flying from the infected city. When at last the miserable wanderers made their way to the stately portal of Lovell House, a train of coaches was at the door to convey the family in haste into Oxfordshire. The postilions were cracking their whips, lackeys uncovered stood thronging the doorsteps, lining the way for the marchioness and her fair niece to reach the equipage; and when Helena, radiant with beauty, issued from the gate, her mother burst through the restraining

through, and flung herself at the feet of her bright and prosperous child, with sobs of ecstasy and love.

"Take her away—take her away!—'tis some poor infected wretch," cried Miss Lovell, recoiling with a piercing shriek from her approach.

"No, no!" faltered the seeming mendicant; "I bring thee no evil—I would die sooner than bring thee evil. I am thy mother, Helena—thy loving, miserable mother!"

Another shriek betrayed the consternation of the young lady, to whom the terms of this address were wholly inaudible, but who fancied she beheld a plague-stricken beggar clinging to her feet. But Sir Walter, who stood inspecting the packing of his traveling-chariot, had caught sufficient insight into the matter to feel that the results of this vexatious scene might be fatal to his prospects in life, surrounded as they were by household spies, by idlers, and above all, in the presence of the Duke of Glamorgan, who was come to take a hasty farewell of Helena, ere he rejoined the family at Lovell Court. Rumours of the strange incident would be sure to reach the ears of the earl who had preceded them by a few hours, upon the road. He felt persuaded that Lord Lovell would not fail to resent upon his grandchildren so indecent an intrusion, unless they promptly marked their disavowal of the measure. "Drive the woman hence!" cried he, to the herd of lackeys around him: "would you see the life of your young lady periled before your cowardly faces?"

"Walter!—my own brave, beautiful, noble Walter!" faltered the half-fainting woman—"I die content to have looked upon your face once more. Walter!—my sweet Walter, have pity!—It is your mother who is groveling at your feet."

"Away with her!" cried young Lovell, deaf to those tender words, which were drowned in the stir and tumult of departure; and while Helena stepped into her gilded coach, a servant in the Lovell livery seized the helpless woman, who had sunk upon the door-steps, and flung her upon a stone-bench fronting the opposite wall of the court-yard.

"Farewell," cried Helena, kissing her hand to the young duke, as her heavy vehicle was dragged forth through the gateway by six equally cumbrous Flanders mares.

"Farewell, my dear Glam!—*au revoir!*" added her brother, gaining his own gay carriage and following the van. "To-morrow by dinner-time, at Lovell Court."

And away went the gaudy train of servants and outriders; and away the mob of idlers collected to gaze upon their bravery. No one remained in the place but the decrepid porter, yawning on the steps of Lovell House; the young Duke of Glamorgan about to remount his horse and ride homewards preparatory to his departure from town; the body of the beggar on the bench, beside which a miserable girl was now kneeling; and the all-seeing eye of Providence watchful over all. The auburn curls fell scattered round Lucy's beautiful face as she took the bonnet from her head, to fan the insensible mother, who lay there as at the

point of death; and the eyes of the young duke were attracted by its matchless loveliness.

"Can I do anything to assist you?" said he, in a gentle voice, approaching the agonized Lucy.

"A cup of water—in charity procure me a cup of water!" cried she.

And at the request of the duke, both water and wine were hastily brought forth by the old porter of Lord Lovell's house for the wayfarer's relief. After some minutes the sufferer unclosed her eyes.

"My children!" was the first exclamation; "Where are my children?" Then, recalling to mind what had occurred, she added, mournfully pressing the hand of Lucy to her lips, "but, no! there is only one child left me now, the dearest and the best of daughters!"

"You had better enter the house, my good woman, and rest a little," said the old porter, condescendingly, to the tramp patronized by a duke. "You are welcome to the use of my chair!"

While Glamorgan kindly added, "Ay, hie into Lord Lovell's house and rest a while—hie into Lord Lovell's house!"

"Steal like a thief and an outcast into my father's house!" exclaimed the almost distracted woman. "No, no! I should then deserve the cruel indignities heaped upon me. Renounced by my father, spurned by my ungrateful children, I can go and die elsewhere!"

But though these ejaculations remained incomprehensible to his Grace, Ralph, the old family porter, to whom the history of Lady Anne was familiar, and who knew the interdiction placed by the earl upon all intercourse between his daughter and her children, began to entertain suspicions of the truth; and tears gushed from the poor man's eyes, as he exclaimed, "My lady! my honoured lady! my sweet young Lady Anne! and I not to recognise her in all this misery and shame!"

Rapid as were the explanations bestowed by old Ralph on the noble spectator of the affecting scene that followed, they sufficed to rouse his utmost sympathy and indignation. His very utterance failed him on learning that he beheld, in the victims of destitution before him, the daughter and granddaughter of the Earl of Lovell—the mother and sister of Helena. It was to his own roof that he now insisted upon their being removed, and when, as they were accompanying him from the spot, there arrived a servant on horseback, despatched back by Sir Walter Lovell to have a care of the two beggars whom he had left at the gates of Lovell House, the duke commanded the man to bear back word to his friend, that "henceforth his deserted mother and sister abided under the protection of the Duke of Glamorgan."

Such an intimation naturally apprized Helena that all hope was lost to her of securing the hand of her noble admirer. But it did not forewarn her of the still more unwelcome fact, that, after a few weeks' intimacy, his affections were to be transferred to her fair and artless sister, whose virtues gradually confirmed the conquest her beauty had begun.

The Earl of Lovell, meanwhile, who had carried with him from London the germs of



the prevailing epidemic, fell a victim to that frightful disease; nor did it surprise the world that a will, executed by the wayward man in his last moments, disinherited his grandson, secured the whole of his vast property to the daughter of his daughter Anne, on the day of her becoming Duchess of Glamorgan.

"But what then will become of my grandfather's fortune?" inquired Lucy, when apprised by her mother's youthful benefactor, of the singular terms of the bequest. "Surely the legacy will never take effect?"

"That, dearest, must depend upon yourself," was his fervent reply. "By becoming Duchess of Glamorgan, Lucy Warrford, the daughter of the Lady Anne Lovell, will not only render me the happiest and proudest of men, but be enabled to confer peace and independence on the best of mothers; and exemplify to the world the comparative influence upon the human character and destinies, of the Schools of—NATURE and ART."

Written for the Lady's Book.

## IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE.

### A DOMESTIC TALE.

(Concluded from p. 278.)

ON Monday, when Mr. Morgan sat "in judgment," Job, by Charles's exertions, was pronounced blameless; the onus of the disaster falling upon Mrs. Morgan. She could not deny that she forbade him to stay a minute longer, but to come as he was; Betsy acknowledged that, "sneered at such an ondacent sight, she run off into the house;" and Sarah owned that she thought the stranger was murdering her aunt; and believed she had begged Job to save her. The rest were all natural consequences.

"The upshot of it is," said Mr. Morgan, "that you wanted a boy to do just what you told him, and—you have got one."

Mrs. Morgan had but little time to debate or reflect, at present; the present week was to be one of uncommon festivity; the long-expected ordination of their clergyman was to take place on Thursday, and every day preceding would be one of bustle and preparation. She was outrageous that the elders should have selected that month for the ceremony. Any fool might have known better; she had never heard of such a thing, and she did not believe the ordination would hold good. Why, what on earth could they get to eat! No turkeys, no geese, no chickens, no lamb! She was at her wit's end.

Truly, it was a bad season for those who loved good feasting, and more than Mrs. Morgan grumbled; but the fiat had gone forth, and there was no appeal. Mrs. Morgan was in a fever; every cookery book was consulted for different ways of dressing the beef, mutton, veal and fish, while Charles and Job were kept ranging about the woodlands; the one with his light rifle, the other lugging an old "king's arm," in search of game.

The important day came, and Mrs. Morgan felt complaisant. She had, in spite of every obstacle, provided an entertainment for her expected guests, that she flattered herself no one else in the parish could equal; and with her countenance dressed in smiles, and her capacious person arrayed in crimson satin, she awaited the moment to go to church. Suddenly, a gig containing a gentleman, a lady, and a little girl, drove up the avenue, and Mrs. Morgan, though surprised, hastened to the door to receive the county representative and his lady.

They had been invited, but were not expected till after the ceremony, or in other words, till dinner; and many were the apologies of the lady for their intrusion.

"But, Anna, my dear little girl, has been sickly, and I thought the jaunt would do her good; but, poor child, she is tired out, and so fretful and unwell, I thought the best thing we could do, would be to leave her with you, if you will be so very kind as to take charge of her."

Mrs. Morgan was astonished that the lady should suppose, she would remain at home to attend to a peevish child; but good breeding prevented the expression of her sentiments,—she answered, that—

"She should be most happy to take care of the sweet little creature, but, unfortunately, she was obliged by circumstances to attend the ordination; however, there was Mr. Morgan's niece, a nice good-natured girl, who would stay with pleasure."

Poor Sarah did not feel pleased at all. She had looked forward for weeks to this festival; she had never seen an ordination; she wore a new muslin frock, and, altogether, the disappointment was too much for her philosophy. But there was no help for it. Charles, her constant friend, had gone with her uncle, an hour before; and as to refusing—nobody thought of asking her. A large dog at this moment made his entrance, and fawned upon his master with much affection; then capering round the room, he would have paid the same compliment to his mistress, had she not kept him off with her parasol.

"My dear madam," cried Mr. O—, "poor Rover has run after us; I shall be extremely obliged if you will let your servants take charge of him; if he gets to the church he will make a disturbance; he has a most unaccountable habit of howling when he hears music; but he is such an excellent dog—I would not lose him for fifty dollars!"

"Oh, certainly!" answered Mrs. M., rising to ring the bell, and wishing the dog at Jerusalem; "he is an uncommon fine animal. My uncle, General —, was very fond of dogs. Here, Job, take this dog, and mind you don't let him out of your sight, or it will be the worse for you." "There, sir," continued she, as Job departed dragging the dog after him; "you may be certain of his safety; that boy will do precisely as I tell him."

It was now determined that as Mr. O—'s horse was fatigued, and the carriage ready, the horse should be put up, and the gentleman and lady should accompany Mrs. Morgan; and after many charges to Sarah, and fine promises to the

child, Sarah saw them depart with tearful eyes, and sat herself to amuse her troublesome charge. The carriage rolled slowly off till about twenty yards from the door, when the howling, barking, and struggling of a dog was heard, and next with his head intruded into the front window, he gave a whine of recognition.

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan; "how came that dog there! Job—Job! how came that dog there!"

"Why—marm, you told I not to let him out o' my sight, so how can I help it? I tied him with this here string, but the darned raskel has e'en amost bit it through," exclaimed Job.

"What shall we do!" cried Mrs. M.

"We have gone but a little way," said Mrs. O—; "we had better go back and leave him."

Mrs. M. could think of no better plan, and devoutly wishing the dog hanged, she called, "Job—turn round."

"Yea, marm," said Job, wheeling his person, till his knees were on the box and his face peering into the window; "here I are, marm!"

"Well, what are you doing?"

"You told I to turn round, so I are."

"Fool! Turn the horses and go back to the house."

Mr. O— now interposed, and proposed to hold the reins, till Job could go back with the dog.

"What shall I do with um?" said he.

"Shut him up in some safe place where he won't get out," was the answer.

The day passed over as such days usually do; the church was crammed—almost to suffocation. After the ordination was completed, the spectators hurried out of church, and then might be seen the substantial farmers and their wives, hurrying about, greeting acquaintance, and inviting guests, each jealous of the other, lest their neighbour should secure a more respectable company than themselves. Those who, like Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, enjoyed a large circle of acquaintance, had taken care to engage before hand as many as they could; and now, though liberal in their invitations, felt a comfortable assurance that come what would, they should not sit down alone to their entertainment. There are few of the petty grievances of life more mortifying, than, after the trouble and expense of providing a feast, to have to sit down and eat it one's self. Many of the good people of the parish seemed in dread of this calamity; and while the men attacked each other in good humour at banter, upon their attempts to monopolize, the women came near pulling caps for those whom they particularly coveted. Nor were the poor forgotten on these days of old-fashioned hospitality; they too had their trencher and cup, filled with the good things of the kitchen, and participated in the general hilarity.

Mrs. Morgan and her patrician guests ascended their vehicles, while her husband and Charles led a troop of pedestrians by the pleasant footpath before mentioned.

On the road from Beech Grove, Job had very judiciously contented himself with holding the reins, and letting the horses take their own way, and the experienced animals that had en-

joyed the honour of drawing Mrs. Morgan for six years, justified his confidence in their sagacity, by depositing their precious burden in safety at the church. On their return the case was different; gigs, dearborns, light-wagons, and a few carriages filled the road, rendering it a manœuvre of some skill to get through them. Job considered his best plan would be to wait till they had all gone. His mistress, on the contrary, was anxious to get home, to give the last look to her dinner, and receive her visitors.

"Job! what are you waiting for? Why don't you drive on!" called the lady.

"Bime-by, marm, when tothers gets out o' the way; there aint room to swing a cat!" answered the boy.

"Was there ever such a fool! Drive on, I tell you, instantly! Drive fast, for I want to get home quickly."

"Needs must," muttered Job, "when you give orders! so here goes! Get out of the way there among you."

Then perpetrating some of those indescribable noises made to horses, he swung his whip and dashed onward in gallant style. The preceding summer Job had enjoyed many delectable rides on the baker's cart, for which he paid sundry cherries, apples, peaches, eggs, and other small wares, which he procured—I might, perhaps, say purloined, for that purpose. On a good road, when nothing was in the way, he was even allowed to hold the reins; who then could doubt his perfect coachmanship? Not Job for one, and he felt no little vanity in his situation, driving the very carriage, behind which he had so often rode by stealth, in constant fear of the driver's whip. Dire was the confusion caused by Job's furious onset; men, women and children, scattered in every direction, like chickens from the pounce of a hawk, while remonstrances, threats and execrations, were poured upon him from the other vehicles. In vain, Job's blood and that of the horses was up, and on they thundered, the other lighter carriages getting out of the path by hair-breadth 'escapes. Not far before him, directly across the road, was a small wagon, crammed with women and children, and drawn by a miserable looking nag, that had apparently "struck for better wages," as no effort of the woman who was guiding him could make him move.

"Get out of the way," yelled Job, as on toward the devoted wagon rolled the heavy carriage; Job could no longer himself restrain the horses, and the day of feasting would have been changed to a day of mourning, but for the presence of the stranger who once before had rescued Mrs. Morgan. He rushed to the head of the horses, with a vigorous arm caught the bridle, and running by their side, turned them down the bank till the fence prevented any farther progress.

"Are you drunk or crazy, you rascal, to drive in this fashion?" cried the stranger; "but I needn't ask, you're a natural born fool, and them that set you to drive are worse still. If it wasn't for one thing, you might go to destruction together. Get off there, you scoundrel, and help back the old tub up the bank; put your shoulder to the wheel; there, now get up

the box with me, I'll see you safe this time, but if your mistress ever sets you to driving again, I hope she'll get her neck broke."

He kept his word, and conveyed them in safety to a short distance from the house, then relinquishing the reins to Job, with the word "remember," he leaped from the box. Mrs. Morgan, who, to do her justice, felt very grateful, called to him in vain to return and dine with them, as on the former occasion; he paid no regard to her voice, but springing over the wall of the avenue, was soon out of sight.

The guests were all assembled in the spacious parlour, awaiting the summons to dinner, when Mr. O——, who had been vaunting to another gentleman the excellent qualities of his dog, inquired what had become of him.

"Job," said Mrs. M., "where is Mr. O——'s dog?"

"Down cellar, marm," cried Job.

"Let him come up," cried his mistress.

Another moment, and in rushed the dog; but what an object! His white shaggy sides, his legs, his head, were covered with coal dust, and rushing into the room, pushing his way among the ladies, leaping on the gentlemen, and showing his joy by many an antic gambol, he distributed a liberal portion of his smut to every person in the room.

The gentlemen laughed, the ladies screamed, and Mrs. Morgan absolutely stamped with passion; her new sofa, covered with yellow damask, the skirt of her mother's wedding-gown, was ruined! its splendour tarnished for ever! Back, front, and cushion, bore the mark of the beast; it looked as if on its soft bosom—

"A chimney-sweep's boy had taken his rest,  
With his sooty blanket round him!"

The more they attempted to expel the intruder, the more uproarious, if I may be allowed the term, became his gambols, till, as Job afterwards expressed it, "the ladies all looked as if they had been playin' hide and seek among the pots and kettles!" In answer to successive peals of the bell, and calls of his mistress, Job made his appearance.

"Here, you villain, catch that dog, do you hear, sir! catch him, I say, and hold him fast you—you—trial you!"

Job caught the dog, and looking up to Mrs. M., asked quietly,

"What shall I do with him, marm?"

"Drown him," cried the irritated lady, "if you will, so I never see him again."

Job led the dog out, and calling to his aid a poor fellow who was loitering about the house in hopes of his dinner, told him, "that the dog he expected had gone mad, and bit ever so many of the gentlefolks, so he must be drowned." Then, with the assistance of the man, Job tied a rope round his neck, and threw him into a pond, at a little distance from the house.

Soon after dinner was announced, and having put their garments in the best order circumstances would permit, the guests of Mrs. Morgan seated themselves at her well-filled table. The conversation naturally reverted to the dog.

"I should like to know," cried his master, "how he came in so dirty a state; he never was so before."

"Job," cried his mistress, "where did you put the dog, that he was so smutty? Where did you shut him up?"

"If you please, marm," said honest Job, "you told me to shut him up where he wouldn't get out, and there wasn't no place as I know'd on, but the closet down cellar, so I locked um in there."

"In the coal hole!" cried the lady; "oh you stupid brute! and what have you done with him now?"

"Why, marm," answered he, "you told me to drown him, so I tied a stone round his neck and throw'd him into the pond."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. O——, "I had rather have lost a hundred dollars! Quick! Show me where it is, or I will shake every bone out of your skin!"

Before he could reach the door, his beloved Rover bounded in, the rope without the stone hanging to his neck, and a copious supply of water added to the former attractions of his person.

"Oh catch him! catch him!" shouted the gentleman, holding a chair between the dog and himself.

"Mad dog, mad dog!" yelled Job and his fellow waiter, running out of the room to procure weapons, while the huge animal gambled round the table, shaking occasionally the water from his sides.

"Oh Rover, Rover!" cried Mrs. O——, in utter consternation at the confusion he occasioned, and

"When she called for 'Rover' Rover came,"

with his huge paws upon her shoulders, tearing and defacing her delicate cape and collar, he commenced licking her face with great unction, while his long tail,

"All dripping from the recent flood,"

was waving gracefully against the face and bosom of the lady next to her! At this moment Job made his appearance in the doorway, poking in before him the muzzle of his old king's arm, his comrades of the kitchen bringing up the rear, armed with pitchforks, axes, shovels, tongs, and whatever weapon they could seize most readily.

"I'm afeard to shoot now, marm," said Job, "for fear I should hurt the lady."

This completed the discomfiture of the party; while the ladies were shrieking, fainting, hiding beneath the table, or running to the windows, the gentlemen shouting, "hold!" rushed toward the door. But Charles had already reached it, and taking the gun from Job, bade him take hold of the rope and lead the dog away, assuring the domestics that he was not mad, and soon succeeded in clearing the room and chaining the dog in the stable.

Quiet was restored, but the enjoyment of the company was completely destroyed. The elegant dresses of the ladies were torn, blacked, and muddied; neither had the vests and shirt bosoms of the gentlemen escaped. Mrs. O——, on the plea of her daughter's health, begged that their chaise might be got ready, and with

the humoured child who had tormented poor Sarah all day, in the chaise, and the great dog that had tormented every body else, running after it, they rolled down the avenue. I am afraid it was not a *blessing* that Mrs. Morgan muttered, as she turned from the door.

After duly wondering at "some people's folly, in bringing ill-tempered children and troublesome dogs with them, on such an occasion," the other guests, on various pretences, took leave; all thoroughly uncomfortable, and thinking it the most disagreeable day they ever passed! Poor Mrs. Morgan!

Immediately upon their departure, a court-martial was held upon Job; Charles appeared as his counsel, and proved triumphantly that Job had obeyed the instructions of Mrs. Morgan to the letter, and Mr. Morgan pronounced the confusion therefrom, to be the fault of his wife, for giving such orders. Charles was curious to ascertain who was the stranger who had so opportunely stepped in to the assistance of his aunt,—even Mr. Morgan declared he was much obliged to him, and should like to tell him so. Charles determined to inquire him out, and questioned Job as to his appearance.

"Why, Mr. Charles," said Job; "he's a clever looking feller, with darned great whiskers, and proper sharp eyes. He's strong enough too, hang him, for he swung me off the box with one hand, jest as you'd swing a cat."

"But what sort of a man is he! Is he a gentleman!" said Charles.

"A gentleman!" replied the sapient Job. "Oh dear, no—his clothes war'n't so good as mine, for mine is boughten cloth, and hisen war'n't nothing but blue homespun."

Charles then questioned Sarah, but she could give him but little information.

"Dear Charles, I did not mind much about him, I was so frightened. He was a tall man, his face half covered with hair, and such fierce eyes. To be sure, when the carriage overset, he helped me out quite kindly, and told me not to be frightened, and set me down on the bank, and asked if I was hurt two or three times, and told me to sit still and rest myself, but—I was so scared, that as soon as he let me go, I ran home as fast as I could."

"But how was he dressed, Sarah?"

"I'm sure I don't know; like other men, I suppose."

Charles went to his aunt. In her youth she had been a devout believer in tales of fiction and improbability, and though the spirit of romance slept, it was yet alive in her bosom. The adventure, combined with the incognito of the hero, set her imagination at work, and she gave such glowing, yet totally contradictory descriptions of his person, that her astonished nephew conceived that she was utterly deranged. She, indignant at his laughter, settled herself firmly down in the persuasion that the person in question was either a great man in disguise, or a captain of a band of highwaymen. Charles determined upon going to the village to make inquiries, and find if the stranger was in need of pecuniary assistance. It was nearly dark as he crossed the stile leading to the foot-path so often mentioned, but the way was as familiar to him by night as by day, and he

strode lightly on, till at the entrance of a small thick grove of sassafras and locust, he was confronted by two figures emerging from its recesses. Both parties stopped for a moment, and as the moon shone brightly over them, Charles saw that one was a slight female form, her face and person closely enveloped in a shawl; the other a tall muscular man, his face more than half concealed by a luxuriant growth of whiskers and moustaches. It was the man he sought, and he eagerly approached him.

"Well, young man," said the stranger, who civilly awaited him, while the female retreated rapidly into the grove; "what want you with me?"

"If you are the man that has twice saved my aunt from being overset, I was in search of you," replied Charles.

"Why, what's in the wind now?" said the man, laughing. "Has the old lady gone to take another ride with that stupid turkey-buzzard to drive her! I suppose she wants me to be handy to pick her up!"

"No, sir," cried Charles, smiling "not quite so unreasonable as that. My uncle and aunt feel desirous to express their gratitude, for the signal services you have rendered them, and if they can assist you in any way, they will be happy to do it."

"Enough said," answered the stranger; "I don't need any of their assistance; but how came you to think of seeking me here? Ha! young sir!"

"I had no idea of seeking you here; I was on my way to the village," cried Charles; "but now you remind me of it. I must say my finding you here is rather singular. May I ask who is the female in the bushes, yonder?"

"Why so? There's no law, I take it, to prevent a man from walking where he pleases in this country, I thought mantraps and spring-guns were confined to the old countries. I don't intend to rob the hen-roost, depend upon it my lad," said the man, jeeringly.

"I accused you of no evil intention," cried Charles; "but you have not told me who the young woman is, now concealed in the grove?"

"Young woman! There is no young woman or old one either, that I know of, in the bushes; I've other things to think of, than trotting about with young women."

"If the female whom I saw, is not under your protection, you will give me leave to ascertain who she is?" said Charles, looking the stranger steadily in the face.

"No objection whatever; perfectly welcome, sir," returned the man, turning and walking leisurely toward the village.

Charles, who had kept his eye as he thought upon the white dress of the woman, now rushed to the spot, but was dismayed to discover, that what he had so closely watched, was but a rock partially screened by bushes, and glimmering white in the moonbeams. He looked around him; he pushed among the bushes; he ran from one extremity of the grove to the other, but without success; he could not have been mistaken; he had seen the figure move and walk; but recollecting that he might lose sight of the substance, while searching for the shadow, he resolved to overtake the stranger, and have a

little farther conversation. For this purpose, he ran rapidly toward the village, but the stranger had disappeared. He increased his speed, determined if possible to overtake the man and find who he was; when, under the shade of a gigantic oak, he came with such force against some person approaching, that both rolled to the ground. Charles quickly regained his feet, and began apologizing, when he was answered by Andrew Price, who was on his way to Beech Grove, to "trounce Job for sich awful drivin." Charles informed him "that account was all settled," and hastened to question him about the stranger; but Andrew had neither seen nor heard of him. He said he had come all the way by the path, and no person had passed him; he agreed, however, to go back to the village and make every inquiry he could at the inn and every where else, and find out all about him. With this assurance he quitted Charles, who returned to his uncle's house, with the intention of discovering if either of the girls living with his aunt had been out to the thicket, as the place where he met the stranger was called. Near the door he met Job, who assured him that neither of the girls had been out, as his aunt had kept them helping her ever since tea, and they were just fixing to go to a dance at the village, and that he was going home to stay all night with the old folks. Andrew was unsuccessful in his investigation—it was the last that they heard of the stranger.

The next morning, as Mrs. Morgan was looking from her window, (she was confined to her room with a sore throat,) she beheld her pet, her sole remaining peacock, stretched lifeless in the garden.

"I am the most unhappy woman in the world!" cried she, "of six beautiful peacocks all died, or were killed, but this; and now this is gone! Poor thing! how I wish I knew who killed it! But I will have the feathers, they don't get them, I can tell them!"

She rang and Job presented himself; she looked steadily at him.—"Job, have you been throwing stones at the peacock? Tell me the truth, Job."

"No marm, I hope I may die if I have; I never throw'd a stone at him in my life, I'll take my bible oath, marm;" answered Job.

"Very well, Job, *somebody* has, and I'll find out who it is before long. Job, go into the garden, do you hear? Leave staring at that watch and hear me, sir! Go into the garden, and take the poor creature, the peacock I mean, and pick it; all the handsome feathers, every one, and bring them to me, directly, do you hear? no mistakes now; do it directly and bring me the feathers."

Job departed, and the lady occupied herself by lamenting over her elegant crimson satin, the skirt of which bore tokens of Mr. O—'s dog. Poor woman! there was no end to her troubles! At last she approached the window, the body of the poor peacock was gone, her faithful Job, was undoubtedly picking it. Some time after, a peal at the door bell attracted her attention, and Sarah ran in to inform her that the newly ordained clergyman and his lady were below. Sick or well, she would see them;

Sarah was despatched to tell them she would be down in a minute; and after arranging her dress she joined her visitors. When the weather, her cold, and the ordination of the day before, had been discussed, she informed them of the death of her peacock, lamenting pathetically the loss she had sustained.

After condoling with her politely, Mrs. Addison remarked,

"You are fond of birds I believe, Mrs. Morgan, quite an ornithologist I perceive; we saw a singular bird as we came up the avenue, I took it to be a flamingo, from its colour, bright red, but Mr. Addison thinks I am mistaken. It was at a distance, so I could not be sure; pray what is it called?"

"I am sure I don't know, ma'am! I have never seen such a bird! I desire to see!"—cried Mrs. Morgan, advancing to the bell.

Job, the indefatigable Job, made his appearance with a basket of peacock feathers.

"Where upon earth have you been!" cried his irascible mistress, feeling none the better humoured for seeing her dear peacock's feathers, "have you been all this time picking that one fowl?"

"Please marm, I could not do it any sooner, he bit and scratched so!" responded Job.

"Bit and scratched!" screamed she; "why, isn't he dead?"

"Lord! no marm; he's as live as you are, a darned creeter; only see how he's bit me!" answered Job, extending his hands, that indeed bore many marks of the bird's prowess.

"You infamous wretch!" screamed Mrs. Morgan, aiming a buffet, which Job dodged, (long practice with his mother had rendered him perfect,) "how *could* you pick him while he was alive?"

"'Twas a hard job, I can tell you! By jingo! I'd a great notion to wring his neck for him, but then you didn't tell I to, so I thought you'd be mad may be," said Job, with the utmost simplicity.

"What have you done with him! where have you put the poor victim of your barbarity! Where is he, I say!"

"Why marm, arter I got the feathers off he looked so shivery and shaky like, that I kind a'pited him, so I took my old red baize shirt, and cut a couple a holes to stick his legs through, and tied it on to him, and let him go in the orchard!" replied Job.

A hearty laugh burst from Mr. and Mrs. Addison; the species of the bird they had seen was now explained; the whole matter struck them in such a ludicrous point of view that they could not restrain themselves. Mrs. Morgan was speechless with rage; how much good it would have done her to have been able to scold! Job, supposing that he was no longer wanted, sat down his basket and quietly retired. Mrs. Addison after a few minutes began to soothe Mrs. Morgan, and judiciously seizing on her weak side, exclaimed,

"Well, my dear madam, you really have the most obedient servants of any person I know! I might have told mine to do it, long enough, and they would have muttered and remonstrated; while you—you certainly deal in witchcraft—have but to say the word, and

whatever you order is done. How is it you manage to make them so obedient!"

Strange to say, Mrs. Morgan was pacified, and joined in declaring that her servants did just what she bade them, without daring to remonstrate!

The next day put an end to the farce of Job's servitude. Mrs. Morgan expected guests to dine with her on Monday, and forgetting her late discomfiture, was making every preparation to entertain them. Charles was despatched to the wood after pigeons, and Job was ordered to take his trusty king's arm, and go to the orchard round the barn, in search of robins. Mrs. Morgan had a bad habit of frequently giving her orders by contraries. As Job went out, she called to him—

"Job! mind that you shoot both the calves, while you are out there!"

Luckless woman! experience had not yet taught her the extent of Job's obedience! She heard the report of several muskets, and then yells of the most terrific description. She ran to the door; Job rushed by the house with the swiftness of an Indian arrow, he seemed borne upon the wind, for his feet scarcely touched the ground. After him in full pursuit, but far behind, ran Peter, John and Thomas; while at a still greater distance came Mr. Morgan, his usually quiet features convulsed with passion. "What is the matter!" screamed every female voice in the house, as the men crossed the avenue—but not a man could spare breath at that moment to answer. As Mr. Morgan passed, puffing and blowing, like a Dutch corvette after a squadron of schooners, his wife ran towards him, calling out to know what had happened. Flourishing his cane, in such a manner that she feared to approach him, and casting on her a look of stern indignation, he hurried on, and tumbling over the stile followed the others, who by this time were lost sight of in the locust thicket.

"Oh, gracious me! Lord have mercy upon me!" shrieked Mrs. Morgan, "they are all bewitched, that's certain! They are possessed by an evil spirit!" Whether the good lady was thinking of the drove of swine, &c., we cannot tell, but, she continued, "they will kill themselves! Run girls, run and catch them for heaven's sake!"

Off sprang the maidens, nothing loth. The light, active form of Sarah was seen bounding like a young deer, far before them; then came Polly and Margaret; and Betsy put her fat person in motion, and rolled as far as the stile, upon which she sat to recover her wind, till her mistress pushed her head foremost to the ground, and clambering over herself, they together took up their line of march, toiling after the others.

Charles, from a hill in the vicinity, witnessed the race, and ran down in a direction to intercept the line of march. He succeeded in heading Peter and the others, but Job was "over the hills and far away;" they might as well have tried to overtake a steam engine! The men readily stopped at Charles's desire, and informed him that Job, had with malice aforethought, just shot two fine calves of a favourite breed, which Mr. Morgan valued very

highly! Mr. Morgan soon added his voice to the others, and Charles came in for a share of his displeasure, for having been the means of introducing such a "perfect numskull," into the family. He said—

"A joke was a joke; but when it was carried so far as to deprive him of two fine heifers, that he would not have taken any money for, it was time to put an end to it! Come, boys," continued the old gentleman, "we may as well run after a rabbit or a swallow; go home and dress the poor animals. Hey! here comes all the women! What the duce set the petticoats in motion?"

It is sufficient to say, that though it was proved that Mrs. Morgan gave Job orders to shoot the calves, her husband was positive Job should return no more. Charles was accordingly despatched to pay the wages due, and destroy the contract, which was easily accomplished, as it had been "got up" for his especial amusement. Job had got such a fright, that nothing would have tempted him to appear again at Beech Grove.

\* \* \* \* \*

"My dear sir," said I, perceiving the narrator paused, "give me leave to ask you a few questions."

"A hundred if you please, sir," answered he, smiling.

"Then be so good as to inform me what became of Charles and Sarah?"

"You must recollect that Job's adventures happened ten years ago; Sarah grew up a beautiful girl, and Charles very naturally fell in love with her. Contrary to Shakespear's apothegm, that

'The course of true love never did run smooth,'

no obstacle was thrown in their way, and about two years since, (after Charles had finished his law studies) they were married."

"And Mr. and Mrs. Morgan?"

"They repose side by side, beneath a handsome monument in S— church-yard!"

"One question more—the stranger! was it ever discovered who he was, or why he acted so mysterious a part?"

"It was known to Charles and Sarah, but not to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan. He was the father of Sarah, who having accumulated some property in the West, had returned to look after his daughter. He was much changed from what he had been when he wooed and won the mother of Sarah; and with his whiskers, moustaches and blanket coat, escaped recognition. Knowing Mr. Morgan's prejudices, he forbade Sarah to let him know that she had seen him, aware that on that depended her inheriting her uncle's property. He had married again, and thought Sarah as agreeably situated in her uncle's family as she would be with a mother-in-law at the West. He judged rightly, as Mr. Morgan left his property to Charles and Sarah."

"But did Sarah never see her father again?"

"Not at the last date!" said the gentleman, smiling; "but he has prospered wonderfully, is at present a leading man in his State, and we are now on our way to visit him."

"We! my dear sir, We?"

"Ah, I have betrayed myself at last! Yes sir, *we*; the lady to whom you paid so much attention at dinner, is my own little Sarah, and—I am half ashamed to confess it, after the praises I bestowed upon myself—I am Charles Summer!"

IBRAHIM EFFENDI.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE SYBIL.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

#### I.

Upon her head no diadem,  
No sceptre in her hand,  
Nor Tyrian purple showed her there  
A ruler of the land,—  
But star-crowned was that lofty brow,  
And her lip wore high command.

#### II.

None knew whence came that stranger,  
Nor where her distant home,  
Nor whom she sought, untended,  
'Mid the armed bands of Rome.  
But the boldest, at that hour,  
Were as smitten by a power—  
For they felt a sudden awe  
When that queenly form they saw!

#### III.

Three scrolls of mystic might,  
To the Roman King she took:  
Large was the guerdon that she claimed  
As the price of the triple book;  
A lip of scorn Tarquinius bore—  
She quelled him with a look!

#### IV.

That thrilling glance had power,  
Like a spell, on every one:  
Quickly she passed away  
Ere they saw that she was gone.  
With a charm, she flung to earth  
One book of prophet-worth—  
The thunder spoke with a hollow roll,  
When the forked lightning burnt the scroll.

#### V.

Again, with mien unmoved,  
She sought the Roman king,  
His warriors and his white-robed priests  
Stood round him, wondering,—  
"At the same price I claimed for all,  
Two sacred books I bring!"

#### VI.

Rome's ruler did not heed  
The treasure that she brought,  
And, as before, the mystic maid  
Evanished,—like a thought.  
She passed, but none could tell  
Where her stately footsteps fell,  
And a murmur came aloud  
From the wonder-stricken crowd.

#### VII.

Long years have rolled away  
Since her haunt the Sybil sought,  
Where the fiery leven burnt the scroll  
Beside the wood-crowned grot,  
But the form—the face—the scene  
Art's pencil here hath brought.\*

\* These lines were written in illustration of a painting in the possession of Dr. Mackenzie, which represents the Sybil—after the destruction of one book—meditating on committing the second to the flames.

#### VIII.

Thought, the mind's lord, is on that brow,  
And pales that sunny cheek,  
And presses down the lids that veil  
The eyes whose glances speak.  
A troubled look of care  
Doth that lonely Sybil wear,  
But the stronger sense of duty came—  
The second scroll is in the flame!

#### IX.

A third time, on the Roman king  
She fixed her searching eye:  
He bent a lowly knee and knew  
Rome's guardian genius nigh,  
He bent a lowly knee, and said,  
"At any cost I buy!"

#### X.

A spell to him she told,  
A spell of high command,  
By which in that third book to read  
The fortunes of the land.  
She passed, all eyes saw now  
The glory on her brow,  
And tracked her heavenward flight afar  
By the lambent light of that radiant star!

#### XI.

Such is the legend.—Read it not,  
Oh worldling, with a frown;  
And slight not what the mighty Past  
To the Present hath brought down  
On the deathless page which aye records  
Rome's deeds of high renown.

#### XII.

Too often, in their path of life,  
The denizens of earth,  
Thus—like the Roman King—reject  
Fair wisdom's proffered worth.  
With careless eyes they look  
On her truth-revealing book,  
And precious is the price they pay  
When its better part is lost for aye!

Liverpool, England, March 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE POET'S EXCUSE

FOR SHUTTING HIS EYES IN THE PRESENCE OF A  
BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

The miser hoards, with jealous care,  
The gleaming gold he starves to win;—  
The diver hides his jewel rare  
With joy his homely vest within—

And art not *thou* a gem divine,  
Far worthier of an idol's place?  
Oh! when these eyes could once enshrine  
Thy graceful form—thy glowing face—

When they, in one impassioned gaze,  
Thy wealth of beauty wildly stole,  
And let its radiant image blaze  
Like sunlight on my startled soul!

Say! is it strange that they should close  
Exulting o'er their glorious treasure,  
Content to dwell in dim repose,  
And feel the miser's trembling pleasure?

No! since I've risked my heart to win  
One impress of a gem so rare,—  
Oh! let me feed on it *within*,  
And starve my eyes to keep it there!

Written for the Lady's Book.

# HENRIETTA HARRISON; OR, THE BLUE COTTON UMBRELLA.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

"WELL, girls,—I am educated!" exclaimed Henrietta Harrison, as she bounded into the back school-room of Mrs. Strickland's seminary for young ladies; where, the business of that day being over, the most diligent of the pupils were engaged in learning their lessons and writing their exercises for the next.

"Educated, are you?" said Miss Davenport, looking up from her desk—"I wish I could say the same. But I do not believe that *my* education will ever be finished. Mamma says I am only just now beginning to get an insight into the various branches that I have been plodding at since I was six years old. I dare say I shall be kept at school till all my four elder sisters are married, for I overheard Mrs. Strickland hinting to mamma that it was impolitic to bring out too many daughters at once. I wish I was taller, and then it would be impossible to make me still pass for a child: unfortunately, I stopped growing at fourteen. But how do you know that you are educated? What proof have you?"

"I have just come up from Mrs. Strickland's front parlour, where uncle Mark Markham (who you know came to town yesterday,) has been settling all my bills for the last time, and I am to quit school at once, and he is to take me home with him to Markhamville, where he has been making a town for the last five years on some land that he bought in the back part of the state of New York. So you see I have said my last lesson, and written my last exercise; at least I hope so."

"Not so fast," said Miss Davenport.—"He may play you a trick, after all—like Maria Gidley's aunt, who, since she took her from school, has made her learn five times as much at home, and watches her ten times as closely as we are watched by Mrs. Strickland and all her teachers."

"No no, he will not," replied Henrietta.—"I have no fear of that. But I will tell you how all this happened. You know I dined with uncle Mark to-day in a private parlour at the hotel."

"Yes, we know," responded Miss Duckworth. "You must have had a charming dinner. How we envied you!"

"You had reason," resumed Henrietta; "for we had mock turtle, and macaroni, and lobster, and lemon pudding, and various other nice things that are unfortunately considered improper to be eaten every day, and that Dr. Gruelman represents as certain death to any but middle-aged gentlemen, like himself. After dinner, uncle Mark (who said he could judge of me better when not in the presence of Mrs. Strickland,) examined into the state of my accomplishments. So I sung to him '*Je pense a vous*,' and '*E serbata*,' and played him the overture to *La Cenerentola*; at which he was so tasteless as to fall asleep: and then when I

stopped he waked up, rubbing his eyes, and asked for Hail Columbia, but I told him I had never seen the notes of it in my life, and that I did not know the thing when I heard it; upon which he shamed me, and almost made me cry. Then he called in one of the black waiters to whistle a cotillion, while I danced among seven chairs ranged as people. After this, I talked Italian for him, and said, '*V' auguro il buon giorno, signore*,'\*—and '*godo di vedervi in buona salute*.'"<sup>†</sup>

"Oh!" said Miss Dummer—"you should have said, '*Come state*,'"<sup>‡</sup>—and then '*Sto molto bene vi ringrazio*.'"<sup>§</sup> They come next in the phrase-book after '*vi auguro*.'"

"Pooh," replied Henrietta—"How should he know which was which. The poor man, (or rather the happy man) has learnt no language but his own. Think of the grammars, and vocabularies, and phrase-books, and translation tasks that he has escaped! And then I rattled over as fast as I could, '*La paletta, le molle, l'attizzatoio, la saliera, la pepajuolo, l'acerabolo*.'"<sup>||</sup> Lastly, by way of finale to my Italian, I said that word of words, '*Sghignozzamento*,'"<sup>¶</sup> and was proceeding with '*Conseiosciaccasche*,'"<sup>\*\*</sup> when he stopped his ears and bade me hush. Well, then he desired a specimen of my French, and as I never can remember any thing from Telemaque or from those dull old tragedies of Racine, I began to repeat the fable of *Le Renard et la Cigogne*: but not recollecting the whole, I pieced it out with *Le Renard et le Corbeau*, and strange to say, he detected me, and asked why I turned my stork into a crow; and then he said several other things that were rather annoying."

"You will find him too cunning for you, yet," observed Miss Burnet.—"These old uncles always know a great deal more than we suppose, and they have a way of discovering things no one can tell how."

"Now hear the rest," resumed Henrietta.—"I had taken with me to show to uncle Mark, my last sepia landscape, which was just finished. And notwithstanding that Mr. Mudford had sketched it himself in his most sketchy manner, and finished it with his own hand in his boldest style, my perverse uncle said at the first glance, that it looked to him like nothing but splashes dabbed on at random. Even when he put on his spectacles, he mistook the clouds for ragged cotton bags, with bits of cotton oozing out through the holes; and the mountains he thought were a row of extinguishers, and the trees whisk brooms and umbrellas. The cascade flowing down a dark perpendicular rock, he imagined to be a huge rolling-towel hanging on a kitchen door; the river, striped calico; and the abbey, he said, looked like one of Dr. Nott's stoves: the sheep and goats he called poultry, and the people he supposed to be fish standing upright. And when I assured him that it was only the bold sketchy style, in which Mr. Mudford excels all other drawing-masters, he replied

\* "I wish you good morning, sir."

† "I am very glad to see you in good health."

‡ "How do you do?"

§ "I am very well. I thank you."

|| "Shovel, tongs, poker, salt-cellar, pepper-box, vinegar-bottle."

¶ "A fit of laughter."

\*\* "For as much as."



that nothing can be good if it is unintelligible."

"He is far behind the age, as papa would say," observed Miss Burnet.

"Well," continued our heroine—"after I had undergone a similar examination on all the other thousand things that I had been learning, he set himself back in the deep Spanish arm chair, and told me not to disturb him for he was going to think. So I went and looked out of the window, and only asked him four or five times if he had done thinking yet. At the end of half an hour he made a speech, in which he informed me that I was now sixteen, and that having taken good care of me since I came into his possession an orphan of six years old, and done his duty by having an education put at me, he had found me, on his three last annual visits to Philadelphia, retrograding instead of improving, for which, however, he was not sorry: the fashionable accomplishments, as they are acquired at fashionable boarding schools, conferring no possible pleasure or advantage on either man, woman, or child. Only think of his saying so!—after all the pain and trouble they cost us poor school-girls. It is well Mrs. Strickland was not within hearing."

"He is quite right," observed Miss Davenport. "Am I not made thin and pale, and kept in a constant headache, with these perpetual studies and endless accomplishments?"

"Oh! but you take them too hard," said the giddy Henrietta. "You are trying all the time to really learn this multitude of things, and to excel in every one of them. Now, for my part, I do not care whether I acquire them or not. All that I have picked up has been without any particular effort. Though I have no fancy for learning out of book, yet I like dearly to read in book; and, strange to say, I remember things best when I have not studied them. I intend in future to read prodigiously. Well—where was I in my long story. Oh! now I recollect! Uncle Mark finished by telling me, that as enough had been done in passing me through the usual routine, I might consider myself educated, according to the present acceptance of the word, having been kept at school the usual number of quarters; so that his conscience was now clear as to having done his duty by me in the eyes of the world."

"That was a very queer sort of talk," said Miss Dummer. "I do not quite understand it."

"No matter," resumed Henrietta; "I do perfectly. Well—the conclusion amounted to this.—He determined to take me with him to Markhamville, and there let me practise being mistress of the house, under the guidance of his trusty and notable housekeeper, Mrs. Bowlby—who is to endeavour to make me a fit wife for any clever fellow that will be willing to take me off his hands. The dear good old man! how I thanked him!—particularly for that last part of his speech. I was on the point of promising never to tease him again; but I was afraid I should not be able to keep that promise. And then it will give him such an agreeable surprise, when he finds me turn out a tolerably good sort of girl, after all."

"I wonder you are not wild with joy," observed Miss Davenport.

"I am," said Henrietta.

"And to think that you will be able to order what you please for dinner," said Miss Duckworth. "If I were you, Henrietta, I would have gooseberry tart and custard every day, with plenty of sugar in the gooseberry, and plenty of spice in the custard; and I would have always at tea, iced queen cakes, and preserved limes, and pickled oysters; and every night, before I went to bed, I would have both cocoanut and pineapple."

"Well—well—we shall see," replied Henrietta—"and now I am all impatience to get off, and stay with uncle Mark at the hotel during the week that he will remain in town: and to do my own shopping, and to buy whatever I choose. I shall put half a dozen mantuamakers in requisition to fit me out for beginning the world at Markhamville. And to think of the delight of travelling. I, whose journeys have been confined to a ride to Fairmount, or to Bartram's Garden, or a voyage across the river to Camden. Oh! I forgot—I was once at Germantown."

In the evening, Mr. Markham took his niece to the theatre, and she so much delighted him by crying bitterly at the tragedy, and laughing heartily at the farce, and always in the right place, that he whispered to an old friend who had accompanied them, "The girl has some sense and some feeling, after all. Giddy and mischievous though she is, I believe I will let her quit Mrs. Strickland to-morrow, and keep her with me at the hotel till I start for Markhamville."

We will concisely pass over Henrietta's leave-taking of Mrs. Strickland, who bestowed on her abundance of good advice, as to practising five hours a-day on the piano, drawing one hour, devoting three hours to French, and four to Italian, and filling up the intervals with astronomy, chemistry, logic and philosophy, adding worsted work of evenings; it being only by this process she could keep up the accomplishments acquired at school. Notwithstanding the joy of her emancipation, our heroine took leave of her schoolmates with abundance of tears, and to each of the poor teachers or sub-governesses, she privately gave some little present as a token of remembrance. "Henrietta, how I envy you," whispered Miss Duckworth,—"you have eaten your last boarding-school dinner."

During the week that they remained in Philadelphia, Mr. Markham was much engaged with business of his own, and Henrietta found ample employment in shopping and in consulting with dress-makers, her uncle having allotted to her a certain sum for the outfit which ladies generally find necessary in removing from one place to another. This sum he cautioned her not to exceed, as he should on no consideration eke it out with even a single dollar. Henrietta had imbibed an idea that it was utterly impossible to take a journey without a gray poncee travelling dress and a drab-coloured grass-cloth bonnet. But, in the mean time, she was so strongly tempted by various articles of finery, that she found there would be no money left for this particular costume, which would require about thirty dollars more. She did not, however, despair of coaxing her uncle out of

this extra appropriation, and there was still time to buy the dress and have it made, and to purchase a bonnet; accordingly she broached the subject to him after breakfast, when he was just preparing to go out. "I will think about it," said he.

"Dearest uncle Mark, do not think long."

"I shall not—ten minutes will suffice." He took his seat in the Spanish arm-chair, and thought steadfastly, while Henrietta fixed her eyes all the time on the watch that he had given her, after positively refusing to present her with a diamond ring.

"Well, uncle—the ten minutes are out," said Henrietta.

"I have thought," replied he, "and the result is that I have made up my mind to give you no more money for any purpose belonging to this outfit. If you choose to seize upon the useless before you have secured the useful, you lay abide by the consequences."

"But, uncle," said Henrietta, "it is utterly possible for me to go to New York without a pongee travelling-dress and a grass-cloth bonnet."

"What will you do if you do not go?" asked the uncle.

"Then I shall stay behind."

"What will you do when you stay behind?"

Henrietta turned away half crying, and made no answer.

"I am firm as a rock," said Mr. Markham. "I do nothing without mature deliberation. You shall neither have a grass-cloth gown nor a pongee bonnet."

"But I may have a pongee gown and a grass-cloth bonnet—may I not, dear uncle?" said Henrietta—catching at a straw.

"Neither one nor the other—I do not know which is which, but you shall have neither. I have thought it and I have said it, and you might as well attempt to move Mount Holyoke. Among your numerous dresses, you can certainly find one that is fit for travelling, and I see no objection to the straw bonnet you are wearing now. At all events, you should have saved out sufficient money for the purpose, if you considered these pongee and grass-cloth things as articles of absolute necessity."

There being no alternative, Henrietta found herself obliged to submit. Her uncle took his hat and went out for the morning, and she departed to make her final settlement with the dress-makers, and to provide herself with a travelling hand-basket, that she nearly filled with gingerbread-nuts, and the bonbons called lemon drops, without which Miss Duckworth had assured her it was impossible to undertake a journey to New York, or indeed to any other place.

The clouds soon cleared away from the brow of our heroine, when she found that there was no remedy for her disappointment, and her uncle was glad to see that she met him at dinner with a smiling countenance, and also that she had been practising not only Hail Columbia but Yankee Doodle beside. By way of salvo for refusing the travelling costume, he went out and bought her a very handsome Thibet shawl, and in the evening he took her again to the theatre. On their way thither, he informed

Henrietta that she would have a female companion as far as New York, for that Mr. Wimpole, an acquaintance of his, had requested him to take charge of his daughter to that city, where she was going to be bridesmaid at the wedding of one of her cousins.

On the morning of their departure, Henrietta, who had kept awake since three o'clock that she might not oversleep herself, was up and dressed long before five, precisely at which hour her uncle knocked at her door. He found her simply habited in a plaid silk frock and her straw bonnet, and as she gaily bade him good morning, his heart smote him that he had not indulged her according to her desire. They departed for the steambot, where, as they sat on the deck, they were soon joined by Mr. Wimpole and his daughter. Rosabelle Wimpole was a tall willowy-looking girl, who seemed all a-droop. Immensely long ringlets, intermixed with downward flowers, dangled down her cheeks and over the front of her neck. On one side of her bonnet hung a long drooping spray of pallid roses, and a green veil. Her dress seemed falling off her shoulders and wrinkling down her waist, which was of amazing length; and its arm-holes descended almost to her elbows, pushing the sleeves below them. Never did a dress look more uncomfortably; and how she kept it on was a mystery to all observers. A worked-muslin pelerine hung back from her shoulders, with a long flowing ribbon strung about it in some way that was neither useful nor ornamental. Her eyes were half closed in a perpetual languish, and her lips half open as if to exhale a perpetual sigh. She formed a striking contrast to the round healthy figure, blooming cheeks, and sprightly countenance of Henrietta Harrison.

On being introduced to our heroine, Miss Wimpole regarded her through an eye-glass, and was probably satisfied with the result of her scrutiny, as she pressed the hand of Henrietta to her heart, and said, "Let us be friends for ever." To which proposal Miss Harrison nodded an assent. The last bell began to send forth its clamorous peal before Mr. Markham and Mr. Wimpole had finished their discussion on the state of the money market, and Rosabelle prepared for a melancholy parting with her father by drawing her veil over her face, and unfolding a handkerchief which she took from her reticule. Now the truth was that she was only to be absent a week, and that she always spent as much of her time from home as she possibly could; living almost entirely with married sisters, cousins, and a variety of people whom she called her friends, and from whom the slightest invitation was sufficient. Her father was married to a second wife, a dull drowsy woman, and they had a numerous flock of noisy troublesome young children, whom Mrs. Wimpole left entirely without control, as she did her step-daughter.

All the visitors were fast leaving the boat, and Mr. Wimpole (engaged to the last moment in conversation with Mr. Markham,) shook Rosabelle's hand without turning his head towards her, forgot to give her a farewell kiss, and finishing his discourse with "Bills on England are selling at ten per cent. premium"—he

sprung on shore just as they were taking up the landing-board. His daughter went to the railing, and waved her handkerchief at nothing till the boat had passed by Chestnut, Market, and Arch streets. She then came back to Henrietta, and said to her—"My sweet friend, let us mutually aid each other to keep clear of the shoals and quicksands of our perilous voyage."

"I think that will be rather the business of the pilot and engineer," observed Mr. Markham, looking up from the morning papers which he had bought from the boys on the wharf, to read while in the boat.

"Oh! I mean the voyage of life," said Rosabelle.

"Oh! life thou art a gloomy road,  
A weary, sad, and heavy load,  
For wretches such as I."

"Poor girl!" said Mr. Markham pityingly—"you are very young to be tired of life already. But you should not call yourself a wretch."

"That is only a quotation, dear uncle," observed Henrietta.

"Ah! my beloved Miss Harrison," said Rosabelle—"or rather my sweet Henrietta, (for that I believe is your name,) I see you are skilled in the poets. But as I was saying, I feel that we are destined to tread the thorny path together, and that the friendship commenced this day, will endure till the wing of time shall sever us." While Henrietta was thinking of a suitably reply, (not certain whether she ought to adopt the style of her new and extreme friend, or whether she had best remain *au naturel*.) Miss Wimpole took out from her belt an ivory tablet, in which she began to make memorandums. Henrietta erroneously supposed that she was marking down a young couple then inconveniently promenading the crowded deck; the lady holding on to her husband's arm with both hands as if afraid of losing her prize, and smiling up in his face honeymoon fashion; and the gentleman looking somewhat embarrassed as he carried by one end a down pillow,\* whose covering of cambric lined with pink silk, was filled with rich lace. This bijou of a pillow, which they seemed afraid to trust a moment out of their sight, and which was in keeping with the splendour of her dress, was evidently for the purpose of accommodating the lady beautifully, should she be inclined to repose during the voyage to Bordentown.

The boat seemed but a few minutes in passing the city, and the attention of our young and untraveller heroine was alternately engaged by the wide river glittering in the morning sun, its green and fertile shores, and the various people that walked, or stood, or sat about the deck. They were nearly at Bridesburgh, when she missed her new friend, and went down stairs in search of her. She found Miss Wimpole sitting at the table in the ladies' cabin, surrounded by talking women and crying children, and busily engaged in transferring her memorandums to an album-looking book.

"Friend of my future life, I am writing my

journal," said Rosabelle.—"I had determined never to travel without keeping one. It is so gratifying to people's friends. Shall I read you what I have written? (lowering her voice.) Come, let us go and take our seats on those shelves by the windows, where the children can no longer catch hold of our dresses with their greasy hands." Accordingly, they retreated to the transom. "There now," said Rosabelle—"we are nicely fixed. If the children clamber up after us, we can easily throw them out of the window." She then commenced as follows: reading in a sing-song affected tone, and frequently obliged to elevate her voice to its highest pitch, that it might be heard above the fretting of the babies, the coaxing of the mother, and the creaking of the rocking chairs.

"How finely organized are the fibres of the human heart! How closely they are interwoven with our tears! How painful, how agonizing it is to rend asunder the silken cords that tie us to our native roof. Oh home! sweet home! Why should we trample on the flowers that bloom on our paternal hearth?"

"Very true," remarked Henrietta—"it is better to put them on the mantel-piece. But I thought you were going to read me your journal."

"So I am.—This is it.—But I see you are not used to journals. It is fashionable for them to begin despondingly, and to end in a great outburst of joy or something. Well—to proceed.—"Philadelphia—thrice-loved, thrice honoured Philadelphia! Glorious city of my birth, and city of William Penn, whose statue befronTS the hospital!"

"Befronts!" said Henrietta.

"Yes, befronts—stands in front of. It is a word that I have myself added to our language. I think it very expressive—don't you? But let me go on—"Metropolis of the friendly quakers, and queen of the blue and silver Delaware! Triumphant rival of Wilmington and Burlington, also of Bristol, and other places. With swelling heart and streaming eyes I have just passed your well known walls!"

"What walls?" asked Henrietta.

"Oh! the walls of the houses, to be sure. "The lengthy market-house has faded from my view, and Christ Church steeple has melted into air. Your lofty towers have pierced the clouds and vanished!"

"What towers?" inquired Henrietta.

"Oh! the two shot towers—we have no others—but you must not expect a journal to tell nothing but the truth. Well—where am I. "In a few hours a vast portion of this restless globe (more than eighty miles,) will roll between me and the city of my ancestors, where even my grandfather was born, and kept his extensive store, and papa and my uncles after him. Hours, days and nights must slowly wind their mingled web around the State House clock before my longing eyes shall again be greeted with the welcome smoke of Kensington glass house, blest harbinger of Philadelphia. Swift glides the jerking bont. The river widens—the shore flattens—poplars shade red cottages. They are out of fashion in Philadelphia: lindens being all the go—Oh! leafy lindens! your branches strike upon my heart, and wake the

\* Fact.

chord of memory—particularly those in front of the State House, where oft when court was over, and the youthful attorneys at law were returning to their offices, I met on my way to Gaubert's—But be still, my tell-tale fingers, and breathe not that mysterious name to the winds.—Alas—alas—seven suns shall set, seven pensive moons shall rise before we meet again. Sighs wave my dishevelled tresses—tears blot my paper—the pen falls from my convulsive grasp”——

“And did it?” asked Henrietta: who had been trying all the time under the guise of *naïveté* to conceal her inclination to laugh.

Before the question could be answered, breakfast was announced, and Mr. Markham appeared at the door to conduct his young ladies to the table, where broiled chickens, omelets, and stewed clams, for a while diverted the attention of Rosabelle from her sorrows. On returning to the deck she whispered Henrietta—“Not a word about a certain young gentleman to your uncle—I confide in your friendship, and feel that you will guard my secret with your life.” She then diverged into the history of her cousin Rachel, to whose wedding she was going.—“I must make you acquainted with cousin Rachel,” said she—“in spite of her lamentable name, you will find her a sweet and lovely creature. She is my daily correspondent.”

Nothing particular occurred during the remainder of their voyage up the Delaware, except that they of the pink pillow landed at Bristol, the lady having taken it into use as she arranged herself elegantly for a nap on a settee in the cabin; and she actually had the felicity of reclining her head on it nearly the whole of the passage from Dunks's ferry to Bristol. Off Whitehill, a sturgeon leaped out of the water to perform a summerset, and Rosabelle put down in her journal, that “countless fish forsook the briny element to gambol in their native fields of air.”

When they took the rail-road cars at Bordentown, Miss Wimpole commissioned her natal river (as she called the Delaware) to bear her sighs to Thirteenth street, and having apostrophised the mansion of Joseph Bonaparte at Point Breeze, as “breathing around an air of royalty,” she professed an insurmountable inclination to commune awhile with her own mind, and very soon fell asleep. Henrietta looked out on both sides at all that the velocity of the car would allow her to see, and her uncle talked to his opposite neighbours. When they passed the line of cars that had left Amboy that morning, the usual rapid exchange of newspapers took place between the gentlemen going to New York, and the gentlemen coming from thence; and during this onslaught of a moment, Mr. Markham's gold spectacles were accidentally snatched off in snatching at the papers which he held up in each hand. This untoward incident was a sad grievance to the old gentleman, for though he had gained an equivalent supply of the New York morning news in exchange for that of Philadelphia, the want of glasses prevented him from reading it. He then bethought himself of pointing out to Henrietta the beauties of the country; but finding few beauties to describe, he also sunk into a nap,

from which he did not waken till they arrived at Hightstown, and took in the usual supply of fruit and cakes from the children that come to the road-side to sell them, when the cars reach the stopping-place.

At length they came to Amboy, where Rosabelle discovered something that she called rocks, and put down in her journal as frowning precipices. She then began to make comparisons between her native river and the Hudson, very unfavourable to the latter. “Now for my part,” said Henrietta, “I see no reason for not admiring both rivers. I think the more things we are pleased with, the more pleasure we have.”

“That is quite a sensible remark,” observed her uncle, in a low voice to Henrietta. “I am sorry I refused you the pongee grass cloth.”

“Pleasure!” ejaculated Rosabelle. “Who can look for pleasure in this vale of sorrow, when at every step a bleeding heart stares us in the face!”

“I never saw one in my life,” said Henrietta.

“Well,” said Mr. Markham—“the misfortune that preases most heavily on me just now, is the loss of my umbrella, which I must have left in the rail-road car. I never travel without one, and I never have it strapped on my trunk since I had one rubbed to pieces by doing so. It is unaccountable that I should forget it, for it was quite new, an excellent thick silk, with an ivory handle, and cost me six dollars.”

“Undoubtedly you will get it again,” said Henrietta—“was not your name upon it?”

“To be sure it was—engraved on the slide—but that is of no avail. I have made up my mind as to seeing it no more, for nobody ever returns a good umbrella.”

“Oh! the degeneracy of the world,” sighed Rosabelle.

“Not much degeneracy after all,” said Mr. Markham; “we find by the Vicar of Wakefield, that the practice of keeping other people's umbrellas prevailed even in his time. I suspect it commenced with the very first introduction of those invaluable articles. If it was any thing but an umbrella, I might possibly get it again.”

“I am sorry you have lost it,” said Henrietta—“but, dear uncle, as the weather is so fine, it is not probable you will need one before you reach home.”

“I shall buy one in New York, however,” replied Mr. Markham—“for it is my way always to have one at hand. You might as well attempt to move Mount Tom, as to persuade me to travel without an umbrella.”

The boat had scarcely left Amboy and got into the bay, which was that day unruffled by the slightest breeze, when Rosabelle began to complain of sea-sickness, as is the case with many ladies even on the smoothest salt-water. She retired to a berth in the ladies' cabin, where Henrietta attended her and plied her with a vinargrette and a smelling bottle of scented salts, till the dinner bell rang, which was very soon. Rosabelle was so much benefited by these remedies, that she was able to sit up in her berth and dine heartily on the duck, ham, and pudding, that was sent to her from the table by Mr. Markham, finishing with a plate of almonds and raisins. She then rose and com-

mitted to her journal the following apostrophe, which she afterwards read to Henrietta.

"Sea-sickness! thou worst of mortal evils! thou green-eyed monster that swallows up both mind and body! Point and pinnacle of human suffering, and every way disagreeable! Bitterly have I felt your envenomed fang weighing down my prostrate spirits, and rendering life a still greater burden. And, alas! there was no friendly hand to raise me from my lofty couch, with its lowly and uncomfortable pillow, and perform my incessant wish of ending the misery of sea-sickness, by a plunge into the far-spreading jaws of yawning ocean."

"I am sure it was much better to hold two smelling-bottles to your nose," said Henrietta. "If you were so desirous of being thrown overboard, why did not you mention it?"

"Henrietta," replied Miss Wimpole—"how green and literal you are! Do not you know that it is the rule in talking or writing of sea-sickness, always to say you wished to be thrown into the sea? It only means that you were very sick."

Just then, Mr. Markham summoned the girls on deck to look at the fortress called Castle Williams, which Rosabelle put down as a dreary ruin. She thought she saw several foxes looking out of the windows, but they proved to be boys. The time was now very short till they reached the Battery, where they found a gentleman belonging to the family of Rosabelle's cousin Rachel, waiting to receive her. In her eager inquiries after her daily correspondent, (whom she was to see in a quarter of an hour,) Miss Wimpole forgot to take a sentimental leave of the friend of her future life; and she drove off with merely a nod from the carriage window.

"Only think," said Henrietta,—"she never asked me where we were going to stay while in New York, nor told me where she was to be found herself."

"I knew she would not," replied Mr. Markham. "I saw at a glance that she was all froth and foolery; and that there was no truth or nature about her."

"What varieties of girls there are," observed Henrietta.

Our heroine was taken by her uncle to one of the principal boarding-houses in the city, where she found occasion for the best of her finery. She spent three days very agreeably in seeing the lions of New York, and in receiving the civilities of a very handsome young gentleman who sat next to her at table, and whom she discovered to be the brother of one of her former school-mates, Miss Luttrell of Hudson, who was now on a visit to a married sister at New Haven.

The morning came when our heroine and her uncle were to set out on their voyage up the river; and from Albany they were to proceed to Markhamville. The boat did not start till seven, but Henrietta (though she had risen before five,) was not, even with the assistance of the chambermaid, completely ready till half-past six; having dressed and undressed three times before she could please herself. Perhaps the genuine reason of this difficulty was, that Mr. Luttrell had informed her the evening be-

fore, that his two sisters (both the married and single,) had just arrived from New Haven, and that he was going to escort them home next day to Hudson. They would, therefore, be in the same boat with her and her uncle. Finally, Henrietta came down attired in one of her new dresses which she had not yet worn, a figured silk of a very becoming nondescript colour, a beautiful pelerine of the same, and her handsomest French-worked collar. Instead of the little straw cottage bonnet that she had worn on her way from Philadelphia, she now appeared in her new Leghorn, which was trimmed with pale pink ribbon, and decorated with pink hyacinths both outside and in. Her uncle surveyed her from head to foot, and said to her—"Well, Henrietta—you certainly do not mean this for a travelling dress."

"And why not, dear uncle," she replied.—"Certainly I can wear it for this day's journey. How should any dress be injured by sitting or walking about, in a nice clean steamboat?"

"Well, well," said Mr. Markham, "It is too late now to make any change, for the carriage is at the door; so this time you must have your way." And she looked so pretty that he could not help feeling more indulgently towards her than usual. He did not, however, cause the same satisfaction to her, for Henrietta now perceived, after they were seated in the coach, that the old gentleman carried a coarse blue cotton umbrella.

"Oh! uncle Mark!" she exclaimed—"where did you get that horrible umbrella?"

"Horrible!" said he—looking at it—"what makes it horrible!—Did you learn that pretty expression from your sworn friend of a few hours, Miss Rosabelle Wimpole?"

"Oh! no, indeed!" answered Henrietta—"I said horrible long before I knew her. But, really that umbrella is shocking."

"Shocking!—in what way does it shock you?"

"It is such an umbrella as no gentleman can possibly carry."

"I am a gentleman, and I *will* carry it."

"Then nobody will take you for one."

"We shall see that. But pray, how came you so well versed in the signs and tokens of gentlemen, when you have had so little chance of knowing any, except myself?"

"Oh! yes—I have known Signor Oggi, and Signor Dotti, and Mr. Von Plick the harpist, who was a baron in Germany, and Monsieur Legerdepied, the dancing master—and not one of them would carry a cotton umbrella—if he could help it. Dear uncle, is it your own?"

"To be sure it is.—Do you think I would be so like the rest of the world as to carry other people's umbrellas. I went out and bought it this very morning, to replace the good silk one that I lost on the road: and (as my ill luck may continue,) I got one this time that was less costly."

"But why go so much on the other extreme.—Any sort of silk umbrella is preferable to a cotton."

"No, it is not—a cotton one is stronger and better than an inferior silk."

"But the weather is so fine, that you cannot possibly want any umbrella before you get to

Albany. Do leave it in the carriage, or make a present of it to the driver."

"What—a good new umbrella to a hackman! You are a greater simpleton than I thought you."

"Oh! uncle, are you really going on board the boat with that vile blue cotton thing under your arm?"

"To be sure I am.—Did not I tell you, that you might as well attempt to move Mount Tom, as to persuade me to travel without an umbrella!"

(To be concluded in the next No.)

## LA MÈRE DES SOLDATS.

I HAD very often heard of the person who bears the above appellation, and yet, during years of residence in and frequent visits to Paris, it had so chanced that I had never seen her. However, I determined not to go again without making acquaintance with her, and, in October, 1829, I accomplished my purpose. I set off for Montmartre with a friend, who was to act as guide and master of the ceremonies, and, leaving our carriage at the *barrière*, we slowly proceeded up the hill.

It was one of those days so frequent in autumn, when gleams of sunshine break through heavy masses of clouds, and cast partial lights over the landscape. Paris and its environs appeared like a vast panorama, and we often turned round to contemplate the scene which we were leaving behind us. The gilded dome of the Invalides rose in the gray atmosphere with independent brightness; St. Geneviève and Notre Dame served as beacons to direct us to the spots which most interested us. The castle of Vincennes rose from the plain, and the dense black cloud above, threw over it a gloom which was well adapted to its history. One broad solitary beam illumined the darkness, and shot across the fading tints of a beautiful and distant assemblage of trees. The light alone would have attracted our observation, but it was like a ray of glory over the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and the last loved being there deposited seemed to be hailing us as we stood. The fairest, the best, the pride and joy of all connected with her, had vanished from us in the perfection of youthful loveliness; and at this moment her heavenly countenance, her extraordinary talents and acquirements, her unwearied and universal benevolence, her resignation to her untimely fate, all rushed upon our recollection, and our hearts were too full to speak.

But the living soon awakened us from our reverie, and we silently gained the village. It had no beauty to induce us to linger in it; and, having heard that *La Mère* was often to be seen at the confessional in the church, we bent our steps thither. A poor decrepid female most officiously besprinkled us with holy water as we entered; but the object of our search was not there, and Monsieur D. left me to examine the interior of the building, while he tried to gain information concerning her residence. The church of Montmartre is not beau-

tiful either in decoration or architecture, but it is interesting from its antiquity, and from a few old relics within, such as a font and two or three mutilated tombs; but its venerable appearance is destroyed by bad paintings and the dirty finery hung about the various altars around the sides of the building. Having procured some directions, my friend returned, and, proceeding through two or three little dirty alleys, we reached a high wall, which so completely concealed the dwelling of *La Mère*, that, had it not been for a small door, we should not have guessed that there was any habitation behind it. There was neither bell nor knocker; tapping seemed in vain: we therefore shook this door with all our force, and our ears were then assailed by the loud outcries of some curs, who would have disputed our entrance. A dirty-looking female admitted us, and, when we asked for *La Mère Ste. Camille*, ushered us in through a low apartment without furniture, inhabited by fowls and ducks, into another of better dimensions. I had, it is true, seen enough of nuns and friars to destroy the romantic notions which we English Protestants often conceive of them; but all I had heard of this extraordinary being led me to expect a fairy rather than a dwarf, and, with feelings heightened by the circumstances of my walk, I had quitted the church with impressions far beyond their natural pitch. It was well for me that the entrance had somewhat checked these, or I might have started when *La Mère* first presented herself. It was not that the idea of her unearthly appearance was destroyed, but I in vain looked for her good deeds in her exterior. A little being stood before me not more than four feet and a half high. Her black gown was made with the wide sleeves and skirt always worn by nuns; her bib and head-cloth were white as snow; a large black veil was thrown over her head and shoulders; a rosary was attached to her girdle; and a large cross was suspended from her neck. A pair of huge feet, in thick and coarse shoes, peeped from beneath her robe; her hands were small and shriveled; but her face——, I have reserved that till the last, despairing to convey an adequate notion of its expression. Her features were aquiline, and had been handsome; the loss of her teeth had brought her nose and chin, sharpened by age, too near together to preserve their original beauty, but her eyes were beyond the power of words to describe. Surrounded by wrinkles, they yet preserved all the fire of youth; they were black, and seemed to penetrate into every secret feeling. They were occasionally raised to Heaven with fervour, but, when she was speaking of her adventures, they were in incessant motion. Her voice was not harsh, but loud as that of a Stentor, and contributed more than any thing else to the idea of her being supernatural.

Accustomed to see a multitude of people, all of whom she cannot recollect, it is very easy to pass for an old acquaintance with *La Mère des Soldats*, and as such my friend introduced himself. As such did she receive him, and welcome us both to her dwelling. We sat down and conversed some little time, during

which I had an opportunity of surveying the apartment. A large *pot-au-feu* stood among the wood-ashes in the ample chimney; a small bed at one corner, with yellowish white curtains, was destined to receive not only its owner, but a huge cat, which evidently preferred diurnal possession. A table, a few old chairs, a chest of drawers, a sort of secretaire, and a basket for each of the dogs, completed the furniture.

After talking over the number of her patients and some minor troubles which had lately befallen her, she asked us to inspect the chamber prepared by herself, for those workmen who are wounded in the quarries close by her residence. There was no occupant at the time I speak of, but the three beds which the chamber contained were all ready to receive their patients at a moment's notice, and were models of neatness and cleanliness. The room was hung round with prints illustrating the lives of the saints, and, railed off from the rest was a small altar, dedicated to our Saviour, decorated with the usual accompaniments of tinsel, flowers, and candlesticks. *La Mère* placed chairs for us all to kneel upon, and said, "Whatever religion you may be of, you surely cannot refuse to join your voice with mine in thankfulness and supplication to the Saviour of mankind. All religions are the same which acknowledge the Almighty and his Son." Of course we complied with her request, and she commenced a prayer of her own composition. Her voice, however, frequently failed her, and Mons. D. offered to read the prayer for her. She put it into his hands, and gave herself up to the devotion of the moment. She repeated it after him with fervour, and, although the verses were not perfect, they were simple and affecting; and, on seeing her with her hands and eyes upraised, and her whole self entirely abstracted, as it were, from this earth, it was not possible either to refuse her credit for her sincerity, or in some measure to partake of her feelings. On rising, she laid her hand upon my arm, and exclaimed, "Now you are truly my sister, and I hope you will never forget the prayers of *La Mère Ste. Camille*." We offered her money, but she pointed to a little box, and said, "Put it into that, for there I keep the treasures of others. I do not want it just now for my hospital, but there are many poor in this parish."

We returned to her own room, and then begged her to relate to us the history of her life; for I told her I had come all the way from England to hear it, and to see her. She readily complied with my wishes, but wandered occasionally from her subject. She frequently stopped to make reflections, and at times her enthusiasm rendered her almost incoherent; the following, however, is the substance of her narration.

Her real name is Maunoir, and she was born at Angers, where she lived with a wealthy mother. From the earliest age she devoted herself to charity, and, when the civil wars commenced, she visited the fields of battle to carry succour to the wounded, and comfort to the dying. With her basket of drugs and cordials, she braved the horrors of such a scene, spent hours in staunching wounds, and probably

saving the lives of many, who would otherwise have perished from exhaustion. During these troubled times, sixty-four unhappy priests were shut up in the chapel of the castle at Angers, and were suffering tortures from thirst. This diminutive being scaled the walls, and by means of cords, lowered wine and water through the broken windows to the unfortunate sufferers. For this she was thrown into prison, and even there, regardless of her own fate, she contrived to help her companions in misfortune. She was at length released by some counter-revolution, which changed the authorities. Her mother died, and her property having been all confiscated, Mademoiselle Maunoir went to Paris, in the hope of attaching herself to some religious community devoted to the relief of the sick, and, arriving at her aunt's, she was entreated to leave her vocations, and behave as became the heiress of a considerable property. This she positively refused to do, and she was consequently disinherited: before her aunt died, however, she made over her property to the institution which her niece had even then endeavoured to found.

Finding that to associate herself with any established order would be to confine her pious exertions, she pursued her own course, and particularly devoted herself to the care of sick or disgraced soldiers, and of those who were not sufficiently poor to go into an hospital, and yet not rich enough to pay for medical attendance. But the former have always been the chief objects of her care, from which she derives the title of "*La Mère des Soldats*." She not only visits them in their hospitals, but in their prisons, whither she carries them bodily refreshment and the consolations of religion. For this, she is so well known to every body, that she is admitted where no one else would be allowed to go; and, whenever an unhappy soldier is tried for any offence, she takes her station in the court, with her little bottle of *eau de mélisse* in her hand, with which she revives the spirits of those who are condemned. The instant that the prisoner is taken out of court, away she trots at an incredible rate, with her wooden shoes, and great feet, to the palace. The sentinels, who know her, permit her to pass; the people in waiting admit her still further; and she glides into the royal presence almost unperceived. She does not always plead in vain, for, the military laws of France being extremely severe, every opportunity which affords an excuse for their mitigation is readily seized. Among the successful instances which she related to us, I shall select only two.

The first was that of a young man who had been forced into the army, and torn away from a young wife, to whom he had been married only a few months, and from a number of beloved friends and relations. The news of his mother's dangerous illness, and the immediate prospect of the birth of his child, reached him, and he sought and obtained leave of absence, in order to return to his family. His home was far in the south of France, and he had the happiness of finding his mother better; but, as he was about to depart, after a very few days' rest, his wife was taken ill, and, to leave her

in safety, and embrace his new-born child, he delayed the moment of starting, in the hope of still reaching his regiment by the expiration of his furlough. To do this he was obliged to use extra-exertion; but, overcome by fatigue and anxiety, he was a week beyond the appointed time. He was seized as a deserter, tried, and condemned to be shot. When his sentence was pronounced, the poor fellow fainted, but *La Mère* was close at hand, to pour her cordial down his throat, and to whisper a few words of hope in his ear. She proceeded, with her usual celerity, to the Thuilleries, and told her story to the kind-hearted Louis XVIII., who not only pardoned the culprit, but ordered his discharge. I saw the letter from the family to his benefactress, which expressed their unbounded gratitude; and she told me that they every year proved, by some trifling present, that her services were not forgotten.

The second instance was of more recent occurrence, and was that of a fine young man, who, after a series of irritating and insulting conduct from his superior officer, was at length struck by him. The soldier returned the blow, and felled his officer to the ground. He was arrested, and the court-martial sentenced him to be shot, in a few hours after condemnation. *La Mère* darted off to the Thuilleries with inconceivable rapidity, but unhappily the king, Charles X., was at St. Cloud. She instantly quitted the palace, and met the Duc de R——t in his cabriolet. He heard her story, and, telling her to get into his carriage, he drove her at full speed to St. Cloud, at the same time informing her that there was no hope for her *protégé*, for the youthful and benevolent Duc de Ch——s had already solicited his majesty twice, without success. Arrived at St. Cloud, *La Mère* met on the stairs the Duc de Ch——s, who told her that his majesty still continued inexorable, for it was an offence which was never pardoned. *La Mère*, however, persisted, and so effectually worked upon the king's feelings, that he wavered. At that moment, the rolling of wheels and the trampling of horses were heard. They were leading the poor victim to the place of execution. Dropping on her knees, *La Mère* called religion to her aid, in so powerful a manner, that she obtained the royal grace. The Duc de Ch——s awaited the result of her visit, and when she shouted, "Pardon!" from the door of his majesty's apartment, he immediately despatched a horse-soldier to stop the execution. He arrived just as the poor fellow had had the handkerchief bound round his head, and dropped on his knees to meet his fate. The joyous cries of his companions informed him that he was saved, and when they tore the bandage from his eyes, he was senseless. They carried him from the ground to the hospital, where he had a fever; "but," said his protectress, "we shall soon get him well again."

The good deeds of *La Mère Ste. Camille*, however, have not been confined to individual instances. When the Empress Josephine was on the throne of France, she sent for this enthusiastic being, and asked her what she should give her by way of present. *La Mère* only asked for a male and female lamb of the

real Merinos breed. The empress complied, and interested herself very much about their well-doing. From these, and from a more numerous donation of the same kind from another quarter, *La Mère* has reared a large flock of the purest race. This has been her great resource at all times, and, when the plague raged at Barcelona, she pledged her flock, in order to pay the expenses of two religious sisters and five brethren, whom she sent to attend on the sick in the hospitals. She was desirous also of sending the same sort of assistance to the Greeks during their late struggle, but the government prohibited the departure of her little expedition.

I am sorry to add, that advantage is but too often taken of the enthusiasm and credulity of *La Mère*, and she has frequently been drawn into the snares of the artful, and become responsible for sums of money. Such a circumstance had just occurred when I saw her, and she was obliged to sell some of her "*pauvres bêtes*," as she called them, to answer a heavy demand. As she spoke, the remainder arrived from browsing on the hill, and a little ragged shepherdess conducted them to their fold behind the house: we saw them before we came away, and they evinced much joy at the sight of their mistress. They also licked our hands, and seemed so perfectly tame, that she had evidently spent much time among them, teaching them gentleness.

But the chief ambition of this extraordinary personage is to found a religious order, for the express purposes to which she has devoted her life. She wrote to the Pope on the subject, and obtained his holiness's full permission to establish herself as the superior of the order. She could not, however, accomplish her plan, without the assistance of the archbishop of Paris, and she also petitioned him, but he refused all aid, and it is supposed from motives of policy, entirely prohibited her from forming the institution. She still persists, however, with the Pope's authority, to call herself *la Supérieure des Sœurs de Ste. Camille*, and two sisters consider her as the legal directress of their labours in the same cause, to which she has so entirely sacrificed all her worldly interests.

Such is the history of this wonderful woman, who is still to be seen every day descending and reascending the hill of Montmartre, on her way to and from the military hospitals. A little basket hangs on her arm, and she is escorted by her two dogs. The soldiers bless her as she passes their *casernes*. "*Bon jour, ma mère!*" salutes her on all sides as she goes along; and many of the poorer class feel a superstitious reverence even for her name. I was in her presence nearly three hours, and my attention had been so strongly excited, and the interest I felt for her was so powerful, that I was glad to walk quietly back to the *barrière*. Her voice rung in my ears for days, and I felt quite annoyed when any one tried to lower the estimate I had made of her good qualities. They say that the wounded workmen whom she takes into her hospital, would have better medical advice in a public establishment; that, carried away by her enthusiasm, she is no



respector of times or persons, and intrudes herself till she becomes troublesome; and that she is led away by her feelings to a degree bordering on insanity. I am willing to grant all this, but her motives, her religious fervour, her active benevolence, are all pure and disinterested, I firmly believe; and, if they be tinged with superstition and enthusiasm, we must recollect her education as an excuse for the first, and, as for the latter, I will ask—what great purpose was ever effected without it!

Written for the Lady's Book.

### WAY MARKS.

PHILADELPHIA—QUAKERS—QUAKERESSES—  
ALBUM VERSES.

FOR a pleasant ramble on a summer's morning, of all your cities commend me to Philadelphia. It is a cleanly, wholesome city. It hath its Chestnut street! Broadway may not rival it,—Washington street cannot vie with it: that is crowded, noisy, unsocial;—this, too gandy, cold, east-winded.

It is a very luxury to breathe Philadelphia air; to stroll round its beautiful green squares; to drink the fine cool water which is so copiously supplied to its citizens; and then to its scenery!—Just take a drive out to Fairmount. That is the arcadia for your afternoon lounge. It is impossible to keep a headache there. Go out an invalid, and you shall come back in high health. Your matchless sanative is nothing to it for a renovator. But Fairmount is not the only Spa that Philadelphia can boast. Hundreds of other glorious spots it can show, to which, had I time, I should be glad to travel back in memory, and recount here; but my business is now with the blossoms, not the soil.

Philadelphia hath its Quakers, and I like them! They are a meek race, and I love quiet people. They never bustle about like your tailor-worshipping gentry, nor run down blind children, like your sporting tandemites. They dress like Christians: their style is simple un-Esquimaux. I glory in a drab suit and broad-brim hat. It is a goodly sight, those quaintly carved coats; they look easy, comfortable, always at-home like.

Philadelphia hath its Quakeresses! who does not love to meet these small primroses, as they come shining along the well swept walks! Like the sweet flowers, that Mary Howitt so well describes, they "come out and beautify all places." How daintily their little feet press the sunny pavement! I do not care for ribbons, but those white bonnet-strings have bewitched me ever since I first saw a pair glistening above one of the most enchanting faces,—after all it might have been the face that pleased me so mightily,—perhaps it was, but white ribbons *are* taking: there is nothing beaush or artificial about them: they serve for bonnet-strings, and nothing more, yet have I seen them arrayed with a maximum of taste, seldom met with in costlier colours glittering around brocade!

How unlike your smart dashing belles are these young "lilies," as Charles Lamb was wont to call them.

Though naturally timid, and withal unaccustomed to the tournament, I think I could muster courage sufficient to splinter a lance with the ill-judging exquisite who once intimated that quaker women were coquettish; such a man ought to be turned over to the moles, or wedded to the all-accomplished authoress of "domestic manners." Graham bread is too good for him!

Decent young purities! coquettish indeed: the idea of entrapping a dozen gilt buttons would draw a smile over many a nice little primitive phiz, I dare say.

Such ungallant speculations! they are more flimsy even than the following verses which I caught myself pencilling not long ago in a quaker album,—(I mean the *poetry*,—the *sentiments* of course are genuine,—)

Who loves not Quaker girls?

I'm thinking of a fair one now,  
With tresses dark, and sunny brow,—  
All statly as a nun;—

I heard her sing one summer eve;  
That fairy voice can never leave  
My heart, till life is done,—

Oh! bird ne'er blither sang in May,  
Nor music made like Helen Ray,  
The Queen of Quaker girls!

Who loves not Quaker girls?

There's something in the quiet air  
And modest look these maidens wear,

The chaste and mild blue eye,  
The pleasant smile, the artless face,  
And all the nameless traits that grace

The simple bonnet's tie,  
That makes me sigh in spirit, when  
I bid adieu, O William Penn!

Thy City's peerless girls.

Who loves not Quaker girls?

I may not chance to stray again  
With my umbrella through the rain,  
Up Arch or Chestnut street,—

It ne'er again may be my lot,  
In April showers, on either spot  
Those dazzling forms to meet,—

But marked with white shall be the day  
I sheltered home young Helen Ray,  
The Queen of Quaker girls!

Boston.

J. T. F.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE MOTHER'S WELCOME TO HER NEW-BORN INFANT.

WELCOME! little pilgrim stranger;

Feeble, helpless, as thou art;

' Entering in a world of danger,—

Welcome to a mother's heart.

Here, though heir to wealth or splendour,

You must take a pilgrim's fare;

'Tis the best that earth can render

To her sighing sons of care.

Here—tempest, clouds, and whirlwind threaten

Oft to shroud in moonless night;

Yet here thy Maker's placed a beacon,

Pointing to a world of light!

Welcome—therefore, little stranger!

Come,—perform thy destined part;

Soar above terrestrial danger,

Thus rejoice a mother's heart.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

(Continued from vol. xvi. page 263.)

### CHAPTER II.

"We hear indeed, but shudder while we hear,  
The insidious falsehood and the heartless jeer."  
SPRAQUE.

"I KNOW nothing on earth more like passing through purgatory, than being brought in full view of a broadside of curious spectators for the first time at a boarding-house," said Lieutenant Montgomery, as he entered the front parlour, and saw a long table studded with heads that turned, as by one consent, to gaze at him. Mrs. Bolton relieved his embarrassment by calling out—"this way, Lieutenant Montgomery, this way!" and black John gave him a chair that had been kept vacant for him: on the left of his landlady, and opposite to Miss Ellen. The latter gave him a sweet smile and familiar nod, and Mrs. Bolton kept all the conversation within her own sphere. Still, the many curious glances that darted toward him from different quarters of the table, and remarks made at his expense, did not escape our hero,—and finding himself the sole object of curiosity, he at last mustered courage—raised his head—and viewed the company with a mien of defiance. But his stern expression soon relaxed to a smile as his eye wandered from one end of the table to the other, and saw the variety of countenances and peculiar manner of each individual. And here, perhaps, it will not be amiss to introduce to the reader the principal personages at Mrs. Bolton's boarding-house, while they are satisfying their hunger and curiosity.

Next to the landlady's fair daughter, sat a very respectable looking lady, who appeared to take no notice of the new-comer, or make any observation, unless addressed by her husband, a gentleman of middle age, who sat between her and their daughter, a fine girl of nineteen. This young lady had a beautiful complexion and very regular features. Her countenance expressed wit and good humour, and her manners were very pleasing. She spoke fluently, and seemed to be the prompter of another young lady who sat next to her, and who appeared inclined to silence and pensive meditation. Her name was Susan Dearborn. She was an orphan, and of good family and some property, but having no near relations, she was obliged to make a boarding-house her home. Below Miss Dearborn sat a widow of forty, whose queer face awakened a thousand queer suggestions. Her nose was small and pointed, her mouth had something of malice and ludicrousness about it, and her eyes, of a faint, dim gray, flew like a new-fashioned shuttle, to every side in search of subjects to discuss. But what most distinguished her from the rest of her sex present, was the constant motion she kept up, in order to draw the gentlemen's attention. She had a very unfortunate name—*Tattle*—for, like the

label on a bottle, it revealed the properties within the vessel.

Next to Mrs. Tattle at a young gentleman with a handsome face, but an expression of habitual sarcasm. He was a smart lawyer and agreeable associate, the very opposite of his spouse, a plain woman, who looked in her rich drapery like a chambermaid in disguise. The two seats below them were filled by two Misses Bitters. They were ladies of single blessedness, and the very patterns of fastidiousness and oddity. They were tall and spare, with long sharp-pointed noses, and mouths drawn up *obliquely* toward their right ears. Both had seen the disappointments which maidens usually experience before they arrive at forty, and both had laid up against the world a long list of complaints for the injuries they had suffered, and which they intended to pay with proper resentment and contempt. For this purpose, they condemned every worldly good and every worldly pleasure, however innocent; and for this purpose they would let nobody rest. Every body's business was their business. "Why don't you do so? You might have done better in such or such way.—I could manage better than you have.—You are too idle, or you are too extravagant!" &c.—sounded constantly from their sage lips, and even their most tried friends were the objects of their scandal and spleen. Miss Dorothy Bitter, the oldest sister, knew, however, how to regulate her temper when self-interest demanded it; but Lucy, the youngest, kept herself constantly in hot water.

Next to Miss Bitters sat a sea-captain and his wife, and never were seen two persons more unlike. Captain Stearnes had married before he became second mate, the daughter of a poor farmer; she was entirely uneducated, and had continued to live in her father's family ever after her marriage. She was, therefore, just as nature had made her—a shrewd, good-natured woman, but little calculated to figure in city society. Her husband, on the contrary, had long been in the world, and had had time and opportunities to gain knowledge, and acquire the manners of a gentleman. He was dignified, affable, and polite, without ostentation, and at all times a desirable companion. He was fond of his wife, but at times he could not help secretly regretting that he had not delayed his marriage till he was more fit to choose a companion for his station in life. Thinking, however, that Mrs. Stearnes might yet cull some flowers of knowledge and of manners, he took her to New York when he last returned from sea, and here she now was the source of wonder and laughter. Not merely because she was ignorant, but because, being sensible of her own deficiencies, she endeavoured to play off gentility and bon-ton, affecting elegance of speech and manners with perfect ease; but doing it in a way which made her quite ridiculous. Thus, a few days after she came to Mrs. Bolton's, the gentleman who sat next to her at table, called for a bottle of wine; Mrs. Stearnes, the moment it was put on the table, seized the bottle and filled her own and her husband's glasses.

"What are you doing?" said Captain Stearnes, blushing to the brow.

"Why, what should I do, but help myself?" replied his better half, and emptied her glass with perfect satisfaction.

However, before Captain Stearnes and his lady returned home, it would hardly have been believed by any one who had not seen Mrs. Stearnes' first appearance in New York, that she had ever been out of city society, so much had she improved. The fact is, she was naturally shrewd and observing, and she soon saw that affectation of words and manners only made her ridiculous, and she wisely studied the general tone of the society that surrounded her. She saw at first, that Mrs. Comstock never laughed at any of her blunders, and that in conversation, manners, and every thing that concerned her, as far as observable, she was a prudent and estimable woman. This lady, therefore, she tried to imitate, and her society she courted.

Mrs. Comstock was not one of those persons who think every body ought to be banished from society who is not well educated or fashionably bred. She had a proper notion of *equality*, and was far from substituting tinsel for the real gems—the heart and mind. Seeing that Mrs. Stearnes was naturally a good and sensible woman, she encouraged her visits to her room, assisted her in fitting her dresses more conformable to the fashion, and often for hours read to her the best works and most useful publications. In this manner she not only improved her mind partially, but awakened a taste for literature; and this kind treatment of Mrs. Comstock, was the cause of the great change Mrs. Stearnes had undergone, when she left the city two years after her first appearance there.

How much good we may do if we are disposed to exert our talents and influence rightly! Mrs. Stearnes had been a tender mother to her children, and faithfully nursed their bodies, but being uneducated herself, she had brought them up in the same manner she had been trained, totally ignorant of grammar and other requisite branches of education which distinguish the genteel most from the vulgar. Now she returned home capable to guide and instruct them, and form proper plans for their education. And will not Mrs. Comstock's memory be gratefully cherished in this family? And will she not reap her reward even in this world? We shall see.

Mrs. Stearnes was the last of the ladies now at the table. Next to Captain Stearnes sat two Frenchmen, feasting on *a-la-mode*, and an Englishman lamenting to himself that the roast-beef he was eating, did not taste more like English roast-beef. Opposite to them were seated two Dutchmen. They were intimate friends, but still they sat at great distance from each other for the sake of giving their elbows a good space to move in, sticking them out so far, and so near their necks, that they appeared like the wings of chickens pinioned. The rest of the gentlemen were Yankees, in their tight stocks and starched bosom-pieces. And in contradiction to all the slander of foreigners, they looked as genteel and noble as European princes, although I must acknowledge that one of them, before he received the city polish, actually offended his landlady by calling out at the tea-table, "hand me them 'ere fried potatoes,"

taking the small jumbles in the cake-basket for that vegetable, and having been accustomed at home to eat them three times a-day.

It was amusing to see how the two sexes were drawn by mutual attraction towards each other. The ladies all sat aslant on their chairs, turning in a manner to be in full view of the gentlemen; and all their rings shone dazzlingly on the hand that nearest approached them. Even the Miss Bitters, with all their professions of being man-haters, had placed the bows on their caps on the side most conspicuous to the beaux. The gentlemen had also chosen their angle of *obliquity*, and many an anxious look went across the table towards the young ladies; but this time their manly countenances were visibly clouded, for Miss Ellen, the belle of the party, hardly moved her head to either side, but looked direct at the Lieutenant, as if she heard or saw no one but him.

"He is very handsome," said the widow, sufficiently loud to be heard by the object of her remark, as she stretched her head to address Miss Comstock, and pinched her arm. "I guess it is Mars himself," she added, in a low tone.

"Perhaps he may turn out to be Mercury," whispered Emma Comstock, smiling; "we will examine his heels by and by."

"Do see how Mrs. Bolton tries to make herself agreeable with the new boarder, and see how Ellen *coquets* with him. Now we shall have a dreadful sickish time, and she will be drumming all the while on the piano, and squalling us to death," said Miss Martha Bitters, with a spiteful sneer.

"Sister, sister," replied the older maiden, drawing her mouth into a sharp angle, "do not talk so loud; Mrs. Bolton's ears are more acute than her conscience. Should she get on any with us, we shall have the dirty pump-water to drink, instead of the clear Manhattan; and she will find out a thousand extra charges."

"Well, but they behave so ridiculously."

"Never mind them, sister.—Don't look that way, as I tell you we shall suffer for it," said the sage Dorothy.

"By George! that Mars of a fellow will eclipse us all," said a stout gentleman, clerk in one of the fashionable stores in Broadway. "What fools women are to be so attracted by a dandy, only for the glitter of his uniform."

"When," muttered his neighbour, with a sneer, "when was woman ever too wise to be taken by tinsel. But I should be sorry to have Ellen, she is a lovely-girl, throw herself away by marrying a fellow who has no better attraction than the bright buttons on his coat."

Many such remarks passed between the more considerate sex, but none loud enough to be overheard by the object of their sarcasms—and many a forehead glistened with drops of perspiration, and many a cheek glowed with fear or indignation, as they vainly endeavoured to catch a glance from the pretty Ellen.

There was, however, one among the number of anxious-looking beaux, who seemed to be in a complete fidget. He was a tall, grave-looking personage, thin as a Grahamite, seated at the foot of the table, and had, of course, a full view of the scene acted at the upper end. He

was an old bachelor of good family and handsome fortune, and to tell the truth he was, with the exception of some few of the oddities of his fraternity, a truly good and sensible man. Why he had remained so long in the single state we know not, nor could the ladies at Mrs. Bolton's ascertain; but certain it was, that all efforts made by them to conquer his adamant heart seemed in vain. Mrs. Bolton only appeared to share his sympathy and confidence. He studied to oblige and make himself agreeable to her in various ways. Still their natural tastes and dispositions were so dissimilar, that the boarders took it for granted that his attentions to their landlady were only a politic manoeuvre to secure to himself better treatment and more comforts in the house than the others enjoyed.

There was no little jealousy, therefore, among the boarders of both sexes, because Mr. Williams was consulted on all affairs by Mrs. Bolton; and she always had a bowl of new milk, or a nice dish of soup, or some good bit for him, if he was ill, or complained of loss of appetite; and at the table his taste and convenience were always attended to, before that of others. Thus you would hear Mrs. Bolton call out,—"Mr. Williams, I have a fine dish of — before me. There is a plate of fine hash on the table. John, why don't you attend to Mr. Williams? John, I tell you Mr. Williams wants bread," &c. In this manner the ears of the other boarders were continually assailed, and as they paid for their board as well as Mr. Williams, they thought it wrong that he should be always the best treated. He, therefore, experienced the usual fate of favourites, was envied and hated by all, who felt themselves ill-treated on his account, and poor Mr. Williams was the object of constant conversation and jealousy.

Mrs. Bolton had her secret motive for flattering and hampering Mr. Williams. She had long since concluded that a widow was a poor lonely forsaken creature, and that if she could "better her condition," that is, marry a man who had money, she would do so. Of all the men she knew, Mr. Williams was the one she could like for a second husband. To be sure, he was, to use a poetical description of much power—

"Long and lank and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand,"

and moreover very notional; but then he was a gentleman, and would make her independent. He might grow fatter after his marriage—bachelors are usually poor, thin creatures—and she need not mind his odd notions when he is fairly noosed. Thus she reasoned with herself, and spared no pains to get into his good graces, which, in her own opinion, grew daily easier, as he now frequently would sit with her for an hour or two in the evening, after the other boarders had retired. But he was very slow in his advances, and never came to the desired point. He seemed cautious and afraid, a course of conduct which Mrs. Bolton greatly despised; "for," said she, "poor Mr. Bolton only waited three days after our acquaintance,

before he spoke out like a man. But these old bachelors creep about, considering, and considering, till their hearts get farther and farther down, and can't be fathomed. It is a true saying," she continued, "that when a man's heart is in his throat, he more truly speaks from it; and his words have more kindness and sincerity. This I know by experience, for I never hear Mr. Williams speak, but it seems as if my heart would jump out of my mouth." Oh woman! woman! when thy heart is hard and heavy with selfishness, turn and shake thee as we will, that heart will stick in its place like iron to a magnet.

What a pity it sometimes is, that we cannot see people farther than the teeth! Poor Mrs. Bolton was never more mistaken, than when she first conceived the notion that Mr. Williams was in love with her. She had forgotten the old adage, that the mother is often courted for the sake of the daughter. The truth is, that Mr. Williams, although he had curbed the rapid current of his blood, and withstood the fascinations of many a fair face, had nevertheless a susceptible heart and a warm admiration for beauty. He had seen the sweet Ellen in the bud of loveliness, had watched her unfolding charms as he would watch the first rose of the season, and, as he gazed day after day, upon her ripening graces, and saw, as it were, her young soul breathing the pure and happy feelings which impart joy and freshness to life, he had forgotten his usual prudence, and had actually fallen in love. That a girl of fifteen could not return the affection of a man of forty-five, never entered his mind. He consulted his mirror, and that told him, (as mirrors always do those who wish to believe they are young,) a flattering tale. He opened his desk, and examined his title deeds, bank shares, stocks, &c.—he was rich enough, he could afford to marry a poor girl; and then he compared the difference of his and Ellen's standing in society—and the respectability of their families,—all these comparisons were favourable to his suit. And then Ellen had, at times, sent such tender smiles towards him, had always treated him with so much attention and kindness, and had, too, once or twice hinted how happy it must be for two persons who loved each other, to live always together—that he thought nothing was wanting but her mother's consent to the match. For this reason it was, that he had, lately, made every effort to please Mrs. Bolton; and he had often had it on his tongue's tip, to tell her of his secret passion for her daughter. But, as Mrs. Bolton suspected, his heart would not mount to his lips. On this eventful day, however, as he sat at the dinner-table, he was nearly overcome with fears that the beautiful flower, which he had intended to place in his own bosom, would be snatched from his hand, or rather drawn, like the Heliotrope, toward the new and bright sun which had just burst forth among them.

It was a sad meal, that dinner, to Mr. Williams. Many a bitter thought increased the bile in his constitution; and his yellow face looked more dispeptic and "commercially long" than ever. But age does, as it should do, generally bring philosophy in its train. He said

calmly to himself, "I am in the good graces of the mother, that is certain. The daughter will not refuse me, if I make my offer before that fop of a Lieutenant has time to speak. I will wait no longer. Young girls like to be married in a hurry, and the first bidder has the best chance."—And so thinking, he swallowed a tumbler of water, and made up his mind to speak to Mrs. Bolton that very day.

For this purpose, he sent to her a message by John, that he wished to speak to her after dinner.

Meanwhile, one gentleman after another left the table to return to their business, and when the dessert was finished, a small select party, if a party may be called select, on account of its small number, adjourned to the small parlour, in order to be more snug. Mrs. Bolton, her daughter, and the Lieutenant, took one corner of the room, while the others sat mimicking, sneering, and making signs to each other, till the majority at length felt, as they expressed themselves, so disgusted at the scene acted by the trio in the corner, that they adjourned a second time to talk over the day's ominous incidents.

"Let us go to Mrs. Comstock's room," said the widow Tattle—"Fastidious as she is, she will not swallow the neglect we have all had to suffer at the dinner-table to-day. Not a person was attended to, except the new boarder, and the crabbed Mr. Williams."

"I know it," responded the younger Miss Bitters—"Did you ever see any people act so ridiculously! Mrs. Bolton was telling Lieutenant Montgomery the old story of her former grandeur, and asking him a thousand questions about persons he never saw or heard of before. And then she would whisper low to him. I dare say she was, as usual, setting us off in fine colours, so that he should not pay us any attention."

"Exactly so," said the elder sister,—and the whole party entered the parlour of Mrs. Comstock.

"We have called upon you, my dear lady," said Mrs. Tattle, "in order to deliberate upon what concerns us all—you as well as us."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Comstock—"what is the subject?"

"Why, did you not observe how we were all treated at the table? No attention paid us!"

"I did not perceive any neglect," replied Mrs. Comstock. "I had all I wanted."

"Oh! I dare say you had," retorted Miss Martha Bitters. "Your husband attends to you and Emma. But we lone ones can get nothing, unless we reach arm's length for it, a vulgarity which I despise, and so often am obliged to leave the table hungry. All I had to-day, was a bit of beef that was roasted to rags."

"I dined off the beef too," observed Mrs. Comstock, "and thought it pretty good."

"Well, you are easily satisfied," said Miss Dorothy, with a sneer.

"I trust I am not unreasonable," returned Mrs. Comstock. "I do not expect to find in a boarding-house all the privileges and luxuries which one may enjoy in a private establishment. Mrs. Bolton keeps a very good table. I am satisfied with it."

"Well, as I said before, you are easily pleased," persisted Miss Dorothy. "But did you not observe how ridiculously Mrs. Bolton and Ellen conducted to the new boarder?"

"Mrs. Bolton is a dawdy, and Ellen a pert impudent little hussey," said Mrs. Tattle, eagerly. "I am not afraid to speak my sentiments."

"You have spoken them plainly," said Mrs. Comstock, smiling. "I do not choose to give my opinion of Mrs. Bolton;—but," she added with feeling—"I am sorry for Ellen. She is a very pretty girl, and when she first came from school, I thought her a sweet, amiable little creature. She used to sit in my room for hours, reading to me, and I really loved her. I am a mother, Miss Bitters, and it is not strange I should feel a deep sympathy for the young."

"I wish you could see Ellen below, coquetting with the gentleman," said Miss Martha Bitters. "It is enough to sicken one."

"Miss Bitters," replied Mrs. Comstock, calmly and decidedly—"if all the ladies at Mrs. Bolton's would be 'keepers at home,' that is, in their own rooms, and employ their time in the cultivation of their own hearts and minds, they would have less time and less inclination to censure the faults and follies of others. Evil speaking never yet corrected evil doing. I must be plain with you. I do not approve of a gossiping, censorious spirit; it denotes an empty head, or a bad heart."

"Come to my room, ladies," said Mrs. Tattle, reddening with indignation—"Mrs. Comstock is too wise for our gossiping." And they all left the room in visible anger.

(To be continued.)

Written for the Lady's Book.

## OUR COUNTRY.

THE subjects that engage human attention, constitute a numerous class. They are scattered over a wide field, whose boundaries are perpetually enlarging, and whose beauties are continually increasing. They are adapted to all tastes—they are suited to all orders of minds. Here, the humble mechanic may tread with as free a step and as high a brow as the dignified philosopher. Through the lofty portals, that open upon this field, each one may enter and find a rich entertainment.

Among the subjects that belong to the sphere of our intelligence, the political history of our race occupies no inferior place. Few things are of more interest. It is not confined within the narrow limits of two or three centuries, but extends over the whole past. It presents man in every variety of situation. Now, we behold him in the possession of all his noble rights—his prerogatives acknowledged, and his freedom undisturbed. Then, we see him crouching like a subdued animal, before his oppressors, drinking the bitter cup of slavery, and denied those invaluable blessings that give to the present all its cheerfulness, and to the future all its hopes. At one time, we view him crushed beneath the triumphal car of ambition; at another, shut up in the gloom of the

dungeon, and breathing upon its walls the faint prayer of liberty—at another, blessed with a restoration of his natural privileges, and reposing in the shade of *"his own vine and fig-tree."* In all these conditions, there is something to please and improve us. Whatever be our station and character, we shall there gather something of importance. If we be Christians, we shall, in perusing the political history of man, discover the constant workings of that Providence, which has never, for a moment, abandoned the earth—that Providence, which has been unceasingly employed in bringing light out of darkness, and joy out of sorrow. If we be statesmen, we shall here meet with much to expand our knowledge, and be enabled to see the operations of those systems under which man has lived.

The progress of man towards political perfection, has been slow and unsteady. Every thing, in this world, bears the stamp of imperfection. It appeals to our observation, on every side. It is a property of the mind, and hence is communicated to all that proceeds from it. Particularly does this observation apply to the science of government. Through how many ages were false ideas entertained on this subject! For what a space of time were the rights of the governor and the governed misunderstood, and how painful is the conviction, that for centuries, our race endured multiplied horrors on this account! Happily for humanity a brighter day has dawned. The pillars of oppression have fallen in different countries—the sceptre of tyranny has been broken and buried in the dust—the chains, that were once worn by a bleeding people, have been shaken off by the power of innocence and justice. The present century finds man, in his political character, an improved being, standing upon an eminence which it required ages of toil and efforts of perseverance to reach.

The establishment of American institutions, formed an era in the political history of man. It turned the tide of events, and directed it in a new channel. Though a solitary occurrence in itself, it has probably done more for our race, than anything of a like character. Every thing that could have conspired to give this event importance and notoriety, did conspire to produce this effect. Previous and attendant circumstances united to call universal attention to it, and spread its powerful leaven through the entire mass of society. Who was then the foe, against whose tyranny our country contended? An obscure and feeble nation, enervated by corruption, without courage and determination! Was it *such* a nation! No. American resistance was directed against the mightiest people on the globe. England, whose arm had never known weakness, and whose brow was covered with laurels, gathered on her numerous battle-fields—England, with a strong navy and a celebrated army—she was our enemy. And what were we? Small in our population, limited in our resources, undisciplined and unprepared. Such a contest was calculated to excite observation and sympathy, and to accomplish those great and general purposes, for which patriots bleed and die.

No period could have been more fortunate for

such an event, than the one at which it occurred. Providence always seems to have an eye to time, and especially in this instance, does it appear to have been considered. Had it taken place earlier or later, its glorious results would have been partially counteracted. Happening at the time it did, when the public mind and feeling were in a ripened state, it made a firmer grasp upon opinion, and entwined itself more closely round the sympathies of our race.

Whatever modification of a popular government had existed prior to that period, there had never been framed such a political system. The materials, it is true, were to be found before—principles of a similar character had been professed on the other side of the Atlantic by a few, but they had never been embodied into such a form. That temple of liberty, which our gallant fathers raised on the soil of the western hemisphere—whose foundation was laid in nature, and whose walls were cemented by their own blood—was built upon a model entirely new.

It was at that time, then, that the great battle of human rights and liberty was to be fought. Then, *tyranny* and freedom were to decide their strength and merits—America, the theatre of action—the world the spectators. Oppression on the one side, drew up its formidable legions, trained to its service, and accustoming to defend its usurpations. Justice on the other, ranged her champions. They were few but faithful. There was nerve in their arms—there was righteousness in their cause. She told them of their outraged rights. She pointed to the wounds they had received, and urged them forward to the meeting. What were the consequences? See them in the happiness and peace that have blessed the borders of the land, in the prosperity that has attended almost every step of our nation. See them in the radiant hopes, that illuminate the darkness of the distant future. See them in the conduct of other countries, who have imitated our example and attained the same invaluable prize. Consequences, that gladden the warm bosom of every true patriot, and increase the praises that rise from earthly altars to the throne of God. Already have they been beheld extending themselves far and wide—already have they fully justified the course of our forefathers, and sealed it with the decree of Providence. May they be seen and felt for ever!

Could the founders of our republic have been assured of the brilliant success that awaited their scheme—could they have been permitted to gaze upon the sealed pages of futurity's volume, and read the glorious destiny that Providence had ordained for them, with what new vigour would they have been inspired! Over the cloud of war, the rainbow of hope would have ever bent. Despondency would never have unnerved their arms. With an unmurmuring tongue, they would have endured every ill—with an undaunted step, they would have proceeded on in their shining path of honour. However firmly they might have been persuaded of the integrity of their cause, they could not have flattered themselves with the expectation of such a victory. Little did they think, that half a century would have made such

astonishing revelations. Little did they imagine, that in a few years what they left an infant, would grow to the full stature of a man—that the edifice of which they laid the cornerstone, would so soon rise to the heavens, through the unwearying industry of their children.

And what has been the cause of this unexampled success? What is it in our constitution, that has secured so much prosperity to our country? Why has our eagle soared so high? The secret of our triumph is to be found in the fact, that ours is a liberal government—that in the eye of the constitution, all men are equal. It is this equality of rights, that forms the distinctive feature of our polity. This has surrounded our country with so many attractions—that this has made it so satisfactory to ourselves.

There is something in the bosom of man, to which such a form of political society appeals, and in which it meets with a hearty response. Where is he so likely to be satisfied, as in a country which acknowledges his rank and respects his character? Where is he better pleased, than in that land which throws around him its protecting arms, and secures for him peace and happiness? So it is here. All are placed on the same footing. The proud distinctions of aristocracy are unknown—each one has an agency through his representatives, in framing laws and establishing those regulations, under which he is to live. In the law, every man has a safeguard. It protects and defends him. If injustice dare to place its iron hand upon him, if his rights be infringed, if his happiness be disturbed, he has a refuge, whither he may flee and obtain full redress. Who will say, that such a state of society is not desirable? How well designed is it to allay that feverish excitement, which so often pervaded a community, and to destroy those cancerous qualities that feed upon its tranquillity and pleasure!

Experience has verified that this kind of government is favourable to all the interests of man. Under it, Christianity may flourish "like a tree, planted by the rivers of water," disseminating through all its borders its healthful influence, repressing all unholy emotions, and teaching men to dwell together in love and harmony. Under it, literature and the arts may advance and diffuse their blessings on every side. What is there connected with man, that does not here find a soil in which it may grow? We ask nothing more for our country than she deserves. Let her enemies taunt her—let the advocates of royalty despise her. The history of the past is her eulogy—the sure hopes of the future is her glory. The prosperity and peace of her large community refute the charges that have been made against her, and pronounce her praise with an eloquence that cannot be misunderstood.

What may be the operation of American freedom upon other nations, we cannot fully determine. Facts, however, warrant the supposition that it will be favourable. Our principles plead their own cause, and make a fervent appeal to nature's children every where. Man, in every country, loves liberty. Find him where you will, he prizes it above all other temporal gifts. Whether he stand beneath the sultry sky of

Africa, or dwell in the voluptuous bowers of Asia—whether he build his hut amid the enduring snows of Greenland, or pass his days in the soft climate of the south, there is that in liberty that charms his heart. Talk to man of liberty, and his languid eye will brighten, and his pulses beat with more rapidity. Talk to him of liberty, and strength will return to the fainting mind, and nerve will come back to the feeble arm. May we not then hope, that the example of America will have imitators—that the voice of her history will have an echo in other nations, waking them from the slumbers of ages, and causing them to rise from the dust and clothe themselves in the fair garments of freedom. Till that is accomplished, our triumph will be incomplete. America acts for the world, as well as for herself.

Believing that great and excellent ends will be effected by the perpetuity of our institutions, we cannot but feel deeply interested for their continuance. How is this to be effected? What can shield our nation from every injury, and guide its footsteps to imperishable glory? Morality and religion are our only hope. However pure our political principles—however vast our resources—however wise our legislators, if we do not cultivate these things, we cannot stand. Let our citizens become corrupted—let them disrespect God, and indulge in wickedness, and the stability of their nation is gone. The light of their glory will be extinguished, and they will sink into the tomb of their shame, leaving nothing to perpetuate their name, and repeat the story of their achievements. What said WASHINGTON, the man whose fame is unsullied, and whose memory is fresh in the hearts of his admiring countrymen? "Of all the dispositions that lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports." What says the Bible, the highest of all authority? "Sin is a reproach to any people." Had we no other reason to practise morality and love religion, we would do so for the sake of our country. The man who opposes them, has no claims to the character of a real patriot. He is unworthy of the name. That is patriotism, noble, dignified patriotism, which will impel its possessor to defend the intelligence and religion of his country. Give us this patriotism, and we are safe. Give us this patriotism, and though the storm beats and the waves swell high, the noble ship of state will ride on unharmed, to its peaceful harbour.

If then it be true, that "morality and religion" strengthen and establish the foundations of a country, and especially a country like ours, we may ask, how shall their operation be increased and enlarged? We notice but one of the numerous means—FEMALE INFLUENCE.

The influence of females is unquestionable. Whoever denies it, controverts the plainest facts. From early childhood to old age, man feels their power. Though their voice sounds not in senates and in legislative halls—though they lead not armies, and act not on the platform of public business, yet do they wield a mighty sceptre. Their power follows us at every step. Their instructions mingle with our first feelings, and give an inclination to our wild passions. Possessing this ability, they

are capable of operating on the opinions and morals of a community, and moulding them into any form they please. Beneath their smile, virtue raises its bowed head and puts on new courage. Immorality fears their frown and shrinks from their presence.

If all the females of this country were to unite to discourage dissipation and vice—if they were to join in a crusade against impiety and infidelity, purity and religion would soon have a perfect ascendancy. They have already done much. Honoured and beloved shall they be for it; but may they not do more? Have they in their retired sphere, exerted all their powers for these glorious objects? They have the "five talents," and from them will be expected a proportionate return. Let the ladies of America remember their responsibility. They hold the liberty of the land in their hands, by their influence over its morals. They may make good or bad citizens. If they sow in the hearts of those with whom they have intercourse, the seed of unsound principles, they will see the harvest in the profligacy and wretchedness of their lives. But if they implant virtue and patriotism in the hearts of the rising generation, they will behold their cheering effects in the steadiness and upright dignity of their conduct. Let our females then know, that they are called upon by high and sacred voices, to perform their duty to their country. Let the mother teach her children to love their country, and to practise virtue and religion. Let the sister aid in the moral education of her brother. Let them all bring their respective talents to the altar of religion and their country, and never rest, until they have, to the utmost extent, discharged that duty which they owe to themselves, their nation, their families, and their God. Acting in this manner, they will receive continued respect and love, and behold happiness and contentment springing up around them. They will then sustain that character, which poetry has given them, viz. the character of angels. The benediction of God, and the gratitude of the world will be their reward here—the communion of the glorified, and the presence of Jehovah, their greater reward hereafter.

A. A. L.

Maryland, March, 1838.

## FEMALE PORTRAIT GALLERY, FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY MISS LONDON.

ALICE LEE.

FROM Marmion to Woodstock is a wide step—it passes over the greater portion of Sir Walter's life—they belong indeed to periods as widely different as they are widely apart. Marmion belongs to the spring, Woodstock to the autumn. The one is fresh, eager, and impetuous; there are the winds of March, and the flowers of April; it abounds with that prodigality of power and beauty which belongs to the year's first and lavish season. The other has the same power and the same beauty—but the exercise of the one is skilful, and the display of the other mellowed. But it is in the writer's self that the chief change is found

—many a hue has faded from the landscape—many a green leaf turned yellow since the exquisite introductions ushered in the various cantos. Many a pulse, too, has lost its elasticity—many a warm quick emotion sleeps to awaken no more: the heart loses its youth while the mind is in all its vigour. In one of the memoranda of the deeply-affecting journal in the last volume of "Scott's Life," he observes:—"People say that the whole human frame in all its parts and divisions, is gradually, in the act, decaying and renewing. What a curious time-piece it would be that could indicate to us the moment this gradual and insensible change had so completely taken place that no atom was left of the original person who had existed at a certain period, but there existed in his stead another person having the same thews and sinews, the same face and lineaments, the same consciousness—a new ship built on an old plank—a pair of transmigrated stockings like those of Sir John Cutler, all green without one thread of the original black left! singular, to be at once another and the same."

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Youth has sorrows, but maturity has cares, and the care is harder to bear than the sorrow. Circumstances, too, may change around us; and the trouble that comes late in the day is a heavy burden. We have no longer the alacrity of spirit that feels but half the weight it carries. I know nothing so touching as the account in "Scott's Memoirs" of how different the modes of composition which led to the production of Marmion and of Woodstock. The poet of Marmion delighted in the external impulse—the verse rose sounding in his ears while loitering beneath the tall old ash-trees with the wind in their branches and the sunshine on their leaves. He caught his melody when

"— thoughts awake  
By lone St. Mary's silent lake."

The battle of Flodden filled his mind when "he used to delight in walking his powerful black steed up and down by himself on the Porto Bello sands within the beating of the surge, and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs, and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. As we rode back to Musselburgh, he often came and placed himself beside me\* to repeat the verses that he had been composing during the pauses of our exercise." Lockhart remarks, "I well remember his saying, as I rode with him across the hills from Ashetiel to Newark one day in his declining years, 'Oh, man, I had many a grand gallop among these braes, when I was thinking of Marmion, but a trotting carny pony must serve me now.'"

Scott apologizing—ah, how needlessly!—for the exquisite epistles to his friends in "Marmion" says—"I was still young, light-hearted, and happy—and 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'"

"Look on this picture and on this."

It would be sacrilege to alter one word of Lockhart's touching, deeply touching, description of his literary labours years afterwards.

\* Mr. Skene.



"He read, and noted, and indexed, with the pertinacity of some pale compiler in the British Museum; but rose from such employment, not radiant and buoyant as after he had been feasting himself among the teeming harvests of fancy, but with an aching brow, and eyes on which the dimness of years had begun to plant some specks, before they were subjected again to that straining over small print and difficult MS. which had no doubt been familiar to them in the early time, when, in Shortreed's phrase, 'he was making himself.' It was a pleasant sight when one happened to take a peep into his den, to see the white head erect, and the smile of conscious inspiration on his lips; while the pen, held boldly and at a commanding distance, glanced steadily and gaily along a fast blackening page of the 'Talisman.' It now often made me sorry to catch a glimpse of him; stooping and poring with his spectacles amidst piles of authorities, a little note-book in the left hand, that had always been at liberty for patting Maida." Sir Walter himself often alludes in his journal to his disinclination for composition, and the way in which, during the progress of Woodstock, he had to force his mind to the task. In one part it is, "I hope to sleep better to-night; if I do not, I shall get ill, and then I shall not be able to keep my engagements." Then come continual enumerations of the number of pages written, and remarks on the physical weakness. "I am a good deal jaded, and will not work till after dinner. There is a sort of drowsy vacillation of the mind attends fatigue with me:—I can command my pen as the school-copy recommends, but cannot equally command my thoughts, and often write one word for another." In addition are perpetual recurrences to the pecuniary difficulties in which he is involved:—difficulties whose endurance sets the rack and wheel at defiance; they are—

"Tortures the poor alone can know,  
The proud alone can feel."

Yet these were the circumstances under which Woodstock, one of the most striking and original of his works, was produced. The history of most fictions would be far stranger than the fictions themselves; but it would be a dark and sad chronicle. Half the works that constitute the charm of our leisure, that give their own interest to the long November evening, or add to the charm of a summer noon beneath the greenwood tree, are the offspring of poverty and of pain. Dr. Johnson wrote *Rasselas* to pay the last decent respect of the living to the dead—his mother's funeral expenses. How often is the writer obliged to put his own trouble, his suffering, or his sorrow aside, to finish his task! The hand may tremble, the eyes fill with unbidden tears, and the temples throb with feverish pain, yet how often is there some hard and harsh necessity, which says, "the work must be done." Readers, in general, think little of this: they will say, "Dear! how delightful to be able to write such charming things! how it must amuse you!" I believe if there were only the author's amusement in the case it would fall very short of their own; not but what composition has its

moments of keen and rapid delight when the scene rises vividly before you, and the mind is warm with the consciousness of its own powers: but these are only "angel visits," they do not form the staple of any work. Literature soon becomes a power, not what it once was, a passion; but literary success, like all others, is only to be obtained, and retained, by labour—and labour and inclination do not always go together. Take all our most eminent writers, and the quantity of work, hard work, they have got through, will be found enormous and perpetual. Literature, as a profession, allows little leisure, and less indulgence. The readers are the gainers: to them how little difference does it make that *Marmion* was written in youth, health, and prosperity; while *Woodstock* was the weary task of breaking health, and broken fortunes—their amusement is the same! But even to the most careless, a deeper interest is thrown around these volumes, and every little touch of individuality seems like the familiar intercourse of a friend. Lockhart says in the *Memoir*, "I know not how others interpreted various passages in *Woodstock*, but there were not a few that carried deep meaning, for such of Scott's own friends as were acquainted with, not his pecuniary misfortunes alone, but the drooping health of his wife, and the consolation afforded him by the dutiful devotion of his daughter Anne, in whose character and demeanour a change had occurred exactly similar to that painted in poor Alice Lee—'a light joyous air, with something of a humorous expression, which seemed to be looking for amusement, had vanished before the touch of affection, and a calm melancholy had supplied its place, which seemed on the watch to administer comfort to others.'"

There is a very touching allusion to Miss Scott's anxiety about her father's enjoyments, in the *Diary*:—"Anne is practising Scottish songs, which I take as a kind compliment to my own taste, as her's leads her chiefly to foreign music. I think the good girl sees that I want and must miss her sister's peculiar talent in singing the airs of our native country, which, imperfect as my musical ear is, make, and have always made, the most pleasing impression on me; and so, if she puts a constraint on herself for my sake, I can only say in requital, 'God bless her!'" There is sunshine in a shady place, and it is soothing to imagine the pleasure that Scott must have had while investing the creature of his imagination with the love and devotion which had been his own solace. There is a striking reality about the character of Alice Lee. They are indeed unfortunate who can recall no likeness, who are not reminded of some actual instance of affection lightening adversity, and shedding its own sweetness over the sorrow which it could at least share. Alice Lee is among the most lovable of Scott's feminine creations. No writer possessed, to a greater degree, that faculty which Coleridge so prettily describes in one line—

"My eyes make pictures when they're shut."

And every appearance of Alice Lee is a picture. We see her first in the shadowy twilight, the light step of youth subdued to the heavier

tread of age; and in the dialogue that follows, with what force, and yet what delicacy, we are made acquainted with the innermost recesses of the maiden's heart! Alice is at the most interesting period of a woman's existence—when the character is gradually forming under circumstances that develop all the latent qualities. The rose has opened to the summer—the girl has suddenly become a woman.

Alice Lee's predominate feeling is attachment to her father: her love for her cousin is a gentle and quiet love; it belongs to the ease and familiarity of childhood; it is constantly subdued by a rival and holier sentiment. Alice's devotion to her father is not merely the fulfilment of a duty, it is a warmer and keener emotion—there is piety and enthusiasm blended with her filial piety—she sees the kind-hearted old man bowed by adversity, mortified in all those innocent varieties which sit closely to every heart; his old age is deprived of those comforts with which youth may dispense—but which are hard to lose when they are, and have long been, matters both of right and habit. No wonder that his child clings to him with a deeper, sadder tenderness. Who can avoid bringing the picture home to Scott himself? his difficulties seem peculiarly adapted to awaken the most painful sympathy. They came upon him in his old age, yet were met with the noblest spirit of resistance. From the time that he felt labour to be a duty—with what unflinching earnestness did he set about that labour! Not even when working to achieve the dearest objects of his ambition—to become the master of Abbotsford—to settle an eldest and beloved son in life—did Scott exert himself as he did when the exertion was for his creditors. It seems doubly hard when we think how much others had to do with the burden whose weight was upon him even to the grave.

While on this subject, may I be permitted a few words concerning one to whose memory but harsh and scanty justice has been allotted—I allude to the late Mr. Constable? Perhaps I may be biased by the recollection of kindness exerted to myself when very young. Mr. Constable was the first publisher with whom I had ever any communication. His peculiarly kind and courteous manner (I went to visit some near relatives in the North under his escort) left an indelible impression. I was then a child in every thing, especially judgment; and would as little now venture to pronounce on affairs of which I can know nothing. But I may be allowed to dwell on the general benevolence of Mr. Constable's character. Sir Walter Scott particularly remarks, that Constable's individual expenses were moderate, and within what his income would have seemed to justify: if he failed, it was in the cause of that literature to which he devoted himself with an enthusiasm of an order far beyond the mere speculations of profit. There must have been delicacy, as well as generosity, in the mind that concealed from the author any comparative failure in the sale of his works, lest it should damp his genius. Look what its first great publisher did for the publishing trade in Edinburgh; with him it rose into existence and

prosperity, and with him it died. He originated our first periodical—and, both in literature and in politics, what vast influence has been, and is exercised by the "Edinburgh Review!" He, too, was the first person who saw the growing demand of the public mind for intellectual food; and the plan of cheap publication, so general now, and profitable to so many, was Mr. Constable's idea. In his long career, how many owed to him kindness and assistance—and how melancholy were its closing scenes! The body destroyed—the mind broken down: such was the close of the great publisher—and of the great author!

"Woodstock" belongs to a better time. Scott felt his powers vigorous as ever—and no one could imagine and dwell upon such a creation as Alice Lee, and not be the better and the happier. Every time she appears on the scene she brings with her an atmosphere of purity and beauty. How lovely is the scene conjured up in the little hut, when the evening hymn disturbs, but to make musical, the silence of the forest glades; and the words of faith and hope, cheering the gentle and maiden heart, which was their worthy temple! Again, in what a noble and high spirit is her rejection of Charles's ungenerous suit. Only one of a school, whose profligacy was the cold result of vanity, could have insulted a purity so simple and so apparent, by dishonourable affection. But it is mockery to use the word affection in such a case. I do not believe that affection can exist without truth, without the ideal, and without blending with itself all that is best and most earnest in our nature. Charles thinks far less of Alice than of the sneer of Buckingham and the jest of Rochester.

As I said before, a series of pictures might be formed of Alice in the various situations of "Woodstock." There are three which have always singularly impressed my imagination. The first is the little turret, with Dr. Rochcliffe in the little turret-chamber, when he proposes to her to make a seeming assignation with the King: there is the dignity that would light her eyes, the timidity that would colour her cheek, and the intuitive sense of right that could not for a moment tamper with its fine sense of maidenly propriety. Then the second, where she stands in the green coppice looking, as she thinks, her last on the lover who leaves her under the most bitter perversion of her real meaning: her cheek is white as monumental marble, and her long fair curls damp with the heavy dews—they are the faint outward sign of what is passing in her heart. The third is where, escaped from a danger which had seemed so certain and so imminent, she throws herself half in thankfulness, half in affection, into her father's arms, and then is suddenly recalled into a sweet and timid consciousness of Markham Everard's presence.

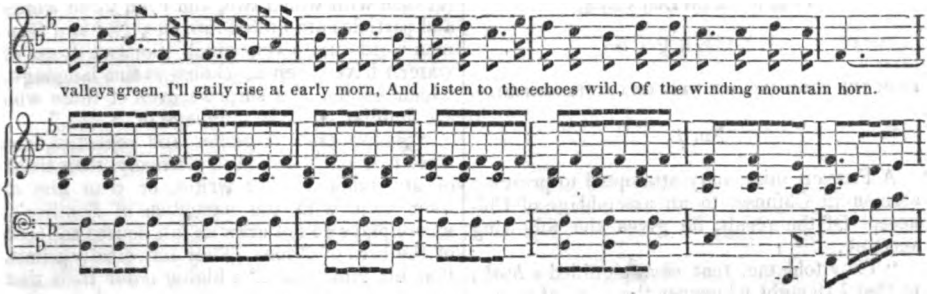
None of Sir Walter's novels end more satisfactorily than "Woodstock." There could be but one destiny for Alice—the genial and quiet circle of an English home, whose days are filled with pleasant duties, and whose sphere lies around the hearth. The devoted daughter is what she ought to be—the affectionate mother and the happy wife. L. E. L.

# THE SWISS HERDSMAN.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY  
L. DEVEREAUX.

*Presented by J. G. Osbourn, for the Lady's Book.*

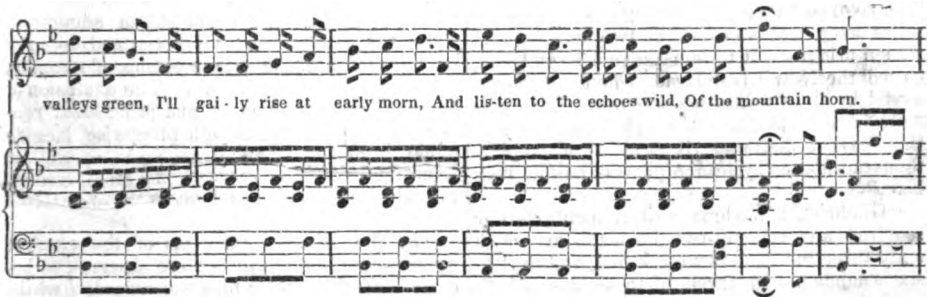




valleys green, I'll gaily rise at early morn, And listen to the echoes wild, Of the winding mountain horn.



To roam o'er hills and



valleys green, I'll gaily rise at early morn, And listen to the echoes wild, Of the mountain horn.



## II.

I love to mark the rising sun,  
 That brightly gilds the mountain's brow;  
 And watch the streams that swiftly run,  
 From hills that wear a crown of snow.  
 To roam o'er hills, &c. &c. &c.

Compiled for the Lady's Book.

## EXCERPTS

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A SEPTUAGENARIAN.

## No. I.

A FRENCH missionary attempted to preach a sermon in Chinese, to an assemblage of Chinese. Of the result, he gives the following account:

"They told me, that *chan* signified a *book*; so that I thought whenever the word *chan* was pronounced, a book was the subject of discourse; not at all. *Chan*, the next time I heard it, signified a *tree*. Now, I was to recollect that *chan* was a *book* and a *tree*. But this amounted to nothing. *Chan* I found also, expressed *great heats*. *Chan* is the *aurora*. *Chan* is to relate. *Chan* means to be accustomed. *Chan* expresses the loss of a *wager*.

"I recited my sermon at least fifty times to my servant: and yet I am told, though he continually corrected me, that of the ten points of the sermon (as the Chinese express themselves,) they hardly understood three."—*Edgeworth*.

"The new river in London, is a canal completed in 1613, by Sir Hugh Middleton, by which good water is brought upon an entire level from Ware, a distance of twenty miles. The river with all its windings, is thirty-nine miles long, and is crossed by two hundred and fifteen bridges. It terminates in a large basin, called the New River Head, whence it is conveyed by sluices into several large brick cisterns, and from these through large pipes to the several districts. It supplies about fifty thousand houses by leaden pipes of half an inch bore."

"Gilchrist, a modern writer, mentions one hundred and seventy-two combats, in which sixty-three individuals were killed, and ninety-six wounded. In three of these cases, both combatants were slain, and eighteen of the survivors received the sentence of the law which they had transgressed."—*Hamilton on Duelling*.

"In several of the continental states, courts of honour have been established, for the adjustment of such differences as might lead to duels. The kings of Prussia and Bavaria, were among their patrons. The Duke of York was favourable to their institution in Great Britain."—*Idem*.

"Lord Talbot, formerly viceroy of Ireland, to show his disapprobation of duelling, appointed an officer of the name of Vernon one of his aid-de-camps, for having refused a challenge sent him by a quarrelsome duellist."—*Idem*.

"There are five or six German translations of Shakspeare, most of which are superior to those of any other foreign tongue. The language is admirably adapted to present the thoughts of foreign poets, in a dress little if any thing inferior to the originals. It is richer in its number of words than the Greek, and its qualities of combination are also greater than that of any other language of Europe. The great number of particles, by means of which they make new verbs and substantives, as well as the wonder-

ful ease with which two, and even three words and particles are united into one, (for two German words unite very much like two drops of water,) have given a richness to this language, which excites the surprise even of those who are familiar with the language of Attica."

"Shakspeare's tragedies and comedies, are more frequently played in Germany, than those of any other foreign writer, or than any of their own, with the exception of Schiller's, whose plays do not draw as full houses as those of the bard of Avon. They universally admit, that his mind was of a higher order than that of any other creative poet; not even excepting Goethe, whom they almost idolize."

"Prussia, with a population equal to that of the United States, has six national universities, each of which, Greiswald excepted, has from two to four times as many instructors as Cambridge; and that of Berlin has greater resources than all the collegiate and university libraries and cabinets in the United States can afford."—*Dwight's Germany*.

Wrxal, speaking of a theatrical representation at Lisbon, observes: "The circumstance which distinguished this entertainment from any other of the kind, which I ever witnessed, and which may appear so extraordinary as hardly to obtain credit, consisted in the total exclusion of women, not only from the pit, but from the stage, either as spectators or actresses—no female could obtain admission. Even the ballets were all performed by men or boys, habited in the costume of nymphs, shepherdesses, or goddesses. The exclusion of females, except the queen and princesses, rendered the spectacle, though otherwise magnificent in machinery and decorations, as well as scientific in point of musical execution, comparatively insipid, dull, and destitute of interest or animation."

"In the athletic exercises of the ancient gymnasium, the pugilists were observed to become lean from their hips downwards; while the superior parts of their bodies, which they over-exercised, were prodigiously swollen. On the contrary, the racers were meagre upwards, while their feet acquired an unnatural dimension."—*Cheyne*.

Bonaparte, according to Bourienne, called Crozier, who had not displayed a proper degree of boldness, a "coward." Crozier for some time sought death in vain. At length, he jumped upon a platform to a battery. Bonaparte cried out, "I command you to come down." It was too late. He was struck dead.

M. C.

*Philada., May 8, 1838.*

Written for the Lady's Book.

## EPIGRAM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

LADIES in mirrors often glance,  
 Their *beauty* to discern;—  
 But, that their beauty is but glass!—  
 How very slow to learn!

Written for the Lady's Book.

## VERSES

ON BEING ASKED IF A FORMER PRODUCTION WAS REALLY  
THE FIRST OF THE WRITER'S OFFERINGS AT THE  
SHRINE OF THE MUSES.

"Le cœur est semblable à une lyre—le tourbillon des passions l'agite, mais, la douce main de l'amour seul peut éveiller sa musique."

No, dear one, ne'er before had I  
The Muse's magic influence felt;  
And thoughts that still might frozen lie,  
Did at thy friendly bidding melt.

Yet oft I pored, with kindling glance,  
O'er the bright page of poesy—  
Its glowing tales of old romance,  
And glorious deeds of chivalry.

But, like the worshipper who kneels  
Before the Moslem prophet's shrine,  
From whom a silver veil conceals  
The gorgeous gems that round it shine:

I bow'd me, with impassion'd heart,  
Before the idol of my dreams,  
Yet dared not rend the veil apart  
Which screen'd me from its radiant beams.

It may be, that I deem'd the lyre  
Too high—too deep for my command;  
It may be, that I fear'd the fire  
Its chords might waken to my hand:

Perchance, it may be, that I thought  
My simple minstrelsy might be  
Unmeet for ears, that long had sought,  
And found, their soul of song in thee.

But, tremblingly, I seiz'd my lute—  
Resolv'd, if power to me were giv'n,  
To wake the chords that now lay mute,  
And feel the spell which bound them riv'n.

Whispers and high imaginings  
Impell'd me, as I wildly flung  
My unskill'd fingers o'er the strings,  
And, breathless, o'er their response hung.

A tone!—how proudly thrill'd my frame!  
When thus my lute its silence broke;  
Methought it breath'd thy cherish'd name,  
And in my heart its echo woke.

Again the strings I touch'd, and pour'd  
My burning soul into my lay,  
Till, like an uncag'd bird, it soar'd  
Up to the heav'ns in melody.

Then, with that silv'ry gush of song,  
Feelings whose fount lay yet as seal'd,  
Thoughts of deep passion buried long,  
Burst—and their secret cells reveal'd.

Oh! with what wildering joy I clung  
To the dear treasure lately found,—  
My heart felt as if newly strung,  
And yearn'd to shed its bliss around!

\* \* \* \* \*

And lovelier now the glad earth seems,  
Far richer hues its fair flow'rs dye—  
More sweetly gush its rippling streams—  
More brightly glows its canopy!

But if with other eyes I gaze—  
If o'er life's path a wreath is thrown—  
My lowly harp doth give the praise,  
My treasur'd love, to thee alone!

Quebec.

CAZILL.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## TO MY BROTHER, ON HIS LEAVING HOME.

BY MRS. M. ST. L. LOUD.

WHERE shall we meet again? Not where the roses  
Fill with their fragrance, home's own hallowed  
air;

Not where the light of summer eve reposes  
On scenes of glowing beauty, fresh and fair:  
Not where our mother pines, through days of  
sadness,

To welcome back her absent ones again;  
Long must she watch, before the smile of gladness  
Lights her dim eyes—long wait—and weep in  
vain.

Where shall we meet again? Not in the wildwood,  
Where with light steps and happy hearts, we  
roved;

Not in the lovely valley of our childhood,  
With friends long lost, the beautiful, the loved;  
Not by the margin of the sparkling fountain,  
Where oft we play'd in sunny days of yore;  
Nor on the steep side of our native mountain,  
Shall we two meet—as we have met before.

When shall we meet again? Not till Time's fingers  
Have traced deep furrows on each youthful  
brow;

Not till each bounding heart, where fond hope  
lingers,  
Is sear'd, and wither'd, like a leafless bough;  
Not till earth's cars have thrown a shadow o'er us,  
And darken'd each bright vision of the past;  
And we no longer look, with joy before us,  
But cold and sad, our thoughts are backward  
cast.

When shall we meet again? When life hath faded,  
With all its vain allurements from our sight;  
When by clouds of earth no longer shaded,  
Our spirits soar to regions of delight:  
There,—where the weary are at rest for ever;  
Where peace, and love, and happiness are given;  
Where fond and trusting hearts no more shall  
sever:

There, dearest Brother, we shall meet—in Heaven.

Wysox, Bradford County, Pa.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE season of flowers and foliage, of love and happiness—the bright, joyous, glorious summer, with all its wealth of life and perfection of beauty, is with us! Who can describe this radiant season? What language can paint the emotions which its Eden-like loveliness inspires in hearts that regard nature as the pledge of its divine Author, and whose every feeling of delight is a thanksgiving to Him, who has given to his creatures such powers and means of enjoyment?

Those who reside in the country may now enjoy pleasures of the purest and healthiest kind—those which invigorate the mind and heart, as well as the physical powers.—

"Now they may tread the meadow paths,  
While glittering dew the ground illumines,  
As sprinkled o'er the withering awarths,  
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes."

But those who are pent in cities, breathing the hot, stifling air, and looking out on the glaring

brick walls, which so often obstruct the view of the free sky as well as the fair face of the earth—they have, in truth, a hard lot. No matter how much wealth is theirs, no amount of money can repay the sacrifice. But there are many whom duty keeps stationary—retains, by the iron hand of necessity, in the scorching dusty city. Let such profit by the long pleasant mornings, and take a walk to some green place, a peep, at least, at the riches and the beauty of nature.

"*The Deserted Bride; and other Poems.*" By George P. Morris. The author of this work is so well known as the editor of the "New York Mirror," that he needs no introduction to the favour of our readers. He has here collected his own poems, which have appeared in that popular miscellany, with others furnished to the publications of the day, and formed a beautiful book, worthy to grace the boudoir or centre-table of the most fashionable lady. Some of the pieces are true, heart-moving poetry—and all are delicate and refined, as the strains that breath of love should be. A number of the songs have been set to music, and are deservedly popular. We are glad to see this embodied evidence of the genius and taste of an editor, who has devoted so many years to the weary work of examining manuscripts and reading proof; and we hope all our young friends will receive as a birth-day, or New Year's present, the "Deserted Bride."

"*Practical Rules for the Promotion of Domestic Happiness,*" is the title of a little work about to be published in Philadelphia. It is the production of the venerable philanthropist Mathew Carey, and, like all his writings, designed to promote the improvement and happiness of society.

"*The Mother in her Family; or, Sayings and Doings at Rose Hill Cottage.*" Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co.

This book is one of the many which Dr. William A. Alcott has, within a short time, sent forth for the edification of the public. He does not write to amuse. Novels find no favour in his sight; and yet there is much novelty in his books. The volume before us is distinguished by an attempt at story-telling, in order to make the moral more impressive. The scope of the story is to teach the art of living happily on a little, and the way of educating a family in the domestic circle. It is distinguished, as are all the writings of the author, for plain, direct reasoning, deep moral feeling, and a spice of eccentricity, in the ways and means of living which it recommends. We see much to approve, and some things we could wish altered. We do not agree with the writer's views respecting females being engaged in out-door work. It is not their province. The Creator has not endowed woman with sufficient physical strength to till the ground. He never appointed them to the task, and though men have often degraded themselves by subjecting woman to such labour, yet society never has improved until these unjust and improper hardships were abated. We should be sorry to see, among any part of our free population, the idea entertained that it is well for women to perform manual, out-door work. We do hope that Dr. Alcott will modify his story somewhat—keep one of the sons at home, to plant and hoe the potatoes and beans, and allow the daughters of the excellent mother to study "household good."

Mrs. Kingsley is really a pattern of a mother, but we regret she has, by her "laborious life" doing man's work, made herself look so old and wrinkled. Her example will not be half as effective as it might be rendered by showing her in a more agreeable light.

"*The Hesperian, or Western Monthly Magazine,*" is the title of a new periodical, edited by Wm. D. Gallagher and Otway Curry. It is published at Columbus, Ohio, and does credit to those who have originated the work. There are several original papers of much interest, in this second number—the first one we did not see—and the selections are interesting and judicious. We sincerely hope this work will be successful. If a host of popular writers can ensure its success, such cannot fail to be the case. Mrs. Sigourney has a poem, one of her pleasant, descriptive touches, in this number—entitled, "The First Steamboat."

Our next number.—We have received several letters in reply to that of "Cælebs," published in our May number. We shall give a selection from these papers next month. Also, a story by the author of "Harry O'Blank," which appeared in December last; a veritable story of the past, entitled "The Gass Family."

We have, as usual, a large number of communications on hand, which shall receive due attention, and all that are worthy will appear as we have room in our "Book."

#### DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1. Hat of yellow *pois de soie*; the front large, coming low at the sides, where it is rounded off, low crown, trimmed with rich satin ribbon and blonde; a bouquet of white lilac is placed at each side, under the front of the bonnet. Dress of *gros de Naples*, plain, low *corsage*, tight sleeves, the bottom of the dress ornamented with three flounces. *Arab Mantelet*.—This we give, not for its beauty exactly, but to convince our fair readers that we give them the newest fashions, whilst still only adopted by the French court, consequently, months before such articles are to be seen commonly worn in Paris, or displayed in the shop windows. This mantelet or shawl, may be made of cashmere, satin, twisted silk, or even clear muslin for summer. At back, it has the appearance of a shawl; the point descends low, it is sloped out at the neck, so as to fit without a wrinkle: a small collar, rounded at back, adds much to its appearance; the shape of the mantelet in front can be easily cut from our plate. The guirlande, all round, is embroidered in floss silks or worsted.

Fig. 2. Drawn *capotte* of *gros de Naples*, the front large, crown small and round; a bouquet of roses is placed a little at the left side. High dress of cashmere, with a single deep flounce, mantelet of *filet*, trimmed with blonde.

#### DRESS OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT A LATE LEVEE.

A train of pink and silver Irish tabinet, lined with a rich silver embroidered border; dress of silver tissue; the body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde; the skirt tastefully trimmed with sprigs of pink *auricules* and *agraffes* of diamonds. Head dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets. Her majesty wore the insignia of the Order of the Garter.







*Fashions for Augt.*

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# THE LADY'S BOOK.

AUGUST, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## HENRIETTA HARRISON; OR, THE BLUE COTTON UMBRELLA.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Concluded from page 31.)

Soon after Mr. Markham and Henrietta had reached the boat, young Luttrell came on board with his two sisters, Mrs. Osborne and Miss Eliza Luttrell. On arriving at a steamboat, those who are prudent enough to be among the earliest comers, may "settle where they please," but those who do not get on board till the last bell, must "settle where they can:" and of this number were the Luttrell party, who could only get places on the sunny side. This, and the usual crowding and confusion when a boat is about starting, induced the ladies to descend immediately to the cabin, whither their brother escorted them. Mr. Markham and his niece were seated very comfortably on the shady side.

"Uncle Mark," said Henrietta, who had spied them immediately, "Mr. Luttrell and his sisters are on board. Did you not observe the two ladies—remarkably genteel, fashionable-looking women? Eliza Luttrell finished with Mrs. Strickland four years ago, and she does not look a day older than when she quitted school."

"Did you know that this young man was to proceed up the river this morning?" asked Mr. Markham.

"Yes," replied Henrietta; "he told me so last evening. He said he was going to take his two sisters home to Hudson."

Mr. Markham thought it safest to say no more; but he now guessed the reason of his niece's *recherché* costume. In a few moments young Luttrell, having deposited his sisters in the cabin, returned to the deck, and perceiving Mr. Markham and Miss Harrison, he immediately joined them. The colour deepened on our heroine's cheeks when she saw him coming: and moving her chair a little in advance

of her uncle's, she adroitly spread out her dress, and arranged the shawl that hung on her arm, so as to conceal the blue cotton umbrella on which the old gentleman was pertinaciously leaning in the face of the whole boat's company. "Some people have no shame," thought Henrietta.

Luttrell came up and paid his compliments, and the pleasure expressed by his looks, as well as his words, inspired our heroine with even more than her usual vivacity, to which her only drawback was the necessity of watching that the plebeian umbrella did not protrude into sight.

Luttrell congratulated Henrietta on the boat keeping close to the western shore, as on that side of the broad and picturesque Hudson is the finest scenery; and he pointed out, after passing Hoboken, the frequent elevation of the banks, interspersed with projecting masses of stone, and indicating the vicinity of the Palisade Rocks.

Presently the loud bell and the loud voice of one of the black waiters was heard, summoning "all passengers that had not paid their passage, to step to the captain's office and pay *their* passage."

"I am always diverted," said Luttrell, with the manner in which these steamboat servants emphasize their directions to the passengers—not to mention their proneness to tautology. Sometimes we are invited to *step* to the captain's office—sometimes it is insisted that we shall *pay* our passage—sometimes we are particularly notified that it is at the *captain's* office we are to find the paying-place—and sometimes that it is *our* passage we are requested to pay."

"I have heard," said Henrietta, "as much diversity in accenting a single word; for instance, early in the autumn, when the peach carts go about the streets of Philadelphia, with a boy perched on a front-board to officiate as crier, while a woman walks behind with a half-peck measure. This boy, who, though he may have been tolerably well-looking at the beginning, seems before the peach season is over to have gone all to voice like a locust, keeps up a continual melancholy shout, which he varies to

peachaz, peachiz, peachoz, and peachuz—but never once saying *peachez*.”

“Did you ever hear water-melons cried rightly?” said her uncle. “Are they not always water-millyans, millyins, or millyuns?”

“Always,” replied Luttrell. “But excuse me a moment, while I go to the captain’s office and pay my passage.”

“For my part,” observed Mr. Markham, as Luttrell turned and walked from them, “I got through that business the moment I came on board.”

“Uncle,” said Henrietta, “as I find my shawl rather an incumbrance, I am going to deposit it in one of the berths in the ladies’ cabin. Shall I disembarrass you of your umbrella at the same time, and lay it with my shawl?”

“I do not know,” replied Mr. Markham, “perhaps I may want it.”

“How can you possibly want it, dear uncle, this clear, bright, delightful day. Look at the blue sky, and the sunbeams glittering on the river.”

“That is the very thing—the brightness of the sunshine. I shall probably go on the upper deck, or the roof, as you call it, where there is no awning; and then this umbrella will answer as good a purpose as your parasol.”

“Uncle,” said Henrietta, solemnly, “were I to see you displaying that outrageous thing as a sun-umbrella, I do not think I could live another minute.”

“Yes, you could,” observed Mr. Markham; “you could live to a good old age, notwithstanding; and perhaps your gray hairs may bring you a little sense, for I do not think you will get any before.”

Just then the breakfast bell rung, accompanied by a flourish of hands from the chief waiter, and an announcement that “the ladies will please to walk down this here staircase, and the gentlemen that there.” These directions were accordingly followed; and on descending, each gentleman resumed his ladies (if he had any) and proceeded to the breakfast-table with them. Our heroine and her uncle were joined by Luttrell and his sisters, and there was a cordial greeting between Henrietta and her former schoolmate. Mr. Markham laid his umbrella on the settee behind him, and Henrietta covered it with her shawl. Supposing, however, that with all her precautions, it could not have escaped the notice of the Luttrell party, she said softly to Eliza, when breakfast was over, and the gentlemen had gone to settle for it with the steward, “Are you not surprised at my uncle, Mr. Markham, carrying a coarse, common, blue cotton umbrella?”

“I did not observe it,” replied Miss Luttrell.

“Ah! it is very kind in you to say so—but I thought the eyes of the whole steamboat were upon it, as he came down to breakfast.”

“I rather think,” observed Mrs. Osborne, smiling, “that the attention of the company was engaged in looking out for convenient seats at table.”

“You quite revive me with that hope,” said Henrietta. “But really, old gentlemen, particularly uncles, have such strange notions, and are so regardless of appearances, and so impenetrable to reason. I must try and get that

hateful umbrella out of uncle Mark’s hands, or it will annoy me during the whole journey. Will both of you oblige me by engaging his attention, while I convey it out of his reach for the remainder of our voyage?”

The two ladies kindly assented, engaging in an animated conversation with Mr. Markham, when the gentlemen returned; and on leaving the cabin, he gave his arm to Eliza Luttrell, while Mrs. Osborne took that of her brother. Henrietta lingered behind, and slipped into the ladies’ cabin, with her own shawl and the blue cotton umbrella. “You vile, vulgar thing,” said she, “are you to be exhibited on the upper deck by way of parasol!—No, you shall never have a chance.” And she then, exerting all her strength and skill, contrived to break the spring, so as to render the umbrella useless.

After this notable exploit, Henrietta returned to the deck, where the whole party were enabled to obtain seats together, on the best side of the boat. The magnificence of the scenery now engaged the whole attention of our heroine, particularly as its beauties were pointed out to her by Luttrell. The Palisade Rocks ranged wild and high along the Jersey shore, their feet in the river, their heads rising against the clear blue sky. They presented a solid, perpendicular wall, built by no mortal hand, and extending uninterruptedly for more than twenty miles, and in some places exceeding the height of five hundred feet. Sometimes, at their greatest elevation, they came out in bold headlands, as if to approach the opposite shore; and then they seemed to retire back, and give the river space to widen. The dark and solemn gray that formed their prevailing tint, was blended harmoniously with the brown, and green, and yellow of the mosses that enlivened them with their many-coloured lights. The wild vines and sapplings, starting from clefts and crevices, and clinging to their sides, prepared the eye for the deep green of the forests that crowned their towering summits, which seemed to be looking at themselves, as they lay inverted with downward heads on the mirrored waters of the clear, calm river. “Though affording every day delight and admiration to hundreds of spectators,” observed Luttrell—“these barrier rocks, these awful ramparts of a stupendous fortress, look as sublime and lovely as when they first met the gaze of the earliest adventurers that awoke the lovely shores of this noble river from the slumber of ages. Well may Europeans confess that the scenery of the Hudson is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Even to me, familiar as I am with it, it is ‘ever charming, ever new.’”

Mr. Markham, whose father had fought in the war of independence, kindled into eloquence as they passed the sites of Fort Lee and Fort Washington. When the lofty Palisadoes, gradually diminishing in height, sunk into low and straggling mounds of mossy stone, and the river expanded into what is called the Tappan Sea, (which is in one place five miles across,) the old man showed to his niece a glimpse of the village where the ill-fated André was executed, and consigned to a humble grave beneath a lonely cypress. The tree has since been transplanted to one of the royal gardens in England, while the remains of the gallant

and unfortunate spy now repose in Westminster Abbey, beneath a sculptured sarcophagus, and surrounded by the ashes of kings and heroes. On passing Stony Point with its little light-house, Mr. Markham gave some anecdotes of the contest at that memorable spot, for his father had been there; and he pointed out the place where, near the opposite promontory, the British ship *Vulture* had lain, when she received on board the traitor Arnold, whose name so much excited him that, unable to proceed, the old gentleman started up and paced the deck to calm himself. At last, looking up the river he exclaimed,—"Ah! there is the old Dunderberg—we shall be in the Highlands directly." They passed the Dunderberg, and entered that sublime and picturesque region of the Hudson, where the mountains seem to close around, and give to the river the form of a lake. There was a general silence among the spectators, except when an involuntary exclamation was heard from those who were new to the scene, as another and another mountain came grandly into view, with their masses of granite projecting through the forest trees that clambered to their summits, and their green and changing shadows darkening the clear blue water that flowed at their feet.

The approach of our voyagers to "the Gibraltar of America" was denoted by the lonely ruins of Fort Putnam, frowning from its mountain-rock; and presently the buildings connected with the military academy appeared in succession, as the boat rounded the promontory.

Mr. Markham told of an old revolutionary officer of the Pennsylvania line, who, after the lapse of forty years, had gone up the Hudson, intending to land at West Point; where, in his youth, he had made one of Washington's army. But when the veteran saw those rude heights, which, when he last beheld them, were covered with tents and crowned with batteries, now sprinkled with modern buildings and decorated with trim gardens, his heart failed, and he relinquished his intention of going on shore.\* "I cannot," said he, "reconcile myself to the change that must come over my last and long impressions of West Point, if I venture to see it as it now is. I wish always to think of this place, as I knew it when occupied by the army of Washington, and I shrink from the idea of having these recollections disturbed. Let it continue in my mind's eye to look as it did then." The boat passed on, and the old officer turned away his head from West Point, till it could be seen no more.

Henrietta was very sorry that they could not make a visit to this far-famed and delightful spot, and stay there at least till next day; but her uncle had ascertained early that morning, from a gentleman just come down from thence in the night boat, that the hotel could not furnish a sleeping-place for another human being, many of the guests having been glad to obtain mattresses laid on the floor of the passages, and Mr. Markham's informant having gone through the night on the table in the belvedere or lantern at the top of the house, the moon shining down on his face from the sky-light above.

"Never mind, Henrietta," said Mr. Markham, "you shall see West Point yet, in the course of your life, at some time when we can be sure that the pleasures of the day will not be counterbalanced by the miseries of the night. If every body was of that opinion, I think there would be much less travelling. There was a time when I could rough it myself, as well as any one; but I see no reason for doing so now, unless I have some good purpose in view. And as to women, they had better learn hardships somewhere else, than in crowded hotels. I wonder what is to become of the large party of ladies and gentlemen that landed there just now! I heard them say they depended on luck; but I do not know where their luck is to come from."

"I have frequently," said Luttrell, "been both amazed and amused at the improvidence of persons who go to places of great resort, without taking the slightest precaution to secure any species of accommodation. I was once at West Point (it was before the hotel was opened,) when, for want of previous arrangements, an extremely large company found their day of anticipated pleasure converted into a day of incessant annoyance and discomfort."

"And how was that?" asked Mr. Markham.

"Several of the New York schools," resumed Luttrell, "had united in a plan for their pupils to come up in the *Safety Barge*, and pass the fourth of July at West Point. But the instructors never thought of sending beforehand any intimation of their purpose. The *Safety Barge* moved slowly, and they did not arrive till all the dinners on West Point were over. Mr. Cozzens was standing at his door, when he saw about three hundred people ascending the hill, and coming *en masse* to the mess house. Knowing that it would be impossible to accommodate them, and dreading the sight of their disappointment and vexation, he had some thoughts of flying to the mountains and hiding himself in the woods: but they approached so fast, that he was obliged to man himself to meet the attack. They were all hungry, having eaten nothing since an early breakfast. To cook an extempore dinner for so many persons, would be difficult any where, and was impossible at West Point. All he could do, was to seat them on the benches in the mess-rooms, and give them 'all the bread and cheese he'd got,' and whatever else could be found."

"At least," said Henrietta, "they could have the pleasure of walking about and seeing something of the place, while their meal was preparing."

"No," resumed Luttrell, "they had not even that enjoyment. Just as they landed, the clouds, which had been gathering all day, came up from behind the mountains, and it began to rain: notwithstanding which, some of the boys made off directly for Fort Putnam: but two of the teachers instantly pursued them, broke rods from the trees, and whipped them back. And these unfortunate pleasure-seekers were scarcely under shelter of the mess house, before the rain poured down in torrents. They had no umbrellas."

"More shame for them," said Mr. Markham.

"Therefore," pursued Luttrell, "all they

\* Fact.

could do, after they had appeased their hunger, was to sit listless about the benches, or stroll up and down the room, and gaze wistfully from the windows at the wet and soaking plain, and the hills dimly looming through the heavy rain. The steamboat going down to the city had passed West Point before their arrival, and the Safety Barge in which they had come had left them and gone on. To stay all night was out of the question, and they were completely in jeopardy. The rain continued all the afternoon (and indeed all night,) without a moment's intermission, and there was no prospect of the clouds breaking away; all was one dense, monotonous gray till next morning. Towards evening, an old tow-boat was seen on the river, slowly dragging along a heavy-laden freight-barge on each side, and our unlucky party of three hundred had no alternative but to take their passage down to the city in this uncomfortable conveyance, where they must have passed the night, crowded to suffocation, quite bed-less and nearly food-less."

"Poor people!" exclaimed Henrietta, "how much they were to be pitied—particularly the school-children."

"They were, indeed," said Mr. Markham—"but as to the teachers, or at least the leaders of the enterprise, they were almost rightly served for their improvidence, in not sending up to West Point in due time, to ascertain what arrangements could be made for them. Then, if they had taken the earliest morning boat, instead of the slow Safety Barge, they would have arrived some hours before the rain came on, and could have seen a great deal of the place, and gone comfortably down in the early afternoon boat. Above all, they could have walked out and looked about them, even in spite of the rain, if every one had had the sense to bring an umbrella. Henrietta, is that one of mine safe?"

Henrietta, who had felt something like the prick of a thorn, whenever the word umbrella was mentioned, was just now taken with an excessive admiration of a party of crows that were flying about an old tree projecting from one of the rocks on the shore; and she was listening so attentively to their cawing that she could not hear her uncle's question. "Really," said she, "there is something very striking in the note of these birds, and their plumage is of such a beautiful black; they are also remarkably well-shaped."

Having nothing more to say upon crows, she felt quite grateful to Mrs. Osborne, when, by an easy transition, that lady immediately led the conversation to ravens, and the superstitious association of those melancholy birds with forebodings of death and horror: and this lasted till they were out of the Highlands, and stopped to land and receive passengers at Newburgh.

After the boat had called at the numerous towns that line both sides of the Hudson from Newburgh upwards, and always taken in as many passengers as were put out, the lofty range of the Catskills came in view, but far distant from the shore, and rising vast and blue against the western horizon. Their summits were now veiled in heavy clouds, blended with those of the firmament, and assuming as they

extended upwards a still darker colour, and a more voluminous form. "I think we shall have a change of weather before the day is over," observed Eliza Luttrell—"it is already raining on the tops of the Catskills."

"Oh! but mountains are no rule," said Henrietta quickly, and feeling a sort of tremor at the very mention of rain.

"Yes, they are," said her uncle—"particularly when the wind sets directly from them. Excuse her ignorance, ladies—she has passed most of her life in Philadelphia, where she could have had no experience of any thing higher than Market street hill."

Till the boat arrived at the town of Hudson, Henrietta's attention was chiefly occupied in watching the clouds herself, and in trying to divert her uncle from observing them. At Hudson they were to part with the Luttrella, and Mrs. Osborne pressed Mr. Markham to land there with his niece, and pass the night and morning at her father's house, taking the boat to Albany when it came along in the afternoon. Both the ladies saw much to like in our heroine (and also much to excuse,) and they already understood that this invitation would be very gratifying to their brother. But Mr. Markham, though he had made due acknowledgments for their offered hospitality, could not be persuaded to accept it—to the great regret of Henrietta, whose only consolation was, that she should be spared the mortification of the Luttrells seeing him walk on shore with the blue cotton umbrella in his hand. She was too new to the world to understand that the Luttrells were so truly genteel as not to attach the slightest consequence to any thing of the sort. They took leave, after expressing their hope of receiving a visit at some future time from Mr. Markham and Miss Harrison, and the old gentleman shook them all by the hand, and gave them a warm invitation to Markhamville. The Luttrell party were met at the landing-place by their father, who, giving an arm to each of the ladies, preceded up the street with them.

"There is Mr. Luttrell still standing on the wharf," said Henrietta, as the boat passed along the high bank on which part of the town is built. "He seems to be looking earnestly after us."

"No doubt," said her uncle—"he is looking earnestly at the boat. When we met one that was coming down, did you not hear him say that he knew not a nobler or more imposing sight, than a fine steamboat careering through the water. All men like to gaze on steamboats; and so they should, for they are glorious things. Do you know the history of their invention?"

"How should I," replied Henrietta—"I never learned it."

"You are not aware then of Fitch having constructed the first steamboat, but that Fulton brought the invention to success?"

"I never had a lesson on the subject."

"I thought not. What was the origin of that bonnet on your head?"

"It came from Leghorn, and Madame Gaubert trimmed it."

"Ah!" said her uncle—"you require no instruction on subjects of that kind. Now come and walk the deck with me, and I will be Peter



Parley for awhile, and tell you all about steamboats."

To his explanation, which was sensible and clear, Henrietta would have "seriously inclined," only that her eyes wandered too frequently to the clouds that were gathering in the west, and she feared the commencement of a rain, which would accelerate the discovery of the mutilated umbrella. Her fears were realized: the wind rose and brought up the clouds, the rain began, and it blew in under the awning. "Henrietta," said her uncle, "you had better go down into the cabin till we land. I will see after the baggage, and then meet you at the door of the dining-cabin, where you can bring me my umbrella."

Henrietta felt that the *eclaircissement* was at hand. "Foolish that I was," thought she—"why did not I reflect on the certainty of discovery!"

She slowly descended the stairs, and on entering the ladies' cabin she found a woman and child lying in the berth where she had placed the shawl and umbrella, on inquiring for which, they were produced by Minna, the chambermaid, who had taken care of them. Henrietta looked wistfully at the umbrella. "Miss," said the mulatto girl, in a low voice, "you mustn't tell the old gentleman that I broke that there rumberell, for I saw you do it yourself. To be sure, it is none of my business how the ladies choose to 'muse themselves, but I did think it strange—'specially as you had such hard work to get it broke. Please not to say I did it."

"Certainly, I shall not," replied Henrietta, indignantly—"I had no such thought. What sort of person do you take me for?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss," answered the girl—"I never like to say no harm of nobody, but a great many ladies as is very genteel, don't stop at fibs no how."

"But I do," said Henrietta. "I am sorry now I broke the umbrella, for it is raining very fast, and we have no other. I have had several of my own, but lost them all in some way."

"I thought you would be sorry," rejoined Minna. "It seemed to me the most unaccountable thing I ever seen. But it was not my business to say any thing to stop it. I concluded you might be a great *mischieve*, and that may be you thought it good fun to break a rumberell o' purpose."

"Fun!" said Henrietta, "I fear it will turn out no fun for me."

Her uncle now called her, from the door of the dining cabin.

"What shall I do?" said Henrietta, who, for want of a female friend, was insensibly taking the chambermaid into her confidence.

"You would not like to tell a fib, you say," replied the girl, ponderingly.

"No, I would not. What fib could I tell?"

"Why," said Minna, speaking almost in a whisper,—"you might easily make him 'bieve, that that there woman as got into the berth, gave it to her child to play with, and atween the two they broke it."

"I would not tell such a falsehood for the world!" exclaimed Henrietta.

"Hush, miss—people will hear you. Now, I don't see a bit of harm in it. For as they

don't belong to *him*, you needn't be the least afraid that the old gentleman will either scold the mother, or whip the child."

"Henrietta!" called her uncle again.

"Oh!" murmured Henrietta, "I feel like Blue Beard's wife, when her husband was calling her to come and have her head cut off."

"Dear me," said the girl, catching her last words, "is that the way the old gentleman sarves people, when they do mischief. What a Turk he must be. But I am very sure the captain won't allow no such thing on board of *his* boat, no how."

"Absurd nonsense!" said Henrietta. "But I really wish I did know how to get through this foolish difficulty."

"Take my advice, miss," said Minna. "To help oneself out of a scrape, there's nothing like a good hard fib."

By this time both cabins were vacated, by the passengers all having gone on deck for the purpose of landing. Henrietta saw her uncle impatiently approaching her; and summoning all her courage she went up to him, and displaying the broken umbrella, said with a sort of smile—"See what I have done, uncle Mark."

"Broken my new umbrella! That is a bad thing—a very bad thing, indeed! How did it happen?"

"I did it on purpose, dear uncle."

"Really! You must have found it rather a difficult job."

"I did—the spring was very hard to break."

"I need not ask your motive for this pretty exploit, as I see through it at once." He sat down on a chair, and having leaned back and pondered awhile, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, he said calmly to Henrietta, who was busily searching for something in her travelling basket, "Very well—you, of course, expect to take the consequences!"

"What consequences, dear uncle?"

"Walking up State street, to the American Hotel, with nothing to shelter you from the rain, which is now falling in torrents."

"Oh! uncle!—surely you will get a carriage."

"Surely I will not. I am always glad of an opportunity to give pride a fall."

"Indeed, uncle, I am not proud—at least not very. Think how my clothes will be ruined by walking in the rain!"

"I know they will."

"Oh! uncle! have you no apprehension for yourself, or your own clothes?"

"None—my clothes are not my first consideration. And as to myself, I have been wet a thousand times. I never stopped for rain when I was cutting down the trees to begin my first clearing, (for I made two towns before Markhamville,) so now I am able to bear it with all its accompaniments. But come, it is time we were on shore. The rain has set in for the evening, and it will soon be dark."

"I wish it *was* dark," said Henrietta, pouting her lip. "If we must drizzle through the wet, I would rather it were night, for then fewer people would see us. It is so disgraceful to be trudging unsheltered, through a pouring rain in daylight."

"Still more so than carrying a blue cotton

umbrella; is it not?" said Mr. Markham. "But come, the baggage is all ready, and consigned to a porter; so we will quit the boat immediately."

"Dear uncle Mark!—do get a carriage."

"No, I will not—I have thought it, and I have said it. You might as well attempt to move Mount Washington." He then ascended the staircase, leaving her to follow.

"Miss," said the mulatto girl, as she assisted Henrietta to put on her shawl, "If I was you I wouldn't give up to him no how. Persewure upon your pint, and keep a teasing till you get the carriage out of him."

"Oh, no!" said Henrietta, sighing, "now he's at his mountains there's no hope," and slipping a quarter-dollar into the hand of the sympathizing chambermaid, she walked slowly up the staircase, and joined her uncle in silence. They then proceeded to the landing-board, and walked on shore, attacked on all sides by hackney coachmen clamouring to know if they did not want a carriage. Henrietta had some hope that their importunities would induce Mr. Markham to relent, but he marched on with a steady face past them all, carrying under his arm the useless blue cotton umbrella. His niece walked resentfully beside him, holding up her dress with both hands, setting down her feet hard and splashing the mud rather more than was necessary, while the rain ran in streams over her bonnet, penetrated her shawl, and drenched her completely. "What a glorious entrance into Albany," said Henrietta.

"You have one consolation," observed her uncle, who bore "the pelting of the pitiless storm" with perfect *sang-froid*, "there is nobody here that either knows or cares for you."

"I am not sure of that," answered Henrietta; "several of our former school-girls were from Albany; and it is not three months since my class-mate, Miss Melinda Peacock, married a gentleman of this place and came here to live. Ah, horror! there she is looking out of her front parlour window!"

And with this exclamation, our mortified heroine turned her head towards the street, and hastily slipped to the other side of her uncle, to lessen the chance of being recognised by the *cidevant* Miss Peacock. Mr. Markham smiled first, and sighed afterwards.

A short walk through the rain seems a very long one, and Henrietta asked if they were never to reach the hotel. "In the course of time we undoubtedly shall," replied her uncle.

"Suppose we find it full," said Henrietta; "are we to paddle through the rain all over Albany in search of a night's lodging?"

"No fear of that," answered Mr. Markham, "I wrote two days ago to engage apartments. Come, cheer up—your troubles will soon be over."

On arriving at the place of destination they were immediately shown to a private parlour, where, though the season was summer, Mr. Markham ordered a fire, to correct the dampness of the atmosphere, and guard against any chilliness after their exposure to the rain. "Was there ever such a forlorn figure!" exclaimed Henrietta, taking off her dripping shawl, and looking in the glass. "The crown of my bonnet is so beaten in that there is a puddle stand-

ing in the top, and the front is like a shapeless rag—the flowers have been washed to pieces, and the bows are drooping in colourless bunches—rivers have run down the pleats of my frock—my beautiful collar is a wretched wisp—my gloves are glued to my hands with the wet, and I have lost my basket. Oh! how deplorable I am! I never *can* get in order again."

"Yes, you can," said her uncle; "I am well convinced you will not remain in this condition twenty-four hours. Here comes the chambermaid, she will show you to your room at once, and when you have changed your dress let me see you again, looking as spruce as ever."

Henrietta, in deep displeasure, retired to her apartment, disengaged herself from her dripping garments, put on a night-dress, and having rung for the chambermaid, and desired her to take all the wet things out of her sight, and keep them herself or do what she pleased with them, she sent word to her uncle that she should drink her tea in her own room. "I am determined," said she to herself, "that I will not speak to him all day to-morrow."

Having sent away her scarcely-tasted tea, and placed her lamp in the chimney, she attempted to settle herself for the night. But she found it impossible to get to sleep. In vain she shook her pillow, and moved it from side to side. She was too much discomposed with vexation at her uncle for compelling her to walk through the street in the rain, and for causing the destruction of her dress. "Of course," thought she, "he considers it nothing more than a good wholesome punishment for breaking his beloved umbrella, which to be sure *would* have sheltered us; but how did I know that it was going to rain, and why did he annoy me by persisting in bringing the ugly thing along with him? Well, I have one comfort—he has to pass the whole evening alone by himself; for as the rain continues, I do not believe he will go out any where after so thorough a wetting, lightly as he may profess to think of it."

Finding sleep out of the question for the present, Henrietta arose; and placing the lamp on a table, she opened one of her trunks to seek for a book that might divert her attention from the thoughts and feelings that were depriving her of rest, and the indulgence of which beyond half an hour was equally new and irksome to her. She took a volume of Irving's Sketch Book, and on turning over the leaves her eye was attracted by that beautiful essay on funerals and cemeteries, in which he depicts the "compunctious visitings" that when looking on the grave of a departed friend will bring anguish to our hearts if, when living, we caused him grief and trouble. In these sad moments, when the green sod has "covered every defect and extinguished every resentment," little things will seem great ones in the mirror of conscience. Jests that while they caused a momentary smile left a sting behind them, petulant retorts, perverse actions, wayward humours, all we have ever done to vex and annoy him while in life, will crowd upon our memory with painful distinctness. And their thorns will be sharpened by the certainty that to the dust of him who can return no more our regret and our penitence are alike unavailing.

Henrietta laid down the book. A cold shudder ran through her veins, as she fearfully looked forward to the time when her old uncle, good notwithstanding his positiveness, and sensible in the midst of his peculiarities, should be extended on the bed of death, or consigned to the dark and lonely grave. She covered her face, and leaned her head on the table. An entire reaction took place in her views and feelings. She resumed the monitory page of the elegant and amiable writer, and her tears fell fast upon it as she read these impressive words, "Take warning by the bitterness of thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties towards the living."

"I will—I will," she mentally exclaimed. "From this time I will cease to tease and annoy my good uncle, for he is good after all, and well deserves my respect, my gratitude, and my affection. No—when I visit his grave (here her tears redoubled) it shall not be in contrition and penitence."

Poor Henrietta—if every one felt as she did then, there would in the whole world be no unkindness towards the living, and no remorse towards the dead.

Her resolution was instantly taken; it was to go down to Mr. Markham and entreat his forgiveness. "To think," said she, "that I should attempt a fit of sullenness to my old uncle—I, that never could be sullen to any one, even to Mrs. Strickland. What excessive folly to allow his umbrella to cause me such unfounded annoyance! And then so highly to resent the salutary lesson which he thought proper to give me—to leave him to take his tea by himself and pass the evening alone. How could I presume to go to bed, and expect to sleep, without bidding him a kind good night!"

Our heroine soon composed herself so far as to wash the tears from her face, comb and arrange her hair, dress herself neatly, and descend to the parlour. Mr. Markham had long since changed his wet clothes, and eaten his solitary supper. After pacing the room, and going to the windows, and gazing unconsciously at the rain, he had thrown himself into a seat and tried to read an evening paper, but its contents conveyed no ideas to his abstracted mind. He was holding it listlessly in one hand, his arm thrown over the back of his chair, and his eyes fixed on the mantel-piece, when Henrietta entered the room with a step even lighter than usual. She had meditated a little speech to address him with, but when she saw how anxious and unhappy he looked, her utterance failed; and gliding behind him she laid her head on her uncle's shoulder, and burst into tears. Mr. Markham started up, caught her hand, pressed it warmly, and drew his own across his eyes. He then put her down into a chair, and traversed the room in much agitation. "Henrietta," said he, "you should not have deserted your old uncle this evening; and above all, you should not have quitted him in anger. The affair of the umbrella was a piece of girlish folly, which I thought I did right in punishing—though perhaps I went a little too far. But it gave me no pain compared to what I have since felt in seeing you encourage the continu-

ance of a fit of temper—and against me, too. But perhaps, after all, I am not sufficiently tolerant of the fancies and notions of young people. Poor things! it is hard for them to be always right, when those that are old enough to have wisdom are so often wrong. Come, Henrietta, I will make a bargain with you. I will hold the rein more loosely, if you will be less restive under it."

"The one will be a natural consequence of the other, dear uncle," said Henrietta, smiling through her tears.

"We have now come to an understanding," observed Mr. Markham, drawing his niece towards him and kissing her forehead; "and I foresee that after a little practice, we shall go on very smoothly. But I wish you had been here to pour out my tea for me—I think a great deal of my tea—your withholding your presence made me so uncomfortable that I could drink but half a cup."

"And I did not take even that," said Henrietta. "Did not you?" exclaimed her uncle, "then I will order tea over again, and we will now have it pleasantly together."

They sat over the tea-table in great good humour, and Mr. Markham talked to his niece of the arrangements he had made for her at Markhamville, and told her that he would remain next day at Albany that she might see something of the city and its vicinity, there being now indications of a clear sunrise; as the rain had ceased, the clouds were dispersing, and a few stars already glimmered in the zenith.

Henrietta rose early next morning, and was so over-good as to go herself with the blue cotton umbrella to get it mended at the nearest shop. It was finished and sent home soon after breakfast. Her uncle made no comment, not exactly liking to talk about it; but he went out afterwards, and ordered two very handsome silk ones for himself and his niece, to be sent to Markhamville.

The morning was spent in seeing various things in Albany; and the afternoon was devoted to a drive along the banks of the willow-shaded Mohawk, as far as the beautiful falls of Cohoes, and to visiting the Shaker establishment at Niskayuna, where the cold, immovable, passionless, and corpse-like faces of the females gave Henrietta a sensation somewhat approaching to horror; and she told her uncle that the laborious and excessive neatness of their dwelling-places was absolutely painful to look at or think of.

By the time they arrived at their journey's end our heroine had learned that it is not an umbrella or any other accidental appendage that denotes either the gentleman or the lady, and that Mr. Markham would have been regarded with respect had he travelled from Maine to Florida with a *parapluie* of tow-cloth.

"There is my last town—there is Markhamville!" said her uncle as they approached a pretty and flourishing little place, on a fine stream that was turning various saw-mills and flour-mills. There were a main street and two cross streets, of fresh, brightly painted houses, each standing in its own garden. There was the usual proportion of taverns and stores, also a market-house, two churches, and an academy.



At the upper end of the main street stood Mr. Markham's spacious mansion of everlasting granite, shaded with aboriginal trees that had been left for the purpose when the forest was converted into a town. The house-keeper, a smart, active, pleasant-faced old woman, came out in her holiday suit to meet them; and in half an hour after their arrival, she introduced them to a tea-table whose very inviting contents might have feasted twenty people.

Under the guidance of Mrs. Bowlby, Henrietta Harrison became such a proficient in housewifery that her uncle pronounced her puff-paste to be quite equal to that of her instructress; and the stockings that she knit for him were certainly shaped with far more grace and symmetry than any that had been manufactured by her veteran mistress in the art.

The blue cotton umbrella hung always in the hall, behind the front-door; and our heroine had become so used to it, that she frequently carried it herself when she went out in dull weather.

A year passed on; and young Luttrell had nearly faded from Henrietta's memory, as she supposed she had done from his; her uncle having apprised her that travelling acquaintances are not expected to be lasting. Besides which, she was the belle of Markhamville, and laughed and flirted equally with all the Markhamville beaux, namely, two young lawyers, one young doctor, the most genteel of the store-keepers, the second principal of the academy (the first had a wife,) the minister, who, however, was a widower with nine children, and therefore not a very good match, and the editor of the Markhamville People's Luminary, who talked poetry beautifully, and expected some day to be in Congress.

One day, having business at the principal store, and the clouds threatening rain, Henrietta took the blue cotton umbrella and carried it out with her. Having made her purchases, the rain began to drop just as she left Mr. Griddleby's door.

At that moment a stage stopped to change horses at the neighbouring tavern, and one of its passengers was Mr. Luttrell, then on his way to inspect some land which he owned in the far north-west. Seeing a remarkably genteel looking young lady standing on the steps of the store and putting up a blue cotton umbrella (which by this time was much faded,) his attention was excited for a moment; and looking at her with some curiosity, he found her surprisingly handsome both in face and figure. The chord of memory was new touched, and he instantly recollected the very pretty and somewhat *espiègle* school-girl with whom he had been a little smitten in the Albany boat, and whose mortification at her uncle's blue cotton umbrella his sister had amusingly hinted to him. The truth flashed upon him at once. There was that very pretty girl carrying that very same blue cotton umbrella, and as she walked up the street with it he thought he had never seen a more prepossessing air and figure. He recollected, too, that he was now at Markhamville, (of which place and its founder he had just had a history from a gentleman in the stage,) and that the uncle of the fair vision before

him had given him the preceding year, at parting, an invitation to his house in case of travelling in that direction.

"I will take him at his word," thought Luttrell—and he determined to remain at Markhamville till next day.

This arrangement was soon accomplished; and having engaged a room at the inn, unpacked his trunk, changed his dress, and made himself look his very best, he proceeded to Mr. Markham's house, where he was immediately recognised and gladly received by the old gentleman and Henrietta.

It was about the same season in the following year, that after repeated visits to Markhamville, (each one more pleasant than the last,) Luttrell brought with him his sister Eliza to act as bridesmaid to our heroine; her uncle having consented to her marriage with a resident of the city of New York, only on condition that they should make him a long visit every summer.

"Henrietta," said Luttrell, as they passed through the hall on the day after their wedding, "great events arise from little causes. I have not yet told you to what circumstance we owe our present happiness, (for I am sure it is mutual,) and which must be dated from the renewal of our acquaintance, when I accidentally arrived last summer at Markhamville. It was to my recognising you by that blue cotton umbrella, which I more than suspect caused you much annoyance on the day we were fellow-passengers in the steam-boat."

"Ungallant already!" said Henrietta, sportively. "Before we were married you suppressed that important fact, and allowed me to suppose that you had never lost sight of me in your mind's eye, and that you required nothing to bring me to your recollection but a glance at myself alone. But *n'importe*—I am willing to owe our present happiness, as you justly term it, even to a blue cotton umbrella."

Written for the Lady's Book.

## SPRING.

THE spring has come again, and gone, with its usual quantum of singing birds and singing streams: but we have missed one thing. We have not been delectated with the customary amount of *rhyme*. Generally the poets begin to hymn its praises, and luxuriate in its "balmy effulgence," before their brethren the frogs have croaked one premonitory symptom. We remember to have listened to one poor fellow's warbling, while nature was enshrouded in a seemingly impervious robe of sleet, and the winds were howling their merriest music. But we sometimes meet with a strain, even on this "multifarious" theme, which goes far to compensate for the "multitudinous" infliction of the rest. Witness the following, from the agreeable pen of the accomplished "V. G. A."

"The ducks are paddling in the pools,  
And the bees are on the wing.  
And girls and poets talk like fools,  
In the pleasant time of spring."

E.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE HALF-SISTER.

BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

"I bled my sorrow to a lofty part;  
Our orphan lot  
To meet in quenchless trust."—MRS. HEMANS.

"The virgin mother of an orphan race."—JOANNA BAILLIE.

RARE is the village of a few dozen of houses, in our older settlements, that does not contain at least one domicile on which some such exclamation as "quite stylish! quite genteel! how pretty! or how romantic!" has not at one time or other, been vented by the passing stranger. Our village was not an exception of the kind, and to its pre-eminent *beauty place*, besides some of the afore-cited epithets, that of "tasteful" might correctly have been applied. Though rather out of the town, it was full in sight of it,—not a towering edifice of pretending red brick, with staring windows, and Grecian porticoes of painted pine; nor yet a tiny wooden one with latticed verandahs, (which, though pretty in itself, always looks as if it had been imported from a more genial climate than we are favoured with,) but a low, wide, cottage-like building of stone, so irregular, that, though I had it before my eyes every day for years, I would now despair of describing it; so shaded by vines and trees in summer, that the very sight of it was refreshing; and so compact and sheltered in winter, that, with the sunshine on its windows, or the firelight streaming through them, any one might know at a glance there was cheerfulness within its walls.

From the beginning of my recollection, its occupant was a Mr. Hamilton, a gentleman of sterling character and uncommon mental endowments, who had erected it, and established himself in its retirement to devote himself to the education of his family, composed, at the time from which my sketch dates, of five children. School youngsters, in those days, were seldom inoculated with a love for the picturesque, yet the effect of that family group, on a pleasant summer evening, often attracted the set to which I belonged to pause before it, and take a second look. Strangers could scarcely have distinguished their features and employments at their distance from the road, but we, to whom they were familiar, could watch them with interest. The old gentleman mostly had his seat on the porch, with his fine bald head, that had never been disgraced by a wig, resting on the back of his cushioned chair. We were not then in the illumination of phrenology; but I know now that the head was a fine one,—it was very handsome, as in the science a perfect head is. Beside him, and often in a chair of similar dimensions, which she filled as a queen ought to fill her throne, generally sat Katharine, as she spelled her name on Shakespeare's authority, his only child by a first wife. She was then but twenty-three, and I have never since seen as majestic a woman. Her character assimilated with her appearance. She was the friend and confidant of her father, and the mother of his children; loved and honoured by her friends,

and by common acquaintances regarded with a feeling for which, though awe may be too strong a word, it will answer better than respect.

"When I have grown to be a man," I once heard a little fellow say, "I will have a wife just like Katharine Hamilton."

"I am afraid there never will be another Katharine Hamilton," returned his mother.

Usually on her lap there might be seen a little curly head, with the face turned upwards towards hers. It was that of a brother, a boy seven or eight years old, but so diminutive in person that one could scarcely believe him more than half that age, and much less that through his beautiful face the light of reason would never shine. Yet so it was. There were none of the marks of negligence about his appearance that too often distinguish a child thus ill-fated from those even of its own house. His dress always displayed scrupulous care, and his gentle and innocent ways proved the fondness of his nurture. Whilst he sat on his father's knee, or played with his sister's hands, as he received her caresses on his delicate cheeks, there seemed a strange unfitness in the title with which he was always followed—"Poor little Eddy!"

Then at a little distance, among the shrubbery, might be seen Mr. Hamilton's second daughter, who at sixteen was fast arriving at the distinction the elder disdained to support—that of a beauty and a belle. A world of trouble she had been to her sister, with her heedlessness and her impulses; yet she was so warm-hearted, so sprightly, and so graceful withal, that she was scarcely loved the less for it. And pulling at the hand or the dress of "sister Annie," would be little Flora, the pet of the family and of the whole village, who preferred romping among the flowers to interrupting the conversation or reading of her father and sister; and, joined to one or the other division of the little party, was often the eldest son, a handsome and spirited, though rather boyish youth of nineteen.

It was on an August evening, when the air had grown chill after sunset, and Katharine had arranged her father's seat within a parlour window, that he handed her a letter, remarking, "It is an offer of a situation for Maurice."

Katharine looked disturbed, but her father continued, "It is from my old friend Joseph Morrall, who has heard of my solicitude on the subject. I know the anxiety you will feel at placing a brother so sanguine and thoughtless amidst the temptations of a city. I, myself, am not without fears, yet I trust that the principles I have endeavoured to instil into his mind may not be thrown away. My friend, you know, is a plain man—a Quaker—he is all integrity and kind-heartedness, and has promised to take my son under his own quiet roof, and act towards him as a father. You have heard how well he has brought up his own boys; I hope he will be equally successful in continuing my work; indeed, I am almost confident of it, for Maurice has yet no bad habits, and is always ready to follow the suggestions of those whose judgment is known to be worthy of regard."

Mr. Hamilton paused, and after a turn up and

down the room, seated himself again, and with a voice less firm, he resumed: "I am the more anxious to provide a situation immediately for your brother, from my consciousness of the circumstances under which, more than probably, he will shortly be placed. I think it best to speak to you now, my dear Katharine, of what you are hardly prepared to hear, and I know that the command under which you have happily taught yourself to keep your feelings, will enable you to listen to me with calmness.

"You remember the opinion expressed by my medical attendants on the occasion of the last of those attacks that so nearly deprived me of life;—it was that I could not survive another. Every symptom of another I now feel; nay, my daughter, Providence, in whom we confide, may see fit to avert it, but I am prepared, and I hope you will be, for the worst.

"It is from you, Katharine, that I expect protection to those that I leave behind, should I now be taken off. You have always exhibited mind far above your years, and I feel proud and happy that among my many friends, none are more fit for the charge than my own child. Therefore, young as you are, I will yield to you the office of guardian. May heaven help you to fill it as I believe you will!

"I have placed in my desk a statement of my wishes relative to the disposition of my property. The fund from which you are aware we derive our income, amounts to ten thousand dollars. It has always been sufficient for us, and I hope will still serve to maintain you together as a family. Equally divided, it will be two thousand for each; your portion you will be at liberty to dispose of as you please, as you are already of age, and I am satisfied you will use it with discretion. That of Maurice is to be delivered into his hands when he shall have attained the age of twenty-one, to assist him in entering into business; and the remainder I wish you to apply to the best advantage for the three younger ones. It is a melancholy subject for us both, my beloved child, and I will say no more. My papers will make every thing clear. One thing, however, be assured of. This homestead, which you have assisted in beautifying, and which your efforts have made as happy as an earthly mansion might be, is still to continue a home until you all agree to leave it."

It would be needless to say what were the feelings of one who had ever been an example of filial duty, at this opening of so sad a prospect, and what they were when it was realized; for ere many weeks the presentiments of Mr. Hamilton were fulfilled. Few had ever been so regretted in that neighbourhood, and oh! how bitterly he was lamented in his own home!

It was a touching sight, that of the orphaned family as they entered the village church the first Sabbath after their bereavement. The noble face of Katharine was pale as marble, yet its expression had been subdued to a calmness even more affecting than one of grief. On one side she led little Eddy, who carried in his slight fingers his hat tied with black, and whose sweet and innocent countenance was yet more serious than he had been taught was fitting in the house of prayer; and, on the other, little Flora, whose rosy cheeks were seen for the first

time without a smile. Annie followed, almost haggard with woe; and, as she took her seat, her movements betrayed her emotions on entering a place which she had never before filled in sorrow. She was one of that order whose feelings act with almost overpowering force—happy it is for them that those feelings are not always as durable as strong. Many eyes filled with tears as they looked upon the little group, and many a kind heart made silent promises to show itself in deeds of kindness towards them—promises that were never forgotten.

The double task of the devoted Katharine commenced. A mother's part she had long acted, but higher efforts were now required, and she succeeded to the utmost. It was hard to be believed by one who admired her well-ordered household, that not only it was governed by a young and afflicted woman, but that the same also kept watch over the persons and minds and hearts of others still younger, and who had no other protector. Maurice, agreeably to the directions of his father, had early accepted the offer of the city merchant, and there was no one left to assist her. Through the long day she maintained the control of her own feelings, and even amidst her noblest acts of love, she would bow herself in prayer, deploring, as a lowly child, the little she was able to do, and beseeching aid to render services more worthy in the sight of Him whom she adored; and it was from the influence of this practice—one that had been early formed, preserving her humble estimate of human actions, and encouraging her to higher and higher aims—that arose the lofty traits of her conduct.

Two years passed, and incidents more important than the daily ones of their domestic and again cheerful life, stirred among the young Hamiltons. Katharine had grown, if possible, even more perfect in character, and Annie was, in fulfilment of early promise, the beauty of the whole country; and for each had come a suitor.

An ordinary man, though he must have admired Katharine, could scarcely perhaps have understood her well enough to love her; or at least, would never have dreamed of seeking her affections; and as she lived remote from the society in which great spirits strive, she had been but little troubled with wooers. Now, however, one had presented himself who was of a higher cast, in many respects, than those with whom she had generally mingled. We shall call him L—; a man in the very prime of life, and who had already taken a prominent place among the distinguished of our country. In person he had many attractions; his mind had elevated him to his present stand, and his character was one to command respect. Katharine had admired him at the first, and esteemed him on better acquaintance, and she had yet seen nothing which would have prevented the growth of a warmer feeling; but at last a trifle, and fortunate it often is for women that they are so prone to judge from trifles, decided her as to the reception of his suit.

Mr. L— had visited Katharine long enough to be received as a familiar acquaintance, and not unfrequently contributed to her amusement by bringing her works to which otherwise she might not have had access. Now

they were in the depths of "*L'Allemagne*," and many a remark was made by both the gentleman as reader, and the lady as listener, that Corinne herself could not have scorned. Yet attentive as Katharine was to the eloquent French woman, she was not wholly absorbed. Amidst the most effective passages, when little Flora silently motioned her to cut a pencil, or Eddy to tie a boquet, each was promptly though as silently gratified and dismissed. Mechanically as this was done, the reader paused more than once with a marked contraction of the brow. At length the little brother came in with tears on his cheeks, holding up his finger swollen with the sting of a bee, and Katharine, descending from the sublimities of "*L'Enthousiasme*," begged her companion to pause, and led off the suffering boy to apply a remedy. The tears were soon dried, the finger kissed and bandaged, and Katharine returned to her seat.

"Another interruption!" exclaimed the reader, and fortunately Katharine did not observe the look which accompanied it. Flora had whispered in her ear, "Don't think me naughty for disturbing you, dear sister, but you know I *must* have my drawing done against to-morrow. Do show me how to shade my garden-gate, won't you?"

Katharine again apologized for leaving her seat, and she had scarcely done so when Mr. L—— turned to the child, saying in what was meant to be a tone of playful reproach—"Fye! fye! how naughty to be so troublesome to sister!"

The child looked frightened, and Katharine turned smilingly towards him, when she saw on his face an ill-concealed expression of peevish impatience.

No change passed over her countenance; yet, as she examined and directed Flora's work, she was full of thought upon the course she was to take, for she knew that L—— was waiting only for an opportunity to declare his sentiments towards her. She reviewed his qualities which had attracted her, she dwelt upon the advantages she would enjoy from a union with him; besides the affection of a man so decidedly superior, the elevated position she would attain in society, the means of doing good which his ample fortune would afford; but, could she purchase them at the expense of the helpless ones she had promised her dying father to cherish? could she place them under the control of one who had betrayed himself not to possess those gentle feelings which alone could protect their happiness? could she have their innocent freedom checked, their presence forbidden by her own husband? All this passed through her mind in a moment, and involuntarily she gave a long sigh as she returned to her admirer, resolved how to act. That evening he sued long and ardently for her hand, and was rejected.

We have said that Annie also had a lover;—not her first, indeed, by a dozen, for all excellent precept and example had failed to cure her of a natural disposition to flirting; but the first who had made an impression to last longer than a day. He was an entire stranger in the country, who called himself Morgan, and was possessed

of a thousand arts to win the fancy of a sensitive and an inexperienced girl. He had travelled much, seemed to have no profession, and preserved, with regard to his own concerns, a concealment, which, instead of awakening the caution of our village belles, was, as is too often the case, a means of interesting them in his favour. To Annie, with whom his affected mystery was romance, he soon attached himself; and Katharine, who had remarked in his manners an assumption of consequence to which she did not believe him entitled, and in his recitals, a spirit of falsehood which could not have proceeded from an honourable mind, was grieved to see a necessity for advising her unsuspecting sister to shun his advances. Alas! there was more necessity for it than had entered her thoughts. The affections of Annie were already entangled, and conscious of her weakness and imprudence, she dared not to confess it to one so pure-minded. It was her first breach of confidence, and dearly she suffered for it. Perhaps, indeed, the discovery might have been made before it was too late, but a new source of pleasure to the little family, interrupted the vigilance of Katharine—this was an expectation of the return of Maurice.

"How I have grown!—how much I have grown!" laughed the light-hearted brother, after the hubbub of joy on his arrival had a little subsided; "you forget that you are no longer to talk to me about growing!—not one of you has congratulated me on what I have come among you purposely to celebrate—the close of my minority. I am now a man, free to give a vote, and to work or do nothing, and to spend my money just as I please. By the by, I must tell you of a speculation I am going to make with my two thousand!"

"Had you not better reserve it till we are in a more fit state to hear of so weighty a matter with all due solemnity?" interrupted Katharine, smiling—"for weighty it must be, as it involves your all."

"No, no! you remember from old, that whatever is uppermost in my mind must come out, and that without delay; so, be silent all, and hear how I am going to make my fortune."

"But to premise the matter," said Katharine; pray tell us if your friend Mr. Morrall is connected with your golden visions?"

"Old Joseph Morrall, in a speculation! Oh, no! my dear sister; as soon as he has paid down my cash, we are to dissolve the concern. The old gentleman is a very fatherly, or rather motherly person; but, some how or other, his notions and mine won't hit."

"I hope," said Katharine, with a look of dismay, "that you and our father's friend have had no open disagreement?"

"Disagreement? by no means, that is, if you mean a fall-out; but, the fact is, I am about to cut the establishment; I can no longer hold out to be a laughing-stock for my friends by remaining in the leading-strings of a man who was born too early to be in order for the improvements of our day."

Katharine felt a pang as she listened to the levity of one from whom she had hoped much, and she could make no remark; indeed, Maurice did not seem to require it, but went on:—

"Not to go too far, I would not so much mind being obliged to domesticate in his demure looking mansion, which has scarcely been violated with a new coat of papering since continental times; nor to endure the Guinea-fowl looking worthies that infest it; nor even to listen to his eternal saws from Benjamin Franklin and William Penn; but, positively, the old man has allowed me for these two years but five hundred dollars per annum, which is hardly enough for the necessities of life."

"Maurice!"

"How you both stare! why, don't you know, my dear girls, that, whatever it may be in the country, five hundred dollars to a young man in the city is scarcely enough to buy boots!—to be sure, old Joseph takes upon himself the expense of my boarding, but that is nothing. I know of a situation which I might now get, that would yield me at least a thousand dollars, and on that I might live as a gentleman ought to do. It is no way in these times for a young man to get along in the world, to spend his days in an old-fashioned Quaker store, counting up regularly the same number of fractions of cents; and his nights in a dove-coloured bed-room, to have the same dreams over and over again. The plan is to flourish where thousands are risked and made every day; to frequent where he can hear how things move in the world, to learn the chances here and the chances there, to become known and be let into speculations, and make a fortune at once."

"I see you don't understand these matters," he continued, as neither of the girls replied; "but to come to the point at once—you know of the newly-discovered coal region?—Well, it is to that I am about to turn my attention, and to invest my little capital in it. A friend who is in difficulties, owns a large tract, and as he wishes to make a raise, he has offered me a hundred and fifty acres for two thousand dollars. What say you to such a bargain?"

"That it might be a very desirable one, provided that one or two contingencies were certainties," replied Katharine.

"And what are they?"

"The first, that there is coal on the land, and the second, that there is a way to get it off."

"Ha! ha! how little you women know of such affairs," laughed the brother in the pride of his own knowledge; "however, as you first proposed, we will defer a more serious consultation about it till another time. Come on, Flora, and let us see if you have grown too tall for a race with Pompey, or a tumble on the grass."

Notwithstanding Katharine had the pain of perceiving that her brother's volatility, which it had cost her father so much pains to check, was as strong as ever, she observed that the better traits of his boyhood, his kindness and generosity and frankness were in no wise impaired, and she assisted with pleasure in the preparations for a little fête which she and Annie had planned to welcome his return. Many of their young friends assembled an evening or two after the arrival, and as Maurice, who was proud of the beauty and gaiety of his younger, his *own* sister, was leading her through the grounds, he exclaimed:—

"A really splendid fellow, upon my word!—there, coming through the gate; the new admirer you wrote to me about—to a certainty—isn't it!—Why, you need not blush about it—such a conquest would be a feather in any girl's cap. Come, introduce me."

The introduction was given, and after a few courtesies, the thoughtless brother walked away, leaving his equally thoughtless sister on the arm of Morgan.

"May I beg you to walk a little with me—just one minute?" he asked hurriedly, when Maurice was out of hearing.

Annie hesitated a moment; uncertain whether it would be necessary, or even proper to decline, and then accompanied him, trembling and confused, to a retired part of the shrubbery. It was to hear a lover's tale that he had drawn her off—the first time that he had spoken thus freely. In vain Annie recalled the warnings of her sister and attempted to repulse him—her heart was on his side. Amidst his impassioned pleadings he threw out hints of a romantic history, begged her not to suppose that she was sought by a specious adventurer, and asked but one word of encouragement of his suit to give her the confidence to which she would be entitled. The agitated girl dared not to give the word—her principles were combating with her feelings, and she resolved to confide in Katharine, even if eventually her own wishes should be followed; but she made no rejection, and when she insisted upon returning to the house, Morgan saw that she was half won.

Maurice's visit lasted a fortnight, during which time Katharine earnestly endeavoured to cure him of his fancy for speculation, and to persuade him into investing his little capital according to the advice of Mr. Morrall, who wrote kindly to him offering to continue his salary as clerk, and to receive him as a limited partner in his firm. Her efforts were good-humouredly but obstinately contested, and the only concession she could gain, was that he would go in person and have the land examined, by which he expected first to profit.

Whilst he remained, Annie found ready excuses for not avowing to her best friend her relative position with Morgan. Every day the hospitalities of some kind neighbour were pressed upon Maurice, and as the girls were always included, she was but little in her sister's sight, for Katharine seldom left her home. In these absences, too, her lover had frequent opportunities of urging his proposals, and when the little family were again restored to their accustomed quiet, she felt that now to follow the advice that she knew would be given, would be the ruin of her own peace.

At length the brother took his leave, and Katharine, when he was out of sight, retired to her own room to compose herself, and to ask for him that protection which his youthful waywardness so much required. Annie had repaired to a little arbour, that she might give vent unobserved to her sensibility, always too violent, and while the tears were still on her cheeks, Morgan, apparently in excitement, presented himself before her.

"Thank heaven! I have found you alone,

dear Annie," he exclaimed, throwing himself into a seat by her side; "this is to be an important hour in my destiny; I have come to let you judge whether I am the vagabond"—he said with a sarcastic smile, after hesitating for a word—"that some of your friends would fain have you believe, or one who may strive for you among the proudest; but oh! I again entreat you, Annie, that if my tale should satisfy you, you will be mine!"

When shall poor Cherry Wilkinson be allowed to take her rightful place on the bookshelves of some of our young ladies, to warn them by her sad experience not to look for a knight-errant in every adventurer who may disguise a name, ten to one not worth knowing! Carefully as her reading had been watched and directed, Annie had imbibed that baleful infection of romance, which, ridiculous as it is, often shows its effects even in our matter-of-fact country; and she listened eagerly to the story. Without its dramatic embellishments, we can give it in a few words, and as it is somewhat necessary, we pray our readers to bear the infliction.

The father of Morgan, a wealthy planter, he stated, had several years before left the islands for Charleston, where, in compliance with a promise made in early life, he proposed to his son an alliance with the daughter of an old friend, on the principle practised in their native country, (they were both Englishmen,) that of a union of estates, and under the Hardy and Dorcourt penalty of the forfeiture of a fortune by the one who should retract; the honour of both being the bond. They were equally tenacious of honour, and equally as much so of money; and there seemed little alternative but the fulfilment of the contract, which the elder Morgan urged upon his son, with a threat of disinheritance should he fail. To this mercenary proceeding the youth had always been violently averse; so, to avoid it, he escaped secretly to a vessel, found employment on board, and set sail. The voyage had scarcely commenced when the ship was taken by pirates, and her company murdered, excepting those who readily agreed to engage in the nefarious business, and Morgan, whom they wished to win over, as his services would have been an acquisition. For better than a year he was confined to the barque, when a vessel of war seized it, and the pirates fell into the hands of justice; Morgan of course, as he had been found among them, being also committed. In vain it was that he made a representation of his position; there was no one to corroborate it, and, almost in despair, he wrote to his father, begging his intercession. In answer to his letter, all assistance was refused, unless he would pledge his word to fulfil the contract, and this condition even then he rejected. At length, after many attempts, he escaped from prison, and had since been a wanderer over the country, living on a small independence, the legacy of a relation, which had been collected for him by the aid of a friend. From this friend he had but now received intelligence that his father had gained some idea of his present residence, and was on his way in quest of him, and he besought Annie, that if she loved him as she had

led him to hope, she would save him from all further persecution, for though he was at liberty to refuse compliance, it was a distressing thing to one who still retained his filial feelings, to combat the will of a parent.

And the fond girl believed every word; but his conclusion had touched a discordant string. The memory of her own father arose before Annie, and of the promise she had made to him to honour Katharine as a parent. She burst into tears. "No! no! I cannot grieve my noble sister by spurning her advice!" she cried. "No! no!" she added almost indignantly, "my ingratitude would break her heart!"

"It would indeed be a painful scene, dear Annie, to disobey her openly, and an unnecessary one—we may spare her that. Give yourself to me immediately, and her excellent sense will teach her to bear with fortitude what is irremediable."

"No! no!" again cried Annie, her childlike feelings of duty, affection and dependance, still struggling with the wilder emotions of a woman; "I cannot deceive her! fond and good as she is, I cannot tear myself from her care!"

"You shall not be long separated from her," dearest Annie, "scarcely more than a few days, and neither of you shall afterwards regret that. She shall soon know my story, and it shall always be my pride to prove myself worthy of being her brother."

And passion triumphed.

Annie did not see her sister again for several hours, and when she did, it was in the shade of twilight. "You do not seem well, Annie, dear," said Katharine, smoothing her beautiful hair, as she drew her head to her shoulder. Annie burst into tears, and a moment more would have drawn her secret from her, but the voice of one of the children called.

"Poor Eddy!" said Katharine, "he is waiting to say his prayers; don't distress yourself, love," she added, imagining that she divined the cause of her sister's emotion; "though we cannot but grieve at losing Maurice again, we must try to bear it; friends cannot be always together; we will see him soon again, I hope."

Sick, sick to the soul, the erring girl laid her head on her sister's pillow that night, and Katharine slept happy in her unconsciousness of the anguish beside her. It was long before she again had rest as calm!—When morning came, she found that Annie had left her side, but no suspicion crossed her. As she arose, a paper rustled beneath her hand. She glanced at it, and nearly blinded, she read—

"Sister! beloved sister! how can you forgive me—you who have never known what it was to require human pardon!—how shall I tell you that, contrary to your tender reasonings, to my own sense of right, I am giving up your faithful care for the love of one whom I trust, yet have never tried."

The note dropped from her hand and she sat as one palsied, and when her consciousness returned, no reproach arose even in her mind against her wayward sister. She thought over her own conduct, for that was ever her first task. Had she neglected the watchfulness due from a guardian friend? had she forgotten any instruction that might have fortified her against

temptation? had she ever placed a page in her hand which might have been the means of weakening the principles of rectitude early inculcated in her mind! Katharine felt acquitted at even the strict tribunal of her own conscience, and she thanked heaven that there she had ease; but a heavy employment had still to be gone through—that of consoling the children for the loss of their sister, of answering the inquiries of neighbours, and endeavouring to extenuate the conduct which all but the one most injured, felt to be unpardonable. It was a sad trial—one that she bewailed more, perhaps, than her first great grief, the death of her father, for that was a dispensation of an all-wise Providence, and she dared not to murmur at her loss, which was gain to a righteous spirit: but this was, oh! how different!

No tidings came of Annie, only that she and her lover had been united at a neighbouring town the night of the elopement; but a report, one too well authenticated to be doubted, immediately followed, purporting that Morgan was an unprincipled impostor—a professed gambler. To this realization of more than her worst fears, came a new source of trouble to Katharine. She had been looking anxiously for a letter from Maurice, and when it arrived, it was to tell her of the loss of the whole of his little fortune.

On leaving home, Maurice, it stated, had taken the direction towards the property which he wished to purchase, when he was met in the stage by its nominal owner, who ridiculed the idea of travelling a hundred or more miles to learn what could be proven on the spot. In support of this, he introduced several persons, whose testimony was offered as to the excellent quality of the tract to which the portion in question belonged. Unsuspecting and inexperienced, Maurice agreed to an immediate purchase, and returned to the city, where he received a title and made full payment. In a few days his pretended friend started for a distant part of the country, and to his sorrow and mortification, he learned that he had been the dupe of a swindler. The land itself, though surrounded by valuable property, was worth nothing, and even had it been otherwise, the title was in dispute. To add to his misfortune, Mr. Morrall had died in his absence, and as a sudden change had taken place in commercial affairs, the lucrative clerkship that he had expected to get was now withheld, and he was obliged to accept of a situation yielding but five hundred dollars, out of which every expense was to be paid. The whole letter proved the writer to be in deep dejection, and Katharine was in no frame of mind to attempt to cheer him. Affectionately, however, as she always did, she wrote to him, quietly telling him of her own sorrows, offering him much excellent counsel, and reminding him of many precepts their departed father had left for his guidance.

A year went heavily round, during which Morgan had entered proceedings to gain possession of Annie's portion, and was successful. But one letter had reached Katharine from her misguided sister, and in it she could perceive traces of a mind ill at ease; yet she spoke fondly of her husband, and begged Katharine to

make some advances towards terms of friendship with him—"Otherwise, my beloved sister, we may never meet again, for he talks of leaving the country entirely, and he is too proud to present himself or his wife before you uninvited." The poor girl knew nothing of her husband's character, as it had been represented among her friends. He, however, was aware of the exposure; indeed, his consciousness that it was at hand, had been the cause of his urging Annie to her hasty flight; and ere the letter of Katharine could have been received, tenderly soliciting her sister's return, they had departed, no one knew whither.

One evening, after that sad and lonely year had passed, Katharine sat alone at a window, passively looking at the trees as they swayed in the chill wind of October, and full of melancholy thoughts. Maurice, too, she feared, was lost to her, for many months had gone by since she had received his last careless letter. She was aroused by an unsteady step, and her brother appeared before her, but so wan and haggard that the keen eyes of a sister could scarcely recognise him. She uttered only his name, and throwing her arms around him, she burst into tears.

"Don't cry now, sister," he said, with an expression of countenance that made her hair raise; "wait till you hear what I have to tell, and then shed a tear if you can."

"Sit down, dear Maurice, and compose yourself," said Katharine; and the thought that he was inebriated was the least agonizing one that entered her mind.

"No! no! you must listen to me now while I am able to tell you," he replied, flinging shut the doors, and looking hurriedly though closely around, as if he feared a listener. "Ha! ha!—have you any good hiding-places here now, as we used to have when we played hide-and-seek together?"

"Maurice! brother!" exclaimed Katharine, filled with awful apprehensions.

"Don't get so pale! I haven't committed murder yet, though I feel no better than if I had. Come, now, I'll tell you what brings me here. You remember how that villain cheated me with his land, and how I was nearly turned out of business. Well, was it any wonder that I wished to do something to retrieve my fortunes? And what think you would be the first step to ruin under such circumstances?"

"Oh! Maurice, let me entreat you to be calm!"

"I am calm—quite—neither drunk nor mad; that step of course was gaming. Many of my companions told me in confidence that they managed thus to keep up appearances that had often surprised me, and they introduced me to their haunts. The first night I lost a month's wages, but they told me that was to be expected at the start, and so I went on. If ever I won, it was to lose three-fold; and at last I took money out of my employer's desk. A noble deed for my father's son, and your brother, wasn't it? I meant, however, but to borrow it. I lost that and took more; and at last detection stared me in the face. I had one means left to avoid it—that was ~~FORGEARY~~."

Katharine sat pale and motionless as a corpse

while he went on—"I forged a note on my employers to replenish their own coffers, and with the little surplus I had in my hands I repaired again to the gaming table: and what think you happened there?" He opened his vest, and displayed a wide and deep cut, from which the bandage had been torn, and which was festering with neglect. Katharine, shuddered and rose from her seat. "Don't mind the cut," he continued; "but listen how I got it. I entered into play, and my antagonist won nearly all. 'Be cautious,' whispered one of my companions, 'he is a professed blackleg.' I watched him carefully, and saw him deal unfairly. I accused him; he replied angrily, and after a furious altercation, he drew a knife and gave me this wound. I was taken to my lodgings, but not before I had recognised in the villain the decoy of our poor Annie. He was disguised, and I had changed so that we did not know each other. If I had had strength left for a moment, they might not now have been in pursuit of me for!"

"Hush! hush! Maurice—thank heaven it is not so," interrupted Katharine, who now could scarcely support herself in her seat.

"I lay in delirium for a time, and when I recovered my senses and learned the date, I knew that my fraud must have been discovered; and ere my employers had been informed of my restoration, I heard them in the next room consulting about holding me in custody. I feigned sleep, and when they had passed me to leave the house, I stole from my bed, and here I!"

He sank down exhausted, and Katharine, too much overcome to assist him, and almost glad of suspension of consciousness, sat beside him till he revived.

"Rest! rest! now give me rest!" he exclaimed; "for three whole days I have been on the road without closing my eyes;" and Katharine led him to a chamber. He threw himself on a bed, and as his sister tenderly examined his wound and attempted to soothe him, the wretched young man laid his head on her arm and wept as if he had been a child.

The whole night the almost heart-broken Katharine sat by the side of her brother, watching his slumbers, which seemed full of pain, or silently praying for the support of her heavenly Father in this time of her need; and when morning came, she felt strength to bear it all. Maurice awoke, and as he sprang from his bed, he said, with more calmness than she had expected, "Now you must conceal me, Katharine—they will seek me here first, and farther than this I am not able to go."

"Take something now to strengthen you, dear Maurice, and when you look better, we will do what is needful and right to be done;" answered she, with an effort to speak cheerfully.

"Do you see those men?" cried Maurice, gasping wildly, and turning yet more pale as he pointed to a window; "they are my pursuers; and now, Katharine," he added with a ghastly smile, "can you tell a lie?"

"Almighty God! direct us!" ejaculated the sister, sinking nearly to the floor.

"Would you take time to pray before you could conclude to save your brother from a prison?" he demanded, impetuously, and flying

from the room, he entered a little summer-house in the garden, from which, whilst the house was being searched, he might escape into the country. Katharine, meanwhile on her knees with her face buried in her hands, endeavoured to compose herself, and await the approach of the strangers. They drew near to the house, when a new actor appeared to hasten the crisis.

Little Eddy stood before them with his eyes fixed on the arbour, and his hands raised in surprise and delight, and as they came behind him, he exclaimed joyfully—"He is come! he is come! didn't you see my brother Maurice?"

"Where, my lad?" asked the coarser looking of the two men, winking at his companion.

"There, in the summer-house! Oh, won't won't Flora be glad?" and in an instant the strangers had reached the building and drawn Maurice forth.

With a wild scream, Katharine rushed from the house, and fainted on her brother's neck. When she recovered she was lying on a sofa, and Maurice sitting beside her in a stupor of despair.

"It is a very unpleasant thing, Ma'am," said the apparently more respectable of the men, "to be obliged to tear a person from his friends to answer for an offence against the laws of his country; very painful, indeed; but in the present case the result may not be so bad. I have been commissioned by the former employers of Mr. Hamilton to offer a compromise, which I hope can be effected. Perhaps you have not heard how the affair stands. The forgery committed was to the amount of sixteen hundred dollars, and as the gentlemen have prudently kept the matter from the public, they are at liberty to make the proposition I am entrusted with. It is, that if Mr. Hamilton will deliver them fourteen hundred dollars, no farther proceedings will be instituted."

"Merciful heaven! I thank thee!" exclaimed Katharine, starting up and seizing the man's hand in the fullness of her emotions; "will you wait but one hour?" she asked, hurriedly.

"Certainly, ma'am; a day, if you wish, with pleasure; it grieved me to think I was distressing you, and I hope the affair can be settled to your satisfaction."

Only a few weeks before, sixteen hundred dollars which she had loaned out had been paid back to Katharine, and were deposited in the bank of the village. Thither she hastened, and in less than an hour returned with it and placed it in the hands of the officer. He counted it carefully, and laid two hundred aside.

"Take it all," said Katharine; "the whole belongs to your employers; I wish no deduction made."

"Excuse me, ma'am," replied the man; "I can take no more than I was directed—I am truly glad that every thing is so well arranged."

Katharine thanked him for the feeling manner in which his trust had been executed, and taking a respectful leave, he withdrew with his companion.

In the meantime Maurice had preserved a pathetic silence, but when Katharine burst into tears of joy as the officers disappeared, it seemed to arouse him. "Oh Katharine!" he exclaimed,



"why must such a noble creature be cursed by a brother so vile?—you shall no longer be disgraced by my presence!" He wrung her hand, and before she could follow him, he was out of sight.

It was several weeks before Katharine recovered from the shock which her feelings, and consequently her health, had sustained. As soon as she had, she enclosed the remaining two hundred dollars to the gentlemen to whom she considered them due, writing that "if one dollar had remained unpaid, it would have been as dishonourable to herself as unjust to them." She now felt it necessary to resort to some plan for her own maintenance, as her little income was gone. She soon fixed upon one, and despatched notes to a few of her friends in the village, proposing to receive classes of their children for instruction in music and drawing. Her proposal excited much surprise, but no one thought of questioning the motives of Katharine Hamilton. All were glad to avail themselves of an instructress so efficient, and a few days brought her the number she required.

No intelligence came from Maurice, and none from Annie. The holidays which they had been wont to spend in innocent festivities, had been greeted by that little remnant of a once happy family without rejoicing, and were almost past. On the last night of the year Katharine sat alone, for the children had early retired to "sleep away the old year," and to dream of the little presents which they knew she would prepare against morning. It was twilight, an hour now very sad to her from the recollections associated with it. Then it was that her father had spoken his first presentiment of his death; then it was, that she had last been seated by her estranged, but still beloved sister; then it was that Maurice had wrung her heart by his agonizing recital of crime. No wonder that, whilst it was closing around her, she had ceased ever to wear a smile. She endeavoured to withdraw her reflections from the sorrows of the past, but when she looked forward, there was nothing bright to cheer her on.

A shadow crossed the window as she sat thus, and she heard the cracking of footsteps through the frozen snow, and then the half smothered cry of a babe. She opened the door. A faint exclamation was uttered. A slight female figure bent towards her—it was Annie.

Long the sisters stood weeping in each other's arms. "Sister, dearest," said Annie, as she yielded to Katharine the babe that she held; "I have come at last, and come to die!"

"You have come to be nursed and loved—to be again my own Annie," returned Katharine, pressing the infant with one hand, while with the other she wiped the pallid face of its mother, and smoothed her tangled locks as she had done in her days of innocence and happiness.

Katharine gave the almost famished babe into the hands of an old servant, whose fidelity had grown stronger with every misfortune, and who shed tears over it, as Annie's child, of mingled joy and sorrow; and then hastened to provide comfort for her almost exhausted sister. She took off her cold and damp wrappings, and drew a sofa to the fire, and laid her emaciated form

upon it. As she knelt beside her to place a pillow under her head, Annie exclaimed—"Oh! my sister, how weak, how blind I was to forsake you! What a wretch, so ungratefully to repay your care!"

"Do not talk now, Annie," answered Katharine; "you want repose; we must now try to forget every thing but our former happiness."

"No, Katharine," she returned; "you must let me talk, it will ease my feelings; it has been very long since I had one to whom I could open my heart."

"Then, tell me first, Annie, where is your husband?"

"Katharine! Katharine! I am not a wife!—Don't be horror-struck till you hear all! You perhaps know that the man, for whom in childish folly I gave you up, lived by deceit, by crime. It was long withheld from me, yet when I did discern it, I clung to him still, for I believed him to be my husband, and I had promised to follow him through evil, as well as through good report. Alas! what disappointment and want and shame I endured for him in one short year! I loved him still, and still would have endured, but the blow came. I wonder my wretched heart did not burst, when I learned the last tale of his baseness!"

The unfortunate girl burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing, and it was long before she could go on.

"Tell me no more now, Annie," said Katharine, also weeping: "you will quite exhaust yourself."

"No, do not spare me: I must endeavour to be calm. The last stroke did not come, till I had nursed my babe a few weeks. I then began to look more brightly on things, to promise myself pleasure in my child, and determined to write to you, Katharine, to tell you of the little comforter God had sent me. I was in this state of mind one day, when a woman entered my chamber and inquired for Morgan. She was leading two hungry, miserable looking children; and she looked at my babe and me with an uneasiness for which I could not account. I asked her if she knew Mr. Morgan. 'That is his portrait,' she answered, pointing to one before us; 'he is my husband, the father of these two children.' Oh! Katharine, my life nearly passed away from me. When Morgan came in, his conscious guilt betrayed him. I stayed not another night under the roof, from whose shelter I had excluded those to whom it was a right. I departed unperceived, and the mercy of strangers saved my body from sinking, before I reached this haven, where I knew that you, my sister, would let me die in peace."

Katharine felt more at ease now, than she had done for months. Painful as was the contemplation of her sister's situation, it was less so than had been the former uncertainty of her fate. She offered her much affectionate and Christian consolation, and soon saw her asleep on the bed, where she had often dreamed in her childhood. From that bed the sufferer never rose again, and Katharine untiringly kept watch by her side. To be enabled to do this, she was obliged to dismiss her pupils; but talents such as hers could not be without a resource. During the time of her sister's slumbers her pen

never rested, and Annie suspected not that she was dependant on one who was toiling in mind for her support.

Happily for Annie she knew nothing of her brother's faults or misfortunes. If she made an inquiry about him, an evasive answer was always given, and she was too weakened in mind to question or think farther; and of Morgan she never heard again. Feebler she grew every day, and when the lilac's that she had loved waited their first fragrance over her bed, she placed her babe in the arms of Katharine, and with a whisper—"Be a mother to her as you have been to me"—she gave up her spirit. Katharine could not mourn her death. The tears she shed were to the memory of her sister, as she had been in her early days, and she felt it a mercy of God that he had hushed his weary one to rest.

And where now was Maurice? After the day when he had fled almost a maniac, with grief and remorse from the presence of his sister, he had never rested his limbs, save in the den of the sharper, or on the pallet of compassionate poverty. His frightened conscience and bewildered fancy seemed to tell him, that a mark of dishonour had been placed on his brow, and he dared not to ask for means of honest labour. His wound, though it appeared to have healed, had left an internal injury that was fast hurrying him to the grave; and at last, as his body wore down, the force of his mind was restored, and he turned to seek his childhood's home.

Katharine had begun again to resume her former pursuits, and to take pleasure in the smiles of the bright little babe, which was henceforth to add to her cares, when one morning a letter, dirty, awkwardly-folded, and sealed with a daubed wafer, was placed in her hand. Her troubles had robbed her of much of her former self-possession, and she trembled as she broke the seal. Her misgivings were not without cause. The letter was dated from an obscure village, in a neighbouring state, and ran thus:—

"DEAR MISS,

"I make so bold as to let you know, that your Brother, Mr. Morriss-Hamilton, is laying here at death's Door, without Money and Friends, besides myself, and I can do but Little for him God Knows, and it would be a Charity in you to send him some Help. The sooner the better; and if you would write a Letter to me, Joseph Johnstone, at the white horse Tavern, it will come to His hand. No more, but Remain your Friend,

"JOSEPH JOHNSTONE."

Katharine's determination was made at once. She called her faithful domestic, telling her that Maurice was sick among strangers, and entrusted the children to her care, with earnest charges for the management of each. She then sent a note to the clergyman of the village, one of her warmest friends, explaining the reason of her hasty departure, and set out.

The greater distance of her journey was by water; and Katharine, who had travelled but little, might have looked with delight at the varied scenery along the beautiful stream on which she floated, but her mind was too much

occupied with the object of her mission for present enjoyment, and she generally sat on the deck of the steamer, silent and alone. Twilight, her fated time, as she now almost began to deem it, was creeping over the view, when a splendid boat came sweeping alongside. "A race! a race!" shouted the passengers of each boat, and faster and faster the vessels hissed over the waves. The excitement of competition seemed to rise to a frenzy. Shrieks of encouragement and triumph rose with the din of the tremendous machinery; the boats shot ahead like demons of destruction. One awful shock was felt—one crash seemed to rend the very heavens—and Katharine was tossing amidst the wounded and the dead on a fragment of the shattered vessel! Her senses had forsaken her.

When she had fully recovered her mind, she found herself in a rough-looking hut, with several persons, men and women, looking at her through the faint dawn, and describing, with a minuteness that made her blood run cold, the state of the different corpses that had floated to shore.

"How many of those unfortunate people have been saved?" she inquired.

"A dozen or two out of the hundred," replied a man; "they are layin' here and there in the houses about; you may thank your stars you got off so well."

"I am, indeed, grateful to Providence," she answered feelingly, and as she looked around, she saw several inangled bodies near her.

"The captain for one, has gone to Davy Jones's Locker," said the man; "but that's all his own fault. None but a fool, as he was, would have attempted to keep up that old raft with the brag boat of the line."

Katharine, shuddering at the unfeeling coldness of such remarks, made a motion to rise, and the men had delicacy enough to leave the apartment. As her baggage was out of the question, she asked the woman to furnish her with a dress, until hers, which she saw hanging before the fire, should be dry.

"Your *coat-habit* won't stand much wear after this, I'm-a-thinkin'," said a girl; and when Katharine examined it, she saw that it was too much burnt and torn for use.

Her purse had not been disturbed, and she offered to purchase a gown to wear, until she could provide herself with others. After much evident desire for bargaining, and apparent reluctance to sell, one of the women gave her a coarse cotton one for three times its value.

As she found that her bruises had not rendered her altogether unfit for travelling, she felt restless to proceed on her journey. One of the men entered, and she inquired the distance to her place of destination. It was thirty miles.

"Is there any public conveyance thither?" she inquired.

"A stage runs once a week, but it will not be along again for five days," he answered. "But," he added, "if you would not mind taking a passage in a cart, I am going up to-day to take a load of garden-truck, and to bring down some nails and window-glass, and I can spare you room, may be."

Katharine gladly accepted his offer, and in an hour was on the way. A fatiguing ride it

was to her, in a loose, rattling cart, under a broiling sun, and over roads which presented no variation from extreme roughness. She arrived at the village, however, sooner than she had expected, and asked to be let down at the White Horse Tavern.

"You'll meet with but a dog's welcome there," said her companion; "but come on; surly as the landlord is, I am not afraid to brave him. As he charges cheap, I may as well put up there myself."

Katharine's heart beat violently, as she alighted from the cart, and inquired of a man, whom she supposed to be the landlord, for Joseph Johnstone.

"Joe Johnstone!" repeated he roughly; "he hasn't time to attend to you now."

"My business with him is very urgent," persisted Katharine.

"Well, then, if you must see him, there he is unhitching that horse; I don't make a practice of calling my hirelings from their work, to *collogue* with people I know nothing about."

Katharine knew from the appearance of the man, thus pointed out, that his capacity must be the humble one of ostler. And Maurice had no other protector! The man turned a good-humoured countenance towards her as she advanced. "I am Katharine Hamilton," she said: "where shall I find my brother?"

Johnstone looked at Katharine's stately bearing, whose dignity no disguise could alter, and then at her colourless face, with a strange mixture of awe and pity, while he answered, "He is in a poor place, ma'am, I'm sorry to say; but it's still better than the street, that he might have been turned into. Old Grim is out of the way," he added, looking towards the house; "so come on with me, ma'am, if you please."

Katharine followed the kind-hearted ostler, as he led his horse towards the stable, which he beckoned her to enter. "Oh heavens! not here!" she exclaimed in horror.

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," he answered, looking compassionately at her. "When the poor fellow came here a couple of weeks ago, and the old brute in the house found that he had no money, and was like to die on his hands, he ordered him out, and I had no place to take him to but this." He climbed up a steep ladder, and assisted her to follow him. On a heap of hay, which had been spread with a dirty blanket, the motionless form of a man was lying. Johnstone approached him noiselessly. "Come, and look at him, ma'am; he is asleep now, and I think he will soon be out of his misery."

Katharine knelt beside the sleeper with feelings such as no pen could describe. Could those swollen and defaced features ever have formed the lineaments of Maurice Hamilton?

"Not to discourage you, ma'am," said Johnstone, reluctantly, "those spots on the poor young man's face I think is the small-pox. A stranger died here of it some time ago, as I believed, though I durst not say it, and when your brother came soon after, he was put in the same bed, but I never thought that the complaint was working in him, till a day or two ago. I must go to my business now, ma'am, but I'll come up again in a few minutes."

Katharine bent over her brother, and wept as she had never wept before. Her tears relieved her, and when Johnstone reappeared, she sprang to her feet, exclaiming, "He must lie here no longer, I will try to overcome that man's barbarity." She hastened to the landlord, and besought him to give her room in his house for her brother.

"I must see first where the pay's to come from," he answered sullenly.

Katharine drew her pocket-book from the part of her dress to which she had attached it for safety, on leaving home. It had not been touched since the accident of the preceding night, and she found it saturated with wet. She opened it, and of the many notes it contained, every one was so much defaced as to be unfit for use. She stood speechless for a moment, and then ejaculated, "What—what shall I do?"

"You know best, I suppose," growled the man, and walked away; and Katharine, seeing that all entreaty would now be useless, hurried back to the loft.

Maurice was by this time awake, and had been informed of her arrival by Johnstone. Heart-touching was the scene that followed between the brother and sister. The kind ostler could not bear to look on, but wiping a tear from his rough cheek, he left them alone. Katharine's purse now contained barely enough to supply her with the most scanty necessities for a few days, but no reservation for that was thought of. Such comforts as could be obtained for her brother, were immediately provided. The aid of a physician, however, was not to be had; there was but one in the village, and he was disabled by a severe illness. She next wrote to our excellent clergyman, describing her situation, and requesting him to send her such funds as he could collect from the parents of her pupils. He promptly complied, but the relief came too late to be of any service to poor Maurice.

All night she watched by the invalid in his wretched den, with no light but that of a tin lantern that Johnstone had provided. No office that love could render was neglected. No fear of the horrible infection weakened her efforts. No care for her own injured frame was remembered. As morning dawned, she saw the lips of her brother move, and bent over him to catch his words. "Pray for me, Katharine,—as you used to pray—when"—nothing more was audible. She took his hand in her own, and made an anguished petition, that his bodily sufferings might be eased, that if God now required the spirit, it might be purified for his kingdom. The hand grew heavy in hers; the soul for which she prayed had passed into eternity.

When Johnstone returned, he found the body of Katharine lying insensible beside that of her brother, and, for a moment, he feared that in her too life was extinct. Some of the villagers were called in, and, as the landlord was threatened with a public representation of his brutality, he made no opposition to conveying her into the house. Her injuries and exposure on the wreck, the fatigue of riding in her debilitated state, and the effects of a hot July sun—

her subsequent watching and want of nourishment and agitation of mind, had completely overpowered her, and she lay for many days in a raging fever. The affecting story of poor Johnstone interested many benevolent persons for her, and her wants were well attended to; but when her recovery was expected, the disease that had proved fatal to Maurice appeared upon her, and she was again reduced to the brink of the grave. At last, however, she did recover, to be still an agent of God's mercy on earth. She parted from her brother's true, though humble friend, with tears of gratitude and sorrow, and since her return to her beautiful home, he has often blest her bounty.

There is no necessity for "our making a moral, and tacking it to the end of our story," as a pleasant authoress has said. It is easy for any one that reads a record of noble actions to make the application, and Katharine's steady adherence to her household duties, her readiness to forgive, her sacrifices of her own interest and independence, her entire regardlessness of self, when confronted with disease and death, were noble actions. It is a trite, yet a true remark, that self-control, self-denial, and self-devotion, as adequately evince real greatness, when exercised in the privacy of domestic life, as when displayed before a senate, or at the head of an army.

We have exhibited Katharine alone in her character of sister—of a true sister in heart, if not in blood. In all the relations of life which she has yet filled, the same principles have governed her. The good she has done, seems to have increased her capacity for doing more; and as her sphere at home has contracted, the whole neighbourhood feels the benefit of it. She has met with one sad trial, and only one, since that dreadful journey—the death of little Eddy. We might not have wished that poor innocent to survive the sweetness of childhood, but to her it was a sorrow. His misfortune, his perfect dependence endeared him to her affectionate heart, and she yearned over his memory with those of the others who had gone. Flora is a blessing to her sister; and the last gift of Annie lightens many a lonely hour.

In person, Katharine has changed but little. Her misfortunes have in some measure bent the loftiness of her manners, but that has not rendered them less striking. I have more than once heard the epithet of "sublime," applied to her as a summary of her extraordinary endowments of person, connected with those of her mind. Has she never married? perhaps is an inquiry. She has not, and, more than probably, she never will marry. A trifle often reveals the estimation of a person, as fully as a circumstance of more importance. Katharine Hamilton is the only lady of her age and state, that I have known, to whom no one has ever dared to apply the title of "old maid."

Baltimore.

THE Romans had 327 public granaries, from which they distributed corn to the poor, at the cost of the public treasury; and they had no almshouses, or poor-rates. The Greeks had various charitable institutions.

## ZEIR'S LAMENT FOR THE FALSEHOOD OF LEILA.

FROM THE ARABIC.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D.

Zeir, a petty prince of the Mogrebbins, or Western Arabs, was betrayed and abandoned by Leila, a wife whom he passionately loved. He wrote several elegies on her loss, and "Zeir's grief for Leila," was long a proverb for sorrow disproportionate to the occasion.

Thoughts that I dare not speak,  
Thoughts full of sorrow;  
Ere this poor heart shall break,  
Some symbol borrow:  
A symbol to tell the fair  
Who has undone me,  
How dreadful is this despair  
Resting upon me.

Take not the tempest's gloom,  
Darker my night is;  
Take not the red simoom,  
Fiercer her blight is.  
Let not Zahara's sand  
As sign be taken;  
More silent and lone I stand,  
By her forsaken.

Point not to rugged rock;  
More unrelenting,  
Leila, with sudden shock,  
Left me lamenting.  
The voice that proclaimed my wrong  
Call not the thunder;  
Leila's more deep and strong,  
Rent me in sunder.

The glance of the faithless eye  
Say not was lightning;  
That to the darkest sky,  
Lends a brief bright'ning:  
Her look of deadly blight,  
Her base endeavour,  
Over my soul sent blight,  
Once and for ever.

Weep ye not for the dead,  
Calmly they're sleeping;  
He whose last hope is fled,  
Merits your weeping.  
With deep and with cureless wound,  
Ever he's bleeding;  
And a serpent twined round,  
On his cold heart is feeding.

For him in his living tomb,  
Never comes waking;  
Over his mental gloom,  
No light is breaking.  
Life is to him no life,  
Buried in sadness;  
But vain and hopeless strife,  
Ending in madness.

Dig my friends, dig my grave;  
Too long I languish:  
Why should you strive to save  
Torture and anguish?  
Ne'er had I made a moan,  
Though racks had wrung me;  
Death-grief extorts one groan—  
"Leila hath stung me."

He stopped. Of life there was no farther token;  
In that last groan, a noble heart is broken.

## A CHARMING COUPLE.

BY MRS. HOPLAND.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore  
That a lover once blest, is a lover no more,  
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,  
That prudence must govern what beauty has caught.

OLD SONG.

"You are surely the happiest woman in the world, Lady Langdale, so far as regards the marriage of your daughter," said Mrs. Geary, an old and affectionate friend; "for Edward Launceston is a most extraordinary young man; handsome, wealthy, accomplished; lively yet steady, and well-educated. He seems, indeed, to have been born to be the husband of your sweet Louisa, who is so lovely and good, that I used to think she would never meet with a suitable match. What a charming couple they will be!"

"Very true," replied Lady Langdale, with an aspiration very like a sigh.

"Very true!" re-echoed the friend; "to be sure it is true, and more than true; they will be the happiest of the happy: surely you think they will; or you know something about the bridegroom, which I have never dreamt of."

"I know nothing of him," said Lady Langdale, quickly, "but what is good; have seen nothing but what is amiable. Your eulogium indeed awoke anxiety, for in considering him a *charming* man, I must deem him one who will be subject to many temptations. All the world is in league to render such an one dissipated; to seduce him from the home he loves, the wife he has promised to cherish, and the many duties which his situation calls on him to perform."

"Very true again; but when his wife is equally charming, which I am certain Louisa is, there is little doubt but her influence will counteract not only the general seductions of life, but those which are more to be dreaded for a man of his character. The most self-conceited coquette in the circles of fashion, will hardly seek to withdraw his heart from its allegiance to one so beautiful and talented as his own lady, who is indeed perfect."

"She is very lovely, very good, and very clever," said the mother; "but she is by no means perfect; it is not in human nature to be so; there is always some weak point in the best of us."

"Religiously speaking, there must be, I grant, but I have never found where it lay in Louisa; for, with all her grace and beauty, she is unconscious of it: I never saw a spark of vanity in her."

"Nor I, which is a great thing for a mother to say, but from this very absence of self-esteem, which is her greatest charm, there is connected a peculiarity of disposition, which may be fatal to her happiness, married as she is, to a man so delightful to all, and so exceedingly dear to herself. She never believes herself to be loved by others as she loves them; she doubts her own power of attaching them, and is of course subject to the misery of suspicion, even when the sound judgment with which she is blest,

repels such a notion. As a girl, she was harassed with the fear that I preferred her brothers to her; at school, she supposed her governess loved her less than any one, because she was less loveable; such a thought may be fatal in married life to the happiness of her who indulges it, especially when united to a man who must attract attention, who may awaken improper sentiments without any blame on his part. I have suffered too much myself from this unhappy peculiarity in my dear child, during my long widowhood, not to fear for them both."

Mrs. Geary had herself known many and great misfortunes, for she had lost every member of a once flourishing family, and she was therefore inclined to think that her friend, (the happy mother of two fine boys, still at Eton, and a girl beloved and admired by all, given this very morning in wedlock, to the man of her choice,) was making mountains of molehills, and vaticinating improbable evils, whilst she overlooked palpable blessings; but she only observed upon it, that "Lady L. was low spirited, from parting with her daughter, which was indeed a great trial, and made one apt to grow nervous, and conjure up a thousand fears and surmises, it was certain there were neither perfect characters, nor perfect happiness in this world, which was a very good thing, seeing we must all leave it so soon."

Meantime, Louisa and Edward pursued their way from Northamptonshire, where the bride had hitherto lived, to the metropolis, and although "some natural tears she dropped," for a more affectionate child never existed, they might be alike pronounced happy; Edward was, however, the more exhilarated, as being proud of his prize, and conscious of its value. When indeed, he had exhibited her to a wide circle of congratulating friends, and had enjoyed the still sweeter pleasure of giving her all the varied amusements presented by a new and fascinating world; he did not sink into the dullness frequently ascribed to matrimonial *tete-a-tetes*, or abate in any degree, those attentions so dear to the heart of woman. Louisa's song was still the sweetest that reached his ear, her form was the most graceful that met his eye; time passed swiftly in her society, and when an engagement, either of business or pleasure, called him from her, for a few hours, he returned with avidity, and met his welcome with delight; it was plain that he desired to be charming only in the eyes of her who was charming to him, and that all the higher parts of his character, as a good and useful man, were developing in their happiest atmosphere—conjugal affection.

One day after an airing, he entered with peculiar joy painted on his countenance. "I have just learnt," said he, "that my uncle Somers has arrived in town, accompanied by my cousin Sophy, whom you have heard me frequently speak of, as a dear girl you would like to know. Will you accompany me to call on them?"

"Certainly," said Louisa, rising hastily; nevertheless, there was something shrinking in her manner, when she entered the carriage, and a more than necessary previous attention to her dress; but Edward did not remark either;

he was eager to see his relations, for having lost both parents, they stood to him in more stead than usual, and he longed to see their admiration of Louisa, and their approbation of his conduct as a married man. He had also pleasure, (as all men have) in adding to his society, a man of importance in his circle, and a woman whom every body liked.

They were received with the utmost cordiality and kindness, for Sophy considered herself as receiving a sister, who, although somewhat the younger, would be also a chaperon. She came herself, under the description of a plain yet very pleasing girl, for she had great vivacity, some wit, the ease which belongs to fashionable life, and the good temper which sweetens life every where—ever since she could remember, she had loved cousin Ned as a playfellow and relative, and that which she felt, she showed with the more ease, of course, because her handsome cousin was now disposed of to the most charming woman she had ever seen.

Alas! from this time, one charm faded rapidly on that fair countenance, for it neither wore the look of confidence, nor the smile of cheerfulness, and in a short time, languor and paleness were observable; alarmed for her health, and grieved to see her spirits suffer, though she anxiously strove to re-assure him, as to both, the young husband could only look to Sophy Somers for help and comfort. In detaining her society for Louisa, he thought himself more assisted, than in gaining even the advice of Sir Henry Halford, whose prescriptions, for once, seemed of little use to the patient.

In consequence of the anxiety he suffered, Edward held many long consultations with Miss Somers, for when his mind was not engaged with detailing the incipient symptoms of his lady's suspected disorder, he became occupied with descanting on her many excellent qualities, and in fact "he lived his wooing days again," by relating the story of his courtship, to one who lent a sister's ear to his tales, the more willingly, because she had something, of the same nature, to confide to him. As however, Louisa, in a short time became silent, abstracted, averse from company, and although mild in manners, yet evidently discomposed in temper; they alike, bent all their powers to her relief, and at length, Sophy earnestly advised the unhappy husband, either to take her into the country, for her native air, or entreat Lady Langdale to visit them, and assist in restoring the health and spirits of her daughter.

On the fond mother's arrival, a sorrowful tale was poured into her sympathizing heart by the anxious husband. "Louisa had lost her spirits, and her good looks, yet no physical cause could be assigned for such a change; she could not sleep at nights; was frequently heard to sigh, and more than once, he had seen her eyes fill with tears; her appetite was indifferent; her sense of pleasure evidently gone;—what could it be that affected her?"

"Mrs. Launceston received her mother with joy that amounted to rapture; yet there was evidently something of an inward struggle, a desire to conceal feelings accustomed to be unpermitted, but the welcome was scarcely over, when Miss Somers dropt in, on her way to a

party, to know "if Lady Langdale had arrived."

So well and so happy did her friend look at this moment, that the kind hearted girl was delighted with the effect of a circumstance suggested by herself. "The poor thing," said she, internally, "was mother-sick, and no wonder; had my dear mother been spared to me, I think I could never have left her."

After the journey had been talked over, tea brought for the traveller, and Louisa's delight in the arrival, canvassed; Miss Somers, turning to Mr. Launceston, said:

"I am just thinking, Edward, you had better go with me to Mrs. Sneyd's rout, my carriage is waiting, you know, and you have cards; Louisa will give you leave gladly, because she is so happily engaged."

"You had much better go Mr. Launceston, for then *you* will be happily engaged," said his lady in a tone of voice which said much to the perception of the mother.

"I don't think I shall," replied the husband, "you have kindly sent me out several evenings, when you said you should be amused by a book; but I have always found you worse on my return, and the fear of doing so again, would make me uncomfortable now; indeed, I am afraid the excitement this pleasure has given you, may, by-and-bye, be injurious."

"No, Lady Langdale will guard against that," said Miss Somers, as she rose to depart, at the same time casting on the invalid a look of such deep interest, and true regard, that it penetrated the heart of the mother, who observed so soon as she was gone:

"What a very sweet countenance Miss Somers has."

"Yes," said Launceston; "considering that she has not one tolerable feature, her expression is very good; in fact, she is an excellent creature, and one reads her disposition in her face."

Mrs. Launceston had drawn her lips together, in a manner that indicated a determination not to speak a word, good or bad, but they opened to emit a gentle sigh. Lady Langdale turning suddenly to her son-in-law, said in reply:

"Yet with all this, and perhaps much more, in your cousin's favour, she is not a woman to make Louisa jealous, nor are your attentions of such a nature as to justify her jealousy."

"Jealous, madam! jealous of Sophy Somers! What can you mean! Louisa never dreamt of such a thing."

"Yes; she has not only dreamt of it, but lost sleep, strength, and beauty from that cause, and who shall say what she might not have lost besides! Speak Louisa, am I not right?"

But Louisa could not speak, she sank in a flood of hysterical tears upon her mother's bosom.

"It is plain to me," said Lady Langdale, "that from want of a little openness on my daughter's part, and the want perhaps, of a little prudence on yours—"

"Prudence!" exclaimed the angry, and, indeed, injured husband; "prudence could not be called for, when there was nothing to conceal, nothing to contrive. Miss Somers has been to me as a sister, and was to your daughter a warm and tender friend; if I have daily sought

her advice, it was because I knew her to be such: if I have been tied to her society, it was because Louisa's ill health kept me from all other company; if my love, my solicitude; my—but I shall say no more, there are some wounds that cannot be healed, and this is one of them; it lacerates the very heart."

As Launceston spoke, he rang the bell violently, and ordered his carriage, in a voice that spoke the agitation of his soul: Lady Langdale gently placing her still weeping daughter on the sofa, seized his hands, saying, "You can't go out to-night."

"Yes, madam; I shall go directly to my uncle's, and wait his daughter's return, and then inform them that my domestic happiness requires the sacrifice of their acquaintance."

"No, no, no," cried Louisa, throwing herself on her knees before him; "I love, I revere my uncle Somers."

But you hate his daughter, that good girl who has felt so much for you; a daughter who will soon be the wife of an honourable husband; that it is necessary to remove her from the contamination of such a worthless *roué* as Edward Launceston, a man who, in the mere passion for change, could forsake his lovely young wife to 'batten on a moor.'"

"Forgive me, dear Edward, forgive me; I see I was wrong; for, from the very day you took me to visit Sophy, I have nourished the fear that you preferred her; she is so pleasant, so witty, so engaging, I feared that her society fascinated you. I thought you were, perhaps, wearied of your poor Louisa. I felt that—but I cannot tell you what I felt."

"But I can," said Lady Langdale; "from infancy, Louisa has loved too intensely, those to whom she was at all attached, and by the same rule has been subject to suspecting their return of love. I told you in your days of courtship, of this weakness, but you would not then listen to my 'tale of symptom;' you have now seen the effect of this mental disease, and can, I trust, pity her who suffers from it; that you also have suffered, is her punishment: do not make it more severe, by a breach with your relations, an *exposé* to your servants, and perhaps, even an injury to Miss Somers."

Again pardon was entreated, and, of course, fully, freely bestowed, for every generous man forgives an acknowledged fault, and most husbands are lenient to errors arising from even a weak excess of love. In a short time, they both returned with Lady Langdale, and it was believed by Miss Somers and others, that her native air had the effect of restoring bloom to the cheek, and peace to the bosom of the beautiful Mrs. Launceston.

The London season returned, and with it our young couple, still as charming and attached as ever, but the lady "was as women wish to be, who love their lords," and she could not therefore mix much in gay society, though she was now too satisfied with the stability of her husband, or too fearful of the prevalence of her own failing, to prevent him from doing so. At this time her chief companion, and indeed her bosom friend, was Mrs. Egmont, (once the dreaded cousin Sophy) who sate with her many an evening, whilst Edward, with a zest arising

from long abstinence, sought amusement in the clubs, the Opera, or the houses of their friends. At one of the latter, he met with a very elegant widow, who appeared absolutely besieged by admirers, and took refuge with him, as a married man, whose designs she could not suspect, and who was so handsome and agreeable to offer all she could desire of companionship. In short, a flirtation was begun between them, which succeeding interviews continued and increased—the lady liked a handsome beau, and the gentleman saw no harm in dancing after a fine woman, who evidently distinguished him. "There was no comparison between her and his beautiful young wife; no one could suppose he thought so, and happily Louisa (jealous as she might be by nature) was not likely to find her suspicions awakened, now she kept the house."

But if the wife was consigned to a sick room, the cousin was not, and so much was her anxiety excited for the sake of both, that so soon as it was possible for Louisa to see company, she urged her to accompany her husband, and receive their friends at home; the consequence was, a speedy observance of the peculiar manner in which this new acquaintance was received, and a perception that they had been for several weeks in the habit of meeting familiarly; indeed the lady had a splendid establishment, and frequently received Edward at her house, yet she made no advance in acquaintanceship with his lady, nor any disguise in her partiality to him; she was a bold, bad woman, willing to destroy the happiness of others, for the paltry gratification of being supposed capable of enslaving a very charming young man, who had a very charming young wife, who might thereby be led to similar error of conduct.

Such thoughts never entered the pure mind of Louisa, who for a long time struggled against her own conviction, and was willing to ascribe every conclusion, which implicated her husband, rather to her own false conceptions than his delinquency. She trembled at the recollection of her own shame and sorrows—she nourished every memorial of his love and tenderness, and schooled her own heart and conduct into acquiescence, though she could not command its tranquillity, so long as it was possible; the time however came when duty itself called her to a different course of conduct.

It was now summer, and many persons were leaving town; but it had been settled that the Launcestons would remain until after Louisa's confinement, when one day Edward entered to say he had just determined to run down to Harrowgate for a week or two; adding, with an air of kind consideration, I shall be back, my dear, before the time you would wish for me; and, on my return, can bring your dear mother with me.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Louisa suppressed her tears, but she dreaded lest he should accuse her of some jealous freak; and, although she fully believed that the lady to whom her suspicions pointed was the cause of this movement, she dared not say one word that should appear to him an accusation. She there-

fore forced a woeful smile into her countenance, told him to be true to his time; and, with a throbbing heart received a farewell kiss, which seemed to her, cold even to cruelty.

When he was really gone she wept bitterly, and was found in this situation by Mrs. Egmont, who said hastily, with more truth than prudence, "So! I see Ned is really such a fool as to leave you at that woman's bidding. I have no patience with him; I will consult with my father, for something must be done to save him from utter perdition."

"I will write to my mother instantly," said Louisa, wiping her eyes and struggling to overcome her trepidation.

Mrs. Launceston's letter, though a very short one, showed the alarmed mother in a moment that this was no false foundation for idle fear; and, although in delicate health, she lost not a moment in setting out for the place whither her son-in-law had gone before her; and, urged by her feelings, she travelled so much quicker than he had (for it was certain he had, from stage to stage, meditated a return) that she arrived two hours after him at the Granby, and immediately learnt that he had joined a large party to see the Dripping Well at Knarborough; amongst whom the newly arrived Lady — was the most prominent and attractive personage.

Great was the astonishment of Edward Launceston to find himself seated close to Lady Langdale at the dinner table (every one's place being regulated by their arrival,) even though the belle of the day, the fair widow, was exactly opposite. His powers of conversation were banished by surprise; and although the evident indisposition of Lady Langdale accounted for a visit to a place where her physician had most probably consigned her, he yet felt angry that she should have removed to so great a distance from her daughter, "at a time when Louisa (his dear uncomplaining Louisa) would have found so great a consolation in her society." His heart smote him as he thought of her; for, whatever might have brought her mother, he at least had no ailment, no excuse for quitting town, but the invitation of a woman who was, after all, nothing to him.

Perhaps circumstances favoured this conclusion; a very young and pretty girl sat next the widow; whose rouge, curls, pearls and smiles, were altogether unable to bear the contrast with natural bloom and unstudied graces. In fact, she appeared to him but little younger than Lady Langdale, whose figure was far finer; whom she indeed seemed to consider somewhat of a rival, as her own hitherto flattering attentions were now transferred to a handsome fox-hunting baronet in the president's chair.

With these previous dispositions, it was no wonder that when he accompanied Lady Langdale to her own parlour, and found himself addressed with all the tenderness of a parent—to himself, not less than to her for whom a mother's best energies were exerted, all the better feelings of his nature, all the higher principles which had been implanted in it, were called forth, and that he alike lamented the error of the past, and rejoiced in deliverance from the

probable sins of the future. A line, a single line, but one most dear, most blessed, was dispatched by the post of that night, and the following day beheld him accompanying her, whom he held to be more than mother, towards that home which he bitterly lamented that he had left, and which he at once dreaded and desired to see; for, alas! how much had he to fear on behalf of a being so sensitive? how much had he to hope from the possibility of a new and dearer tie to life, which at this time he held to be one that must render him perfect, not less a happy, than a virtuous man.

Their journey was necessarily slow, for Lady Langdale's rapid movements in the first instance, had incapacitated her in the second; but letters, sweet, kind, penitential, and most efficacious letters, passed forward by every medium, and were better for the anxious, afflicted wife, than even the presence of the parties so desired, might have been. It was the delightful task of the once dreaded Sophy, to receive the travellers, and exclaim:

"We have got a beautiful boy: much too good for you, Ned; I shall take it away, poor lamb, that it may escape the father's example."

"But Louisa—my wife, my angel wife!—how is she?"

"She is asleep, thank God, at this time: her trial has been terrible, as your conscience must tell you, but all is well at present."

For this Edward was indeed grateful, and eagerly did he seek his own dressing-room, that he might humbly pour out his soul in thankful adoration. Like the Prodigal, he could have said, 'I have sinned against Heaven, and thee,' to the wife of his bosom, and it will be readily believed that like him, he was by that wife received, even when he was 'afar off,' and that she rejoiced because 'he that was lost, was found' at a time when she could give to his arms, and his heart, the dearly-bought, but the most precious boon which God in mercy hath bestowed upon his creatures.

Happily as these trials ended, and happy as their subjects still continue, let it not be forgotten, that it is the especial duty of every accountable creature, to eradicate as much as possible, all evil dispositions and prevalent weaknesses from their hearts; for no man can foretel the issue of apparently trivial errors; and where Providence has been most bountiful in the gifts of nature and fortune, many misfortunes, the consequence of slight deviations of conduct, may arise to the most "charming couple."

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Villany that is vigilant, will be an overmatch for virtue, if she slumber on her post; and hence it is that a bad cause has often triumphed over a good one; for the partisans of the former, knowing that their cause will do nothing for them, have done every thing for their cause; whereas, the friends of the latter are too apt to expect every thing from their cause, and to do nothing for themselves.



Written for the Lady's Book.

## MOURNING.

*"These but the trappings and the suits of woe."*

HAMLET.

WHEN the last falt'ring prayer is o'er,  
And even hope can sooth no more,  
Where death his Gorgon pow'r has shown  
To turn the quiv'ring cheek to stone,  
Bereav'd affection ling'ring nigh,  
Bends on the urn her tearful eye,  
To that devotes her fondest care,  
And bids her garb the hues of mourning bear.

Ah! she may carve the perish'd name,  
And gift it with a moment's fame;  
But what true vesture can she find?  
How faint the thought that fills her mind?  
Must she depict a dark despair?  
Or tell of hope enkindl'd there?  
Or speak of deeds, that fain would rise  
From the clos'd earth to the fair op'ning skies?

In various climes, as feelings wake,  
That from the scene their colouring take,  
With changing hues she clothes her form  
As the chang'd thought her breast may warm.  
Thus in old Sparta, stern and cold,  
Of spotless fame, her garments told—  
Proud in her grief, her garb was *white*,  
Like the departed spirit, pure and bright.

And *white* in Rome of ancient days,  
Not as the Spartan type of praise,  
But of unmingled grief to speak  
Like her own chill'd and tintless cheek.  
And still beneath the genial skies,  
Where China's fragrant gifts arise,  
In garb of *white* she mourns the dead,  
Like the fair shores to which the lost has fled.

Where Ethiopia's loosen'd soil  
Rose on the whirlwind's serpent coil\*  
The garb was *gray*, that round her spread,  
Like the dark earth, where slept the dead.  
In Egypt, where, with fiery breath,  
Comes the pestif'rous gale of death,  
She chose the *yellow*, to portray  
Her blighted hopes and being's last decay.

In Turkey, o'er whose flowers the sky  
Bends, a cerulean canopy,  
She marks the spirit's heav'nward flight  
In *blue*, like those soft fields of light.  
In Christian lands, where shades of gloom  
O'erhang the passage of the tomb,  
*Black*, like the path of death, the veil  
That shrouds her form and tells her sorrowing tale.

*Black*, like a night of darkness, thrown  
O'er ev'ry charm the earth has known—  
*Black*, with deep grief—but not despair,  
For night shall not sit silent there  
For ever o'er the mould'ring clay—  
Her ebony wings shall pass away,  
No more to cloud those purer skies,  
Where one bright morn with fadeless beam shall rise.

S. A. C.

Dorchester, Mass.

\* The tempestuous wind to which Ethiopia was subject was termed *Bende*, signifying, in a dialect of that country, a serpent.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

BY MRS. M. ST. L. LOUD.

We come, we come to our native bowers,  
Call'd into life by the voice of spring;  
Nursed by the sunshine, and April showers,  
Buds of promise we freely bring:  
Winters cold reign  
Hath pass'd away;  
We burst from its chain,  
To the light of day.

We come to each spot of the beautiful earth,  
To the sunny glade and the shelter'd glen;  
The eyes that beheld us rejoice in our birth,  
And welcome us back to the haunts of men:  
For what can beguile  
The weary hours  
Of sorrow and toil,  
Like fresh young flowers.

We come to our place by the cottage door,  
Where fair young children at evening play;  
Our buds are strewed o'er the humble floor,  
On our scattered leaves they will kneel and pray:  
Our perfumes will rise  
With the breath of prayer  
To God in the skies,  
An off'ring rare.

We come, and the chamber of pain and death  
Is screen'd from the heat of the noonday sun;  
We climb the casement, and sweetly our breath  
Is borne o'er the couch of the dying one:  
The soft winds tell  
Of the summer rose,  
And beneath their spell  
The eyelids close.

We come, and the gloom of the grave dispel,  
As over the loved and the loving we grow;  
Of heavenly promise and hope we tell,  
To those who are sleeping in dust below:  
The faithful dead  
Shall in beauty rise,  
From their lowly bed,  
To their native skies.

MARY SYDNEY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, sister of Sir Philip Sydney, married Henry, Earl of Pembroke, in 1576. She had received a liberal education, and was distinguished for her highly cultivated mind, and superior talents. She translated some of the psalms from the Hebrew into English; and from the French "A Discourse of Life and Death," printed in 1600, 12mo. She also wrote "An Elegy on her Brother," a "Pastoral Dialogue in praise of Queen Elizabeth," and other poems. She survived her husband twenty years, and having lived to an advanced age, died September 25th, 1601. She was interred with the Pembroke family, in the church of the cathedral, at Salisbury, without any monument. The following lines, designed as an inscription for her tomb, were written by the famed Ben Jonson:

"Underneath this sable hearse,  
Lies the subject of all verse;  
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.  
Death, ere thou hast killed another  
Fair, and learned, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee!"

Written for the Lady's Book.

## ESTHER.

## A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Continued from page 8.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—An apartment in the house of Haman.  
Haman and Zeresh.

*Zeresh.* Ay, 'twas a princely feast!  
And what a peerless bride! how passing fair!  
Like the bright pageant of a midnight dream,  
So glorious look'd she in her splendid state.  
Yet not the radiance of her queenly crown,  
The glitt'ring gems that blaz'd upon her breast,  
Nor the rich flowing of her costly robes,  
So charm'd the eye, so won the ravish'd heart,  
As her enchanting grace, her gentle mien,  
Her soul-lit eyes, her chasten'd dignity,  
So sweetly feminine, such as becom'd  
A young and royal bride.

*Haman.* She looks, indeed, well worth a monarch's love,—

And joy has warm'd the royal bridegroom's heart,  
To acts of grace, worthy his princely name.  
For not alone to us, but to the queen,  
And all who grac'd the feast, as well thou know'st,  
Were presents given, of rare and costly price.  
But nobler still,—to many who have dwelt  
For weary years, prison'd in darksome vaults,  
Where the glad light of day no entrance found,  
The king has granted pardon and release.  
Yea, ev'n the revenues now due, are stopped,—  
So he commands, unwilling to extort  
Aught from his subjects in this hour of joy.

*Zeresh.* These are most noble deeds!  
And while this fever-giving mood endures,  
Wilt thou not wait, my lord, to catch his smile,  
And watch to execute each wayward wish,  
Quick as it rises to the monarch's lip?  
And so commend thee by thy ready zeal,  
That thou may'st win the prize of loyalty,  
And rise to princely honours and renown.

*Haman.* Well hast thou read my purpose. May the gods

Aid my aspiring steps to climb that height,  
Whence I may look on all who move below  
As creatures of my will, the passive tools,  
Of my unbridled power.

*Zeresh.* That glorious destiny I crave for thee,—  
Then wilt thou triumph o'er the haughty head  
Of Memucan, that arrogant, proud man,  
Who wrought Queen Vashti's fall, and sways the king

With artful wiles, to ruin whom he lists.

*Haman.* Ere long his pride shall stoop, and that of all

Who in the path of my ambition stand.  
Already I am view'd with jealous eyes,  
By those who seek the royal ear to gain—  
But futile all their hopes—their cautions vain—  
I know my game, nor fear to lose the stake—  
The goal's in view,—ambition spurs me on  
To grasp the prize, nor rest I till 'tis mine.

*Zeresh.* May the gods aid thee to achieve this task!

For me, I'll weary them with ceaseless prayers,  
To smile propitious on thy high designs.

*Haman.* Do, if thou wilt;

But yet I feel that neither earth nor heav'n  
Can mar my purpose now; no living power

Can check my bold career, that onward leads  
To that proud eminence where glory dwells.

*Zeresh.* Prophetic prove thy words!

Then will be consummate my dearest wish.

*Haman.* Wait a brief space, and not an eye shall see

A greater light, shining 'twixt me and him,  
Who with imperial hand the sceptre sways  
O'er this broad land. Farewell, I must away—  
A summons waits me to attend the king,  
And those he honours most, who with prompt heart  
Obey his sovereign will.

*Zeresh.* Haste then on flying feet to seek his face,—

And may'st thou realize the glorious dream,  
That with its dazzling hopes enchants thine eye.  
Farewell, we meet again at evening's hour.

[Exit Haman.]

SCENE II.—An apartment in the palace. Esther  
surrounded by her maidens. Enter *Eratheus*.

*Eratheus.* Most gracious queen,  
A reverend man waits at the palace gates,  
And craves, with falt'ring voice and earnest air,  
Permission to address thy royal ear.

*Esther.* Why seeks he me?  
Know'st thou his name, or on what errand bent  
He hither comes?

*Eratheus.* He is a Jew, great queen,—  
And bids me say he would somewhat reveal,  
Touching the safety of our gracious king.

*Esther* (starts and changes colour). A Jew said'st thou?

And of my lord, he'd speak? Nay, what of him?  
Here, in the midst of hearts that love him well,  
His safety none can menace, none disturb.  
Yet, *Eratheus*, go,—admit this Jew,  
And I will hear the message which he bears.  
And you, my maidens, for a space retire,  
Perchance with greater freedom he will speak,  
If I alone give ear. [They go out.]

One of my kindred people! Oh, my God,  
Should it be he, who with a father's care  
Nurtured my helpless years! Lie still, my heart!  
Guardian of Israel, grant me thy support!

*Re-enter Eratheus, conducting a man, whose form and features are concealed by a large mantle.*

*Esther.* Go, *Eratheus*.—I would be alone,—  
But wait without, whence I may summon thee;  
When I have need. [He retires.]

(The Jew throws back the mantle and discovers the person of Mordecai. Esther rushes towards him, and throws herself into his arms.)

*Esther.* My father! is it thou?

Once more do I behold thee, once again  
Hear thy lov'd voice, and feel thy warm embrace,  
As erst in days when I did nestle me,  
With a child's love, in thy protecting arms!

Oh, God, I thank thee for such bliss as this!

*Mordecai* (embracing her). To Persia's queen is

*Mordecai* still dear?

Amid the splendour of a princely court,  
Amid the homage of adoring slaves,  
Still does she bow before her father's God,  
And still with fervent heart, unchang'd and true,  
Cling to her kindred and her ancient race?

*Esther.* Oh, doubt me not! No time can dim my love,

No gilded pomp, no earthly homage vain,  
E'er chase the mem'ry of those early joys,  
Which link my soul with golden chains to thee  
And to my God,—the only just and wise,—  
To whom each day my grateful heart ascends,  
In humble prayer, and bursting songs of praise.

**Mordecai.** Thanks be to God most high,  
Who holds thee in the hollow of his hand,  
Nor leaves thy youthful feet to go astray,  
In error's devious paths. And yet, my child,—  
Or I should say, my queen—

**Esther.** Nay, father, mock me not with that vain word,

I would be still thy child—still let thy lips  
Bestow on me that fond, endearing name,  
Which wakens memories of the happy past  
Within my grateful soul. When I was left  
A helpless infant on the world's cold breast,  
'Then, was it thou, who with a father's love,  
Nurtur'd my orphan years—sooth'd all my griefs,  
And never let me feel what 'twas to want  
A tender parent's care. Then, dearest father,  
Call me still thy child, as was thy wont,  
In those young days of brief unclouded joy,  
Nor oh, forsake me now, when glitt'ring snares  
O'erspread my path, and twine around my feet;  
For now it is, I most require thy love,  
Thy guiding counsel to direct me right.

**Mordecai.** Beloved child!  
The cherished object of my heart's fond hope,  
Thou ne'er canst know th' intense emotion,  
Deep and pure, and all too strong for words,  
Which thought of thee doth kindle in my soul.  
Oh, God forbid that e'er the dazzling pomp,  
'The gorgeous vanities that circle thee,  
Should with their specious glare pollute thy heart,  
That young and guileless heart, ne'er warp'd by sin,—

Or bind in icy chains that glowing tide  
Of gentle thoughts, affections pure and sweet,  
Which gushes forth like yonder sparkling stream,  
That by the bright transference of its wave,  
Tells all within its marble fount is pure.  
And oh, may naught e'er tempt thee to depart  
From thy own faith to worship heathen gods.  
Sooner come death to end thy brief career,  
Than shame like this, to taint thy spotless name.  
Nor e'er forget, though thou dost grace a throne,  
That He who raised thee to this lofty height,  
Meant not thy glory when He placed thee there,  
But chose thee only as an instrument  
To serve thy race. Ever remember this,—  
And watch to aid them, when the time may come.

**Esther.** For ever dwells that hope within my heart,

And still I wait, impatient for the hour,  
When I perchance may lend my feeble aid  
To ease their bondage sore.

**Mordecai.** Be ever faithful to their cause, my child,

And blessings such as holy men of old  
Invok'd upon the good, shall rest on thee.  
But hast thou yet to the king's ear reveal'd  
The secret of thy birth?

**Esther.** Naught knows he yet.—  
Obedient to thy will, I have conceal'd  
My lineage and my faith, from him, from all,  
Save my attendant maids, and two beside,  
Who hourly wait submissive to my word.  
But now, my father, if thou wilt permit,  
All shall be told. Safe rest I in his love,  
And fear no ill.

**Mordecai.** Wait yet awhile,—  
Incautious haste may mar our dearest hopes,—  
But soon the hour will come, when thou shalt dare,

With fearless lips, avow the God thou serv'st,  
And for thy people ask the monarch's grace.  
And now, one question more—and yet methinks,  
I scarce need ask thee, if thy lord is kind,  
And thou art blest, in this thy high estate?  
For never yet, mark'd I thy changeful eye

Gleam with more radiant light,—and on thy cheek  
The rose displays its hue, as beautiful,  
And bright, as when in childhood's sunny hour,  
That lovely cheek was pillow'd to its rest  
Upon my heart. It tells a tale of peace,  
And gives me glad assurance of thy bliss.

**Esther.** Aright, my father, thou dost read the page,—

In my lord's love I am most blest indeed,  
And were he a believer in my faith,  
I should have naught to wish. As for my state,  
It neither makes nor mars my happiness.—  
These regal chambers, where thou seest display'd  
With lavish hand the treasures of the east,—  
These gorgeous robes, stiff with embroidered gold,  
And sewn with gems,—the trappings of a queen,—  
Were but a dismal cell, and galling chains  
To wreathe my tortured limbs, and hold imprison'd  
My struggling spirit, fluttering to be free,—  
Without that ray, that soft and mellow ray,  
Which from affection's ever cloudless sun,  
Goes forth to gild each object with its light!  
And were it shed, as I oftimes have dream'd  
Since here I came, beside that fountain's brink,  
Where oft in days of early happiness,  
I wreath'd of fragrant flowers my simple crown,  
And call'd myself, in sportive mood, a queen,  
I should be blest as now,—nay, far more blest,  
For then my father, and dear Asor too,  
Would be companions of my every hour,  
And dwell with me, and him, in quiet joy,  
Free from the thralldom that abides in courts,  
And fetters kings like slaves.

**Mordecai.** Dreams light as these, are not for thee, my child,—

Thine is a loftier lot, than thus to wile  
An idle life away. Now let me speak  
Of that which brought me here, and which,  
perchance,  
Won by thy presence to forget all else,  
I have too long delay'd. 'Tis of the king  
I fain—

**Esther (with alarm).** Then 'twas no idle feint,—  
those words of fear

By *Atrathem* brought! They startled me,—  
But yet a whispered voice stole o'er my ear,  
Breathing thy cherished name, and telling me,  
'Twas but a harmless wile, to bring thee here  
To my impatient eyes. But now—oh, God!  
What dangers threat my lord? What form of ill  
Hovers around, waiting to work him woe?  
Speak, dearest father! let thy words be brief—  
Suspense is fearful pain.

**Mordecai.** Nay, be not thus alarmed,—  
The danger threatened, but it shall not fall.  
Now listen to my tale, and to the king  
Make known its purport,—all shall then be well.  
Last eve, as at the palace gate I sat  
In musing deep, sudden I was disturb'd  
By low and earnest whispers, uttered near,  
In cautious tones, lest ev'n the wind should bear  
Upon its wings one word of the discourse.  
I knew the voices well, for they were those  
Of *Tereah* and *Begthana*, lords who kept  
The door of the king's chamber, ere the queen,  
*Vashti* I mean, was banished from his arms.  
The crowd had passed away, but still I sat,  
Hid by the gath'ring gloom. They saw me not,—  
I scarcely breathed,—suspicion was awake,  
For I had marked long time, these vanishing lords  
With doubtful thought, and jealous scrutiny,  
Knowing full well they treasur'd 'gainst the king  
Revengeful hearts, for the late queen's disgrace,  
Who lavish'd on them many royal gifts.  
Earnest they talk'd of injury done to her,  
Of hatred to the king, warmly expressed,—

And shook my ears, which drank each cautious word,  
With a base plot, planned with most wicked art,  
Foully to murder their liege lord, their king,  
Before to-morrow's dawn should light the skies.  
Nay, wax not pale,—we shall defeat their plans,  
And turn the threatened mischief on themselves.  
I will not pour into thy trembling ear  
Each detail of their guilt—enough I heard  
To prove their dark design—'Twas God's own hand

Which led me to that spot to save thy lord.  
To Him, then, give the praise!

*Esther.* Yea, from my inmost soul!  
His care is ever round us like a shield,  
In Him we breathe and move,—He gives us life,  
And crowns it ever with His tender love!  
And next to Him, my father, sure to thee  
My thanks and praise are due. I have not words  
To bless thee as I ought,—but thou hast known  
Through many a gliding year, my grateful heart,  
And read'st its feelings now.—Shall I not send  
Direct unto the king and tell him all?  
And say 'twas thou who didst detect the plot,  
Aim'd 'gainst his precious life? *Thou art a Jew,*—  
'Tis thou dost save the king,—and for such deed,  
All who profess our faith, may bless thy name.

*Mordecai.* Do so,—'tis well, perchance,  
And may commend us in the monarch's eyes;  
And so obtain for these we hope to serve  
Some act of grace, which none more need than they:

And so farewell, my dear and cherished one!  
I leave thee to thy task, and to the care  
Of Israel's guardian God,—and may He spread  
O'er thy defenceless head his shield of love,  
And guard thee ever from the tempter's power;  
Serve him with faithful heart, nor ever swerve  
In thought or deed from his most holy law.

*Esther.* Ah, fear me not!  
Beneath the shelter of his mighty wing  
Alone can peace abide. One more embrace,—  
Alas! that we should part! But come again  
Ere long,—some errand frame to bring thee here,  
That I may see thee oft—and love me still;—  
And, father, think of me, as when I dwelt  
Beneath thy happy roof in by-gone days,  
And thou didst daily fold me in thine arms,  
And pour thy whisper'd blessings on my head.  
Again, farewell. To Azor bear my love,  
And say I am unchanged.

*Mordecai (embracing her).* Farewell, beloved!  
May peace and joy be thine, and blessings rich,  
Such as our God bestows on those he loves! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*In the palace. The King and Memucan.*

*Ahasuerus.* Ungrateful wretches!  
Thus, with treacherous hearts, to seek my life,  
E'en when with servile smile, they bent the knee,  
In mockery of love! And didst thou say  
The slaves had met their doom?

*Memucan.* They have, great king;—  
Still high they hang upon the fatal tree,  
Warnings to all who dare defy thy power.

*Ahasuerus.* There let the traitors hang,  
For birds obscene to tear their quiv'ring limbs!  
And has this act of Mordecai, the Jew,  
Been on our records placed, good Memucan?  
So would we have it done, and will reward,  
As best we can, his zeal. Till then, my lord,  
Bid him abide within our palace walls,  
And dwell with us as a dear friend would do,  
For we esteem him such.

*Memucan.* Most gracious king, the record has  
been made,  
And to the honour'd Jew shall strait be told  
This farther token of thy signal grace.  
Didst thou not say, it was thy beauteous queen,  
Who thee apprised of this most foul intent  
Against thy sacred life?

*Ahasuerus.* Ay, she it was,—  
And it is she who sweetens every joy,  
And makes that life, so valueless before,  
A precious boon, full of most rare delight,  
Shed o'er my being by her blessed love.  
Saw'st thou e'er form so perfect and so fair?  
To me, it seems all charms of mortal mould  
Wax coarse and dull, beside my peerless bride.  
And as I gaze with still renewed delight,  
Each fleeting moment my unwearied eye  
Catches some touching grace, some syren charm,  
Unseen before, most ravishing and sweet.

*Memucan.* I am most happy in my sov'reign's  
joy,—

Long, long may it endure, undimm'd by cloud,  
Unruffled by a storm,—perfect and pure  
As the transcendent source from whence it flows.

*Ahasuerus.* I thank thee, good, my lord,—  
I know thy love, for I have prov'd its strength,  
And found it true. In trouble's darkest hour  
It did not falter, though I was unjust.  
Yea, when thick clouds were low'ring o'er my head,

And I was shaken with excessive grief,  
I call'd thee false,—I did thee foulest wrong—  
For even then, when I most doubted thee,  
Then, wast thou striving to restore my peace.  
But what amends a grateful heart can make,  
Thy monarch proffers thee. Ask what thou wilt,  
It shall not be withheld. Wealth, honour, power,—  
These are already thine,—but if in aught,  
My grateful love can serve thy private wish,  
Speak, and it shall be done.

*Memucan.* Accept, most gracious king, my  
humble thanks;

Still be thy smile the guardian of my love,  
And I have naught to ask. I am so blest  
In all that makes the sum of human wants,  
Or human bliss, that I may rest content,  
Though never more thy hand bestow a boon  
On my poor zeal.—I feel it has been crown'd,  
Far, far beyond desert.

*Ahasuerus.* That could not be, my lord,—  
A faithful heart is priceless in its worth,—  
And since thy modest pride disdains to ask  
For aught the gods have lent me power to give,  
I shall remember thee, whene'er on one  
More favour'd than the rest, I would bestow  
A monarch's special grace. Yet, Memucan,  
I oft have thought, and mourn'd that it was so,  
On thee, above all else, full many cares,—  
And there are none thy burden to relieve,  
None gifted with like talents as thyself,  
To share the duties of thy lofty place,  
And lighten their discharge. Within my breast  
I have revolv'd this thing, and looked around,  
Seeking some able mind to act with thee  
In the affairs of state; and now, at length,  
Are my researches crown'd with full success:  
And Hammedatha's son, thou know'st him well,  
I have appointed thy coadjutor,—  
A worthy man, and rich in many gifts  
To win regard. Receive him as thy friend,  
Thy fellow servant, and thy sov'reign's choice.

*Memucan (making an effort to conceal his chagrin).* Haman, that dark Amalekite, my  
king,  
Can it be him thou mean'st? I could have spared  
His aid,—I need it not—I love my toils,—

To me they are but sport. So thou art pleased,  
All labour seemeth light,

*Ahasuerus.* I am well pleased, none could be  
better so,—

Yet thou, methinks, art vexed, though I but sought  
Thy weal, in this mine act. But it is done  
Beyond recall, nor would I have thee fear  
Aught from the influence of this new ally.  
Thee, in my favour he can ne'er supplant.  
Though I esteem him wise, and brave, and good,  
He is as yet a new and untried friend;  
Whilst thou hast stood the test of purging fires,  
And come forth pure as unadulterate gold,

*Memucan.* As is my duty, humbly I submit  
To all my king ordains. Yet pardon me,  
If I awhile distrust, and closely scan,  
This crafty favourite, who has play'd his game  
With cunning skill, and most consummate art.  
All may be well,—but yet I like it not.

*Ahasuerus.* Thou art o'er-cautious, full of  
jealousy,

That makes thee most unjust, and slow to give  
The meed which others claim. Too much of this—  
Ere long thou'lt think with me, nor blame my  
choice.

Art for the chase to-day? The Idumean lords  
Will hunt with us, and rare will be the sport.  
The hour approaches,—see that all's prepar'd,  
And meet us in the jasper court at noon.

[Exit *Memucan*.]

SCENE IV.—*In the house of Haman. Haman and  
Zeresh.*

*Haman.* Yes, Zoresh, I have gain'd the lofty  
point,  
On which my proud aspiring hopes were fix'd,  
And stand alone on that bold eminence,  
Where rests the sunlight of the royal smile;  
There bask I in its rays, honour'd by all  
Who circle round the throne—yea, all the great  
And mighty of the land, bend low the knee,  
In token of respect,—and all who sit  
In Shushan's gates, or throng her spacious courts,  
Acknowledge Haman, next his sov'reign lord,  
Supreme in power,—such is the king's command.  
All, save one man,—who boldly dares withhold  
The homage yielded as a thing of right,  
By nobler far than he.

*Zeresh.* And who, my lord, is this audacious one,  
Who dares defy thy vengeance and thy power?  
And for what purpose, sets he thee at naught?

*Haman.* He is a Jew!  
One of that impious and accursed race,  
Which like a plague-spot mar our beauteous land.  
Scattered abroad, they till the fertile earth,  
Reap their full crops, and scorn each wholesome  
law,

Obeysing those fram'd by themselves alone.  
Whilst 'gainst our gods they utter blasphemy,  
And boast themselves the chosen ones of heaven.

*Zeresh.* I do abhor them from my very soul!  
But for this one, who boards thee in such sort,—  
Why suffer him to live? For this offence  
His death should be decreed, nor would the king  
Refuse such sentence just.

*Haman.* Were he a common Jew,  
One of that vulgar herd who throng our streets,  
Or loiter round our courts, his blood should pay  
The forfeit of his crime. But this is he,  
That very Mordecai, who warn'd the king  
Of the conspiracy against his life,  
And thus, so won the monarch's grateful heart,  
That he, I am most sure, will ne'er consent  
To see him suffer harm.

*Zeresh.* Perchance, he errs through ignorance,  
my lord;

None may have told him 'twas the king's decree,  
That all should bend before thee, as to one  
Endu'd with princely power.

*Haman.* He knows it well,—  
And has been often bid to render me  
That homage paid by all. But could he sit,  
With look immovable, and haughty air,  
Nor deigns by word or sign to recognise  
My presence, nor my rank.

*Zeresh.* A stubborn race these Jews have ever  
been,

Setting at naught the forms that bind all else,  
And boasting vainly of their princely blood.  
But I would warn thee not to brook the pride,  
The haughty arrogance, of this base slave.  
Nor be alone, but all his recreant race,  
Should feel thy power. Go, use it with the king,  
To scourge them from the land, or all too soon,  
It will be theirs, to crush us in their toils.

*Haman.* Thou hast said well,—and if my arm  
has strength,

They shall be swept from earth. I'll to the king,  
And cunningly conceal my private wrong,  
While I affect his weal, the empire's good,  
And thus obtain my end. And so, farewell,  
Thy counsel has been wise,—be guarded still,  
And triumph shall be ours. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*In the palace. Ahasuerus. Enter Ha-  
man.*

*Haman.* Hail, mighty king! honour and power  
are thine,  
And blessings wafted from unnumber'd tongues,  
Speak the glad joy, which 'neath thy gentle sway,  
Swells every breast with loyalty and love.  
Favour'd by thee, peace dwells within the realm,  
The arts revive,—thy cities shine with pomp,  
While from each tower thy royal banner floats,  
Telling to distant lands the glorious tale,  
Of thy benignant reign.

*Ahasuerus.* Thanks to the gods! thus prosperous  
is our state;

Peace, loyalty, and love, crown our full cup,  
And yield a draught, pure as e'er monarch quaff'd,  
And which, but rarely, tempts a monarch's lip.

*Haman.* And yet, oh king, there is one noxious  
ill,

Which mid this plenitude of joy and bliss,  
Pollutes our sight, and asks the reaper's fan,  
To purge it from the soil.

*Ahasuerus.* I know it not;  
Sure, light must be its power to harm or wound,  
Since, when most prone to borrow fancied ill,  
This has been still unfit.

*Haman.* And yet, great king, thy subjects feel the  
scourge,

Though thee in thy high state it may not vex.  
I need but name the race of Hebrew slaves,  
Who through the land are scatter'd far and wide—  
A lawless band, who worship other gods,  
Frame their own laws, and boldly set at naught  
The mandates of their king. Yet do they reap  
With lavish hand, the bounties of thy realm,  
And still oppression use, and with hard gripe,  
Wring from the poor his mean and scanty store,  
To add to their own hoards. Therefore, oh king,  
Thy people supplicate and cry for aid,—  
Deny them not redress, but send abroad  
Thy fix'd and just decree, dooming to death  
These aliens, these despisers of our gods.

*Ahasuerus.* Can this be so? I have misjudged  
them then,—

For I have ever thought them void of guile,  
A harmless race, though oftentimes obstinate,—  
Besides, into our royal treasury  
They pour a bounteous tribute, all too rich  
To be rejected thus, at word of thine.

*Haman.* Oh king, their offering is but small,  
And ever render'd with a grudging heart;  
And for the public good, I still entreat  
Thy sanction to my prayer. Grant it, great king,  
And I will pay ten thousand talents, weigh'd,  
Of virgin silver, from my privy purse  
Into the royal treasury.

*Ahasuerus.* I ask not this of thee, nor can receive  
The precious ore, though proffer'd with free heart.  
And much I laud this goodly zeal of thine,  
That caters only for the nation's weal,  
And merges in that care all thought of self.  
But for these Jews,—I scarce can bring my heart  
To work them harm—and yet, thou say'st there's  
need.

Thou would'st not urge me to an unjust act,  
For thou hast ever shown an earnest wish  
That my fair fame should suffer from no deed  
Unworthy of a king. Therefore, I fear,  
I must decree the fall of this strange race.  
Long have I view'd them with a lenient eye,  
And yielded them protection, nor e'er sought  
To filch their wealth, though boundless seem'd its  
store,

Or to disturb their feasts, or mar their rites,  
Strange as they were, and most unlike our own.  
Yet if they make me such return as this,  
They shall be punish'd with unshrinking hand,  
For we can be as swift to deal a blow  
Where 'tis decreed, as we are ever prompt  
To lavish favours on a worthy head.  
So punish as thou wilt these ingrate Jews,  
And make their spoil our own.

*Haman.* Thanks, mighty king! how will the  
land rejoice,

To be relieved from this accursed race!  
They all shall die—no remnant shall be left  
To tell that they have been.

*Ahasuerus.* So let it be,—and with my signet  
ring,

Which from my hand I transfer unto thine,  
Seal the decree, and bid our scribes send forth  
Copies through all the land, to signify  
Our royal will, which we therein declare.  
Haste thee, my lord, and when thou dost return,  
Seek me not here, but through yon myrtle walk  
Direct your steps, to where a bright kiosk  
Embosom'd deep in clustering rose-trees stands.  
Amid their dancing leaves, the bulbul builds,  
And rears her young;—and there at ev'ning's  
hour,

Pours a rich strain of thrilling melody  
To woo her flower belov'd. In that sweet spot,  
Fragrant, retired, sacred from prying eyes,  
I love to sit in converse with a few,  
Or else apart from all. There seek me now,  
And with nectareous wine, from vintage rare,  
The goblet shall be crown'd high to its brim,  
And lend its inspiration to our souls.

[*Exit Haman.*]

SCENE V.—*Esther, with her attendant maidens.*  
*Enter Atrathus.*

*Atrathus.* Great queen! e'en now, before the  
palace gates,  
Uttering loud cries, and cloth'd in sackcloth garb,  
There stands the Jew, who hither came erewhile,  
To warn thee of the plot against the king.

*Esther.* Can'st thou mean Mordecai?

*Atrathus.* The same, my queen.

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*Esther.* And wherefore comes he hither clad in  
robes

That mourners only wear? Has there been aught  
To grieve his righteous soul?

*Atrathus.* Something he uttered with most bitter  
cry,

But what, oh gracious queen, I vainly strove  
With earnest ear to learn. Yet, full of woe,  
Yea, crush'd with agony, the Hebrew seem'd.

*Esther* (*clapping her hands in agitation*). Ah  
me! I tremble at thy fearful words,—

Whence comes this grief, this bitterness of soul!

Haste, Atrathus, haste—fair raiment take,  
And say to Mordecai, Queen Esther sends  
Thee garments, fit to clothe thy honour'd limbs,  
And bids thee for her sake, who loves thee much,  
Put off thy sackcloth robe. Go hence with speed,  
And bring me quick return. [*Exit Atrathus.*]

Fatima, summon Hatach; he may know  
More of this matter than we yet have learn'd,  
And I would question him. [*Exit Fatima.*]

I am oppress'd with doubts and many fears,  
A shadow seems to fall upon my heart  
And darken all its hopes. Maiden, most dear,  
To you is known the secret of my faith,  
And can you marvel then, at all I dread?

*Zobeida.* Nay, gracious mistress, let us fondly  
hope

There is no serious cause for grief and fear.  
Some customs of thy tribes by thee o'erlook'd,  
Some venial sin too solemnly bewail'd,  
Has mov'd thy zealous kinsman to appear  
In mourning garb, before the public eye.  
Were there aught else, it would have reach'd thine  
ear.

[*Enter Hatach and Atrathus.*]

*Atrathus.* I have thy bidding, royal mistress;  
done,—

Fair raiment, as thou gav'st command, I took  
And spread before the Jew, with earnest word,  
Entreating him to doff the sackcloth robe,  
And gird himself therewith. Such was thy will—  
Yet nought he answer'd me, no look bestow'd  
In token that he heard. But still with cries,  
Piercing and loud, he rent his mourning garb,  
And prone on earth, strew'd ashes o'er his head.

*Esther.* God of my fathers! wherefore mourns  
he thus?

What deep affliction moves his righteous soul  
To show of grief like this? Good Hatach, speak,  
Therefore, I summon'd thee, and if thou canst,  
This mystery explain.

*Hatach.* Most gracious queen, something thy  
servant heard

Of a decree sent forth against the Jews,  
Bearing the royal seal. But for what end,  
He knoweth not as yet.

*Esther.* To work them harm perchance,—it  
must be so!

Why hidest thou, oh God, thy smiling face  
From those who bend the knee to thee alone,  
Nor incense burn on any shrine save thine!  
Go, Hatach, to the Jew,—tell him, the queen  
Has sent thee to demand his cause of woe,—  
To know if she can serve him, and to ask  
Why on his rev'rend head he sprinkles dust,  
Why girds around his loins the sackcloth robe,  
And utters cries that rend the list'ner's heart.

[*Exit Hatach*]

Zobeida, seek with me yon trellis'd walk,  
Where the sweet blooms, and odours that I love,  
May sooth my anxious mind, and lend me aid,  
To wait, perchance, his long delay'd return  
With patient heart.

[*Exit Queen and Zobeida.*]

SCENE VI.—*Esther, Zobeida, Hatach.*

*Esther.* Dost thou say true?

And he, my lord, to whom my vows are giv'n,  
Sent forth this mandate stern? That they should die,—

They, who ne'er harm'd him by a trait'rous thought,—

All in one day, the aged, and the young,  
Should fall beneath the sword's relentless edge.

*Hatach.* 'Tis all too true, my queen.

But he who prompted to the cruel act,  
Should bear the shame, and suffer for the sin.

'Twas Haman,—that proud lord, who fain would scale

The seat of sov'reign power, if so he dar'd—

He, who with foul intent has urged the king  
To send forth this decree against the Jews.

*Esther.* And why pursue them with such bitter hate?

Are they not quiet dwellers in this land,  
Where they are held in bonds? Some, who have caught

The mantle, as it fell, of holy seers,  
And some, whose lineage can be traced to kings,  
Ay, to the sires of those, who with the sword  
Smote for their sins the race of Amelek,

Whence this proud Haman sprung. Is it for this,  
His wrath is burning now? This ancient grudge,  
Passed with long years away? It cannot be,—  
Yet this poor nation, exiled and oppressed,  
Can naught have done to wake such malice fierce,  
As breathes in this decree.

*Hatach.* Great queen, 'tis Mordecai that Haman hates

With such a swelling flood of vengeful ire,  
That he has vow'd the ruin of his race  
Shall make atonement for his single fault,  
If fault it be, that still the Jew forbears  
To bend his knee in homage to the earth,  
When this proud lord draws nigh.

*Esther.* Can he be chat'd for thing so light as this?

Then true it is, beneath that brow of pride,  
He shrouds a coward soul! To such an one,  
The noble Mordecai should scorn to bend,  
Though he who ask'd such homage, sprang of blood

Purer than that which fills the burning veins  
Of this Amalekite—sworn foe of heaven.  
Through many generations God pursued  
His nation with fierce wrath, nor will he now  
Stand idly by, and see his people fall,  
By any remnant of that fated race,  
Whom he decreed to death, for sins abhorr'd.

*Hatach.* Yet, gracious queen, with most determin'd heart,

Their ruin he resolves,—and that no chance  
Should frustrate his intent, a lot he cast,  
To learn the hour most favour'd by the gods,  
When he might work his foul and dark design,—  
And when he drew it forth, lo, it declar'd  
That time most fortunate, when should arrive  
The thirteenth day of the month Adar—

*Esther.* It will not be! God's hand can wonders work,

And he will ne'er in this dark hour of ill,  
Leave those to die, who place in him their trust.

*Hatach.* Most gracious queen, from Mordecai I bear

A copy of the mandate which was giv'n  
At Shushan by the king. He sends it thee,  
With humble prayer that thou, without delay,  
Wilt seek the monarch, and entreaty make  
For all whom it concerns.

(*Esther takes the parchment and reads.*)

*Esther.*

Ah, cruel act!

That dooms to ruin all my fated race,  
And leaves me pow'rless to avert the blow.  
*Pow'rless* I said,—for, Hatach, wilt thou know'st  
It would be madness, even for thy queen,  
'To stand uncalls'd before her royal lord.  
Does not the Persian law punish with death  
Such daring deed?

*Hatach.* It does, my queen; unless by mercy touch'd,

The sceptre is stretch'd forth, token of love,  
And sign of royal peace. And sure to thee,  
The high and gracious queen, that rod of power  
Would, by its golden touch, make known the joy  
With which our lord delights to welcome thee,  
The source of all his bliss!

*Esther.* Alas! alas! I have slight ground for hope,—

I, who for thirty long and weary days,  
Have never heard the murmur of his voice,  
No, nor e'en seen the floating of his robe,  
Seen off by all. And shall I brave his wrath,  
And yet, thus daring, hope to 'scape with life?  
But 'tis not death I fear, that thus I shrink  
From Mordecai's behest. It is the dread  
Lest, by a fatal risk, I forfeit power,  
To aid him in worse need at future time,  
Should need again occur. Zobeida, speak,  
Thou art a woman, and perchance canst share  
My woman's thoughts, in this distracting hour.

*Zobeida.* Then, gentle mistress, I will dare to say,

Abide in safety here. Alas! I pray,  
I humbly pray, thou wilt not venture forth,  
On this thy fearful mission! 'Tis to tempt  
The lion's wrath, which who may brave and live?  
'Twas for a less offence Queen Vashti fell,  
And e'en without such warning monitor;  
Not vainly have I breath'd the air of courts,  
For I have learn'd therein, how mad it is  
E'en for the highest, and the best belov'd,  
To dare a monarch's frown.

*Esther.* Maiden, I yield me to thy counselling,  
I feel thou'rt right, and that 'twere sin in me  
To cast away my life on such a chance.  
It may be useful yet to Israel's cause,  
And for that holy end I'll cherish it.  
Then, Hatach, go,—again seek Mordecai,  
And say to him, Queen Esther fears to stand  
Uncalls'd before her lord. Declare to him  
The law, which dooms to death whoe'er offends,  
By daring to intrude without command  
Upon the monarch's sight.—Expound it all,  
And bid him guide me in some other course,  
By which more surely I may lend him aid.

[*Exit Hatach.*]

SCENE VII.—*An apartment in the house of Mordecai. Mordecai and Joatham.*

*Joatham.* Alas! my brother, all our hopes are vain!

Darkness and clouds surround the throne of God,  
And we are left to die!—Wo for our tribes,  
Our hapless tribes! His chosen people once,  
Now, outcasts from His grace,—banish'd,—in bonds,—

Our prophets low, our priests a broken race,  
Our homes, our heritage, an empty name,—  
Our very altars, rear'd on heathen soil!—  
And now decreed by heathen swords to bleed,  
We helpless stand, with none to save or aid.  
Oh, how inscrutable are heaven's decrees!

*Mordecai.* Dark and inscrutable to mortal eye,  
But ordered all in wisdom and in love.  
My brother, murmur not, but trust in God!

He can confound our foes, ere yet the day  
Decreed for our destruction, shall arrive,  
And give us joyful hearts to raise the song  
Of triumph and deliverance. Trust in Him,  
Who is almighty to defend and save,  
Who midst unnumber'd sins our fathers spar'd,  
Guided their wand'ring feet through mazes dark,  
And though they call'd on other gods to save,  
Pitied their drooping faith, and with kind hand,  
Still led them on, fed them with angels' food,  
And gave each hour some token of His love,  
His rich forbearing love, to cheer their hearts.  
Then tempt him not with doubt,—this gracious  
God,—

Nor once admit the thought that He will spare  
That base Amalekite, against whose race  
His vengeance has been sworn, to work our fall.  
This cunning courtier plans his own disgrace,  
And knows it not,—for he has yet to learn,  
We have a friend beside his sov'reign's throne,  
Whose faith is pure, whose power exceeds his own,  
And who but waits a fitting hour, to wind  
Around his steps the snares himself has spread.  
But hither, from her presence, speeds one now.

[Enter Hatach.]

*Mordecai.* Welcome, good friend,  
Thou art in truth no laggard messenger,—  
Thy speed bespeaks glad news,—and naught save  
good,

I ever think to hear from her thou serv'st:  
Then brief declare how heard she my request,  
And has she yielded to my earnest prayer?

*Hatach.* Reverend sir,  
My royal mistress greets thee by her slave,  
Who, though unworthy to declare her will,  
Bears to thine ear her words. She bids me say,  
That by the Persian law, 'tis death to stand  
Uncall'd before the king,—and thus she fears  
Thy bidding to perform, lest from the doom  
Decreed on all who rashly so offend,  
She should not be exempt,—and losing life,  
She should for ever lose the pow'r to aid  
The cause she loves. Therefore, she thee implores,  
To counsel her, and guide her in some course  
More safe for her, more full of hope for all,  
By which she may avert impending ill.

*Mordecai.* Can she fear death in such a cause as  
this?

Is she so blended with a pagan race  
In this brief space of time, that she can stand,  
Coldly and idly stand, while impious hands  
Raze to the ground the altars of her God,  
And offer as a bloody hecatomb  
The remnant of her race? Degenerate one!  
And has it come to this? indeed, to this?  
I might have known as much, ere I had thrown  
My stainless flower to breathe pollution's air.  
There was a time, no power could daunt her heart,  
Not death itself in this most holy cause,—  
And now, the face of mortal man can shake  
Her firm resolve. The slave of luxury  
She yields to fear, though on her act depends  
A nation's life!

*Joatham.* Oh, spare, my brother, these reproachful  
words!

The queen deserves them not,—to you she sends  
For counsel and advice, nor shrinks from death  
In Israel's cause, but fears to crush our hopes,  
By throwing life away.

*Hatach.* Thy pardon that I speak,—but true  
those words,

And he who would ginsay them, slanders much  
Our beauteous queen; nor can he know aright  
Her lofty soul, that scorns all homage base,  
And shrinks from naught, when duty's voice  
commands.

*Mordecai.* So was it once,—so may it ever be!  
And as a proof that she is still unchang'd,  
Still worthy of the race from whence she sprung,  
That glorious race of kings, and prophets hoar,  
And warlike men who battled for the Lord,  
Tell her, 'tis she who must avenge our wrongs,—  
For this cause went she forth,—for this was rais'd  
To greatness, by her God, to queenly power,—  
And now she must stand forth, and nobly dare  
Danger and death, if peril wears that form,  
To compass her designs, and save from wo  
The persecuted remnant of her race.

And tell her, too, nor spare one warning word,  
That if by fear of mortal vengeance sway'd,  
Or if, with woman's weakness, clinging still  
To that vain shadow, life,—she hesitates,  
And tremblingly holds back her ready aid  
From those who supplicate in vain for life,  
Their blood, which she has suffered to be shed,  
Shall cry to her aloud from the cold earth;  
And dreary sights, and sounds of death and wo,  
Shall float for ever round her like a dream,  
Making her regal halls, her purple couch,  
Like a dark sepulchre, and funeral pall!

Yea, in the midst of syren pleasure's voice,  
Of love's fond dalliance, luxury's delights,  
Her soul shall writhe with anguish unexpress'd,—  
And often in the silent midnight hour,  
The voice of God shall thrill her startled ear,  
Demanding stern, the blood she might have spar'd,  
And whispering words to sear her guilty soul.

I paint no fancied sketch,—full well I know  
That those true worshippers, who in a land  
Of dark idolatry, bend the firm knee  
To Israel's God alone; shall not be slain  
Unnoted, unaveng'd, by Him they serve.  
To work His sov'reign will was Esther rais'd.  
To such high eminence of power, and now  
The hour has come, when, like a champion brave  
She should arise and gird her armour on,  
And sally forth to win the victor's meed.  
But if she falter in her duty high,  
Deliverance will come,—whence, none can know,—  
But surely it will come, and sudden too,  
O'erwhelming Esther, and her father's house,  
In one broad sea of wo!

*Hatach.* And must I bear unto my gracious  
queen

All thou hast said? Each stern and bitter word,  
To wound her gentle soul?

*Mordecai.* I charge thee, *all!*

Nor from mistaken love, one word omit.  
And yet I doubt her not as thou, perchance,  
Mayst deem I do, from all these warnings giv'n.  
But she is young, and fair as op'ning rose,  
Whose tender heart the sly foul canker-worm  
In secret taints, and poisons with his slime.  
And I am bound, as one who holds his faith  
More precious than his life, to see she prove  
No traitor to her God. 'Twas I, thou know'st,  
Who for a holy end, approved by heaven,  
Exposed her to the perils of a court,—  
And it behoves me now to keep her pure  
From all that may corrupt her guileless heart.

*Joatham.* Remember thee, she wears a talisman  
Of mighty power, against th' assaults of earth,—  
Trust in her God, a pure and holy faith,  
Bright innocence, and such a love of truth  
As naught could ever shake.

*Mordecai.* Brother, the strong may fall, as erst  
did he

Whom one Delilah with her honied words  
Lured to the gates of death. A thousand such,  
Surround yon youthful queen, and in her ear  
Is pour'd the flatterer's tale, and she is lapp'd  
In soft delights that enervate the soul,



Dimming the glory of that priceless gem  
With shadows caught from earth. Around her  
rise

From golden altars wreaths of sacrifice  
To gods, deemed false by us—and she is doomed  
From lips beloved, ever to hear expressed  
The precepts of that faith we call accursed.  
Mid all these perils that beset her youth,  
Can it seem strange that I should fear for her,  
And watch and pray, and utter warning word  
Frequent and stern, that she may falter not,  
But firmly hold the faith by Moses taught,  
And onward press in duty's narrow path,  
With ardent step, and purpose fix'd and high.

*Hatack.* 'Tis thus she bears herself,—  
And from her faith, though known as yet to few,  
Ne'er turns aside; but every rite observes  
Thy law enjoins, and offers frequent prayers  
To him you serve, with all humility  
Of look and air.

*Mordecai.* Then take with thee my blessing to  
thy queen,

And say to her, if still the sacred fire  
Of holy love burns brightly in her soul,  
She will arise, and like a queen go forth  
To seek her lord. Bid her dismiss, if still  
They lurk within, each abject fear of death,  
All dread of scorn or whisper'd calumny,  
That weighs upon her heart; and strong in faith,  
In her high purpose strong, bid her declare  
Before the throne, the race from whence she sprang,  
And for her people ask the monarch's grace.  
Let her do this, and God will smile on her,  
And round her throw His everlasting arms,  
Which can uphold her 'gainst an arm of flesh.  
I have naught else to say—depart in peace,  
And truly bear my message to the queen.

*Hatack.* I will with faithful tongue report thy  
words,

And so, farewell! [*Exit Hatack.*]

SCENE VIII.—A garden. *Esther seen through the  
shrubbery, slowly pacing a verdant walk. Fati-  
ma and Zobeida follow at a distance.*

*Fatima.* She pauses now beside yon fountain's  
brink,

And bends her o'er its wave, as if to view  
The radiant form reflected in its depths,—  
Yet smiles she not,—nor kindles on her cheek  
One flush of conscious vanity, at sight  
Of her own charms, univall'd as they are.  
How sad she seems,—how bitterly she sighs,—  
Were I a queen, methinks I ne'er should sigh,  
Nor e'er know sorrow or regret again.

*Zobeida.* Ah, my *Fatima*, care will even creep  
Within the circling diadem,—and wo,  
Will silent steal through the long train of slaves  
And courtiers proud, that guard the monarch's  
throne.

Nay, smile not, girl, in mockery of my words,  
Soon would'st thou find them true,—ere thou had'st  
borne

One weary day the crown's oppressive weight,  
Thou'dst long to tear it from thy aching brows,  
And bind them with the fragrant lily wreath,  
That doth encircle them so sweetly now.

*Fatima.* And yet, right willingly  
Would I the pangs of royalty endure,  
And be content to wear that frightful crown,  
Within whose magic round, as thou dost feign,  
Lurk all the ills that darken human life.  
To be a queen, I would defy them all.

*Zobeida.* Nay sigh not for such lot,—  
Thou art a stranger to the touch of grief,  
And every throb of thy young heart is joy,—

But she, our queen, so beautiful, so bright,  
Gentle and tender as the turtle-dove,  
That anxious sits amid the orange glade,  
List'ning to hear her mate's light pinion fan  
The fragrant air,—she oftimes sighs, and weeps,  
Though at her feet earth's treasures are thrown  
down

With lavish hand, and though she is belov'd  
By a proud heart, and shares a mighty throne,  
Yet o'er her face, as o'er the summer morn,  
Clouds frequent pass, shading its lustre soft,  
And giving token that the azure sky,  
Perchance, may be o'ercast by coming storm.

*Fatima.* But yet she is a queen!  
And empress of a heart none else can sway,  
Though hundreds sigh to win its soft regard.

*Zobeida.* It is for this then, thou would'st be a  
queen?

But let me win such love without the throne,  
And he who proffered it, whate'er his state,  
It should with mine be link'd in deathless bonds.  
Were he a shepherd youth, a Hebrew e'en,  
Still would I cling in life, in death to him.  
In some green vale we'd lead our tranquil hours,  
Tending our flock, and daily guiding them  
At early dawn, or when the fragrant eve  
Stole silent on, to the cool fountain's brink,  
Pouring its waters sparkling from the rock,  
And tempting off the weary traveller  
To quench his thirst in its pellucid wave.

*Fatima.* Thou canst not charm me with thy  
pastoral pipe!

Though sweet its tones, they cannot please my ear  
Like the soft breathing of the dulcet flute,  
That floats e'en now from yonder gorgeous dome.  
Thine be the rural life, with its tame joys,—  
Be mine earth's pageantries, the crown and throne;  
The mirror'd hall, the purple and the gold,  
With all the pomp that wait on royalty.

But soft! behold the queen,—she onward moves,  
And signs towards the palace—let us haste.

[*Exit, following the Queen.*]

SCENE IX.—In the palace. *Esther, Hatack, and  
Zobeida.*

*Esther.* And with these cruel doubts,  
Were unkind words of love and blessing breath'd.

*Hatack.* Great queen, the truest love  
That ever warm'd a doting father's heart,  
Shone forth in all he said. Though stern his words  
Oftimes, and seeming harsh, 'twas plain to read,  
Through all he fear'd of ill, affection pure  
Working beneath, with giant strength and power,  
And frequent bursting forth in tend'ring phrase  
That fondest love e'er fram'd.

*Esther.* Ah, it was ever thus he sooth'd my  
griefs,  
And heal'd my slightest wounds with the sweet  
balm

Of love! That trusting love I will repay  
E'en as he bids, without one anxious thought  
Of what may be the issue to myself.

My people shall not die, if *Esther's* prayers  
May aught avail to save them from such fate,—  
Nor shall proud Haman triumph in his schemes;  
The pent-up whirlwind soon will burst in might,  
To hurl him to the earth.

*Zobeida.* Most gracious mistress, hear I thee  
aright?

Thou wilt not seek the king? 'Twere certain  
death!

Tempt not his wrath,—trust me 'tis terrible;—  
Yea, fiercer than the rage of the roar'd Mon,  
When the hunters chaft him!

*Esther.* Maiden, I know it, well,—

Though still to me his lips have ever breath'd  
Affection's gentlest tones, I know when vex'd,  
He can send forth such words as smite with fear  
The hearer's inmost soul. Yet less I dread  
To dare his awful frown, than list that cry,  
That thrilling cry, which from their blood shall rise,  
Whom I have left to perish without aid.  
Yea, I will go,—and though his angry eyes  
May strike me to the earth, my dying breath  
Shall at his feet exhale, in earnest prayer  
For Israel's hapless race.

*Zobeida.* Beloved mistress, if thou art resolved  
To cast thy life, thy precious life away,  
Then I will follow thee, though 'tis to death,  
Into that fearful presence—if thou goest,  
I too will go,—and if thou diest there,  
There will I lay me down and die with thee.

*Ester.* Take comfort, girl!  
The sun may burst athwart this heavy cloud,  
If He, who holds our lives, but wills it so!  
Ah, would'st thou trust in Him who reigns o'er all,  
Who feeds the winged denizens of air,  
And clothes in robes of more than royal pomp,  
The fair and fragrant lilies of the field,  
Thou would'st not start at all the petty ills  
Which menace human life, but full of faith;  
Leave all events to His controlling hand,  
Who with a Father's love appoints our steps.

*Zobeida.* My queen, thy faith can boast a  
wondrous power,

To give thee solace in an hour so dark,  
And strength divine, such duty to perform.

*Ester.* Most true, indeed! a power that earth  
knows not!

Without its aid my sinking heart would fail,  
But with each prayer its courage stronger grows.  
Maiden beloved, I would this faith were thine,—  
'Tis this alone, mid life's tumultuous sea,  
Can give us strength to breast the billowy surge,  
And fearless ride o'er each foam-crested wave,  
To that bright shore, which beautiful and calm  
At distance shows its shadowy hills, and streams  
Of pure delight,—where unimagined joys,  
And endless rest, await the toil-worn heart.

*Zobeida.* Oh queen, what mean thy words?  
The glorious light of opening Paradise  
Shines on thy radiant face, and tells of bliss  
Which dawns not on my soul!

*Ester.* Maiden, 'tis heaven's own light,  
Soon may its dawning beams illumine thy soul  
With rays divine.—Anon, I'll teach thee more  
Of this high faith, and may it captive lead  
Thy willing mind, and spread its gentle sway  
O'er many a heart, which dark idolatry  
Now holds in bonds of ignorance and fear.

*Zobeida.* I have been wont ever to hear it cursed,  
Revil'd with bitter words and ceaseless jeers;  
But yet, methinks, it doth possess a power  
Our faith hath never taught,—and I would learn  
The secret of that strength, which nerves thy heart  
With heavenly courage in an hour like this

*Ester.* Maiden, if life is spared, thou shalt be  
taught

Whereon to lean in trouble's darkest hour,  
And find support. To feel, though earth deceive  
Thy eager grasp, there is with God a rest  
Glorious and bright, where pleasures evermore  
Entrance the soul, undimmed by care or sin—  
This all-sufficient, all-enduring faith,  
Sustains me in this hour, and gives me strength  
To go where duty points; content to die,  
If God ordains, yet with a lowly heart,  
Looking for aid, whence only it can come.  
Yea, in this moment when he hides His face,  
I will implore one little ray of light,  
To chase the gloom which lowers above my path.

Hatach, return to Mordecai, and say  
It is my will that he declare a fast,  
And that with strict observance it be kept  
By all the Jews who here in Shushan dwell.  
In dust abased, and girt with sackcloth robes,  
From humble hearts let fervent prayers arise  
To Israel's God, that he will bless my act,  
And spare in mercy our devoted race.  
Three watchful nights, and three unwearied days,  
Bid them abstain from food, from sleep's soft balm,  
And from all interchange of tender joys  
That sweeten life, and soften human woe.  
I and my maidens will observe the same  
With strictest care, nor in one trivial act  
Depart from the performance of the law.  
Trusting that God will hear his people's cry,  
On the third morning I will rise assured,  
Doff the coarse robe of penitence and grief,  
And, once again, as best becomes a queen,  
Array'd in purple, and adorn'd with gold,  
Will seek unaw'd the king, and cast myself  
With fearless heart upon his sovereign grace.  
Great as he is, our God is greater far,—  
He is a King—our God is King of kings,  
And the sole arbiter of life and death.  
Thou hast thy errand, speed, and bear it hence.  
And thou, Zobeida, for this solemn fast  
Make preparations due, and warn my maids  
Of that which I command. [Exeunt.]

(End of the Third Act.)

Written for the Lady's Book.

## STANZAS.

The moon is glist'ning o'er the waves,  
Yet murky thoughts betide me;  
Some brighter gifts my spirit craves,  
My love is not beside me.  
What though my boat as swift glides o'er  
Elizabeth's dear water,  
On dearer thoughts my spirits pour,  
I think of her fair daughter—  
Of her who once was ever nigh  
At evening's hour of sailing,  
But leaves me now to weep or sigh,  
Unheeding my bewailing.

A lighter lip is lisping now,—  
Another form is kneeling;  
Mine was not passion's dreamy vow,  
It owned a holier feeling.  
I never told her she was fair;  
Words failed my hearts affection;  
My eye alone betrayed my care,  
My lip and heart's connexion.  
In song and flowers my tale she heard,  
But they have vainly pleaded,  
And tongue most eloquent in word  
Was mute, when most 'twas needed.

My heart is proud, but not to her;  
Like mists 'neath noontide melting,  
Its pride is with the things that were,  
When thought of her is dealt in:  
It droops beneath her beauty's spell,  
And well she knows I cower  
When love's ecstatic, dreamy swell,  
In silence owns her power—  
Or if she cares not to divine  
His heart's love mutely spoken,  
'Tis like this vacant seat of thine,  
The charm of both is broken.

Norfolk, Virginia.

T. S. C.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THOUGHTS ON YOUTH AND AGE.

BY MRS. HOWLAND.

WHEN we consider the great difference there is between youth and age, in the knowledge, the vigour, the weakness, the ardour, the enjoyments, sufferings, and duties, which belong to each, and can rarely be felt or exercised by the other, we are not surprised that they so seldom coalesce in opinion or unite in action. We conclude that the ardent temperament of the former will never wait for the advice of the latter, even if given in its wisdom; nor can we believe that the reflective and experienced man will condescend to accept the assistance of the young and headstrong, even where promptitude of action and courage in enterprise are necessary for success.

But yet the young and the old are so closely bound together by the strongest and the tenderest bonds of nature—are so inseparably connected in all the most essential concerns of life, and so clearly decreed by the great Author of our being, by every state of society, to go hand in hand together, that we may be surprised they ever differ, or that they permit themselves to forget their relative situations. It cannot be doubted that the experience of one party fits them to be the guides of the other; and that the quicker faculties, warmer passions, and more pressing necessities of those new to life, enable them to give due returns to the kind hand which leads them. If this does not take place, there is unquestionably fault on one side if not both. As any undue separation of habits, society or interests, cannot fail to be injurious to each, for they must and ought to love and support each other, it may be worth our while to look at the duties each owe to the other, beginning with those who are apt to consider themselves the more important, though that point is much disputed by their juniors.

It must be allowed on all hands, that the older persons are the more they have witnessed, and of course if they are blessed with sound understandings the wiser will be their deductions, and the better their judgments; but yet they have by no means a right to consider them infallible, seeing that the world is in a progressive state, and the education now given in general so far exceeds that which they received, that in some points it exalts youth to a level with age. Consequently a man ought to give his son credit for knowing some things though not all things, and not only command attention but listen to reason. Some people have so entire a forgetfulness of their own early errors, propensities and inclinations, that even when their sons are the exact counterpart of themselves, they can make no allowance for the prevalence of their own passions thus transplanted, but expect them to be what they are *become*, instead of what they *are*. They are severe observers of faults precisely because they have practised them; and whilst they give themselves full credit for possessing virtues that more than counterbalance such, deny them to others. These persons are miserable them-

selves and make others so, and generally fall into a kind of premature old age soon after they have passed manhood, because they allow themselves to look only on the dark side of every thing. With them the world is degenerated—men have lost strength, and women beauty—the government is corrupt the climate intolerable, there are more diseases in the world and fewer comforts; they conclude it is time to die long before death comes, and their family is, in this particular, of the same opinion.—Peace to their ashes, for then only can they possess it.

How differently situated is the man who, without degrading concession to the rising generation, yet treats his sons, or those who might be sons, as a race of younger brethren, with whom he may give and take knowledge and wisdom in such a manner as to increase both; and so keeps alive the sensibilities and affections of his youthful nature, as to preserve in their freshness the various joys they naturally diffuse through existence. By this means even a bachelor is no longer a selfish, isolated being; he lives in and for others; his attempered yet cheerful spirit mingles readily with those who pursue all innocent amusement and intellectual occupation; his heart is open to all the sympathies and charities of life; he looks not down contemptuously on the love-sick maiden, but rather seeks the means to promote her happy union; he despises not the sorrows of an unfortunate father, but considers how he may best promote the welfare of his children. If he has abundance, it is a mine open to others; if he is poor, he reflects with modest satisfaction that he has not condemned others to share his privations; and if he is thus contented, still more comfortably does the generous and kindly husband and father sail down the stream of life, for he is young in the youth of others, or to all his innocent pleasures and hopes; yet has he his own endowments, his own recollections, his own matured confidence and sacred friendship, to say nothing of that most holy and endearing tie, connubial attachment, which like the snow-ball gathers new attachments as it rolls onward, even to the end of the race.

If it thus becomes the elderly to remember their own young days, and to make allowance for the deficiency or impetuosity of youth, its numerous temptations from within and without, and the actual beauty and goodness, freshness of feeling and purity of motive, which so frequently commingles with its very errors; so does it well become the young to believe that they must grow old, and that it is their true interest to do now as they desire to be done by when that period arrives. They may not comprehend the reasons which actuate their elders, and they may feel inclined to spurn what they consider the base suspicions and the narrow views of their seniors; nevertheless they may surely, without any derogation, wait to see a little more of the world before they condemn the conduct of those who have lived in it long enough to try it, which they cannot possibly have done. "I know I can never change, my heart is irrevocably *her's*," is the constant language of eighteen; yet we all know that an absence during the rest of his minority has seen the first love quite out in nineteen cases out of

twenty. Would it then not be advisable to substitute obedience for conviction—to yield to the parent who loves you, and labours for you, at least up to a certain point, and be content to try the issue and “wait a wee.”

Young people are subject to being *intolerably* wise and *outrageously* virtuous; they act and speak as if all they said and did—every object they pursued, and every purpose they effected, were the result of some discovery hitherto hidden from mankind, and which gives them a kind of right to presume on their own amazing talents. It is difficult to check this spirit in very early life, without also retarding the abilities and energies which gave it birth; for it is far better to be the father of a bustling coxcomb than an indolent fool, though the latter is much the less troublesome personage. A few mortifications from others, increased knowledge from conversation and books, and that advancing maturity of mind which shows the littleness of his attainments in comparison with that which may and ought to be attained, will cure a clever young man of this folly, and the old must meantime exercise patience. Conceit, though no natural connexion of talents and learning, in early life often creeps into their company, and for a season greatly deteriorates their powers.

With equal gentleness must we bear the condemnatory tirades often poured out by young men on their political opponents, and by young women on their sex's failures. There is something often so grand and so pure in the abhorrence of young and noble minds for every species of corrupt dealing, depravity and immorality, that we had better suffer the ebullition to rise to undue severity perhaps, than seek to compromise points of such vast importance. Let them pass a few years, and the consciousness of the frailty of human nature, the nature and frequency of temptation in all its forms, and remembrances of either personal falls or escapes will tame the torrent of invective, induce a spirit of candour, and awaken pity for the sinner, notwithstanding the horror of the sin—this propensity must also be dealt with gently.

But surely the mature, the elderly, the old (for age has many gradations, since it left the flowery paths of youth) ought alike to reprobate one error to which many young people in the present day are prone,—I mean a positive contempt for the acquisitions and conduct of their elders—an assumption that because their parents have fewer accomplishments than themselves, they are therefore ignorant of all worth knowing. This disposition is particularly prevalent in misses who have just left school, and become astonished with their own superiority, now it is no longer rivalled by pupil or teacher. Many a pretty face have I seen utterly ruined in expression by the curling lip, the disdainful sneer, levelled perhaps at a most excellent and even very clever mother, or an affectionate aunt. In a few years how was the case changed—the proud, the gay girl now became an anxious wife or mother; and to whom did she look for support in the hour of suffering, advice on objects of the last importance to her family, and instruction in the indispensable duties? but to the maternal friend whose tenderness could soothe, whose skill could relieve, whose expe-

rience could inform her. Ah! how fondly have I seen eyes once beaming with proud superiority, follow the steps of a mother, and fill with tears at her departure, even where there was no cause for sorrow, save that of repentance for tacit insult and neglect. It was indeed more than cause enough; for who can repay the hours of fond solicitude, the sleepless nights of anxiety, the eager watchings, the ceaseless affection of a mother? She who has entered on the duty can best estimate its extent; but the young girl in her gaiety ought to feel it, or at least be compelled to own it; and not only the mother, but the father of every family, ought to insist on the respect and even the obedience which is a mother's right, and which no deficiency of education, personal elegance, or any thing save actual criminality of conduct can excuse.

When old people are kindly considerate, and the young kindly respectful, it is certain they are the most happy together; for since the most gay are also the most intelligent part of society, how often will arise to their minds some question which experience alone can answer, some point they desire to argue with the well-informed?—It is a triumph to break a lance in friendly colloquy with an old veteran, where even defeat is honourable, since a compliment was received by consent to the rencontre. And when is a young beauty so touchingly fair as when she listens even to the twice-told tale of garrulous age, or flies to perform some little service for him who perhaps “hath borne her in his arms a thousand times!” No well-disposed person and sensible man would take a wife who turned a cold ear to the request of an aged relative, or forgot even in her hour of hilarity the desire of a parent, since it would imply that deficient sensibility which a warm heart can least forgive.

Dull and melancholy is that house where the voices of the young and sprightly are never heard, and even the musical laugh of infancy unknown—when the grave has closed the sources of our hope, and removed the objects of our pride—when there is no child to claim our love and our care, no grandchild to break in upon the sorrowful calmness of our uninteresting leisure, and call back the memories of our first parental joys and sorrows, and claim the rights of a beloved son or idolized daughter! Ah! where is the fireside charm of home! where the solace of life in its last dreary pathway! Surely the bereaved will do well and wisely to fill up the vacuum so well as they are able, by seeking the society of the young, not less than that of their own compeers, and cheating their hearts into the feelings of early life by a happy contagion; for our sympathies and affections always possess a revivifying power, which it is alike virtuous and delightful to exercise, and which offers comfort consistent with religious resignation and hope. The natural tendency of age makes the heart frigid and selfish, but that Christian grace which is superior to nature tells us to put off “the old man and his works,” and of course to cherish the benevolence, the sympathy and the good spirits, which belong to our better years, for we are expressly told that “God loveth a cheerful giver.”

Rarely will it happen that the old are unacceptable to the young, whilst they thus keep open their hearts to the enjoyment they are capable of imparting. Sir Walter Scott made the beggar Edin Ochikree a man of importance with the young, because he was "aye kindly in their sports;" and I well remember, when a report prevailed some years since (which was happily false) that Mrs. Hannah More had lost her property, a very elegant young and lively man declaring "that he could freely give that dear old lady half his income," such was the charm of her manner to him, for at that time he knew little of her works. Who can read the letters of Franklin and not feel that he was a loveable old man, in whom the young could delight even when he was turned of fourscore: and though unblest by his talents, or those of Goethe, who was similarly excellent, all of us have known many who never met with an averted eye or a cold reception from the young and the lively.

Compelled myself to seek them if I would enjoy them, it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge that, though we seldom meet, yet the young to me are never strangers. I need not say "my son, give me thy heart," for many a fine young man hath for the hour owned me a friend, whose instructions were dear to his memory; and many a fair girl, with smiles and blushes, nestled to my side. Among the former, I have lately found a devout pupil in a young and highly-gifted American;\* and he assures me that there are many in his rising country who love my stories and cherish my counsels; and that were I to visit the new world, old acquaintances would flock around me as one they could love and honour among the young of Boston.

Shall I not then commend to the mature a full acquaintance with the spring! that sweet season when flowers are springing, mild air breathing, "and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." It is true that blights may arise, that frosts may wither this promising time, but so much the more occasion is there for the sage and the beneficent to interpose their good offices, by watching over virtues, circumstances, and inclinations—preserving that which merits culture, and nipping weeds in the bud, so may their social circle resemble a garden that is glowing in all most beautiful and rich, and in all that is most promising.

January, 22, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### DEDICATION FOR AN ALBUM.

HAS Friendship's gentle hand may twine,  
A garland of unfading flowers;  
Here Wit may play, and Genius shine,  
And Fancy build her fairy bowers—  
And brighter far than these, the ray  
From pure Religion's shrine that glows,  
Its holy light may here display,  
To bless thy joys, or soothe thy woes.

H—

\* B. B. Thatcher, Esq., editor of Mrs. Hemans, and himself an elegant and pathetic poet.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### FAIRIES.

At the close of a pleasant, sunny afternoon, three hundred years ago, a solitary horseman rode slowly down the steep and stony side of one of that range of lofty hills which partly divides Wales from England. Hot and wearied, he dismounted, and unsaddling his jaded beast, left him to wander about in the fertile valley at the mountain's base, and then sat down to rest himself by the side of a little rivulet, that came down from the rocky heights, leaping and springing over all the pebbles and hindrances in its way, and, at a distance, joined a broad smooth river, that flowed proudly and calmly through the valley, and then sped on and on till it reached the great blue ocean.

Everard was a wicked and reckless man: he had killed one of his nearest relations in a duel, and disgraced his father's name—now disinherited and disowned, he was going away from his native land, a wanderer without a home. He gazed first upon the setting sun, and afterward he looked into the pretty dancing stream before him; and he could not bear to think that all the sinful habits of his youth, all his wrong inclinations, might once have been checked as easily as the little rivulet could be obstructed; yet that he had permitted them to increase, until they had jointly formed the strong and powerful current of wicked passions, that hurried him on to crime.

At last Everard fell asleep; for now there was no sound in this little valley but the rippling noise of the water, and that, by its monotony, helped to lull him to rest. He slept long and soundly, and when he awoke the night was almost gone, and the moon and stars were shining upon him. The dew had fallen heavily, and he was chilled and stiffened by the dampness. He would have arisen instantly, but he saw before him, on the short smooth grass, a group of fairies.

Fairies are seldom seen at present, and we now scorn the story of their existence as a foolish fancy. But do they not yet live upon the earth? Are the legends of their appearance, which former ages have left us, that we in our self-styled wisdom reject as superstitious—are they merely tales of the imagination? Were the perfect and tiny flowers, which man crushes with unheeding footstep, formed for him alone? Do the sweet and soothing sounds of the evening breeze of summer, come to us unmingled with the echoes of a yet sweeter and yet more soothing harmony? Do the midnight stars shine out in all their beauty and brilliancy, only to meet the vacant gaze of some weary, careless reveller, who leaves at a late hour the place of mirth, around whom gay, graceful forms yet seem to flit, and through whose brain the notes of entrancing, bewildering music are yet ringing? No! There are upon the earth beings which the gross and materialized senses of man do not perceive, and whose origin and destiny he may not know. And they deck their palaces with the tiny flowers for which we care not—and it is their chorus, when they sing at the banquet of their queen,

that we hear united with the sighing of the summer evening breeze, and upon them the stars at midnight love to look.

Everard had heard many stories about the fairies, and he was not surprised when he now saw them. He leaned forward that he might distinguish their voices, and he soon found they were telling the queen all that they had done, since they left her the preceding morning.—Now the fairies of this dominion were invisible during the day, and it was only after the sun had set that they could be seen—like the beautiful hopes and schemes which the every-day realities of common life show to be fallacious, and cause to disappear, but which *will* return, when the darkness and solitude and silence of the night, help us to forget the cold, unyielding necessities of human existence, and enable us to hold communion with our own wild thoughts.

There were a few fairies at the left hand of the queen, and the greater number of them were the other side of the throne: one of the former was speaking—"I found a violet, which the storm had crushed, and I raised its bruised stalk and repainted its soiled petals with bright hues, until it was as beautiful as on the first day it opened itself to the sun." The queen said nothing to her and she stepped aside, and a gloomy, sullen-looking fairy came forward.

"In a library, furnished even gorgeously with costly paintings and rare statues, I saw a bright, young boy; he was sitting upon a low stool, and his head was leaning against a pile of books—he smiled, and I knew that within that child's spirit were lofty and ambitious dreams—he was thinking of a brilliant and happy manhood—of future years glowing with joy and honour—of a proud and unsullied reputation. But I whispered to him of the woe and anguish that is the lot of mortals; of the bitterness of a lone and forsaken spirit; of actions, prompted by pure and holy feelings, which calumny would repeat as base and hateful. I told him of the sound of merry laughter when his heart was breaking, and I spoke of the hollowness and disappointments and miseries of the world, until his lofty purposes and high hopes were bent and broken, and his eyes swam with tears, and his heart grew sick with agony."

"Why," said the queen, "have you done this? Spoke you not of noble beings whom misfortune has exalted, and whom adversity has taught to look for happiness where alone it exists in purity—in a guiltless conscience? Did you not speak of the heaven of mortals, destined for the pure in heart?"

"I thought not of those things which the queen mentions," said the fairy; and she drew back to give place to another, who spoke thus:—

"In my wanderings to-day, I found in an old garret an author. Upon his rickety table was a snowy sheet of paper, and behind his ear a pen yet uninked. Soon an idea came into his brain, and he began to write. With noiseless footstep I approached, and pulled the paper from beneath his pen. Again and again he tried to write, but the paper was jerked and tossed about so wildly that it was only covered with long, rude

scrawls. At last, discouraged, he arose, and snatching from the corner the spade and hoe, that had formerly been the badge of his occupation, went down into the street to seek employment—believing that some envious and ugly witch had charmed his paper and prevented him from writing."

"Well done!" said the queen, "as thou hast succeeded so soon, it shall henceforth be thy duty to roam over the earth, and whenever thou seest a foolish man sitting down to compose, thou must prevent it—then much precious time will be saved, which mortals now spend in reading prose without sense, and poetry without sentiment."

The queen looked very wise and philosophical when she uttered this grave speech, and the courtiers were surprised, as well they might be; for they had never heard her use words so unfairy-like before.

"I visited a prison to-day," said the last one, that had not yet told her story, "and after wandering through many gloomy apartments, I came to a damp and chilling cell, where a cruel tyrant had placed a worthy man. The prisoner was chained, and even the little grated window was darkened. By my potent wand I caused the shade to be removed, and the free glad some light came cheerfully into his dungeon, and that ray revived within his breast a strong and supporting hope, and he shouted aloud in his exultation, for he felt that this was an earnest of his future freedom, and then"—

The voices of the fairies were hushed, and they had disappeared, for the first gleam of the morning light had come into the east. Everard arose, and called his horse to him; he saddled the faithful animal, and again set out on his lonesome way—but now he was retracing his steps; for although he had not, like the fairies, a visible sovereign, to whom at night he was obliged to tell all that he had done during the day, yet he had resolved that from that time he would conduct in such a manner, that when at the close of each day he asked his conscience what he had been doing, it might return him a pleasant answer.

He returned to his father's house, and obtained that pardon for his crimes which his fierce pride had always before forbidden him to ask. Very faithfully did he remember the lesson he had learned from the fairies—and Everard died a holy man.

H. L. D.

West Newton.

**NITOCRIS**, a celebrated queen of Babylon, who built a bridge across the Euphrates in the middle of that city, and dug a number of reservoirs for the superfluous waters of that river. She ordered herself to be buried over one of the gates of the city, and had an inscription on her tomb, which signified that her successors would find great treasures within, if ever they were in need of money; but that their labours would be but ill repaid if ever they ventured to open it without necessity. Cyrus opened it through curiosity, and was struck to find within it these words: *If thy avarice had not been insatiable, thou never wouldst have violated the monuments of the dead!*

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

(Continued from page 28.)

### CHAPTER III.

"Oh! blind to truth and God's whole scheme below,  
Who fancy bias to vice, to virtue woo."—POPE.

"EMMA," said Mrs. Comstock, gravely to her daughter, "my dear Emma, I regret that you are obliged to mingle in such company. I submitted cheerfully to the will of Providence when your father failed, and I never have repined at our reduced circumstances; but when I see you exposed to the contaminating influence of these idle and unprincipled women, I cannot help regretting that we have not a home more suitable for you. A boarding-house, even of the best kind, is but a poor school for a young lady."

"But, mother," said Emma, "we have a great deal of fun here."

"Fun! Emma—what do you call fun?"

"Why, the odd contrasts of temper and character we daily see here. The Miss Bitters are all bitterness and spite. Every thing plagues them. They think dancing a dreadful sin; music gives them the horrors; and you would laugh to see how Miss Dorothy draws down the corners of her mouth, and Miss Martha rolls up the white of her eyes, whenever the gentlemen speak to any of us. Then, Mrs. Hanson is so jealous of her husband, and comes down a dozen times in an evening, if he is below in the parlour with us; and Mr. and Mrs. Oats make so many blunders in their efforts to appear genteel, and use such odd expressions, that we cannot resist the inclination to laugh at, as well as with them. Mrs. Tattle, too, is a clear lump of envy and malice, besides the queer, shrewd remarks which she makes upon every one, friend as well as foe—so that you would nearly die of laughter if you were with us. Besides, we have the foreign gentlemen, who make a thousand blunders in the language, and keep us all in bursts of merriment. The other evening Mr. Haberhausen came home, looking very dolorous, and seated himself on the sofa by Miss Dorothy Bitters, the only vacant seat in the room. Well, the good spinster, looking on this unusual movement with great satisfaction, inquired very tenderly about his health."

"I have a very bad pain in my box," said he.

"Pain in your box," repeated the lady, looking sadly puzzled.

"Yes, ma'am, very bad pain," he replied, putting his hand on his chest. He knew no reason why the upper part of the stomach should not be called box, as well as chest, and during the laughing explanation that ensued, became highly offended and left the room. A few moments after this explosion, Miss Martha, who is determined that if the gentlemen do not offer their kind offices voluntarily, they shall do it by compulsion, nodded to Mr. de la Bordeaux, and requested him to hand her the sofa cushion, which lay near him. But he understands so

little English, that he thought she asked him to kiss her, and looking piteously towards his next neighbour, he shrugged his shoulders and approached the lady with due obedience, till his face almost touched hers; and as she, in her usual manner, drew up her mouth to an acute angle, Monsieur Frenchman gave her a smack that re-echoed through both parlours. I cannot describe to you the scene that followed. The gentlemen clapped and shouted, and we, poor creatures, actually screamed. The effect on Miss Martha was so stunning, that she fell back on the sofa, gasped for breath, and seemed going into convulsions. I seized the Cologne bottle, and Ellen ran for the camphor, and we flooded her head and face with these, till she was obliged to revive in her own defence. And then I was doomed to help Dorothy drag her sister up stairs to their chamber, where, for more than an hour, I was obliged to stay and help console them for the terrible accident."

"Well, Emma, I must confess that your sketch, if not very edifying, is at least amusing," said Mrs. Comstock, laughing heartily.

"But I have not half finished the picture yet: you have seen only shadows; I have a real, substantial flirtation to show up."

"Go on, then," said Mrs. Comstock, "but do not allow any 'green and yellow' to mingle in the colouring."

"Oh, never fear, mother, I have no pining sorrows; I smile often enough, to be sure, but it is not at grief. But I was going to tell you of Mrs. Bolton's flirtation. I do believe she is in love with the venerable Mr. Williams. While we are all sitting in the parlour, about nine every evening, Mrs. Bolton comes in, and contrives always to place herself near the fireplace, close to a vacant chair, which she guards like some dragon watching a hidden treasure. In a few minutes, as if by appointment, in stalks the tall, bony, long-faced Williams, takes possession of the chair, which the good dame always relinquishes to him, as though he had some magic ring to control her, as that of Aladdin did the genii. Well; Mr. Williams draws his chair close to the portly lady, smiles benignantly in her face—she blushes, sighs, twists her fat fingers, and trots her dumpy feet, and in a few moments the couple are lost to the company in a low, buzzing conversation. She, you know, has the asthma, and can't whisper; and I presume he read, when he was a boy, in the 'School of Good Manners,' that it was not polite to whisper in company—so they never whisper, only mumble."

"And I presume, Emma, that there is nothing private in their conversation; but Mr. Williams is a very moderate man, and does not think it decorous to talk and laugh as loud as the rattlepated young beaux around you."

"Oh, that is not the reason—or Ellen does not think so, I am sure. She appears only to think it a good frolic to interrupt her mother's *tete-à-tete*, but I think she has some fears. At any rate, she does the mischief very cleverly. She will fly from our circle, saying, 'I must go and help ma court Mr. Williams,' take a seat close to him, smile on him most affectionately, say a thousand flattering things, and fan him with the hand-screen, till his face is red as a

charcoal fire, and then she will leave him as precipitately as she went; and flirt about the other gentlemen, like a butterfly coquetting with the flowers, while the Miss Bitters look as if they longed to impale her, as an entomologist would a real purple-winged specimen of the Cashmere species. It is a treat of the ridiculous which would make a stoic, or what I would think is the same thing, a dyspeptic laugh outright, even though the fit of horrors from his undigested dinner was on him. But hush—here comes papa—and he seems in no mood for my trifling.” So Emma, looking very demure, took up the good Lamartine’s “Journeyings in Palestine,” which she was reading in the original French.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Bolton, Ellen, and the enamoured Montgomery had enjoyed, uninterruptedly, their conversation in the parlour, till the clock struck four, when, punctual to his appointment, Mr. Williams made his appearance. Mrs. Bolton, considerably recommended to Ellen to walk out and take the air, lest she should be troubled with her usual headache, (which no one ever before heard was her complaint,) and so the Lieutenant politely offered to accompany her, which her mother intended he should do.

After the young people were gone, Mr. Williams very deliberately drew his chair close to that of his landlady, smiling all the time most graciously—laid his hand on hers and heaved a deep sigh, while he stammered in an almost choked voice, “Can you not guess, ma’am, why I have desired this interview?”

“His heart must be almost in his throat,” thought the widow to herself, and she blushed unbecomingly, and heaved a deep sob.

“Answer me, pray answer and be propitious, my dear madam,” continued Mr. Williams, “my life depends on this moment. Do you understand me?”

“Ah,” replied the lady, “I think I do.”

“And you accept my suit?”

“How could I do otherwise, dear Mr. Williams! I have long regarded you as a man who would make a wife most happy.”

“I thank you; thank you, my dear good lady. I have, indeed, wealth, that but few men possess, and I trust a station in society which will place my wife among the first. I assure you, it shall be the aim of my life to make your daughter happy, when I am blessed with her hand”——

“The hand of my daughter!” screamed the astonished landlady, turning white with rage, and sinking heavily back in her chair. But recovering herself in a moment, she started to her feet, exclaiming, “Are you mad, Mr. Williams! Do you think my young, beautiful daughter, would marry a consumptive, crippled, crabbed old bachelor like yourself? I tell you, no—she can marry at any time, a man suitable in age, and in station and wealth, superior to yourself. And I feel constrained to tell you, that her affections are already engaged.” So saying, Mrs. Bolton bolted from the apartment, and hurried to her own room, and flung herself into her rocking-chair, for some time making it go at the rate of ten knots an hour, to speak in nautical style. But the

heart would burst when charged to excess with the electrical elements of love and rage, if nature had not kindly provided, or allowed the means of throwing off the superabundant heat. The breaking forth of passionate exclamations, is the thunder that shows the storm is passing over. Mrs. Bolton was for some time too much excited to utter a word, but at last the tumult of her soul found way.—“Fool! most conceited of all fools!” thus she muttered—“does he think a young, beautiful girl would marry him? Does he think a lean, cadaverous skeleton like him could win my Ellen? And has he so long made professions to me, and now thinks I will believe it was all intended for my daughter? I am mad! mad! mad! My head is dizzy, my brain burns, and my poor heart—oh! oh! (Here she burst into a passion of tears.) How foolish I have been to foster this viper in my bosom—and now he has stung me. The best of every thing was always for him. How often have I been myself to the market, to select some *tit bit* for his thin lips; and now he has destroyed all my hopes.” Her voice was choked, and the tears run down her fat brown cheeks; when suddenly rising, she took from her private closet a decanter of good old Madeira, poured out a large tumbler of the ruby liquid, which she drank off, without a single sigh, and then throwing herself on her bed, she soon forgot her sorrow in a heavy sleep.

While Mrs. Bolton was thus sleeping off her unhappy disappointment, as though it had been a common disease—poor Mr. Williams retired to his solitary chamber, and seating himself in his large black arm-chair, fixed his eyes with a dolorous expression upon the picture of a Madonna and child, which, though no Catholic, he regarded with reverence. His cheek was pale, his eyes moist with tears, and his lips moved convulsively, as he uttered his grief in the following broken sentences:—

“Delusive and fleeting are all earthly hopes. How often I have sat here, gazing at that picture, and imagined I saw the object of my affection before me; that sweet, heavenly face does resemble Ellen’s—nursing that lovely boy, who would perpetuate the long line of Williams’s, of whom I am now the last. How often I have dreamed myself in a pleasant home of my own, watching over her youthful charms, like the miser over his treasure, and invoking the guardian angels of innocence to show her the folly of youthful mirth, and the danger of worldly vanities! But now, all is over. She will marry some worthless fellow, young and thoughtless as herself, indulge in every vanity, and be eternally lost.

“Foolish woman, ever prone to error—did you but understand your own good, you would choose your partner among the select, experienced class of men, whom time has moulded into rational beings. Had Adam been twice the age of Eve, would he have yielded to her temptation? No—he would have saved her from folly, by his superior wisdom; and we should now have been happy in the innocence of Paradise. But it is too late to mend. Thousands of years have rolled away, since the first woman brought a curse on the world, and still her daughters are the bane of man. Oh, Arthur



Williams, Arthur Williams!—that this should happen, after so many years of happy celibacy. Forty-five years has this heart been invulnerable to female charms and arts—and now, now, must it be broken at last!" He placed his hand on his heart, uttered a deep groan, and fell from his chair in a strong fit. He was found prostrate on the floor, by one of his fellow-boarders, a little before ten; medical aid was immediately summoned, and every effort possible made to restore him—but all was vain. The "state had lost one of its pillars—the worthy Mr. Williams was no more,"—so ran the obituary notice. The learned doctor declared the case a very extraordinary one for a bachelor, it being an affection of the heart; and Mrs. Tattle replied, that it should be a warning to every man to marry before he was forty-five.

The death of poor Mr. Williams sounded in Mrs. Bolton's ears, long before she could rouse herself from the mingled effects of wine and wo, sufficiently to comprehend the doleful tidings. At length she was made to understand the cause of the bustle, and she arose with all the dignity of a heroine, and went to view the pale corpse. A smile of gratified vengeance would have been seen to curl her lip, had she not prudently covered her face with her handkerchief, as she bent over the lifeless remains. She managed to keep up a show of decent sorrow, however, and attended the funeral, as many people do, for the sake of the ride.

And now, Mrs. Bolton having suffered such a total defeat in her management respecting her own marriage, applied her whole soul to accomplish her designs respecting her daughter. She saw with great satisfaction, that Montgomery was very much in love with Ellen—she knew the proverbial generosity, or rather thoughtless expenditure of the officers of the navy; and she calculated that if he married Ellen, she, the mother, could keep her at home as a boarder, at a high price, and thus ensure herself a good portion of the Lieutenant's salary. Her daughter's happiness was a secondary consideration to her greedy avarice, and heartless love of self-indulgence.

Thus passed two months, when one day the Lieutenant entered precipitately the private parlour of Mrs. Bolton; his face was flushed, and the expression of his countenance indicated some unusual conflict of feelings. He seated himself by his landlady, and after a few coughs and hems, gathered resolution to tell her, that he had just received orders to join his ship, which was, within the week, to sail for the Mediterranean.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Bolton, coldly.

"Yes, unfortunately for me, it is so," sighed the Lieutenant. After a long and painful pause, which Mrs. Bolton was too artful to interrupt, he continued—"It cannot have escaped your penetration, that I love your daughter; and if I do not greatly flatter myself, she is not insensible to my ardent attachment. I have, therefore, come to request that I may be permitted to correspond with Ellen during my absence, and to hope, that on my return, I shall receive your sanction for our union. I will then quit the navy, as my fortune will be sufficient to establish us in some eligible situation."

"Hem! ahem," ejaculated the wary mother, thoughtfully. "I will not deny, sir, that your appearance and conduct have won much on my favour, as well as that of my daughter; but I love Ellen too well, to allow her happiness to be trifled with. I cannot consent to a three years' engagement between you. You might change your mind, and she her fancy, fifty times in that long period. I know the world, and the fickleness of man's heart, at least. No, sir, I cannot consent to this correspondence. Ellen, as you well know, is very lovely, accomplished, and amiable; (the young man bowed, with his hand on his heart;) she will have good offers to marry, without trusting to time and sentimental promises. Besides, he who has my consent, must be prepared to marry the day after he offers himself; I hate long engagements. Mr. Bolton married me within a week after he popped the question, the surest sign of true-love, and a happy marriage."

"No love can be truer than mine," said Montgomery, again laying his hand on his heart, while he sighed profoundly; "and no lover can feel more impatient to obtain the object of his affections. But I cannot honourably leave the service till this voyage is over, nor would my father permit it."

"Well, sir, you feel bound to obey your father; Ellen must obey her mother. I cannot consent to the engagement on these terms."

"On what terms can I hope for your consent," asked Montgomery, anxiously.

"Ellen is my only child—her interest is interwoven with mine. I have spent large sums on her education, and passed many a sleepless night on her account; and I cannot, as I told you, trust to time and your promises. If you marry her at all, it must be before you sail."

"Marry her before I sail!" repeated the young man, in a tone of astonishment, mingled with pleasure, heaven knows it would give me the purest happiness. But how can it be accomplished? I have only two days to remain in New York. My father has sent for me to come home before I sail."

"Nothing is easier," said Mrs. Bolton, determined not to lose him; "I cannot, to be sure, make a wedding for Ellen, at such short notice; but you can take her to our minister's house to-morrow morning and be married. However, I shall not give my consent at all, unless you promise to board her with me, during your absence. She is young, and needs a mother's care."

To all this Mr. Montgomery readily subscribed, and having finished his negotiations with Mrs. Bolton, hastened to tell his sweet Ellen, that before he left, he hoped to embrace her as his wife. Mrs. Bolton hurried away to get the bridal robes in readiness for her daughter, and the bridal chamber prepared, laughing all the time in her sleeve at her skill in management.

"Now," said she to herself, "now I have made sure of a husband for my daughter, who can at least afford to pay well for her board. And I shall have a full house of boarders into the bargain; for the men care little whether a woman is married or not, if she is handsome, and her husband is absent. I shall have a good harvest."

Ellen Bolton's unexpected marriage made a great sensation in the boarding-house. The Miss Bitters looked bitterer than ever, as they declared it was too bad to marry in such a hurry: not only ridiculous, but indecorous. Mrs. Tattle frowned and said, "Perhaps a hasty marriage was necessary—no one knew how matters stood." Susan Dearborn sighed, and wished it had been herself, and her faithless Dutch beau, Mr. Zeitungschreiber; and Emma Comstock laughed, and protested she thought the whole affair very amusing. Mrs. Comstock only was calm, and rejoiced in Ellen's prospect of happiness. As for the single gentlemen, they would, one and all, have left the house, had not Mrs. Bolton used the precaution to tell them that her sweet Ellen would board at her house, as she felt so attached to the boarders, that she would be happy nowhere else; insinuating to each, individually, that "old love don't rust."

The bridal pair were not seen in the parlour, after they had pledged their solemn vows. They were too happy to wish to mingle in society, for the short time they had left for tender and confidential intercourse. But the parting hour came. Ellen wept like a child, and the manly heart of Charles Montgomery sunk within him, as he pressed his beautiful bride to his bosom, and bade her farewell.

(To be concluded in the next No.)

Written for the Lady's Book.

## RANDOM SKETCHES.

### No. II.

BY A POOR GENTLEMAN.

#### MY UNCLE JONATHAN;

OR,

"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING."

READER, you should have known Jonathan Doolittle, or as he was familiarly called by the children of the pleasant village of —, and your humble servant was of the number, "UNCLE JONATHAN." He was a rare specimen of a race now almost extinct in New England—the genuine old fashioned *Yankees*. Furnished by nature with a kind heart and a good head, he was thrust out upon the world at an early age, with scarcely any education, to sink or swim, as change or chance should determine. But he never made any calculations upon *sinking*. The eye of his spirit looked onward. "I guess," said Jonathan Doolittle, "I guess I'll make my fortune." 'Siah Golding made a handsome spec in the peddlin' line; and, to a smart interprisin' chap, like me, it certainly *does* offer purty considerable inducement." No sooner conceived than executed. The enterprising Yankee was soon on his way to the west, with a wagon well stored with the various "notions" of our village shopkeeper.

Fortune ever favours those who seek her smile aright, and loves to reward the toil of the industrious. In a few months Jonathan was

seen returning with light wagon, save the incumbrance of "feathers" and "rags," which was ever the staple of the return cargo of the "homeward bound" pedlar. His stay was short. He merely desired, as he said, to "fit out," and again he was on his route. Thus he continued for some years, until report spoke favourably of his successes, and the village matrons began to view him "with eyes full of" matrimony. "What a smart chance of a husband Mr. Doolittle *will* make. What a nice match for Deacon Jones' oldest gall, or for Sally Dollins." But little recked the subject of their discourse for their praise or censure. He was busied, not with thoughts of Margaret Jones or Miss Sally Dollins, but rather how he should make his wares acceptable to the fair Dutch girls of the Mohawk valley, and to their honest, but suspicious sires.

Years went by, and each succeeding one added to the fortunes of Jonathan Doolittle. Far, however, from being elated with his prospects, his success seemed only to fix more deeply his zeal and high determination. He had now reached the meridian of manhood, when, to the surprise of all who knew him, he suddenly made his appearance in —, and declared both his ability and determination of redeeming the "old homestead" and "settin' down." This was no difficult matter. Though the estate had passed through the hands of various proprietors, Jonathan easily became its purchaser, and with his elder sister (who had been long supported by his aid,) as female head of his establishment, he became from hence one of the most important and most respectable villagers of —.

Again was matrimonial speculation on the alert, and the comparative merits of Miss Margaret Jones and Miss Sally Dollins were daily discussed. Little, however, cared Jonathan: and whenever the names of either of the aforesaid ladies were mentioned to him, in such connexion, he very gravely added, that "they were raly smart galls, but he guessed aunt Polly and he could get along, without any assistance of the young 'uns." And so, at last, the village dames found, to their chagrin, Jonathan, with his somewhat venerable maiden sister, who had long received (and earlier than just) the familiar title above recorded, managed matters to the entire satisfaction of all. The little farm exchanged its exhausted aspect for that of fertility and beauty; while the ancient, but commodious mansion seemed once more to renew its youth.

Never did Jonathan appear disaffected with his situation, except when Giles Townsend offered the "*Red Lyon*" tavern for sale. Jonathan had, as he expressed it, "a nateral knack at tavern-keepin'—and from his knowledge of human nater, could intertain folks in jest the perlitest way imaginable." So thought his friends;—but Aunt Polly declared she had "a moral antipathy" to taverns—and her good-natured brother was forced to yield.

If there was one situation that seemed more peculiarly befitting than another to the talents of Jonathan Doolittle, it certainly was that of host. Polite by nature—for true politeness knows no rules of formal etiquette, and consists wholly in a desire to please—of cheerful, even

temperament, possessed of a large fund of merry anecdote, he was such a companion as one was loath to leave, and whose company was again willingly resought.

Though circumstances, the most obdurate of which was Aunt Polly, denied Jonathan the "*Red Lyon*," they could not deprive him of society. Aside from the villagers, some one or more of whom might be found every evening discussing the merits of a plentiful mug of cider by his cheerful fire, or when the season invited, seated with him upon the old piazza—not unfrequently were stranger guests present, to share his hospitality.

"His house was known to all the vagrant train," and the only reward required for his bounty was a patient listening to his marvellous "travels," and his disquisitions on "human nater." This was his strong hold. From his acquaintance with men, acquired in his migratory profession, he *had* learned much; nor is it to be marvelled if he supposed he had learned *all*. He had known trouble, and had subdued it; he had known men, and discovered some of their foibles: and he desired that all others should enjoy the benefits of what he deemed his great experience. Some there were—though few—who laughed at his common-place philosophy: better had it been for them had they rather sought to practise it.

Thus were affairs, when our young life began. "Uncle Jonathan," as he was now invariably called, was one of our most important villagers. Not a Sunday passed, but Uncle Jonathan might be seen in the pew beside the minister's. Not a "town-meeting" could be called, but he must be there to preside; not a purchase could be made, but Uncle Jonathan must be consulted for advice. He was gradually declining in the vale of years. Time had touched his locks with silvery hue. Yet cheerfulness marked every feature of his broad countenance, and he was more than ever the loved companion of the old and young, while his homely proverbs were in every one's mouth, familiar as household words. But to none was Uncle Jonathan a more welcome friend, than to the younger portion of the community. Children were his delight. He never knew the hurry of business that forbade him to loiter for a time, if any of his little friends were met. Not a holiday or Saturday afternoon was allowed to go by, without our visiting Uncle Jonathan. Nor was our visit unexpected. The old man was always in readiness for us, to live over again with us his boyish days, and to enliven with the cheerful tale; while the more venerable dame remembered our juvenile appetites from the rich supply of her larder.

But time sped away on gilded wing, as ever in childhood's years, and the auspicious morning arrived when I was to be sent away to school. I anticipated a visit from Uncle Jonathan; for never within my memory had any one left for a distant school, or to learn a trade, or to engage in any employment, without he called to give him his parting advice for his "settin' out." I was not disappointed: Uncle Jonathan came. The old man took his seat near the door, and for a time smoked his pipe in silent sadness. The departure of any of our

band, seemed to cause a void in his heart, and I had been somewhat of a favourite. I noticed his sadness, and confessed a similar grief—but youth is buoyant, and my attention was chiefly engrossed with the all-important preparations for departure. At last the pipe was laid by, a tear was brushed aside, and I saw that a speech was coming.

"Sam," said my Uncle Jonathan, for he was marvellously free from circumlocution, and had a peculiar way of coming at once at a person—"Sam! come here!" I was by his side in an instant, and his benevolent hand was on my head. "Sam," said my Uncle Jonathan again—"you're goin' away to school now, and must learn to take care of yourself. You will be a man soon, and it's high time you learnt something about human nater. Mankind is a curis animal—and you'll find them as talks and per-lavers smoothest, aint always them as *does* best. 'The proof of the puddin' is in the eatin'."

"When I was a boy, but little older than you, my feyther died, and prospects looked perty scowlin' afore me. But I made up my mind *to be a man*, come what would, and never give way to despair. One day, Jim Ross and Dick Lizer, who were both on 'em rich men's sons, were askin' me what I intended to do; and when I told 'em my plans, and how 'Siah Golding had made a decent livin' by peddlin', they laughed at me, and told me I'd better borrow a halter, and use it, for such a poor scamp was fit for nothing but a vagabond, and would certainly come to the gallows. I cried, when I got away from 'em, but kept my feelin's to myself, and determined they should see whether or no I'd come out o' the little eend o' the horn. Sam, the highest I ever come to a vagabond, was when I was returnin' from one of my peddlin' towers, and helped Jim Ross out of a ditch where he'd fell in a drunken fit: and the highest I ever come to the gallows, was when I tended Dick Lizer's hangin', two summer's arter. Thinks I, Sam, 'the proof of the puddin' is in the eatin'."

"Now, Sam, when you start in life, make up your mind right off *to be a man*. It aint of no avail whether you are goin' to be rich, or to have respectable friends, or not, and all that sort o' thing, unless you make up your mind *to do for yourself*. If you don't do for yourself, nobody else will: if you don't respect yourself, nobody else will respect you. Mankind is a curis animal, and always looks out for number one. So must you. Mankind is selfish: so must you be, so far as to endeavour to be independent of others. Keep an eye on the gun, and keep firin':—only see that you load right and fire straight. And don't be afeard what Tom, Dick, or Harry will say of this thing, or that thing. Any situation or circumstances is respectable, so long as it's only honest and right. Jest ask, whether God and your own conscience approves a thing, and go-ahead, and don't fear nobody. Good-by—God bless you. And always remember, Sam, 'the proof of the puddin' is in the eatin'.'"

Years rolled over my head, but neither my Uncle Jonathan or his honest counsels were forgotten. I had engaged in the active pursuits

of life, and seized the first opportunity which circumstances would allow—the first for many years—to visit my native village: and next my own loved home, no mansion was more joyfully sought than his. The old man and his worthy sister were still as cheerful, as kind as ever, though age was doing his work with both. A father could not give me a warmer welcome than did my Uncle Jonathan, or evince a livelier interest in my welfare. Nor was there less kindness in his parting advice and blessing.

I returned to the scene of my busy manhood, and embarked in the bustle and cares of life. But the memory of Uncle Jonathan was around me. It haunted me at every turn. Often, when about to embark in some new enterprise, some hazardous scheme, I have asked myself—how would my Uncle Jonathan act in such an emergency—and when despair settled on my spirit, at some unlooked-for disappointment, I have beheld his calm benignant eye regarding me—I have felt it's ray enter my breast, while I heard his cheering word of encouragement—*be a man*—and I have chased away the gloomy phantom.

Again, I was permitted to visit my natal soil. Time had wrought sad changes with our family. My parents had died in a distant land—my brothers were scattered—and a gloom was on my heart. Still, I felt a strange yearning for once more beholding my old familiar haunts, and gazing again on the friends of my childhood: nor was my dear old friend forgotten.

It was autumn, and as the carriage halted on the village green, and I alighted a stranger in my home, a pang of loneliness shot through my breast. After the usual salutation, my first inquiry was for Uncle Jonathan. Mine host shook his head mournfully. It was enough—I turned away for the little church-yard. Time had set many a melancholy seal there, since I last visited it. I passed by the resting-place of many familiar ones unheeded, nor stopped till I reached a humble grave at the farthest side of the enclosure. The simple stone told me all that I feared to know:

SACRED  
To the memory of  
MR. JONATHAN DOOLITTLE.  
Aged 81.  
Born, 17—.  
Died, 18—.

*"An honest man's the noblest work of God."*

By his side slumbered his aged and way-worn companion. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." I turned away, with an over-burdened and aching heart. As I retraced my steps, I passed by the old mansion. The stranger had been there—and the sorrowful night-wind, as it swept by in mournful gusts, told, in a language that my heart understood, that the joy of the village had departed. It was a dreary spot for me, and I rested not till the bustle of the city had revived me.

Farewell, old man! Thy name is linked with the earliest, the dearest associations of my heart! Thy life was like the flowing of a

pleasant stream! The prayer of the widow, the thanksgiving of the orphan, attest thy worth, and happy is he who shall merit, as thou dost, thy simple epitaph! E.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## TO MY AGED MOTHER.

BY J. B. RANSOM.

I DID love to behold the bright tear of affection  
Hang trembling and full from your dark pensive  
eye,  
For it looked like the beautiful rainbow's reflection,  
When spanning at sunset the easternmost sky.

And it was when each feature, lit up by emotion,  
Unalloyed by presumption, deception or art,  
That thy breast was revealing that ardent devo-  
tion,  
Which can only be found in a mother's warm  
heart.

Though to me the most lovely in every condition,  
When surrounded by gaiety, music and mirth—  
For I always discovered the same disposition—  
But in sorrow alone, did I learn your true worth.

Like the tints of the tulip, thy roses have van-  
ished—  
But winter and age chase such beauties away;  
Yet the tulip is sweetest when verdure has  
perished,  
And beauty's serenest in ringlets of gray.

When the rosebud has withered and lost all its  
brightness,  
Its fragrance unchanged will for ever remain,  
And although you have lost both your youth and  
your freshness,  
Still your heart doth its virtue and goodness re-  
tain.

Though 'tis nonsense to grieve at our common  
disasters,  
And foolish to fret about fashion or debt,  
Yet 'tis noble to weep for our kind benefactors—  
And our friends and our parents we ne'er should  
forget.

Then forgive the big tear, which in absence is gush-  
ing,  
O'er cheeks that in childhood you've often ca-  
ressed,  
And oh! pardon the sigh, which your boy is now  
breathing,  
To rest once again on his dear mother's breast.

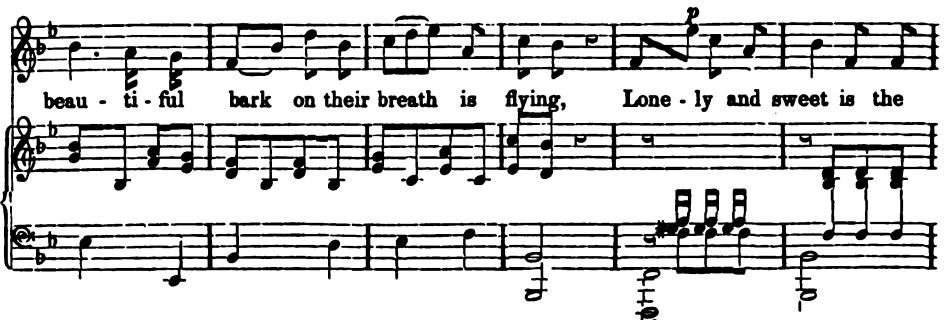
*Philadelphia.*

THE ancient city of Ninevah was 15 miles long by 9 wide, and 40 miles round, with walls 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast.—Babylon was 60 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 300 high, with 100 brazen gates.—The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 425 feet long and 200 broad, with 127 columns, 60 feet high, to support the roof. It was 220 years building.

# THE ROVER.

THE WORDS WRITTEN, AND THE MUSIC COMPOSED, EXPRESSLY FOR THE  
LADY'S BOOK,

AND PRESENTED TO MRS. S. J. HALE.





## II.

On the curl of the storm  
 My swift boat is careering,  
 And its shadowy form  
 Through the dark mist appearing;  
 Yet a firm hand, I ween,  
 On the slim rudder presses,  
 And the brow is serene  
 Which the dark wave caresses.

## III.

Mine ear meets no sound  
 Of earth's musical voices,  
 In the waters around,  
 And their song it rejoices;

In the whirring of wings,  
 When the sea-bird flies over,  
 There's a music that clings  
 To the heart of the Rover.

## IV.

Alone in the storm,  
 With no false friend beside me,  
 The world cannot harm,  
 Nor its cold ones deride me.  
 Thus, thus would I roam  
 With my tight bark beneath me,  
 The wide sea my home,  
 And its black wave to wreath me.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## TO \*\*\*\*.

## I.

I know not which I most admire,  
 Of all thy various charms,  
 Thine eye of dark and lustrous fire,  
 Or those white rounded arms—  
 Thy neck that vies with winter's snows,  
 Or cheek that reddens like the rose.

## II.

Thine is a peerless shape, my bird,  
 And light thy footstep falls;  
 And thy voice so sweet and bland is heard,  
 That I deem a seraph calls;—  
 And the love-curles fall in varied shapes  
 O'er thy neck, like a prairie vine of grapes.

## III.

Nature has given to thee the power,  
 The spell of olden days;  
 For whether it be in hall or bower,  
 Alike are thy claims to praise—  
 Peerless in both, the queen of the hour,  
 A fairy's form with a fairy's power.

## IV.

Though bright thy charms, sweet love of mine!  
 And perfect I deem thy form,  
 I worship less the clay of the shrine,  
 Than the spirit breathing and warm—  
 For thine is a bright and sparkling wit,  
 And thine is good sense controlling it.

WM. L.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### LINES TO THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

*Inscribed to the author's excellent friend  
Morton McMichael, Esq.*

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Why dost thou come at set of sun,  
Those pensive words to say?  
Why whip poor Will?—What has he done?—  
And who is Will, I pray?

Why come from yon deep-wooded hill,  
A suppliant at my door!  
Why ask of me to whip poor Will?  
And is Will really poor?

If poverty's his crime, let mirth  
From out his heart be driven:  
That is the deadliest sin on earth,  
And never is forgiven.

Art Will himself?—It must be so—  
I learn it from thy moan,  
For none can feel another's woe  
As deeply as his own.

Yet wherefore strain thy tiny throat,  
When other birds repose?  
What means thy melancholy note?  
Thy mystery disclose.

Still "whip-poor-will!"—Art thou a sprite  
From unknown regions sent  
To wander in the gloom of night,  
And ask for punishment?

Is thine a conscience sore beset  
With guilt?—or, what is worse,  
Hast thou, to meet writs, duns and debt,  
No money in thy purse?

If this be thy hard lot indeed,  
Ah, well may'st thou repine:  
The sympathy I give I need—  
The poet's doom is thine.

Art thou a lover, Will?—Hast proved  
The fairest can deceive?  
Thine is the lot of all who've loved  
Since Adam wedded Eve.

Hast trusted in a friend, and seen  
No friend was he in need?  
A common error—men still lean  
Upon as frail a reed.

Hast thou, in seeking wealth or fame,  
A crown of brambles won?  
Throughout the earth 'tis thus the same  
With every mother's son.

Hast found the world a Babel wide  
Where man to mammon stoops,  
Where flourish falsehood, pomp and pride,  
While modest merit droops?

What, none of these?—Then whence thy  
To guess it who's the skill?  
Pray have the  
Why I should

Dost merely ask thy just desert?

What, not another word!  
Back to the woods again, unhurt—  
I will not harm thee, bird;

But use thee gently—for my nerves,  
Like thine have penance done:  
"Treat every man as he deserves,  
Who shall 'scape whipping?"—None.

Farwell, poor Will.—Not valueless  
This lesson by thee given:  
"Keep thine own counsel, and confess  
Thyself alone to heaven."

New York, June 21, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE DESOLATE HALL.

BY THOMAS MILLER, (ENG.)

AUTHOR OF "A DAY IN THE WOODS," ETC. ETC.

A LONELY Hall upon a lonelier moor,—  
For many a mile no other dwelling near;  
Northward an ancient wood whose tall trees roar,  
When the loud winds their huge broad branches  
tear.

A large old Hall—a servant deaf and gray,  
On me in silence waits, throughout the dreary day.

Before my threshold waves the long white grass,  
That like a living desolation stands,  
Nodding its withered head whene'er I pass,  
The last sad heir of these broad barren lands,—  
The last within the old vault to repose;  
Then its dark marble door upon our race will close.

The whining wind sweeps o'er the matted floors,  
And makes a weary noise, a wailing moan;  
I hear all night the clap of broken doors,  
That on their rusty hinges grate and groan;  
And then loud voices seem to call behind  
The worn and wormy wainscot flapping in the wind.

Along the roof the dark moss thickly spreads,  
A dampness o'er the oaken-rafters throwing;  
A chilly moisture settles on the beds,  
Where lichens 'mid decay are slowly growing,  
Covering the curtains, and the damask eyes  
Of angels, there enwrought in rainbow-fading dyes.

The toothless mastiff bitch howls all night long,  
And in her kennel sleepeth all the day;  
I heard the old man say, "There's something wrong.  
She was not wont to yell, and howl that way,—  
There's something wrong. Oh! ill, and wo betide  
The Leech's hand by which my Lady Ellen died."

Sometimes I hear—or fancy—o'er my head  
A tramping noise—like that of human feet;  
In hollow high-heeled shoes they seem to tread,  
And to the sound of solemn music beat:  
Then with a crash the window-shutters close,  
Shaking the crazy walls, and breaking my repose.

The silver-moth within the wardrobe feeds;  
The unturned keys are rusted in the locks;  
Upon my hearth the brown mouse safely breeds;  
By the old fountain fearless sleeps the fox;  
The white owl in my chamber dreams all day,  
him away.

and he grows  
and dead;

Oh, how I shun the room in which she died,  
The books, the flowers, the harp she well could  
sound!

The flowers are dead, the books are thrown aside,  
The harp is mute, and dust has gathered round  
Her lovely drawings, covering o'er the chair,  
Where she so oft has sat, to braid her long brown hair.

What hollow gusts through broken casements  
stream,

Moving the ancient portraits on the wall;  
I see them stirring by the moon's pale beam,  
Their floating costumes seem to rise and fall;  
And as I come or go,—move where I will,  
'Their dull white deadly eyes, turning, pursue me  
still.

And when a dreamy slumber o'er me creeps,  
The old house-clock rings out its measured sound;  
I hear a warning in the march it keeps,—  
Anon the rusty vane turns round and round:  
These are sad tones! for desolation calls,  
And ruin loudly roars around my father's halls.

The fish-ponds now are mantled o'er with green,  
The rooks have left their old ancestral trees;  
Their silent nests are all that now is seen;  
No oxen low along the winding leas;  
No steed neighs out, no flocks bleat from the fold;  
Upland, and hill, and vale, are empty, brown, and  
cold.

And dance and song, within these walls have sounded,  
And breathing music rolled in dulcet strains;  
And lovely feet have o'er these gray stones bounded,  
In snowy kirtles and embroidered trains:  
Such things have been, and now are gliding past,  
And then, our race is done:—I live, and die,—the  
last!

### EDITOR'S TABLE.

Who can talk of green fields, when the sun is pouring down scorching rays that seem to emanate from Nebuchadnezzar's furnace? or dream of purling streams, when fainting for ice-water? It is too laborious an occupation, to write the Table for our Book, when the thermometer stands, day after day, at 96° in the shade. So we will open our port-folio. Here are two letters, called forth from our correspondents, by a dissertation on the difficulties of forming matrimonial connexions, which appeared in our May number. Reader, if it is not too warm, you had better look up that number and read the article—the first one, over the signature of "Cœlebs." You will then be better able to appreciate these answers. The first is from a matron, as the style of thought will indicate.

"Mrs. Hale and Miss Leslie,

"I too, am a reader of the Lady's Book. Among many exceedingly interesting articles, I was very happy to see the one signed 'Cœlebs.' I am, however, not able to discover the difficulty in the subject to which he has referred. Gentlemen have ways of becoming acquainted with each other. A respectable bachelor, if he has any address, could gain an ordinary invitation to call from any man. Being introduced to his lady, if he pays her the compliment to treat her as a reasonable, intelligent being, the invitation would be likely to be renewed. Having an acquaintance with the sources from which the daughter has received her most important impressions, the bachelor stands in the position of any other friend—at liberty to continue the acquaintance in the family, or to discontinue it. If a gentleman considers a wife worth any pains to gain, he certainly could not take a step more per-

fectly honourable, than allowing the best friends of a lady an opportunity of knowing him. Perhaps, I have underrated the difficulty of an introduction, and perhaps feel over-careful, as a mother. Of this I am confident, that whoever, one of these years, gains my daughter with my consent, will first treat me as if I had an interest in the case. A gentleman could not recommend himself more highly, than by wishing to know how a young lady fulfilled the duties of her present relationships. An undutiful daughter, or an unkind sister, could never be a good wife. IOLA."

\* \* \* \* \*

Here is a second epistle from a young and amiable lady, we opine: and if "Cœlebs" is still in that state of waiting and watching for opportunities, which he so pathetically describes, he has now an opportunity of speaking out.

"May 7th, 1838.

"To MRS. HALE,

"Dear Madam,—The hope which you have expressed, 'that some of your readers would be inclined to reply to the letter of Cœlebs,' has induced me to suppose, that you did not think it would be improper for a modest female to give it a candid and ingenuous answer. If I should be mistaken in this supposition, you will please to destroy it without insertion; for I would not wish to have any reflection cast upon a single page of the beautiful 'Book,' which has afforded me so many hours of the purest pleasure, and from which I have also derived so much useful information.

"I have often thought of the unfortunate state of which 'Cœlebs' speaks, and regretted that there could not be some way devised, to remedy an evil which is certainly prevailing to an alarming extent. In the circle of my own acquaintance (which, though not extensive, is sufficiently large for observation,) I have often noticed that those whose characters shone brightest and fairest, in the domestic circle, (the very place for woman to shine in,) have been left, 'to fold their hands in single-blessedness,' while the gay and trifling votaries of fashion and frivolity, have been selected in preference to them, to sustain or sink the high and holy character of a wife.

"I know not how to account for this infatuation. I do not think it is owing to want of discernment on the part of the gentlemen; yet, I have known many very discerning and talented men, united to women who were (in my humble opinion) destitute of every qualification requisite for 'making the humblest hearth, lovely to but one on earth.' In short, who were fit for nothing but to flutter for a brief period in fashion's airy round, and then torment their worthy partners for the rest of their lives. If this is owing, as Cœlebs has suggested, to 'accident, or the caprices of fashion, the want of acquaintances, or the means of making them,' I really think that the ladies ought to set themselves seriously to work to remove these evils. For woman, with her unshrinking perseverance, her untiring patience, fortitude and hope, can accomplish almost any thing which she undertakes.

"I sincerely wish with Cœlebs, 'that a little more latitude might be allowed in the conventional rules of society,' without giving rise to so much silly gossip as prevails at the present day. For instance, if a young gentleman is seen conversing for any length of time with a young lady; if he discovers in her a congeniality of taste, feeling, and sentiment, and their countenances express the mutual pleasure which the discovery of a kindred mind always produces; report instantly affiances them to



one another; the news spreads like wildfire; and before the parties themselves have ever bestowed a thought upon the subject, the wedding-day is fixed, and all the necessary preliminaries settled, at least in the public mind.

"I think it is in a great measure owing to this state of things, 'that so many unsuitable and unhappy alliances' are formed. If the sexes were allowed more social intercourse, without the fear of becoming a by-word among their companions, they would have better opportunities of understanding the characters of all in their immediate circle of acquaintance; and consequently a wider range for selection would be presented, whenever they were inclined to enter the matrimonial state. Another reason for the frequency of 'ill-assorted matches,' and one where the fault lies wholly with the ladies, is the little attention which is paid to the cultivation of their minds, in proportion to that bestowed upon those accomplishments which are merely ornamental. If our young ladies would devote part of the time usually spent in obtaining these, in storing their minds with useful knowledge; so that they may become intelligent and agreeable companions, instead of an amusing toy or plaything—if they would devote part of the time which is usually wasted in adorning their persons, in adorning their minds with all those meek and gentle graces which are necessary to enable them to bear with sweetness the varied trials of the married life—we should not so often hear complaints of unsuitable or unhappy alliances. Would our young gentlemen ever be compelled, as a dernier resort, to apply to the public papers, in the almost forlorn hope of finding through this medium a refined, intelligent, and cultivated companion?"

"Oh! when will woman learn to exert aright the high and incomparable powers with which a wise Providence has seen fit to endow her? When will she learn to cast aside the trammels which have hitherto fettered her genius and cramped her intellect, and appear to the world the bright and gifted being which she in reality is—destined to impart happiness and peace wherever she goes?"

"I have been led to make the foregoing remarks, in the hope that they may be in some degree useful to some of my misguided sex; I will now briefly state my own pretensions. I am twenty-six years of age; of good family and respectable connexions; very plain in my person, 'but not decidedly ugly'; neither above, nor below the middling height; well-formed; and possessed of *no fortune at all*. My education has not been neglected, at least, as far as books and the most important branches of housewifery are concerned; but I am entirely destitute of accomplishments; that is, I can neither waltz, sing, play, nor draw. My habits, from my earliest childhood, have been decidedly religious, but my religion is that of nature; that is, I am an enthusiastic admirer of nature, and delight to worship the great Creator of the universe through the medium of his works. My disposition is naturally good, and my feelings warm and affectionate, with a little spice of the romantic, and a great deal of hope in my composition; but nothing of a sickly sentimentalism. My health and constitution are both naturally good; and I have no objection to the matrimonial state, provided I can find a suitable partner.

"Yours respectfully, ANNA."

We have a large number of books, very good ones too, on our Table, but we cannot do them justice this month. Here is one, however, which we must no longer neglect.

"*The Moral Instructor*," by Miss Catharine

Beecher, is a work that we wish to commend, especially to our own sex. It is designed for "Schools and Families," and contains "Lessons on the Duties of Life, arranged for daily study and recitation." Miss Beecher was, for several years, a very successful instructor of female youth—she has devoted much time and thought to the subject of education, and we are glad to see that she is devoting her great talents to the cause of moral improvement. This is the true field for woman. The pious St. Augustine characterized women as the "devout sex"—and no one we think will deny, that of the professed followers of the Saviour, much the larger part are women. Some may ascribe this tendency to religion, to the secluded life of woman; her fewer temptations to evil than beset the other sex. That her position in society does preserve her from some temptations, we do not doubt—but we think her aptitude for moral instruction is innate—that she has, phrenologically speaking, a better moral organization than man. He has physical superiority; woman excels him in moral powers. Hence, we believe that female influence is to have such a very important part in the moral improvement of society. And the work now before us, is an evidence how well an educated and pious woman can prepare manuals of moral instruction. We hope every mother of a family will study this work—and that female teachers will take care to introduce it into the places of instruction where they preside.

The book has some faults of style, which may be amended; and a few phrases might advantageously be omitted, or altered in the next edition; but the principles inculcated are sound, pure, and scriptural—not sectarian; and the familiar illustrations are very interesting.

"*Ellen Clifford*," and "*The Palfreys*," are the titles of two neat looking volumes, just published by Messrs. Tompkins & Musey, Boston. The first is a good temperance story, and the second a pleasant domestic tale. The author has succeeded in making the books what they should be for the young—entertaining as well as instructive.

#### DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

##### Evening Dresses.

Fig. 1. Dress of tulle over white satin. Corsage à *pointe*, with three seams in front, each seam ornamented with a wreath of small flowers (see plate.) Sleeves short and tight, in small flat folds or plaits, but without any gathers whatever; the bottom of the sleeve finished with a wide fall of tulle, in style of a ruffle, but of an equal depth all round, and set on in even plaits. The skirt of the dress is ornamented with a deep flounce, headed by a puffed trimming of alternately white and coloured gauze; a smaller trimming of the same description goes round the sleeve and bosom of the dress, and makes a pretty finish to a *guimpe*, which is worn inside the corsage (see plate.) Hair, in *nattes à la Clotilde*, coming very low at each side of the face: the braid at back, retains *barbes* or lappets of blonde, which, falling low, give much grace to the figure. A full wreath of roses and drooping flowers crosses the head, and descends quite low at the left side. Half-long white kid gloves, trimmed at the top with a *ruche* of tulle. White satin shoes.

Fig. 2. Dress of crape over satin. Corsage à *pointe*, front and back. A wreath of flowers supplies the place of the gauze trimming on the other dress. In all other respects the toilette is similar to the one just described.





*Fashions for September 1838.*

SEPTEMBER, 1891

CHAPTER IV.

THE MARRIAGE HOUSE.

THE MARRIAGE HOUSE.

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"What a beautiful day!" said Ellen, looking out of the window. "The sun is shining, and the birds are singing. I wish I could go out for a walk."

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say that Charles Montgomery was worse than other men. I know they are all vile and Antinous. Haven't you seen Mr. C—— a hundred times leave his wife in her room, and come to the parlour and sit at her feet, or flirt with you and the other young ladies? Have you not heard of thousands of married men in this city, who go to church they ought to despise? and have I not experienced the same fate myself? Yes, kind and attentive as your father was to me, and many years older, too, I found out that he never left me at home taking care of you, and was spending his evenings with a woman who was a waste of her days. Now we would not make the best of it, but we need not worry ourselves to death, or give up society to that account. The best way is to enjoy ourselves, and take our flirt as we can. I know that Montgomery will seek his pleasure, and not care for the consequences. Out of sight, out of mind, is a good rule to follow, especially with women. Men who follow the sea, leave wives at every port. Flirting is no better than others of the same tenor."

This awful insinuation had its intended effect. Ellen was naturally of an open, trusting temper, and amidst dissimulation and bad example, the daughter would doubt

check, and not refuse to be threatened. "You wish me to marry him?" said poor Ellen, weeping aloud. "Stop making such a fuss, child," replied the mother, soothingly. "I did not mean to

mined to check the natural grief of the young wife at the departure of her husband, even at the expense of her faith in his love and constancy. Ellen felt the sarcasms of her mother deeply, and for a moment resentfully. Then came the thought—"She does know best—she knows the disposition and character of men much better than I do. Oh! why did she allow me to marry?—to promise to love and honour one who deserves not my confidence? But I will not be made a dupe." Then after a long





*Fashions for September 1838.*

# THE LADY'S BOOK.

SIXTEENTH EDITION.

Written for THE LADY'S BOOK.

## THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

A NOVEL IN THREE VOLUMES.

### CHAPTER III.

(Continued from page 30.)

"But that there, now, that your bright eyes," said Mrs. Bolton, to the sister of her daughter, "must not be so near after. Montgomery had no dinner, and, with your leave, it is not dinner time."

"I shall not go down to dinner, ma'—nor do I want to see any body while Charles is absent," said the young lady, weeping afresh.

"What nonsense—the gentlemen all wish to see you. So you must come down to dinner."

"Indeed, ma', I cannot. Charles desired me to remain till he came back."

"No, ma'!" rejoined the mercenary mother.

"Well, I can tell you I will not leave him alone."

"How he think you are going to be shut out of your chamber while he is here?"

"I shall not consent to such a thing."

"I do not wish to see the gentleman," said Ellen, "I know how thoughtless I have been."

"You must not be so prudent," said Charles, "a woman's reputation often suffers from a want of discretion."

"I am not a woman," said Ellen, "I am a girl."

"You are a boarding-house every day," said Mrs. Bolton, "and you are a woman."

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"I am not," said Ellen, "I am a girl."

"You are a boarding-house every day," said Mrs. Bolton, "and you are a woman."

say that Charles Montgomery was worse than other men. I know they are all idle and faithless. Haven't you seen Mr. C—a handsome fellow, have him who in her room, and later to the parish and make love, or flirt with you and the other young ladies? Have you not heard of thousands of married men in this city, who go to places they ought to despise? and have I not experienced the same for myself? Yes, kind and attentive as your father was to her, and many years older, too, I found out that he often left me at home taking care of you, and sleeping in his bed, while he was passing his evenings with a woman who was a shame to her sex. Now we women cannot make the men good, but we need not worry ourselves to death, or give up society on that account. The best way is to enjoy ourselves, and take comfort as we can. I know that Montgomery will seek his pleasure, yet more in the same. Out of sight, out of mind, is an old and true maxim, especially with sailors. Men who follow the sea, have wives in every port—Montgomery is no better than others of his fraternity."

This serious imputation had its intended effect. Ellen was naturally of an open, trusting temper, and amiable disposition; and had her mother been a woman of good principles and prudent examples, the daughter would doubtless have become, if not a very intelligent woman, at least a most affectionate and devoted wife. But alas! for poor Ellen. Her mother, in her anxiety to make a fortune, never reflected that she was sacrificing her only child to the love of gain. Mrs. Bolton knew that Ellen's appearance at table might make her house more attractive to gentlemen; and she determined to check the natural grief of the young wife at the departure of her husband, even at the expense of her faith in his love and constancy. Ellen felt the sarcasms of her mother deeply, and for a moment resentfully. Then came the thought—"She does know best—she knows the disposition and character of men much better than I do. Oh! why did she allow me to marry!—to promise to love and honour one who deserves not my confidence? But I will not be made a dupe." Then after a long





*Fashions for September 1838.*

# THE LADY'S BOOK.

SEPTEMBER, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER III.

(Concluded from page 89.)

"Don't sit there, spoiling your bright eyes," said Mrs. Bolton, as she entered her daughter's apartment an hour after Montgomery had departed. "Come, wipe your tears off; it is almost dinner time."

"I shall not go down to dinner, ma'—nor do I wish to see any body while Charles is absent," said the young bride, weeping afresh.

"Pho! nonsense—the gentlemen all wish to see you. So you must come down to dinner."

"Indeed, ma', I cannot. Charles desired me to live retired till he came back."

"Did he?" rejoined the heartless mother, with a sneer. "Well, I can tell you it will not be so. Does he think you are going to be shut up like a prisoner in your chamber while he is gone? Hang him! I shan't consent to such doings!"

"But, ma', I do not wish to see the gentlemen. You know how thoughtless I have been; but I intend now to be prudent; and Charles says that a woman's reputation often suffers from scandal, if she mixes too much in society while her husband is absent; and moreover, that at a boarding-house every eye is on an unprotected woman."

"Did he say so?" cried Mrs. Bolton, fiercely, fearing her management was about to suffer a check, and her avarice to be thwarted—"I tell you, Ellen, that I know best. He is jealous, and wants to have you sit in a corner and be moped these three years, while he will run all over the world, courting every woman he meets. I am your mother, and I tell you I know what he is."

"If you thought so ill of him, ma', why did you wish me to marry him?" said poor Ellen, weeping aloud.

"Stop making such a fuss, child," replied the mother, soothingly. "I did not mean to

say that Charles Montgomery was worse than other men; I know they are all vile and faithless. Hav'n't you seen Mr. C—— a hundred times, leave his wife in her room, and come to the parlour and make love, or flirt with you and the other young ladies? Have you not heard of thousands of married men in this city, who go to places they ought to despise! and have I not experienced the same fate myself? Yes, kind and attentive as your father was to me, and many years older, too, I found out that he often left me at home taking care of you, and weeping in loneliness, while he was passing his evenings with a woman who was a shame to her sex. Now we women cannot make the men good, but we need not worry ourselves to death, or give up society on that account. The best way is to enjoy ourselves, and take comfort as we can. I know that Montgomery will seek his pleasures, you must do the same. 'Out of sight, out of mind,' is an old and true maxim, especially with sailors. Men who follow the sea, have wives in every port—Montgomery is no better than others of his fraternity."

This artful insinuation had its intended effect. Ellen was naturally of an open, trusting temper, and amiable disposition; and had her mother been a woman of good principles and prudent examples, the daughter would doubtless have become, if not a very intelligent woman, at least a most affectionate and devoted wife. But alas! for poor Ellen. Her mother, in her anxiety to make a fortune, never reflected that she was sacrificing her only child to the love of gain. Mrs. Bolton knew that Ellen's appearance at table would make her house more attractive to gentlemen; and she determined to check the natural grief of the young wife at the departure of her husband, even at the expense of her faith in his love and constancy. Ellen felt the sarcasms of her mother deeply, and for a moment resentfully. Then came the thought—"She does know best—she knows the disposition and character of men much better than I do. Oh! why did she allow me to marry!—to promise to love and honour one who deserves not my confidence? But I will not be made a dupe." Then after a long



weeping fit, which her mother was too artful to interrupt, Ellen suddenly dashed off her tears, exclaiming in a tone of bitter anguish, "Well, if Charles can so lightly forget me, I won't break my heart about him; I am not such a fool as to sit moping here while he is dashing all over the world."

"That's right, my dear child," said Mrs. Bolton, exultingly. "Now I see you have a spark of your mother's spirit. I could once have died of grief for a man's inconstancy, (here she thought of poor Mr. Williams,) but I had too much of womanly pride to show my disappointment; and so in less than four-and-twenty hours I was calm as a saint, and cheerful as a land-lady ought always to be. Come, my dear Ellen, don't waste another minute. Bathe your cheeks in this fresh water, and they will look like roses fresh from a morning shower. I never saw you look more beautiful in my life. Come down to dinner, and you will charm all the gentlemen. Come!"

Ellen took her mother's advice. What girl of fifteen, educated as she had been, would have done otherwise! She dressed herself with sedulous care, and though she blushed deeply on entering the dining-room, yet the congratulations of the gentlemen, and their evident pleasure in again seeing her at table, soon reconciled her to the step she had taken. She laughed and chatted gaily as ever, and entered into the plan the gentlemen proposed of celebrating her return. They ordered Madeira and Champagne; all the ladies were invited to join; the health of the beautiful Mrs. Montgomery was drank with loud cheers, and the day of Lieutenant Montgomery's departure seemed rather a day of rejoicing than regret to his lovely bride, and quite a jubilee to all the gentlemen boarders.

Mrs. Bolton rubbed her hands, in ecstasy, as she re-entered her own room. "A dozen of Madeira and two dozen of Champagne!" she exclaimed, exultingly—"a good beginning: Did ever woman manage like myself?" But, although Mrs. Bolton rejoiced, it was soon evident that all was not right. The gentlemen, to be sure, loudly expressed their admiration of the young and lovely bride—but then they declared, among themselves, that they would not, for the world, be in Montgomery's place. The ladies put their heads together very solemnly, and whispered mysterious things; the waiters grinned and looked slyly at each other; and even the charitable Mrs. Comstock shook her head disapprovingly, after she returned to her own apartment, and said, "poor Ellen! poor Charles!"

"Why do you pity them, mother?" said Emma Comstock, carelessly. "They seemed very happy, and I am sure that they love each other."

"I have no doubt that Mr. Montgomery loves Ellen," replied the mother. "But do you think, Emma, that a young wife can love her husband as she ought to do, if she sits down a few hours after his departure on a long voyage, and trifles, flirts, and receives adulation from other men? I would not insure such a woman's affection, nor even her virtue."

"I am sure Ellen wept most bitterly, for an

hour after her husband's departure. I heard her myself; you know our rooms join, and that neither of us ever moves but the other hears it. Well, I heard Ellen weeping and sobbing, till just before dinner, Mrs. Bolton came into her daughter's room and scolded her, saying that she should wipe her tears and go down to dinner. Ellen, at first, declared she would not go, that she did not wish to see any body, and that Charles had told her to live retired, during his absence. I wish you could have heard Mrs. Bolton rave; she declared that Montgomery was jealous, that he would flirt with every woman he met; and she advised Ellen to enjoy herself all she could while he was gone. I cannot repeat all she said; but she worked Ellen's mind up to a perfect belief in her opinion of the men, and especially of Charles, till the poor girl resolved to be as gay as ever. But then it is all her mother's fault."

"Yes, it is all Mrs. Bolton's fault," repeated Mrs. Comstock, sorrowfully. "She will be the ruin of her own child, and probably also destroy the happiness of that fine young man she was so anxious to obtain as a son-in-law. And all from the meanest, most mercenary motives. If Ellen's mother was a conscientious woman, and of good example, I have no doubt that the daughter would be as amiable and excellent as she is lovely and fascinating. But Mrs. Bolton worships money, and is resolved at any sacrifice of character, to obtain the favours of her golden god—she is also a vain woman, and delights to see her daughter's beauty excite admiration. These things will work their ruin. Their conduct to-day at the table was so improper, that though I do regret to be obliged to take a step which may accelerate the catastrophe of poor Ellen, yet we must leave the house."

"I must acknowledge, dear mother," said Emma reluctantly, "that you are right. I felt, while at dinner, ashamed and mortified, almost degraded, by witnessing the levity of Mrs. Bolton and Ellen. Why, even the faithless Dutchman, Mr. Van Zeitungschreiber, who attempted a flirtation with me, and actually made poor Susan Dearborn believe him her true lover, was so incensed at the conduct of the gentlemen who encouraged Mrs. Bolton's folly, that when it was proposed to drink the health of Mrs. Montgomery, he said to me in a low tone of indignation, "No—dunder and blixten if I do!"—and rose abruptly and left the table."

"I saw him retire, and believe me, Emma, the other gentlemen no more approved the proceedings than did your honest mynheer. Though men are often fascinated by external beauty, and gather round the gay belle, like butterflies around a flower, yet in their hearts they despise those females whose only aim is to shine and excite universal admiration. There is a love of virtue implanted by nature in the hearts of all men; and even the most profligate will not insult a woman who always conducts herself with modesty and propriety; but let her deviate the least from the right way, and he will not hesitate to employ every artifice to hasten her ruin. That this is very wrong and highly criminal, no christian can doubt; for though men claim the license of sin for their

sex, the Gospel of the Saviour makes no such distinction. To be pure in heart and blameless in conduct, is, in the sight of God, as much the duty of man as of woman. Nor till those who profess to be Christians shall in earnest set about this thorough reform, will there be much improvement in our morality. We constantly lament that the world is so wicked, but it is ourselves that make it so. Were all men and women good, the world would be a safe and pleasant road to heaven."

"So I have often thought," remarked Emma, gravely. "I am conscious that I often do wrong, though I really wish I could avoid it. But then I see so many queer and really bad things among the people that surround us here, that I cannot always be guarded against the example."

"True, Emma," said Mrs. Comstock, "it is hard to keep ourselves unspotted from the vices of those with whom we daily associate. Still, it is a want of true integrity and resolute virtue that causes this bias to evil. But a person of determined character, who really has the fear of God before her, will, however, keep herself as much as possible from temptation, from the society of those who are lax in principle and faulty in conduct; and the errors of others will serve as a lesson to herself. Be cautious, my child. God has been pleased to endow you with an amiable disposition and a sound understanding. Always ask yourself if your thoughts and conduct are such as He can approve and bless. There is no *agis* like keeping God always before our eyes. Let the world say what it will, the law of God and the testimony of a good conscience are the true monitors we ought to heed."

"And yet, my dear mother," replied Emma, "we do need human examples to copy. I wish you would tell me how it is that you always understand what is right to be done, and what to avoid."

"You overrate the importance of my example, Emma. But I will give you a sketch of myself, not to boast, for a Christian, however good, finds to her sorrow, that after all her watchfulness she is very imperfect. But I do it to convince you that it is possible for us to act and live, as it were, in the presence of our Creator, Benefactor, and Judge—and that such belief is the true talisman to preserve us from evil. I have been told that from infancy I was a gay, lively creature, but had a tender heart and reflecting mind. Your grandmother was a pious woman, exceedingly particular in her conversation and example. She took great pains to impress my mind with a sense of God's presence—that He was always about our bed and about our path, that He took pleasure in seeing us do right, but was grieved when we did wrong. Being naturally very active and playful as I grew into childhood, I was often tempted to mischievous acts on account of the amusement I gave my companions; still I recollect how often I was checked in my follies and frolics by the thought that God saw me. And yet you must not think that this belief made me sad. It did, to be sure, arrest my thoughtless wildness; but how often has the thought, that God was watching over me, been

peace and sweet joy to my mind. When I awoke at the dark hour of midnight I felt that He was near, and I was not afraid of any danger; and when I was employed in my studies and tasks, I reflected that He would be sure to reward me with his love and approbation, though my teacher might not commend me.

"Thus passed my childhood and early youth, and when I began to mingle in scenes of fashionable gaiety, still the felt presence of the Almighty was my mentor. The virtues which my good mother had most laboured to instil into my heart were a sacred regard to truth, and the love of excellence in others. I can truly say that of the sins of envy and detraction I have not been guilty. I have always rejoiced to see others in the possession of advantages and pleasures—to look on beauty in my own sex makes me glad—for the possessor of talents and genius I feel an attachment which binds me like a kindred tie, while for those who excel in goodness, I entertain a respect, a reverence, combined with a sentiment of exultation at the ennobling of our common nature, which makes me rejoice that God has worshippers more worthy and perfect than myself. These sentiments and feelings make me look on the bright side of every character and occurrence, they keep my heart young and my disposition kind. You know I never speak ill of any one, or deny worth even to those who have unkindly treated me."

"No, dear mother, I have often wondered how you could be so patient and forgiving as you are."

"Patience and charity, my daughter, are virtues inseparable from the true Christian character. But these inestimable gifts are often misunderstood. Indifference and indolence are often taken for patience, and a dull temperament for charity. Believe me, those who are never moved to enthusiasm of feeling on any occasion, are as little moved to do good as evil. They who go through life without ever having disapproved of vice, however correct their own deportment may have been, have done but half their duty. The Saviour, who was our true pattern of meekness, charity and patience, was often moved to warm exhortations and severe rebukes of sin and sinners; which shows us that those who are lukewarm when they ought to be in earnest, are not followers of his example."

"I know, mother, that you are always animated in your defence of the absent from slander, and that you often speak very plainly to tale-bearers and satirists," said Emma, eagerly.

"It is a duty we owe to every person who is not notoriously a bad character, or, from our own knowledge, vicious, to defend him or her from the attacks of slander. We all have faults and weaknesses, and would be unwilling to have these exaggerated and ridiculed by those who associate with us as friends or intimate acquaintances. We should do as we would be done by. Remember this always, my dear child, when you hear an absent person calumniated or satirized, defend the injured if you can speak with propriety, but at least show your disapprobation of the heartless proceeding by your manner; and in a mixed company, if you cannot say any good of the absent who are

named, be silent on the subject of their faults."

Emma kissed her mother, and promised to remember her advice. She then retired to her own room to write down the conversation in her journal, that she might the better impress the lesson on her memory. And a very good plan it is, for every young lady to keep a journal. When Emma Comstock had finished her notes, she entered the following memorandum;—"Reflected for some time on the conduct of Ellen Montgomery—What will be her fate?—Would that I could look over the page of futurity for the next three years, and see the result of her husband's return."

Ah, how soon the leaves of fate are unrolled! Three years that in prospect seem like an eternity to young hearts, melt away like the morning mist from the mountain's brow; and often, like that vanished mist, reveal only a scene of desolation or gloom.

It was a cheerless night, somewhat more than three years from the time of the gay dinner-party, which celebrated Lieutenant Montgomery's departure from the home of his young bride; the rain poured in torrents, and it was past eleven. No wonder that Mrs. Bolton declared that none but a watchman or a thief would venture out on such a night; that there was no fear Charles Montgomery would arrive, and that Ellen, to keep up her spirits while disappointed of seeing him, must go down to supper.

"But he may come," persisted Ellen. "You know Mr. Alden says, the ship arrived at Norfolk three days ago; and Charles will come as soon as possible; and he must not find me among our noisy boarders."

"Tush! child. How prudish you grow all at once. You have been at these noisy suppers every week these two years."

Yes; and I regret it now it is too late. Oh, what will Charles say if he finds it out! How I do wish I had followed Mrs. Comstock's advice, and left the house with her!"

"You mean spirited creature! Do you wish you had joined with your mother's worst enemy? If Mrs. Comstock and her daughter had remained, all the other ladies would, and we should still have had a respectable house. But that prudish woman must turn up her eyes like a Methodist because you came down to dinner the day Charles sailed; and so she must lecture me on the impropriety forsooth. I answered her sharply, as such impudence deserved; and she immediately left the house in a passion."

"Oh no; not in a passion, mother. How calmly and sweetly she talked!"

"Don't tell me of her sweetness. Such pretended goodness is all hypocrisy. Don't I know that she hated me, and went away to ruin my house! And the Miss Bitters went to spite you, because you had got a handsome husband; and the other ladies followed, because they all wanted to scandalize us; and I was obliged to take such boarders as I could get. No ladies of good character would come, and bad women I would not take. Bad men are often very good boarders, at least they pay well, and with such I have made money. And what if Charles does find fault! He can't help himself; you are his wife, and there is nothing against your character."

"I wish I could think so, mother," said Ellen, sighing, "but I fear there are bad reports about me. You know that Mrs. Comstock has always kindly noticed me when we have met in the street, and so did Emma, till lately. Now, she won't return my bow; and yesterday Mrs. Comstock looked sorrowfully on me, as I saluted her, and never even bent her head. She must believe me to be vile."

"Oh! it is all pride. You know Emma is about to marry Captain Sorrell, and he holds a higher rank than Charles. That is all."

"No, mother, it is not all. And then she that was Susan Dearborn, Mrs. Zeitungschreiber, does not notice me lately; and you know she sent me a card when she was married. I fear her husband thinks it will injure her character to associate with me."

"The Dutch booby! What does he know of character? All that he values is money and good living. I tell you, Ellen, you are nervous to-night. You shall go down to supper. We have a choice bit of tongue, some superb oysters, and an omelet that would make a feast for an epicure. And the wine will do your heart good. You shall come."

And Ellen went. She had, at first, been loath to frequent the supper-parties which the gentlemen-boarders very frequently ordered. But her mother insisted on her presence; and the good cheer, and the gay conversation had proved too agreeable temptations to be long withstood. By degrees, Ellen indulged in the rich viands and the luscious wines as freely as her mother; and though the last step in infamy had not been taken, yet her heart was polluted with vile images and thoughts, which the free conversation of the gentlemen and her mother could not but awaken.

It was twelve o'clock, and the mirth of the party was loud and boisterous, when suddenly the bell of the street-door rang violently.

"Go, John—run—but do not let any one in to-night on your life," said Mrs. Bolton.

"It is Charles!" exclaimed Ellen wildly, starting up, though hardly able to stand, with her wine-glass in her hand.

"It is the Pope of Rome as much," said Mrs. Bolton. "Sit down, you little dunce, and be quiet, it is not Charles."

While she spoke a struggling was heard in the hall—a loud and peremptory voice, bidding the waiter stand aside—the door was flung suddenly open, and Lieutenant Montgomery stood in the same apartment where he had first beheld the young and lovely girl he had made his bride.

With a wild scream, Ellen sprang towards him, and calling him her husband, her "dear, dear Charles!" she flung her arms around his neck. If he had intended to repel her embrace, no opportunity had been allowed him; and while she held her cheek pressed to his, he staggered rather than walked to the sofa, and throwing himself down, he unclasped her hands from his neck, and held her with a firm grasp, at some distance, while with a stern, steady gaze he perused each feature of her face, "as he would draw it." Poor Ellen! She was in a sad plight to endure such a scrutiny. Besides the natural alteration which three years would

cause, while the gay, graceful girl was attaining the graver style of countenance which the woman usually assumes, she had accelerated the period of *enbonpoint* by excess in living. In common parlance, Ellen had grown fat! The soft carnation tint, which looked so beautiful when her husband imprinted his farewell kiss on her fair, young cheek, had deepened and spread, till under the influence of wine and the excitement of the moment, her whole face looked as red as a piony. Those dark, loving eyes, whose dewy glance had often been the star of his hope, while he struggled with the fierce tempest, or kept his solitary watch, surrounded by the dark rolling waves of a stormy sea, now opened upon him with a stare of surprise, fear and shame. The rose-bud mouth, that had always seemed wreathed in smiles at his approach, was now open, and distorted by a hysterical grin; while from the lips, that in his fancy had been sweet as the perfumes of Araby the Blest, came the nauseous effluvia of the wine-cup.

It was too much for the temper of a young, ardent, sensitive and rather romantic husband to endure. Charles Montgomery relinquished, with a sudden motion, the hands of his wife, sprang to his feet, and said in a deep, hoarse tone, as though he intended to annihilate every hope in her heart as completely as his own had been blasted, "Ellen—I will not call you wife; you are not my wife—I had heard rumours of your conduct; but I would not give ear to them. I have seen you, and I am convinced. Never call me husband again. Go to your revels, and forget me, as I shall forget you." He paused. The farewell that he wished to say, seemed to stick in his throat. Suddenly, with a fierce gesture, he approached where Mrs. Bolton was sitting, pale and speechless, looking very much like an upright bale of cotton, and striking with his clenched hand on the table, he exclaimed, "Cursed woman, you have destroyed your only child, and may the vengeance of God overtake you," and rushed from the house. All sat speechless and in amazement for a minute, till the roll of the carriage that bore him away was heard.

It was then that Ellen, roused as from a stupor, and shrieking, "Stop him! Oh stop him! Charles! dear Charles!" she sprang to the door, down the steps, and through the darkness and the storm, fled after him like a maniac.

Mrs. Bolton screamed, and the gentlemen and servants all hurried to the door. But the rain and wind were so furious that none seemed inclined, at first, to hazard the leap in the dark. "Oh run—Mr. Butler, good Mr. Carpenter, Mr."—and Mrs. Bolton, in her distress, called on all her friends by name, though the proceeding was unparliamentary. She conjured them to save her poor Ellen, to go, to run!—and she never stayed her shrieks till every one of her boarders were fairly on the chase. Some stopped to put on their over-coats and India-rubbers, and others to find umbrellas, devoutly praying, in the selfishness of their hearts, that the stray deer might return to cover before they were launched. But no—Ellen did not return; and about a dozen stout gentlemen, dandies, serving-men and all were out on the pursuit.

Scarcely had the last laggard departed, when it seemed as if a cloud or a water-spout had broken over the city, so tremendously came down the rain. There were no drops, it was one broad and heavy sheet of water, which descended with a force and profusion that made every street, for the moment, a rushing river. Those of the pursuers who were able to stem the fury of the gust, and were not blinded by the driving rain, fled home as for life; others ensconced themselves in door-ways or behind projecting walls, until the fierceness of the tempest was over; while a few of the most stupid, whose heads were muddy with the gross supper and huge draughts of wine they had so lately partaken, wandered at random, like Ossian's ghosts, till they were as wet as river-gods, and as completely sobered as any temperance lecturer could desire. One by one the baffled chase returned to Mrs. Bolton's, each looking as if he had been plucked, like Hotspur's drowned honour, by the locks—not from the sea, but the gutter; and every one seemed only restrained from laughing or swearing, according to their different temperaments, by the sad recollection that poor Ellen was yet, in all probability, exposed to the peltings of the pitiless storm.

Mrs. Bolton sent for the watch and the police officers, and they promised to continue the search till her daughter was found. The mother, half furious with rage at Montgomery, and half frantic with fears for Ellen, continued all through the night in such paroxysms of alternate denunciations and sorrowings, that rest beneath her roof was, for any one, out of the question. The selfish among the household, which included far the greater part, sought other lodgings at once; and from that night the Boarding-house of Mrs. Bolton sank to rise no more.

And where was the young fair victim of a mother's heartless cupidity—the hapless Ellen? She was found at an early hour in the morning, prostrate, in utter insensibility, on the door-step of the good Mrs. Comstock. The unhappy creature probably fled thither, hoping to find a friend who would advise and assist her in her sore troubles. And she did find such a friend. Mrs. Comstock acted truly the part of the good Samaritan. She took the wanderer in, and tenderly nursed her, through a violent delirium and fever, as though she had been her own darling daughter. And when consciousness returned to the poor young penitent, it was Mrs. Comstock who soothed her with the hope of forgiveness from her beloved Charles; and finally, the kind lady never ceased her work of mercy till she brought the offended but still doting husband to the bed-side of his dying wife.

What more need be told, save that the kiss of pardon and love was mutually given and received; and the now resigned Ellen breathed her last sigh on the bosom of her weeping husband.

Immediately after her daughter's decease, Mrs. Bolton left New York for the west. She had money, and she calculated she might obtain a husband of high standing in that part of the country. Her pride was still unbroken, and

she determined to hold her head as high as the highest.

But she did not realize her hopes. Her reputed fortune was, to be sure, a temptation to several "respectable gentlemen," to seek her acquaintance, but none actually proposed. Some were deterred by her red, oily face, and some by her vulgar manners, the latter being usually induced by an exclusive devotion of the heart and soul to money-making; less apparent, it is true, in men than women, but disgusting in either; and above all, her own history, which she was constantly detailing, and pretty correctly too. In truth, so callous, so destitute of moral sensibility had she become, that she fancied the story of her own management, even though it was concluded by her daughter's death, was creditable to her, because she had secured the prize, namely, money, at which she aimed. But though several of those whom she would gladly have married would have liked her money, they could not endure the encumbrance. At the last dates she was preparing for an irruption into the sovereign state of Texas, having satisfied herself that there her wealth would have its greatest advantage, and place her at the head of "good society."

Thus, while the sweet victim of the mother's unprincipled avarice sleeps in her premature grave, the old sinner is flourishing in all the pride of her ill-gotten gains. But God is over all, and the day of retribution will surely come.

H.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## WAR AND WITCHCRAFT.

A TALE OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY L. A. WILMER.

WE must beg the imagination of the reader to attend us to that period in American history when the colonies were involved in a war with the French and Indians, in consequence of the revolution which placed William and Mary on the throne of England. The French government, espousing the cause of King James, and inspired with a most bitter resentment against William, had directed Count Frontenac, the governor of Canada, to invade the settlements of New York, Maine, and New Hampshire. This order was obeyed with such vigor, that it was followed by scenes of desolation and carnage which have rarely been equalled, even in the annals of Indian hostilities.

As might be expected, such cruelties excited a strong sympathy in the minds of the other colonies, and Massachusetts especially, determined on retaliation. Notwithstanding the inhabitants of this tract of country were strongly tinctured with the puritanical notions which pervaded the whole settlement of New England, the young men were not insensible to the charms of military glory, and rejoiced in the opportunity which was now afforded them for acquiring fame, by avenging the injured and protecting the defenceless.

With these objects in view, an expedition was planned against Port Royal; this expedition,

under the command of Sir William Phipps, consisted of seven vessels and eight hundred men.

It was on the afternoon of a fine day in spring, about a week before the expedition aforesaid was to set sail, that Agnes and Louisa Boroughs, the daughters of the minister at Salem, were taking their customary walk along the skirt of a wood, which, at that time, formed the boundary on one side of the village. The appearance of these young ladies, no less than their manners and accomplishments, distinguished them from the generality of females of that time and neighbourhood. Agnes had reached her eighteenth year; Louisa was two years younger. The countenance of the elder sister, though uncommonly beautiful, was deeply shaded with melancholy, which became the more remarkable when contrasted with the perpetual gaiety of the younger. Louisa was less handsome in features than her sister, but of a figure equally perfect; and we would remark, in parenthesis, that beautiful figures, in those times, were more frequently met with than at present, for the attainment of artificial deformity was then neither understood nor desired. The subject of discourse which now occupied the attention of the young ladies, seemed to be regarded by each in the peculiar light which their opposite dispositions might be supposed to effuse upon it.

"I must confess," said Agnes, "that the prospect of war overwhelms me with terror. Were it only that our friends are obliged to expose themselves to the perils of the battle-field, the anticipation would be gloomy enough; but, to make it the more so, we do not know how soon our home may be invaded by the savages. Oh, Louisa, think of our father! old, feeble, and defenceless. Is not *his* danger enough to make us fear the consequences of this struggle!"

In spite of all the buoyancy of her spirits, a momentary paleness came over the cheek of Louisa, as the words of her sister conjured up in her mind the horrible idea of her aged parent bleeding or lifeless beneath the tomahawk of the merciless Indian.

"Think not," she exclaimed, "dear Agnes, think not of such an event; it is impossible—God could never permit it." Then, resuming her natural tone, the lively girl continued:

"But, sister, do you not think that your sombre reflections are in some degree produced by the simple fact that Dudley Bradstreet is engaged in this contemplated expedition against Port Royal?"

"Certainly," replied Agnes, with great simplicity, "it is painful to think of the dangers which must be encountered by all our friends in such a sanguinary contest."

"But," said Louisa, "do not answer a particular question in a general way. You know we have two cousins in the expedition; yet tell me candidly, are you not troubled more by the danger of *Dudley Bradstreet* than by that of any other individual?"

"Why do you ask me such a question?" said Agnes, blushing. The New England custom of answering one question by asking another, had already become a sectional characteristic.

"I hope you will not suspect me of witchcraft," said Louisa, laughing, "but, to speak truly, I have some time since discovered a grow-

ing attachment, a mutual one, I believe, between you and that young gentleman."

"Louisa," said Agnes, in a tone of voice somewhat indicative of anger, "is no subject with you, sacred from a jest? How can you speak of witchcraft with so much levity, when scarcely a week passes without the sacrifice of some unhappy person charged with this supposed crime!"

"Our father has often expressed the opinion," answered Louisa, "that the said crime never had an existence except in the imaginations of weak and superstitious people."

"Supposing so," rejoined Agnes, "how much bloodshed has this unhappy delusion occasioned! Persons have been condemned on such slight grounds that it is dangerous even to converse on the subject; suspicion is so easily excited. Even now we may be overheard—"

At this remark, both the young ladies turned their heads and beheld, a few paces behind them, a person whose character we must pause to describe. Miss Deborah Seabrooks was a spinster of thirty-five or upwards, remarkable for neither beauty of person nor suavity of disposition. Diminutive in her figure, with a sharp, thin visage and small twinkling gray eyes, her appearance was far from captivating. Yet, notwithstanding Miss Deborah had few qualifications calculated to excite the love and esteem of mankind, she was herself extremely susceptible of the tender passion. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately for herself, her heart never remained long in the possession of one person. But her affections, though transient, were extremely violent, as will hereafter be exemplified.

About the time to which the commencement of our narrative refers, Deborah's heart had been captivated by the fine features and commanding figure of Dudley Bradstreet. This young gentleman, belonging to one of the best families in the colony, possessed, in addition to a large fortune, every quality likely to ensnare the female heart. Deborah was not unacquainted with the fact, that Bradstreet was a suitor of Agnes Boroughs; a fact which was not likely to produce in her mind any extraordinary feeling of cordiality for the last named young lady.

A person acquainted with these circumstances might have been able to account for the singular expression of Deborah's countenance, as she saluted the sisters with a slight inclination of her head, and hurried past them without uttering a syllable.

A look of anxiety and alarm was exchanged between Agnes and Louisa, and their walk was finished in silence, as all uneasiness of mind tends to unfit persons for conversation. As they drew near their dwelling, they beheld their aged father seated beneath a tree near the door of their small white cottage. The old man, closing the bible he had just been reading, regarded his daughters as they advanced, and was struck with the unusual sadness of their appearance. When they had reached the place where he sat, Agnes paused, took her father's hand, and as she kissed it, Mr. Boroughs felt a warm tear trickling through his fingers. The old gentleman ascribed her emotion to the intended departure of Bradstreet, as he was not unacquainted with the attachment which had been

for some time growing up between them. But the evident low spirits of Louisa were not so easily to be accounted for. She, he was satisfied, had formed no attachment, and low spirits, with her, were so very unusual, that the anxiety of a parent could not fail to be excited thereby.

\* \* \* \* \*

The moonbeam, penetrating the interstices of some time-honoured poplars, lighted the bench in front of the cottage, where the clergyman and his family now sat. This little circle was commonly the favourite abode of cheerfulness; and seldom indeed had it witnessed that sadness and discontent which now seemed to pervade it. To account for this change, we need not resort to the doctrine of presentiments or those gloomy presages in the mind, which according to the opinions of certain people, always precede some calamity. Such presentiments are often no more than rational conjectures, founded on events which have already taken place.

The clergyman and his family, we have said, were unusually sad; but little conversation passed, and that little was confined to serious topics. By some unlucky chance, the subject of witchcraft was introduced, and Mr. Boroughs lamented the dreadful superstition which had caused the sacrifice of so many lives, and which continued to exercise a baleful influence on the minds, even of some of the most intelligent people in the country. While he was speaking, Dudley Bradstreet approached the cottage, saluted the pastor and his daughters, and seated himself by the side of Agnes.

"Let me not interrupt your conversation," said Bradstreet, "you were speaking of witchcraft, I believe; and now I remember to have heard a gentleman remark, the other evening, that it was wonderful Miss Agnes Boroughs was not accused, as her powers of fascination have become so evident to the young men in the neighbourhood—"

"Bradstreet!" said Agnes, interrupting him, "this is thoughtless—I may say, unjust and cruel. How often have such unmeaning words, led to most fatal results!"

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Bradstreet, looking around, with an air of consternation, "surely none but your own family are within hearing?"

At that instant, the bushes at Bradstreet's elbow were heard to move, and a person emerging from the thicket, stood before them. It was a lad called Joe Morgan, who lived in the family of Mrs. Seabrooks, and who now came with a message for the pastor, stating that Miss Deborah had been taken ill, and that the immediate attendance of Mr. Boroughs was requested. In answer to some inquiries, Joe further declared that Deborah was in a strange way, and that the physician who had been called in was convinced that she had been bewitched. This was a species of ailment, which, in those times, embraced all diseases, symptoms, and diagnostics, of which the doctor happened to be ignorant.

Mr. Boroughs, as we have seen, was no believer in necromancy, nor any other branch of the occult science, but he wisely considered that imagination is very often a serious disease, and that a person who fancies himself ill, is not

very far from being so in reality. With this in view, his benevolence would not suffer him to neglect the summons of Mrs. Seabrooks, and he accordingly went with Joe Morgan to the residence of that afflicted lady. He found the patient in a strange state enough, complaining that her flesh was stuck full of pins, that the room was full of cats, that toads were jumping about the bed-clothes, &c. At times she became perfectly frantic, leaped from her couch, and danced about the room with the wildest gestures imaginable.

When Joe Morgan made his unexpected appearance at the parsonage, as already described, and Mr. Boroughs arose to accompany him to Mrs. Seabrooks', Bradstreet perceived by the light of the moon that the countenances of the two sisters exhibited signs of uneasiness and apprehension. He knew nothing of their encounter with Deborah that evening, and while he himself regarded Agnes as an angel of innocence, he was slow to imagine that others could suspect her of a crime. Still, he knew the slender foundations on which malice, envy, and ignorance sometimes predicate their charges, and he shuddered to think that he, by any remote probability, might be the means of procuring for the object of his love, obloquy and distress, lingering imprisonment, or a death of torture.

These reflections made him regard his late thoughtless remark as a heavy misdemeanor, and himself as a criminal, for, to that remark, and the immediate appearance of Morgan, he ascribed the anxiety which both sisters, and Agnes especially, exhibited. Overcome by these thoughts, silent, and self-condemned, he was but little disposed to renew the conversation after the departure of Mr. Boroughs. Agnes perceived his dejection, and with a charity in which affection had some share, she hastened to relieve his embarrassment. For this purpose, she made an effort to rally him on the approaching war, and his despondency, which she affected to think was caused by the anticipation of battles.

"Alas! Agnes," said Bradstreet, "danger in these unhappy times is not confined to the field of battle; nor is death to be expected from the hands of our enemies only. And yet we are to blame when we allow the mere possibility of any misfortune to afflict us. I believe I err but seldom in this way, yet, I know not how it is, since I came into your presence, every trivial circumstance has produced in my mind forebodings of the most appalling nature."

"These," said Agnes, "are premonitions which are not to be lightly considered. Enough has happened this day to convince me that some fearful doom is impending over my head. But I am equally convinced that what is appointed for me, is a just dispensation of Providence, and I will endeavour to submit patiently to that fate which seems inevitable."

"Nay, Agnes," answered Bradstreet, "this is carrying the matter too far. Pardon me, if I call it presumption, to arrogate to ourselves a fore-knowledge of the divine will, when it is the great prerogative of deity to be inscrutable in his purposes."

"You are too hasty and perhaps too severe in your reproof," replied Agnes, "some intima-

tion of futurity is a part of the system by which the world is governed. Inferior animals are often gifted with the faculty of fore-knowing changes of weather, and men, by certain indications, can foretell natural events with a precision which appears like magic to the ignorant. So in the affairs of life, as one event is consequent to another in the great chain of destiny, we may, by observing present circumstances, and their tendency, gain some light concerning what is to follow. Thus, the person who watches a carpet weaver's loom, from that portion of the figure which is already finished, may judge of what remains to be executed."

"Your theory, Agnes," said Bradstreet, "partakes too much of the German taste to be fully appreciated, or clearly understood by me. But—"

"But—enough has been said," returned Agnes, "let the event now speak. If, within three days, some signal misfortune does not happen to me, then let me be condemned for a false prophetess."

"You offer a fearful kind of demonstration," replied Bradstreet, "and God grant that it may prove as unsubstantial as your gloomy anticipations now appear to be. But let us make this condition, that if within the time specified, no extraordinary misfortune occurs, you shall then renounce this species of vaticination, which I perceive, will be likely to prey on your happiness. In the mean time, endeavour to raise your spirits."

"I agree to your condition," said Agnes.

Here the rose-bushes (behind which there was a narrow foot-path) were again moved, and Bradstreet, arising hastily, drew forth by the collar, the identical Joe Morgan, who had left the place with Mr. Boroughs, about an half hour before. By the dim light of the moon, it was easy to see that the lad was much frightened, and, in answer to the inquiries of Bradstreet, he stated that he had come thither in search of a knife, which he had dropped on his former visit. This might, or might not, be true; and Joe was dismissed without any further questions.

Soon after, Mr. Boroughs returned, and Bradstreet departed, after whispering in the ear of Agnes another admonition to be cheerful.

Deborah continued in the condition we have described until the afternoon of the third day; and in the meanwhile much curiosity and no little anxiety were experienced in the neighbourhood, to know the author of her calamity. It was well understood, that returning reason would be accompanied by an accusation which would probably be fatal in its consequences to some person; and the event was waited for with much uneasiness, even by those who knew themselves to be innocent.

At length the dreaded hour arrived. Deborah became calm and rational. A crowd of visitors attended in melancholy silence to hear the expected announcement; and a chill anticipation of horror sat upon every heart, as Mrs. Seabrooks, Deborah's mother, proposed the question, "Who has laid the spell?" Without hesitation, she answered—"Agnes Boroughs!"

Suspense was now succeeded by the deepest amazement, as every eye rested upon the ac-



cused. She alone exhibited no symptoms of surprise, but said, in accents just audible, "It is no more than I expected." Louisa, who was also present, when she heard the charge against her beloved sister, uttered a piercing scream, and rushed from the apartment.

These occurrences cast a gloom over the village of Salem, such as it had never before experienced. Mr. Boroughs was almost idolized for the sanctity of his manners and the benevolence of his heart; and it was justly supposed that this event would be fatal to his future happiness, if not to his existence. The sympathy and grief of the neighbours, therefore, may be readily imagined; but the beauty and merit of Agnes herself were sufficient to produce a strong bias of popular opinion in her favour.

Dudley Bradstreet had that day visited Mr. Boroughs, and made a formal proposal for the hand of his daughter. The suitor was unexceptionable in person, character and fortune, and Mr. Boroughs cheerfully acceded to his request for a speedy solemnization of their nuptials. At this moment, which Bradstreet pronounced the happiest of his life, Louisa burst into the apartment and threw herself, in an agony of grief, upon the bosom of her father. In the surprise occasioned by this action, an explanation was demanded, which Louisa was scarcely able to give, so completely was her voice and every other faculty paralyzed by this overwhelming affliction. Dudley, remembering his late conversation with Agnes, was the first to conceive what had happened, and, in one instant, his dream of happiness was succeeded by the deepest gloom of despair. He knew there was little to be hoped, when malice was the accuser and superstition the judge. Yet this despondence was but momentary; his sanguine temper, and love, the parent of hope, soon discovered the possibility of a remedy. The well established character of Agnes's innocence and piety, the popularity of her relatives, the executive clemency, and the known malignancy of her accuser, were all so many fancied avenues of escape.

On the very day that the expedition was to start for Port Royal, Agnes Boroughs was arraigned before the proper authorities, to answer the charge of "holding a forbidden intercourse with evil spirits and causing afflictions among Christian people, by enchantment and witchcraft." Bradstreet could not bear to leave the neighbourhood at this critical time, and obtained leave of absence from the commander of the Massachusetts troops. The appearance of Agnes in court caused a murmur of pity and admiration, which the judicial dignitaries thought it prudent to check by the immediate exercise of their authority.

The proofs adduced against the lovely and unfortunate victim were chiefly founded on the testimony of Deborah herself, and of the boy, Joe Morgan. The first witness stated that she had passed Agnes and her sister on the Monday evening preceding; that she had overheard them talking of witchcraft; that Agnes gave her a glance of ill will, which seemed to take effect on her vitals, and that she had no sooner reached her home than she felt herself under the influence of malignant spirits. Joe Mor-

gan was then called, and deposed that when he went to Mr. Boroughs, he heard Mr. Bradstreet say that it was strange Agnes was not suspected of witchcraft, and that afterwards he heard Mr. Bradstreet and Agnes engaged in a conversation, much of which he could not understand, but that Bradstreet told her to "raise her spirits," and "beware of the watchful eyes of her neighbours."

It was then clearly proved that Agnes was fond of reading strange books, "with red letters in them;" that she seldom sought the society of the young people in the neighbourhood, with a great many other corroborative facts of the same nature. When the evidence was completed, the attorney for the prosecution began by congratulating the jury on the firm and substantial grounds on which they would be enabled to bring in their verdict. He had never in his long experience witnessed a case which admitted of as little doubt as the present. The facts were established so indisputably to prove the guilt of the prisoner, that he deemed a comment almost superfluous. He, however, went on in a speech of more than an hour's duration, and laboured so strenuously to bring the poor girl to an agonizing death, that a person unacquainted with the matter might have supposed that his fee depended on her conviction.

When this burst of eloquence was finished, Mr. Montfort, a young and gifted member of the bar, who had been engaged as counsel for Agnes, arose and endeavoured to show the jury how much their judgments had been imposed on by the arguments of the prosecutor. He expatiated on the horrible injustice and cruelty of sacrificing a young and beautiful female, on grounds which could scarcely justify an indictment. But in vain did he appeal to the reason or the feelings of the jury; the facts, as set forth by the prosecution, appeared to their minds to be clear and lucid, and a verdict of "GUILTY" was speedily brought in and recorded.

During the whole of the trial, Agnes, though extremely concerned at the odium and discredit which this prosecution was likely to bring on her, still maintained a degree of fortitude, which was truly admirable in so young a female. Sentence of death having been pronounced, she was re-conducted to prison.

It is difficult to picture the indignation and distress which by turns occupied the mind of Bradstreet, while these transactions were in progress. Suffice it to say, that every expedient was tried by him and the other friends of Mr. Boroughs to save the unhappy maiden from the fate which awaited her. But all their efforts were unavailing; the stern ministers of the law were resolved that the sacrifice should go forward. As Agnes was led out of court, Bradstreet seized her hand and kissed it, vowing that he would either save her or accompany her in death. Desperate men are seldom at a loss for means, and Bradstreet soon hit on a plan which he deemed infallible to accomplish one or the other of his objects. He then proceeded, without delay, to one of the village magistrates, and with much seeming contrition, acknowledged himself a participator in the crime for which Agnes had been condemned.

As he expected, he was immediately committed for trial. Thus placed under the same roof with the object of all his solicitude, this devoted youth bent the whole of his thoughts on the means of escape for Agnes and himself.

The building which at this time, answered the purposes of a jail in Salem, was of frail construction; it was entirely of wood, one story in height, but nearly an hundred feet in length.

Only two days were to elapse before Agnes was to be brought to execution; such was the celerity with which the crime of witchcraft was punished. It seemed to be superfluous to allow time for repentance to them who had bargained away their salvation by a compact which was not to be annulled. Bradstreet saw the necessity of energetic measures; no sooner was the key turned on him in his new abode, than he began to execute the scheme which he had previously devised.

But why should we recount the particulars of an attempt to break prison? since all that is amusing or credible in that way has been published in the memoirs of the celebrated Trenck.

Before Bradstreet had made any considerable progress in his work, he was interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps, and the jailor announced that a lady desired to speak with him. At the same moment, the lady entered;—it was Miss Deborah Seabrooks!—Bradstreet shuddered at the sight of a person whom he had so much reason to dislike. Deborah was no less discomposed, but from a different cause. With many blushes and much circumlocution, she at length contrived to tell him that the object of her visit was to make a proposition, by acceding to which, Bradstreet might preserve the life of Agnes. At the suggestion of any means of saving the life of Agnes, Bradstreet became most deeply interested in Deborah's discourse; but when the conditions were made known, even that most desirable object in view, could not remove the feeling of horror with which he consented to Deborah's proposal. This proposal was, as the reader has probably guessed, a matrimonial union between Deborah and himself! On this condition, she agreed to make an acknowledgment that she had charged Agnes wrongfully, through mistake. In such a case, a pardon would assuredly be obtained from the executive authority. And instances were not wanting in which such retractions had been made, without subjecting the accusing party to any punishment for a false accusation.

After a moment's hesitation, and reflecting that this was the only certain mode of preventing the execution, Bradstreet accepted Deborah's offer. One difficulty remained in the way, which must be removed ere the compact could be ratified. Bradstreet had plighted his faith to Agnes, and his nice sense of honour made it requisite that she should release him from his promise, before he could enter into a new engagement. This difficulty he stated to Deborah, and requested her to visit Agnes with a note from him, simply desiring to be released from his promise of marriage.

Agnes had heard of Bradstreet's self-accusation, and his subsequent imprisonment, which had been matters of infinitely more grief to her than her own hard fortune; but her great-

est trial remained. She had just been reading a book of devotion, and her mind was in that state best suited to her condition, when Deborah entered her apartment. Agnes received her unexpected visitor with a smile, and extended her hand, in the true spirit of Christianity, to welcome one whom she might have regarded as her murderess. Deborah was more abashed and disconcerted by this behaviour, than she would have been by any reproaches, and not having the courage to speak, she presented Bradstreet's letter in silence.

"Does he then wish to desert me at this time?" said the unhappy maiden, when she had read the letter,—*"alas, could he have waited another day, I might have been spared this pang. But it is proper that no ties of affection should bind my thoughts to this world. Tell him he has his wish; I release him from his promise. But stay—I will write it myself—it will be more in form."*

Deborah presented a pencil, which Agnes took and began to write on the bottom of the letter, but scarcely had she completed a word, when she paused, tears gushed from her eyes, and she was unable to proceed.

"This is too much," she murmured. "For-saken by him!—Bradstreet!—can it be possible? What has made this change?—He, at least, knows I am guiltless. Unless *you*,"—she continued, turning to Deborah,—*"Unless you have succeeded in making him think otherwise. Why does your malice pursue me thus! Was not my death enough to satisfy your enmity, but you must now seek to deprive me of the only consolation that was left me in dying!"*

Here Deborah, in the trepidation caused by conscious guilt, began to explain the motives which induced Bradstreet to break the engagement. Agnes interrupted her.

"O then," she said, "this explains all. Bradstreet, pardon me for suspecting your constancy; but far be it from Agnes Boroughs to avail herself of this too generous sympathy." Then regarding Deborah with a look of indignation, "No, unfeeling woman," she continued, "tell him *I will not* release him from his promise; and I conjure him, as he values the peace of my last moments, never to renew the request."

Deborah attempted to speak, but Agnes waved her head authoritatively, commanding her instant departure; an order which Deborah reluctantly obeyed.

At this moment, a great tumult was heard in the village. The French commander, having been informed of the defenceless state of the place, (in consequence of the number of young men which had left it in the expedition to Port Royal,) had, as was now reported, sent a detachment of Indians, under the command of a French officer, to pillage and destroy the town. The inhabitants, expecting the arrival of the enemy, were flying in every direction, so that, in a short time, the town was nearly deserted. The jailor, with whom self-preservation was a stronger law than that which required his attendance at the prison, had also escaped with his family. But, as he did not wish to take the responsibility of releasing the prisoners, he concluded to let them remain locked up, to await their destiny. They in the mean time, were

ignorant of the nature of their danger, though the general disturbance in the village must have convinced them that something extraordinary had occurred.

When most of the fugitives had retired to places of shelter, Bradstreet was again interrupted in his experiments on the walls of his prison, by the sound of blows on the outer door, resembling the noise produced by an axe or sledge-hammer. Soon after, he heard many footsteps traversing the passage or alley which extended between the two rows of apartments; they drew near; they paused at the door of his room, and then the blows of the sledge again shook the fabric to its foundation. Some persons were, evidently breaking into his cell, but for what purpose he could not imagine. In doubt whether the assault were amicable or hostile, he waited with some anxiety for the result. The door being strengthened with iron, resisted the attack for a full half hour, but the assailants continued their efforts with unabated vigour. At length a breach was made, and a voice which he recognised, called on him to come forth. He obeyed, and beheld Montfort and several other friends, among whom were Mr. Boroughs and Louisa. They stopped not to answer his inquiries, but bade him hasten to assist in breaking open the apartment of Agnes. We need not say that Bradstreet flew to execute this task; he seized the sledge, and in an incredibly short time, bars, bolts, and hinges yielded to an arm to whose native vigour, love, hope and joy lent new energy. Agnes was free!

No time could be lost in congratulations; they left the prison, passed through the deserted town, dropped some natural tears to the remembrance of the happy hours they had spent there, and left Salem with the expectation of never seeing it again.

After a toilsome walk of twelve miles, they stopped at evening in a wood, where they intended to encamp for the night. A rude tent was constructed of the baggage; the young men watched, while Mr. Boroughs and his daughters enjoyed that repose which they so much needed.

It was some time after midnight, when Agnes, happening to awake, to her unspeakable amazement, discovered by the light of the moon which entered the crevices of the tent, a female figure, dressed in black, standing by the side of the leafy couch on which she and Louisa lay. She was about to cry out, when the figure, motioning her to silence, said in a low tone, "Agnes, be not alarmed, but rise and follow me, as you value your future happiness." Agnes hesitated, and the apparition continued, "Follow me, Agnes, as you value your own happiness and mine, here and hereafter." Scarcely knowing what she did, Agnes arose, and in a few minutes was ready to attend this mysterious summons. The figure cautiously drew aside the curtain at the back of the tent, and followed by Agnes, who seemed to be wrought on by some kind of supernatural influences, glided rapidly over a narrow plain, which was enclosed by the lofty trees of the forest. Agnes, for some moments, was in doubt whether all this were a dream or reality; at length, convinced

that the scene before her was substantial, she began to reflect on the imprudence of following so strange a conductress. They were now at the distance of several hundred yards from the tent and all around looked dreary and desolate, when Agnes called to her guide:

"Stay, whoever you may be—I have already done wrong in following a person whom I know not, and whose intentions are justly to be suspected. I will instantly return if you proceed any farther."

"Fear not, Agnes," said the other. "Blood indeed may be shed on this ground, but *you* are in no danger." So saying, the figure turned, and the moonbeams falling on the features, fully revealed the countenance of Deborah Seabrooks. Agnes was not the most timid of her sex, but we cannot say that she was perfectly unmoved by this discovery.

"I cannot blame you for mistrusting me," said Deborah, "after what has passed. But had I designed to take your life, I might have accomplished that object in the tent, while you slept. But fear me not, though I have once sought your destruction. Oh, Agnes Boroughs! you know not what it is to love and to be hated in return; to behold a successful rival, rioting, as it were, on your own agony; to be neglected, scorned, abhorred, while your heart yearns for sympathy; when one glance of kindness would be exquisite bliss, and that glance is denied. This is but a small part of what I have suffered."

"Alas!" said Agnes, "I pity you, and would do much!"

"In that hope have I called you hither," said Deborah, solemnly; "much indeed is required. Only three hours will elapse before the sun will appear over the summit of yonder rock, and yet, that sun will never rise to me, unless you comply with my demands; and to comply with them will cost you severer pangs, perhaps, than ever you have experienced. Now then, let me know what is ordained for me," she continued, drawing a dirk or poinard from her bosom, "life and death are at your disposal; speak, Agnes, what is your determination?"

"Unhappy woman," answered Agnes, "you have not told me what you require. Any thing in reason!"

"Reason!—that cold, considerate word almost moves me to end the conference by sheathing this dagger in my bosom. Judge if my request be reasonable. Will you renounce Dudley Bradstreet? Will you swear that, while I live, you will never become his wife? This is what I ask, and on your answer my life or death depends. Refuse me, and behold a bleeding corpse at your feet. Think, Agnes—it is a fearful thing to send a soul unprepared into eternity."

"Gracious heaven!" said Agnes, "to what trials am I subjected! Think then of eternity," (addressing Deborah,) and forego this unhalloved design."

"I have thought," answered Deborah—"but, an eternity of anguish would be comprised in that one moment, when I beheld Dudley Bradstreet united to another woman. Speak no more of that. Calmly and deliberately have I formed my design, and you shall see that I have

firmness to put it in execution. Do you consent?"

"Any thing but that."

"That, or nothing. Will you swear as I have said?"

"I—cannot," faintly responded Agnes.

"Then, farewell!" said Deborah, as the bright dagger gleamed in the moonlight.

"Hold, frantic wretch!" cried Agnes, as she sprang forward to arrest the blow. In this she so far succeeded as to arrest the dagger from the breast of the intended suicide, but the weapon inflicted a deep and fearful wound in the shoulder. Agnes endeavoured to gain possession of the dagger, but her agitation unfitted her for the attempt, and Deborah, holding her off with one hand, prepared to repeat the blow.

"O heaven! what shall I say! what shall I do?" cried Agnes, when she saw the fatal instrument again upraised. "Stay—I will promise."

"Swear, then," said Deborah, "raise your hand towards heaven and swear that, while I live, you will never become the wife of Dudley Bradstreet."

"I swear."

"One thing more include in the oath," said Deborah, "not to relate what has passed this night. Now, Agnes, let me ask your assistance to bind up this wound, and probably our last interview on earth will be at an end."

"Let me conduct you to the tent," said Agnes, when she had rendered the assistance required; "this hurt may need a physician, and one shall be sent for instantly."

"No," answered Deborah, "I have a relation living about two miles distance; I will seek his house, and there I shall obtain such attendance as is necessary. Farewell, Agnes, farewell! I cannot ask your friendship, nor even your forgiveness; but grant me this much, that when I am dead, you will cease to remember me with abhorrence."

Here Deborah disappeared by a narrow path which led into the forest, and Agnes pausing for a minute, as if in a stupor, slowly retraced her steps to the tent. Within one half hour what a change had taken place! Ye who have witnessed the sudden dissolution of a hope which has been your support for years, in every vicissitude of fortune, may imagine the state of mind in which Agnes Boroughs returned to her couch, to "sleep no more."

When morning came, and the party had breakfasted in front of the tent, preparations were made for resuming their march. While this was going on, Bradstreet and Agnes came to an explanation; an explanation which reduced the ardent lover to despair. She told him that obstacles had arisen which made their union impossible, at least for an indefinite period. When Bradstreet, overcome with surprise and disappointment, desired to know the nature of these obstacles, Agnes was obliged to confess that she could not explain them. Bradstreet reproached her, with fickleness, and told her that if her mind was changed, to declare it freely, as it would become her better than any kind of dissimulation. Agnes could answer only with her tears. Bradstreet now began to suspect that some person had rivalled him in

her affections; and, after pondering for some moments, he concluded that Montfort was that person. He therefore abruptly left Agnes and sought Montfort; taking the latter by the arm, they walked some distance into the wood, when Bradstreet suddenly relinquishing his arm, addressed him as follows:

"Mr. Montfort, the obligations I owe you are such as are not to be repayed with words. I am bound to you in a debt of gratitude which I have always been desirous to discharge, and never more so than at this moment. Tell me in what manner I can serve you."

"You mistake, dear Bradstreet," answered Montfort, "the obligation is on the other side. To you I am indebted for an acquaintance with the most amiable of women."

"Pardon me, sir," replied Bradstreet, "on that subject I wish to speak hereafter; but first let me inquire if there is no way in which I can reciprocate the kindness you have shown me in effecting my release from prison. A debt of gratitude undischarged is painful, sir, to an independent mind; and I therefore desire and insist on it, that you will teach me how to relieve myself of this obligation."

"If you owe me any thing, Bradstreet, repay it by interceding in my behalf with"—

"Enough, sir—I understand you, and it shall be done. Remain here for five minutes and I will return to inform you of my success."

So saying, Bradstreet walked off, leaving Montfort somewhat surprised at the singularity of his behaviour. Approaching Agnes, Bradstreet thus addressed her:

"Miss Boroughs, at the request of Mr. Montfort, I am come to intercede in his behalf. Doubtless you and he have come to some understanding, which will save me the trouble of any introductory remarks. He is, to my knowledge, a young man of talents and of excellent disposition; and if it be necessary for me to relinquish, in his favour, any prior claim I may have possessed, I assure you I shall not stand in the way of your happiness."

"Bradstreet," said Agnes, reproachfully, "this mockery does not become you, nor have I deserved it. Mr. Montfort certainly has too much sense to dictate such a message."

"To choose such a messenger, you would say, probably; but I am not that interested being you may suppose. But the gentleman waits, Miss Boroughs, what answer shall I convey him!"

"What you please, Mr. Bradstreet; if you and Mr. Montfort have entered into an agreement to insult me thus, I desire, hereafter, to have as little communication as possible, either with him or yourself."

"As far as I am concerned, madam, you shall be strictly obeyed; I will this moment go and take leave of your father and relieve you forthwith from the constraint which my presence seems to impose."

Here Bradstreet walked towards the tent where Mr. Boroughs sat, conversing with Louisa; but remembering his promise to Montfort, he changed his course, and went to seek the latter in the tent where he had left him."

"Mr. Montfort," said Dudley, "I have executed your commission; and now, sir, permit

me to tell you that you have acted most dishonourably towards your friend. You knew my engagement with Miss Boroughs, and I can conceive nothing in the way of excuse or palliation which may be offered for your perfidious conduct."

Montfort was thunderstruck by this address. "Your engagement with Miss Boroughs!" he repeated. "I never suspected any thing else but that Agnes was the object of *your* choice, and I cannot perceive what perfidy there can be in making Louisa the object of *mine*."

Here the veil dropped from the eyes of Bradstreet. Blushing at his precipitancy, he extended his hand to Montfort. "Forgive me," he said, "I have been in an error; and Montfort, as you regard my friendship, let what has passed be forgotten."

At this moment they observed a person walking in the road, and on coming out to meet him, they recognised Joe Morgan, the lad who has been spoken of several times in this narrative.

"Did you see Miss Deborah?" asked Joe; "I left her hereabouts yesterday evening, and promised to return for her this morning."

"And how came Miss Deborah in this neighbourhood?" asked Bradstreet.

"She and I followed you, yesterday, from Salem."

"For what purpose?" inquired Montfort.

"I know not," answered Joe; "but she has never been *right* since she was bewitched."

Just as these words were pronounced, the sound of a gun was heard, and a faint scream immediately succeeded. Bradstreet and Montfort hastened to see what had happened, when they met a young man who had accompanied them in the journey, carrying in his hand the gun which had given the alarm. He had been acting as sentinel on the road, some distance below the tent.

"What have you seen?—at what did you fire?" asked Dudley and Montfort.

"An Indian, I believe," answered the youth. "I saw his long black hair through the wood, and ordered him to stop; but he paid no attention, and so I thought it best to bring him down."

With some suspicion that an error had been committed, Bradstreet and Montfort, accompanied by the sentinel, anxiously hurried to the spot. When they drew near, they beheld Deborah Seabrooks lying on the ground, and gasping as if in the last agonies of death. It is supposed that while endeavouring to find her way out of the wood she became bewildered, and so wandered about in the same neighbourhood until morning, when this fatal mistake occurred. By this time, Mr. Boroughs, Agnes, and Louisa, had come to the place. A cordial having been administered to the dying woman, she raised her head and requested Mr. Boroughs to pray with her, with which request he immediately complied. She then, in a succinct manner, related to the company the adventures of the preceding night, at which all, except Agnes, were immediately surprised, and Bradstreet entreated pardon of the fair being whom he had wronged so much by his suspicions and reproaches. Deborah then went on to make a full confession of the motives which had influ-

enced her former conduct, and begged forgiveness for the injuries she had intended. This was cheerfully granted, and she expired, apparently in little bodily pain, and with that composure which speaks of felicity to come.

From this time, the crosses and disappointments of love were no longer the portion of Agnes Boroughs and Dudley Bradstreet. Knowledge dawned on the darkened intellect of the age, and at the next session of the colonial legislature, it was enacted that no person thereafter should be indicted, imprisoned, or executed for the supposed crime of witchcraft. Peace also was soon restored to the colony. After an interval of one year, passed in a distant village, Mr. Boroughs returned to Salem and his ministerial duties. Agnes and Louisa, now Mrs. Bradstreet and Mrs. Montfort, also returned to enjoy that happiness which their virtues deserved, and which we sincerely wish all who follow their excellent example in getting married. This is the end of "war and witchcraft," concerning which we may truly say with Butler,

"Of the first of these, we had no great matter  
To treat of, but a world of the latter;"

for which we offer as an apology, that the gentle beings for whose perusal these pages were especially designed, have infinitely more to do with fascination than with battles.

Philadelphia, June 18, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE GRAVE OF THE BROKEN HEARTED.

STRANGER! beneath the crumbling leaves

That lie around yon waving tree,  
A maiden rests—come, read the stone,  
It tells a simple tale to thee,  
Of one who sailed with buoyant heart,  
Across the broad, Atlantic wave,  
To meet her roving lover here,  
But found, alas! this early grave.

And how she meekly struggled on,  
With drooping head, from day to day,  
And never once upbraided him,  
Who lured her steps so far away  
But every morn she took her stand  
On the brown hill above the shore,  
And faintly watched each coming sail,  
Till hope went out, and life gave o'er.

But why art thou so wan and pale,  
So moved as if with sudden fears?  
The maid reposes now in peace,  
And never heeds thy mournful tears?  
Yet weeping on? oh! was it thou,  
Who left that hapless child to woe?  
Kneel down! oh, kneel upon the turf,  
For she who loved thee sleeps below!

JAMES T. FIELDS.

Boston.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms, rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ, is worth contending about.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### "THE WHITE LADIES."

It was one of those lovely mornings, of which England has so many, in August, that our good uncle proposed to walk with us to the ruins of "The White Ladies." The spot on which they stood was about two miles from our village, and the road lay under tall trees, and through fields, some yellow with ripe grain, and others green with the young grass that had sprung up since hay-harvest.

The dew was still glistening on the leaves of the laurels as we gaily closed our garden gate, and sallied forth, full of hope and happiness, on our long wished-for walk. We were a young and merry party. Some twined the brilliant foxglove round their bonnets; and others, talking fondly of loyalty, decorated theirs with oak leaves.

"This is the longest field I ever saw," said one who began to grow tired; "and it has not a dozen trees in it. Now, uncle dear, confess the truth, are you not taking us the wrong way?"

A short, quiet, mischievous laugh, told us that Mary was right; he had a story in store for us, and in order that we might enjoy an hour's rest, he had conducted us by what our old nurse would call 'a roundabout way.'

The hope of hearing a story reconciled us to our lengthened walk; and when we came at last to a large old gate, which opened into a newly-mown field, in the centre of which stood the poor remains of the once strong convent, we all quickened our steps, and drew as near our uncle as we could.

There was little of the ruin standing, but the walls of the ancient chapel. There were many old tombstones, with various quaint inscriptions; and there were some recently made graves, which showed the spot was still regarded as sacred by the Catholics of the neighborhood. The walls were hung with ivy, and near them stood many fine old ash trees; perhaps some fair sister of the order had planted them, before she was driven to seek shelter in another land.

In those days—the days of Charles and Cromwell, I mean—these fields were covered with trees; it was Boscobel wood then. The oak in which the poor hunted prince was concealed, when his pursuers passed beneath him as he let the owl fly out of the tree, was in that wood.

Those were dark days for England, and England's prince. The murderous axe of the executioner had deprived the country of her king, and his children of their father. Bitterly did Britain afterwards lament this deed. When the pious, though, perhaps, misguided father was laid low, and his sons driven to seek shelter with their catholic mother, in a country where papacy reigned, who was to teach them the pure faith of the protestant church? who was at hand to tell them that the spirit of persecution was not the spirit of christianity—that the end could not sanctify the means. It was on those who had driven them forth, in shame, who had stood and beheld the innocent blood spilt, and had lifted up no voice of mercy, no arm of defence, that the consequences of this foreign education fell.

But I see our dear uncle is seated on a fallen window-sill, and all our companions are gathered round him; some on fragments of the ruin, and some on the tall grass that springs among the stones. I will sit on the grass and this flat stone—it is a step of the altar—shall be my table, for I mean to write as my uncle tells his tale.

"You have all heard of the time when Charles was so near being recognised and taken prisoner at Boscobel. Fatigued and harassed as he was, the soldiers had no sooner left the house, than the prince, fearing they might obtain some information in the neighbourhood, which might lead them to return and renew the search, disguised himself as a woodman, and with an axe in his hand, went towards what he supposed to be the least frequented part of the wood.

"He had scarcely begun the task, so new to him, of felling trees, when he observed two of Cromwell's soldiers coming towards him. He pretended to be very attentive to his work, and did not look up until one of them drawing near, inquired if he had seen a person answering the description of Charles Stuart pass that way! Without suspending his labours, or giving his interrogator an opportunity of observing the effect of his words on his countenance, he answered carelessly that a person of that description had passed along the Boscobel road, just a few minutes before. The men put spurs to their horses, feeling sure the prince would soon be in their power. Charles watched them until a bend in the road hid him from their view, and then throwing down his axe, he bounded like a frightened deer deeper into the wood. As the shades of evening began to fall around him, he ventured from his hiding place, in search of a secure retreat for the night. This was a dangerous and difficult task, for he knew not but every house might be occupied by his enemies. It was about an hour after sun-set that he came suddenly to the edge of a clear brook. Exhausted, and almost fainting, he sat down at the foot of a large tree, and laved his bramble-torn hands and face in the cool stream.

"Where am I, and whither shall I flee?' were questions he was silently asking himself, when a slight rustling in the bushes startled him. A fair young girl, in a novice's garb, but without the long white veil, in reference to which this convent was named, was advancing towards him. Hope might have been seen to take the place of apprehension, in the face of Charles; he knew that woman was ever the

'Friend of him  
Who knows no friend beside.'

He was about to spring from his concealment, and entreat her to shelter him for a few hours, when he perceived with horror that she was speaking to one of the soldiers who had accosted him in the morning. "They drew nearer to the tree at whose foot Charles was sitting; he did not move; he scarcely dared to breathe; he feared the beating of his heart might betray him. The lady spoke: the prince could not catch the meaning of the sounds, but the gentleness of her tones reassured him. 'And so,' said her companion, 'the fairest flower in all the land would not have walked forth to enjoy this sooth-

ing twilight hour, if she had expected to meet me here; if my vanity had not been shorn with my cavalier's locks, I doubt if I should be able to believe such an assertion from one to whom my whole life, from earliest boyhood, has been devoted. Helen Forester,' continued the youth, and his voice sank to a whisper, 'do you really wish my absence? Have you forgotten the days when we wandered together, seeking violets or wild strawberries, on the banks of this little brook; and when we went, hand in hand, to shed flowers on the graves of our mothers?'

"Helen covered her face with her hands, and now the tears were stealing down between her slender fingers.

"Edward de Weston silently removed her hands from their lovely resting-place, and wiped away the tear that was dimming her blue eye. 'Edward,' said Helen, in a voice of forced calmness, 'why, do you recall to my mind those scenes, when you know they are gone for—' Her lips quivered, and what was intended for the word 'ever,' was but a sigh. 'And why, dearest Helen,' and he laid his cheek upon the hand he held in his, 'why do you say they are gone for ever! do we not still love each other! are not the hills as green as in our childhood! and does not the blackbird even now fill our ears with melody? is not—' 'Oh, hush, hush, Edward,' cried Helen, 'these are indeed the same—but—but you—' 'Love you more than ever,' interrupted Edward. 'Must I believe your words or your actions?' asked Helen, proudly. 'Would one who really loved me join the ranks against my father? and shall I, shall the last of the ancient and loyal house of Forester listen to the love of a rebel?'

"Edward hid his eyes for a moment, and appeared to be struggling between a sense of duty and the desire of vindicating his character. Helen had risen from her grassy seat, at his side, and was turning half reluctantly away. 'Helen,' said Edward, in a tone of voice that showed how much he felt her reproach, 'I know my conduct must appear in a detestable light to you, and I dare not yet attempt to explain it. At some future time, perhaps—wait one moment Helen—and whatever you may hear of me, whatever you think of me, still believe—' Helen would trust herself to hear no more, but with a look and gesture, meant to conceal, but actually betraying, a bursting heart, she left him and hurried along a path leading to the convent.

"Edward gazed after her until darkness hid from him her form; then clasping his hands, he exclaimed, 'my country requires the sacrifice, and I may not refuse to give it. Thou God, who knowest my heart, protect my Helen,' so saying, he brushed away a tear, and walked slowly and languidly away.

"As soon as the sound of retreating footsteps had died away, the weary prince arose, and took the path just trod by Helen. As he came to an opening in the wood, the moon shining partly over and partly through the tops of the trees, showed him the convent of the White Ladies. It was a low, heavy looking building. No light was visible from within, save a faint glimmer from the chapel windows. Not a leaf moved

on the trees; not a sound was heard in the air except the distant chaunt of the nuns.

"The moon had risen over a dark cloud that had partially concealed her cold pale face, and was now looking down upon him from her throne of azure; and yet he stood there gazing upon the scene before him, as if no price were set upon his head, as if no blood-hounds were hunting him through those woods, as if men were not thirsting to see his headless body laid in the grave. One bat flew by him, and then another, and England's prince almost envied the least esteemed of beasts. At length he roused himself, and with a step, which appeared the more hasty from being contrasted with his late apparent apathy, he advanced to the convent gate, and craved permission to speak to Helen Forester. As Helen was placed there merely for protection, during her father's absence, and was not intended for the veil, his request was readily granted. Charles met her with the air of a prince, and having placed a seat for her beside him, related his late adventures at Boscobel and in the wood, without, however, mentioning a word of the conversation he had involuntarily heard under the trees.

"Protection and refreshment were cheerfully afforded him by the abbess, whom Helen had summoned to his presence. He remained here until sufficiently rested to be able to proceed on his wanderings. A good lady, of the neighbourhood, then consented to take him as a footman, and to ride behind him on a pillion, until some more convenient mode of travelling could be found safe for him.

"Every one who has read the history of Boscobel, knows he met with several narrow escapes before he left the country, and still more before he succeeded in escaping to France.

"And now, children," said the story-teller, rising, "I suppose you are ready to look about you, and gather wild flowers from the banks of the little brook—there it runs glistening in the sunshine. Not one of you stir, I protest! Why children that's the very brook Charles drank from and washed in, when he was hiding in the woods!"

"But, dear uncle, can't you tell us more about Helen?" asked one; "and what made Edward pretend to be a rebel, for I don't believe he was one in reality?" said another.

"Well," said the kind uncle, laughing, "if you will not pull my coat skirt so hard, and will not frighten all the birds out of the ivy, with talking all at once, I will try to remember some circumstances of Helen's after life, though for my part I don't see why you care for Helen, she was not a prince," and he elevated his eyebrows with feigned astonishment. "Now, do not stop to ask us what we care for, but go on, that's a dear uncle," cried the youngest of the party. The story-teller patted her on the head, and proceeded as follows:—

"Helen Forester and Edward de Weston's fathers had been intimate friends from their youth. They had mixed but little in the world, since they had married, until the war broke out between Charles and his Parliament, when they lost no time in hastening to their monarch's assistance. As the two children had early been deprived of a mother's care by death, and as



they had no companions of their own age and rank within many miles of them, their hours of recreation had generally been passed together. As soon as he had finished his morning studies, Edward would mount his pony, and ride across the park to a gate, which opened on the estate of Sir John Forrester, and there Helen and her attendant would often meet him.

Sometimes they sang together; sometimes they decked each other's and the nurse's hair with flowers; and then the old woman would say they put her in mind of some picture she had seen, or some fairy tale she had heard; and the children would sit at her feet and look up in her face for hours, while she talked to them of kings and fairies, of gallant knights and fair ladies. As they grew older they walked, and read, and rode together. "Those were happy days!" said Helen, as the remembrance of the hours she had thus passed with Edward floated through her mind. He was all the fondest heart could wish—*then*. Oh yes!—and her cheek glowed at the recollection—"he was a high souled, a noble youth, when he went with his father to the camp of king Charles. How proud I felt when I tied a blue scarf round his arm—he did not know I was at the same time stealing this bright ringlet. But I am foolish to speak thus; a few months has proved to me that I bestowed my affections"—and a deep blush of mortification and humbled pride crimsoned her beautiful face at the thought—"upon an unworthy object." And if he, the kind, the good, the noble Edward, had proved unworthy, could she hope ever to find one in whom she could confide! Bitter, burning tears were followed by that balm for every wound, sleep. How painful the awakening from such a sleep! If Helen read, the book reminded her of him with whom she had last read it; if she walked in the fields, every flower and leaf spoke of him who had taught her to consider them as little books of sacred poetry sprinkled over the earth by a beneficent Creator. The song of the lark rang out merrily as he ascended from circle to circle, until her eye could reach him no longer, and the bright cloud shut from her listening ear every sound of his tuneful voice, and she sighed to think that her heart could no longer respond to the joyous notes of the glad and grateful bird. She turned towards the wood, and the mournful note of the turtle dove lamenting the loss of his mate, met her ear. She envied the bereaved bird. She thought if Edward had fallen nobly in battle, she could have borne it—she could have dwelt on the past with delight. She could have thought of him with mingled sorrow and pride. But now in despising his conduct she felt lowered in her own eyes. She had ventured her all upon one bark—it was wrecked—and she felt it would be impossible to recover the precious cargo.

It was some years after this that Helen started, as she seen an English cavalier enter the queen of England's private setting room at the court of Louis XIV. She would have risen from her seat, but she felt spell-bound. The cavalier appeared scarcely less agitated, but, commanding his feelings, he drew from his bosom a packet, and delivered it into the hands of the queen: he then withdrew to a distant

window, from which he could contemplate Helen without being seen by her. She was, if possible, more beautiful than when she had left him,—for it was Edward De Weston,—in the wood by the White Ladies. She was changed it is true: the sweet confiding expression her face had then worn had given place to one of firmness; her eye was more thoughtful, and there was a shade of melancholy on her brows.

Edward too was changed; his gay dress set off to advantage his manly person; his hair was several shades darker than when a boy, and curled gracefully round a forehead unstained by the rich brown, with which years spent in the open air had tinged the other features of his frank and noble countenance.

Helen did not join the masque that night; the apparition of a cavalier so like her recreant lover, had overwhelmed her with recollections too bewildering to allow of her appearance in scenes of heartless gaiety. She was still sitting with her eyes fixed upon a book which lay unopened before her, when a page came to require her attendance on the queen. When Helen returned to her chamber she knelt down before a couch, and laying her head upon its cushion wept tears of joy and gratitude.

Edward was not a traitor to his country; he had not fought against his prince, nor stood hand to hand against her father in the day of battle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sir John De Weston, Edward's father, had been severely wounded in a skirmish with the rebels, and had been conveyed to his own castle, within a few miles of which the wound had been received. Edward had been slightly wounded too, but that did not deter him from watching unremittingly by his father's couch.

Sir John had not spoken for many days, and his son feared he should see his last parent depart, without having the gratification of hearing and obeying his dying words.

"The sun is going down behind the hills; I wish, Rupert, you would open the curtains, and let the south wind fan the burning temples of your master," said Edward to Sir John's page. Rupert had been sitting many heavy hours in the ancient window seat, looking alternately at his wounded master, and his almost equally pale and resigned looking son. He obeyed with alacrity. He hoped the young soldier saw some change for the better in the countenance of his beloved master; and of this he felt the more assured when he saw Sir John open his eyes and look around him. In an instant he was at his side, and his ready ear caught the words the old knight with difficulty whispered.

"Edward, I am going to leave you to your own guidance in these times of peril, in a few days you will have laid me beside your sainted mother." The old knight paused, and looked up for an answer, but his son's tongue refused to utter a sound, and the page had hid his face in the curtains. "Rupert," said Sir John, and he laid his shrunken hand affectionately on the boy's head, "bring hither that writing table, and Edward shall read to me the service for the sick. The page obeyed, and Edward with a violent effort, and a half stifled voice, began

the prayer. Sir John remained perfectly still, his eyes closed, and his hands clasped, many minutes after his son had ceased to speak. A cooling draught was brought to him, and having taken it he bade his son raise his head that he might speak a few words to him. After some expressions of affectionate solicitude for his son's future welfare he began to speak of the state of the country. He feared it would be scarcely possible for the young prince Charles to escape imprisonment, and perhaps death; he foresaw to what endless anarchy the country would be subjected, should it continue long at the mercy of a set of ignorant fanatics, or of one ambitious hypocrite. Edward promised to do for his country and his king all a single arm could do, even though it should cost him all else he held dear on earth. His father pressed his hand in token of approbation, and then bade his page summon all his faithful old servants to his chamber. They came with countenances expressive of the grief they felt. He who had so long been with them as a kind father and an indulgent master was about to leave them at the very time they most needed his protection and advice. They kneeled round his bed, and the hardest warrior of them wept. The dying man alone looked calm; he spoke, and the sounds of sorrow were hushed, that no words of one so loved might fall unheard. "I thank you all for your faithful services. I thank God that in my last moments I can call you my friends. When I am gone remember my last words:—Fear God; honour the King. Be to my son what you have been to me, and"—with these words his spirit passed away.

When Edward was no longer sustained by anxiety for his parent, he felt the effects of his long watching and neglected wound; and while confined to his couch, Rupert acted in the triple capacity of nurse, companion, and page.

"Why art so late this evening, Rupert? are there evil spirits wandering in the woods by twilight, that thou look'st so pale after thy walk," said Edward, as his page with terrified looks entered his apartment. "Here have I been left to my thoughts a full hour since the sun went down. Speak my man; take courage my valiant Goliath!" "Hist, hist!" said Rupert, "are no traitor's ears about? Are none of old Knole's soldiers skulking under the window?—and with these words the page vanished from the gloomy room. It was well for him that he soon returned with lamps, for Edward's curiosity was sufficiently excited to make him forget his soldier-like dignity. Without waiting for an invitation, Rupert, after casting a suspicious glance at all the old pictures, as if he suspected them of concealing under their old loyal-looking armour the minds and tongues of traitors, seated himself on a cushion at his young master's feet, and whispered, "The prince is at this moment concealed in a house at Boscobel, and as I returned from a visit to that loyal place, I met two hypocritical knaves, who bade me in the name of the commonwealth, inform them if I knew aught of "that arch fiend, named Charles Stuart, wickedly, and contrary to all Scripture, de-nominated prince, by the carnal-minded." I

boldly asked them if they thought one so young as I, could be expected to know the ways of the evil one, and turning up my eyes, and drawing down the corners of my mouth, I passed them with a demure look, and deferential step." "Dost think the men would recognise me if I were shorn of my cavalier's locks, and dressed in sad-colored garments!" asked Edward, musingly. "And why should a loyal gentleman like you, and one that is weak from illness, so endanger and demean himself," asked Rupert, with a look of mingled pity and contempt. Edward, however, promised not to think of his personal safety or comfort, and in an hour after this he left his room, arrayed in all points like a roundhead. It was not difficult for him to assume the grave expression of countenance worn by the people whose dress he had put on. His recent illness, too, had paled his cheek, and rendered him less liable to be recognised. Before he reached the house in which he supposed the prince to be hid, the family had retired to rest, and either were, or pretended to be, deaf to his intreaties for admission. He turned away disappointed; he had hoped to have placed Charles in a secure place before dawn, now he had little hope that he would escape his hunters. It was nearly day before he again lay on his couch to meditate on the course he must next pursue. Just as he was at length yielding to nature, and dreaming, rather than thinking, of the future, Rupert entered the room with a countenance full of importance. Edward started up as if he expected to see him followed by Cromwell and all his host. Rupert did not wait to be questioned, but told him as fast as a boy out of breath could speak, that "a knave of a crop-ear'd rounthead"—Rupert made it a matter of conscience to heap on the soldiers of the parliament as many opprobrious epithets as he had time to utter, or skill to manufacture,—"had come up to him at the door of a smithy, and inquired the way to Boscobel." "And what did you tell him, young giddy-brain," asked Edward. "For an instant I could see nothing but the dead body of the pleasant-spoken prince dangling at the saddle-bow of the canting old hypocrite, but seeing he was waiting for an answer, I told him my dear departed grand-dame would not so much as allow me to utter the name of the person who lived at the place he mentioned, inasmuch as he was a 'carnal,' and a singer of unlawful and profane songs: and then I assured him, looking as solemn as I could, that she often told me it was an unprofitable way of spending my time to be talking about such people, and far worse to go near their habitations, and I hoped if he had any regard for the purity of his mind, that he would avoid all such unseemly places. My object was to gain time for the prince, and this I in some sort accomplished, seeing that the old fool spent a full hour in telling me divers stories to prove his own courage and faith, and the utter vileness and cowardice of the cavaliers."

Edward ordered his horses, and obeying his page's directions, soon met a man, whom, from his vacant eye, and self-sufficient bearing, he could not doubt was Rupert's friend. After a few words of salutation, Edward proposed

riding with his new made acquaintance through the wood, as he appeared ignorant of its paths. The man eagerly embraced a proposal which promised him a listener, and immediately began to tell Edward how some of his comrades had already searched the houses in that neighbourhood; and how some one had hinted to him, that at the moment of the search a certain Moabitish person had by his crafts so blinded the eyes of the faithful that they could not find the young Philistine. While the soldier was praising his own sagacity, and Edward was meditating a plan for preventing his intended search, the interview I have already described with Charles in the wood took place. Edward saw through the disguise, and in the woodman recognised Charles Stuart. Of this he could not inform the prince, without at the same time betraying him: so he galloped on to Boscobel with his talkative companion, and then returned in search of the fugitive prince, but he was not to be found. He was fatigued and faint, but was unwilling to return home without seeing Helen, whom he had been prevented visiting by his father's and his own illness. They had walked together, as we have already seen, to the brook-side. He did not undeceive her when she accused him of disloyalty, because he knew her unswerving adherence to truth; and he feared she might be placed in unpleasant circumstances by the questions of designing persons, should he confide to her the cause of his thus appearing in the dress of an enemy. He intended to seek her again in a few days, when he would tell her all. Unfortunately for them both, the fatigue he had undergone that day brought on a return of fever. He was delirious for many days, and when he at length sent Rupert to inquire for Helen, she was gone: her father had escaped to the continent, and sent for her to join him.

As soon as Edward was recovered, he was employed by the royalists on a secret embassy, the purposes of which he had no sooner accomplished than he was despatched on a second; he was thus occupied during several years. Affairs of importance at length called him to Paris, where, as we have already seen, he met Helen. As Helen had been assured of the honour of her lover, she had ceased to think of him as she had last met him, and remembered him only as the companion of her happiest days—the brave—the true. The young nobles of Louis' gay court had named her "*La rose gélée*," so completely had the remembrance of young De Weston shielded her heart from their attacks.

At the Restoration many an exile joyfully took possession of the hearth of his forefathers, but none were happier than Sir Edward and his young bride, the lovely Helen.

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

## WEDDING SLIPPERS.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITTFORD.

ONE of the shortest and dreariest days in January was drawing to a close. Snow had fallen some days previously, and glared upon the roofs of the houses in the picturesque and irregular old town of Belford Regis, and lay mixed with ice, and trodden into a sort of wintry dust upon the highway; snow, too, was visibly hanging in the grey and gloomy sky, waiting only for milder weather—for the hour when the soft south-west should steal upon the bleak north-east—to come down in a world of white feathery flakes, and cover the earth with its bright, level, uniform beauty. The streets, although not yet lighted, were almost deserted of carriages and passengers—except, indeed, the well-wrapt little boys and girls, tripping rapidly home from school, with cheeks almost as red as their red comforters; and the noisier and merrier troop of happy, ill-clad urchins, who came frisking and shouting from the pond at the top of the hill, the great pond opposite the Queen's head, where they had been keeping the cold at bay, by sliding and tumbling upon the ice, and pelting each other with snowballs; making, as it were, a playmate of the frost; and, excepting also careful servant-maids, wending with cautious speed, over the slippery pavement, laden with smoken dishes from the bake-houses; or hurrying pot boys, or slower milkmen, rattling their jingling commodities against the icy steps of the doors, or the iron railing of the areas.

In a word, it was at the close of a winter's day, that the morning influx of customers having intermitted, the shopmen and apprentices of Mr. Morris, the greatest haberdasher of Belford, had retired to warm their fingers in their own apartment—preferring the bright fire of the open grate to the smoky heat of the stove—after returning to their shelves, nicely folded up, the numerous articles taken down to gratify the fastidiousness or the caprice of lady purchasers, (for men, to do them justice, seldom do give this sort of trouble,) leaving in the dusky range of show-rooms, rendered ten fold more gloomy by the waving draperies which darkened the windows, and swayed to and fro in the dim twilight, only two individuals—a respectable-looking elderly man, who, mounted upon a high stool, was seated at a very business-looking railed-in desk, employed in writing, by the light of a single taper, in an equally business-like, tall, thick book, bound in calfskin; and a young man, particularly well-looking and gentlemanly, whose likeness to the former sufficiently marked their relationship, and who stood at his side, pretending to be occupied in arranging a drawer of rich satin ribbons, which he was folling and unrolling, and doing unconsciously his very best to spoil, in the eagerness of his appeal to his father's feelings.

"Yes, sir, it is but too true—and a thousand times has she urged the fact upon me—that poor Elizabeth is only a servant maid in the family of our good rector, Mr. Sumner. A servant she certainly is, but a most honoured

and trusted one. Mrs. Sumner was so struck by her intelligence and sweetness, above a dozen years ago, amongst the girls at the Green School, that she took her home to her own house, partly to attend and partly to play with her elder children. She shared their advantages of education—not indeed the accomplishments which were unfitted for her station, but those better and rarer advantages which regard the cultivation of the mind and the formation of the character; and Mr. Sumner's opinion of her has been sufficiently proved, by his having, since the death of his excellent wife, and the marriage of his eldest daughter, committed the direction of his house and of his two younger children unreservedly to her charge. A servant she is, but one accustomed to the management of a large family, to the keeping of the most exact and elaborate accounts, to the prudent and careful expenditure of money—to every thing, in short, that is most desirable in a tradesman's wife. I speak now merely in a worldly point of view, and say nothing of the beauty, the sweetness, the grace, and the modesty which make her an object of admiration wherever she appears."

"She has no money," replied Mr. Morris, suspending for a moment his pen over the book in which he had been apparently most sedulously engaged in making various entries during his son's harangue. "She has no money."

"Then her taste and skill in female apparel. You know, sir, how often you have said that, if my poor sisters had lived, you would have added millinery and dress-making to your business, and converted some part of our large premises up stairs into show rooms. How often I have heard you say, that one branch of trade helped the other; and that our opposite neighbour, Mr. Welsh, would not be able to keep his shop open against us if it were not for his wife's caps and bonnets. Now, Elizabeth's taste, and Mr. Sumner's connexion"—

"She has no money, Edward—she has no money."

"Neither had she, sir, two years ago, when in consequence of Master Arthur's rashly venturing upon ice too weak to bear his weight, I had first the happiness of being of use to her and her young charge. Mine is no love of yesterday; no concealed or clandestine attachment. We have met openly at the institution lectures; have walked together on summer evenings. Mr. Sumner, without any verbal recognition of our engagement, has yet often, after church on a Sunday, virtually sanctioned it, by smiling and significant invitations to accompany Elizabeth and the children to his house; nay, even you yourself, by your manner of speaking to her and of her, have led me to believe that you considered her as a daughter. You are too keen an observer, too kind and careful a father, not to have seen the state of my affections; and I had thought you too wise and too liberal, to set a little paltry money in competition with the happiness of a whole life, or to wish me to break my plighted troth to one whom I dearly love—to one who loves me—and marry I know not whom, for the sake of adding needless pelf to our already flourishing fortunes. I had thought your only son was

dearer to you than money. But I was mistaken—you hold my honour and my happiness at no higher price than this gaud." And he threw from him in bitterness of spirit the roll of ribbon which he had been so busily folding and unfolding.

The pen dropped from the father's hand.

"You are mistaken, Edward," said he, in a low voice, which was interrupted for a moment by a sound well known to the inhabitants of Belford—the deep hoarse cry of "Shoes! old shoes!—shoes! old shoes!" from beneath the window.

"You are mistaken, my dear son, not in my feelings, but in my circumstances. The fortunes of the poor half-starved wretch who is calling 'shoes' through the wintry snow, are more flourishing than mine. Without your aid I am a bankrupt."

Another hoarse deep cry of "Shoes! old shoes!—shoes to buy! shoes to sell!—shoes! old shoes!" gave to the agitated father the pause which his feelings required. His son was too much absorbed in astonishment and horror for speech; he could only listen in silent agony to a story which seemed to him rather like a frightful dream than a stern and waking reality. Mr. Morris continued:—

"You were too young when your blessed mother died, to remember her distinctly: and your poor sisters, gentle and anflable as they were, inherited rather her delicacy of constitution than her vigour of mind. Far above me in birth, in education, and in cultivation, she was yet left destitute at the age of seventeen, by the improvidence and sudden death of her father, a dignified clergyman; and I owed the blessing of her hand chiefly to her desire to procure for her twin brother a home and a protector. Before our marriage she made me promise to treat William Arnot as my own younger brother, as my own eldest son; to be to him as a friend, a guardian, a father; and of this most solemn promise she requested the renewal upon her death-bed. Heaven and you, my son, pardon me if I have kept it but too faithfully! Let me make short work of this wretched matter. I placed him as clerk in a banking house in the city, where, as you know, he rose to be cashier. I and another friend of my family were his securities, and all seemed fair and prosperous. Three months ago, he came to me in an agony of guilt and despair. He had been speculating in the share-market. He had embezzled a large sum belonging to the firm, and, unless it were replaced by a certain day, his liberty, his character, life—for never, he swore, would he survive the loss of reputation—were destroyed. Could I hesitate! Even had I abandoned him to his fate, I was equally ruined, since the house would have come upon me and upon the friend who, at my pressing instance, had joined me as his bondsman, to indemnify them for their loss. The sum was, to a man in my station, enormous, exceeding, by some thousands, the earnings and savings of the five-and-twenty years that I have passed in business. The deficiency was, however, raised for me, within the stipulated time, by our friendly solicitor, Mr. Byrne, who happened to have, at the moment, a client, willing to lend

the money upon my personal security, and this house, with the stock and furniture. I gave him a bill of sale on all my effects; and was considering whether or not to break the matter to you, or to go on upon credit, and leave the result to time, when Mr. Byrne made me, two days ago, a most unexpected overture, from the friends of a young person with a portion of £5000, who, although informed of my difficulties, was yet willing to marry her to you, willing to pay off the debt, requiring nothing but a settlement of the rest of the money, and such an arrangement as to partnership, as I should have been, under any circumstances, but too happy to enter into. I have not seen her—I do not even know her name; but she is, they tell me, young, well-educated, and amiable—a thoroughly good and exemplary girl."

"Oh, my father, do with me as you like! But, yet, Elizabeth!—dear, dear Elizabeth!"

"You would rather, then, be poor and happy with her whom you love. So be it, my dear son. Go to your Elizabeth. See if she be willing to share your poverty; willing to wait until some prospect may arise, that should, in some sort, authorize your union. The unhappy man, whose imprudence has been our ruin, spoke of one whose defalcation had ruined him, and who might, who probably would hereafter make good the sums for which he was engaged. He has repeated this expectation in a letter which I received from him last week. But that hope is too vague, to build upon. See Elizabeth. Disclose to her, unreservedly, the position of affairs—I feel that, with her, the confidence will be sacred—and then act as you see good. Put me out of the question. I am still strong and healthy, and capable of earning my bread as a shopman."

"O father! never! never!" interrupted Edward, with a sharp and sudden revulsion of feeling. "Even if I were so undutiful, so unnatural, she would not consent; I know she would not. Often and often has she said that she felt that our marriage would never take place; that it never ought to take place; that your son, the son of the most respectable tradesman in Belford, ought not to be united to a poor girl from a charity school. And, now that that union can only be accomplished by depriving you of your home, by sending you in your old age to serve as a hireling—oh, she would never hear of it—would never bear the thought!"

"Go to Elizabeth," repeated Mr. Morris, in a smothered voice, pressing his son's hands between his, with an energy that betokened the struggle of his feelings—"Go and consult with your Elizabeth." And, as the shopmen and apprentices came flocking in, and the lighted gas gave a glittering brilliancy to the rich and gaily decorated shop, radiant with shawls, and silks, and ribbons, of a hundred varied hues—and a group of customers, gay country ladies, who wished to choose an evening dress by candlelight, appeared at the door—he escaped into the street, with an instinctive desire for solitude, and, almost unconsciously, took the road to St. Michael's Rectory.

The lamps in the streets and shops were now burning, and showed, with a most striking effect of light and shadow, the fantastic outline

of the picturesque old town—the tops of the houses covered with snow, the icicles hanging from the eaves, and the windows already covered with icy frost-work. The pavement was again alive with passengers—men and women hurrying to the Post Office; flies and carriages gliding, with a sort of dull, rumbling sound, along the snowy road; a stage-coach emptying itself of its freezing passengers at the Red Lion; a man with periwinkles, and a woman with hot chesnuts, each so muffled, the man in a frieze cloak, and the woman in a dreadnaught coat, that it would have puzzled an *Ædipus* to decide betwixt the he and the she; one little girl lingering longingly in the wake of the periwinkles; two great boys burning their fingers in a bold attempt to filch the burning chesnuts; other children rushing aimlessly along, shouting and bellowing as if to scare the cold. Men were thumping their feet upon the ground, and buffeting their chest with their arms to restore the circulation; women were chattering, dogs barking, beggars begging, fiddles scraping, bells ringing, knockers *ta-tat-tat-ing*—in short, all the noises of a wintry evening, in a country town, were in full activity.

From the High Bridge, where the broad, bright river, with its double line of wharfs and houses, crowded with people, its boats and its barges forms so gay and pretty a moving picture, so full of bustle, and colour of light and of life—from the High Bridge, the Kennet now showed, like a mirror, reflecting on its icy surface, with a peculiarly broad and bluish shine, the arch of lamps surmounting the graceful airy bridge; and the twinkling lights that glanced, here and there, from boat, or barge, or wharf, or from some uncurtained window that overhung the river. The snow lay in drifts upon either shore, marking the long perspective, and glanced upon the suburban cottages and the distant country, edging into the gentle uplands, hardly deserving the name of hills, that closed the prospect, strongly relieved, at the present moment, by the dark and dusky sky. In spite of his distress and pre-occupied mind, poor Edward, who had, probably without knowing it, much of those two rare gifts, the poet's feeling and the painter's eye, could not help stopping a moment, on the centre of the bridge, to contemplate so fine an effect of *chiar'oscuro*, so striking and beautiful a picture, composed almost without colour, by the nice contrast of light and shade.

While he stood admiring the scene, he was overtaken by the old man whom he had heard, a short while previously, crying "Shoes! shoes! under the window of his father's shop; and whom he had passed just before, whilst engaged in chaffering for some of his commodities with an orange-woman, whose barrow was stationed at the end of the bridge.

This itinerant shoe merchant was, as I have said, well-known to the inhabitants of Belford by the name of old Isaac; and, from his name, his calling, his keenness at a bargain, as well as from his quick, black eye, acquiline nose, and a greater proportion of beard than is usually suffered to adorn a Christian countenance, was commonly reputed to be a Jew. He was a spare old man, of the middle height, somewhat stoop-

ing, but with a picturesque and richly coloured head, surmounted by an old slouched hat. His patched and faded garments were well nigh hidden by two enormous bags, in which he carried the old shoes which he bought, and the new ones, or *sot-disant* new for he was a great man at a *rifacimento*, and had the art to "gar auld shoon look 'maist as guid's the new"—which he sold.

"Buy a pair of warm slippers, master, this cold night!" quoth Isaac. "Wedding slippers, fine enough for a lord."

"Nothing, this evening," said Edward.

"Have 'em a bargain, master," persisted the man of shoes.

"I am not in want of any," rejoined Edward, moving on.

"Wedding shoes, then?—wedding boots? Must buy somewhat," continued the vender, pertinaciously keeping up with our friend's rapid steps, and thrusting before his eyes the articles which he named.

"I tell you that I want neither wedding slippers nor wedding shoes, nor any of your commodities," answered Edward, with some humour, endeavouring to escape from his pursuer.

"Don't ye!" exclaimed Isaac, with a knowing twinkle of his keen black eye. "Don't ye! Well, then, buy for the want that's to come. I've set my heart upon having a bit of a deal with ye to-night, and sha'n't mind bating a penny or two, rather than balk my fancy. You shall have 'em under prime cost," continued Isaac, coaxingly; "you shall have 'em for next to nothing. Do ye have 'em! We must have a deal. You'll see that you'll be married sooner than you think for. Your time's coming. So you may as well buy the wedding slippers at once. What do ye bid for 'em? Make an offer."

"Not a farthing, Jew. I am in haste. You need not untie the bag. You have nothing that I would take if you would give it me. Let me pass on. I am not going to be married. I want nothing of you."

"Don't be too sure of that, Master Edward Morris. You and I may come to a deal yet. Jew, quotha! No more a Jew than yourself. If your eyes were not turned another way, you might see me in the aisle of St. Michael's church every Sunday morning and afternoon, as regular as yourself. Jew! 'Tis an extraordinary compliment you idle folk pay to that tramping race, that, whenever you meet a body who takes care of the main chance, and turns an honest penny, you call him a Jew. Well, Master Edward, you'll see that you'll come to me for your wedding slippers." And, so saying, Isaac shouldered his bag again, and left the path free.

At another moment, Edward would have smiled at the old man's acute observation of the direction of his glances in church, and at his persevering endeavour to attract a customer, founded upon that observation; but his thoughts were too painfully divided between his father and his mistress—his duty and his love; and, during his rapid walk to St. Michael's rectory, he could only resolve to be guided in all things by the judgment and feeling of Elizabeth.

She received her lover with the gentle self-possession, the calm and serious sweetness,

which characterised her manner, and which had been partly, perhaps, the cause, partly the result of the confidence placed in her by Mr. Sumner. His father had, to suit his purpose, forced himself to advert to her situation and her origin in his conversation with his son; but Edward felt proudly that there was no trace of the charity school or of the servant's hall in the lovely woman who stood before him, with a simple and unaffected propriety—in a higher rank it would have been termed dignity—that would have seemed a palace. His distress was immediately visible to her, and her anxious inquiries served to introduce his story.

"We must part, Edward; as to that there can be neither doubt nor question," said she, in a low, steady voice, whilst the tears trembled on the long fringes of her large black eyes, and the rich colour went and came on the finely-turned cheeks and lips, which a sculptor would have been proud to model. "We must part. I have always known that it would be so—always felt, without suspecting or dreaming of this obstacle, that Mr. Morris would find an insuperable objection to receiving me into his family. I ought, perhaps, knowing that, to have forbidden your visits. But I was encouraged in my attachment by one whom I am bound to obey, and by whose orders I have acted in this business; and my own feelings led me but too readily into the error. Oh, if it were only for ourselves, this poverty would be nothing! Young, active, accustomed to exertion, it would be delightful to labour with you and for you—delightful to feel that there was no superiority on your side, except that of your respectable connexions, and your manly and vigorous character. But your father—your kind and excellent father!—to tear him from his home, to send him in his old age to serve as an hireling—he, so long accustomed to respect and consideration!—to banish him from his friends, his neighbours, his native town! We must not think of it. The sacrifice must be made. And you will find your happiness, dear Edward—we shall find our happiness—in his restored comfort, and in the consciousness of having done our duty."

Affectionate son as Edward was, and determined as he had professed himself to abide by the decision of his mistress, he could not forbear from combating this resolution. She listened to him with sweet and mournful attention, as if willing to hear all that he had to say; but her determination was unshaken. She had just asked—

"Since we must part, dearest Edward, were it not wiser to shorten this pain?" when an odd-looking little note was delivered to her.

Elizabeth read the contents once, twice, thrice, and remained silent and perplexed, as if hardly comprehending the meaning.

"It is very strange!" exclaimed she, thinking aloud, and forgetting that she was not alone; "very strange! What can he want at this hour?"

"He!" exclaimed Edward, jealous (so strange a thing is a lover's heart) of her whom he was upon the very point of resigning. "He!—what he? From whom comes that note?"

"From one who must be apprised of this event."

"Not, surely, from Mr. Sumner? No; from him it cannot be. But from whom? Who can have the power so to absorb your attention at such a moment?"

Elizabeth paused an instant, and then said, gently—"Come with me, and you shall know. Although we are doomed to part, to meet no more, you must always be amongst the most valued, the most cherished of my friends. I cannot afford to lose your good opinion. Come with me, and you shall know all."

She tied on her bonnet, wrapped herself in a large cloak, and they passed through the rectory garden into the churchyard. The fine old Gothic building, with its gray cloisters, its graceful porch, its towers, and its steeple, rose in sombre grandeur from the graveyard covered with snow, by which it was surrounded, the summit almost lost in the frosty mists of the air; so that the imagination added to the actual height, gave a cathedral-like grandeur to the edifice. A few yews and cypresses were clustered in one corner, and a row of stately limes, their larger limbs partially covered with snow, which lay in long intersecting lines, defining the forms of the branches, led to an iron gate, which opened into a narrow lane, leading to one of the poorest and least populous suburbs of the town. Along this lane Elizabeth passed, sedulously attended by Edward.

"I ought to have told you before," said she, in a low voice—"only he whom it most concerns forbade the disclosure, and Mr. Sumner, I hardly know why, coincided in his desire—that, although a charity girl, I am not, as you have thought, an orphan. I have a father, a most fond and affectionate father, one whom I love dearly, and who dearly loves me. He is a poor but industrious man, following a mean occupation; not so poor but that he makes me frequent presents, and is most kind and generous to the widow in whose cottage he lives, and whom he mainly supports. Still, I have always felt that he was not fit to be your father, nor to be connected so closely with a man so intelligent, so well educated, and so respectable in station as Mr. Morris. I always felt that something would prevent our union. And so, alas! it has turned out."

By this time the clouds had so far cleared away as to admit glimpses of a keen and frosty moon, which shed a cold, pale, desolate light upon every object; dwelling with tenfold desolation on a small hovel, whose rugged thatch and windows stuffed with rags, as well as the broken-down state of the little gate, (ajar perforce, since hanging by one hinge, it would neither shut nor open,) which led into the narrow front court, betokened the most sordid poverty.

Up this court Elizabeth passed; and knocking, with it seemed, a forced resolution, at a low door, in little better condition than the gate which formed the outer barricade, was immediately admitted by an infirm old woman into a dark and dismal kitchen.

"I look for your father every minute, Miss Betsy," quoth the tottering crone, "for 'tis past his time o' coming in; and, if ye'll wait till I strike a light, ye may walk into his room, and I'll kindle ye a bit o' fire; for you tender lasses

that live in grand houses, can't abear the cold like us poor folk that be used to nothing better."

And, so saying, she fumbled out an old tinder-box, and having, with some difficulty, cherished a spark into a flame—for her old and withered hands, and feeble breath, seemed numbed and chilled by the cold which she defied so manfully—she lighted a wretched candle, led the way into the next apartment—and endeavoured, with a little damp straw, and a few dirty chips, that had evidently been long trodden under foot in some carpenter's yard, to produce, in a small, rusty grate, from which the brickwork was breaking away, something as nearly approaching to a blaze as the state of the fireplace and the nature of the fuel would allow.

Edward, in the meanwhile, took a mournful survey of the sordid abode, contrasting so strongly with the appearance, the mind, and the manners of the lovely and graceful woman who stood beside him, the beloved of his heart. The hearth and its appointments—the bit of old iron that served as a poker, the broken dustpan that officiated as shovel, the pipkin upon two legs, and the lipless pint cup which did duty as kettle, pot, and saucepan—this niggard and beggarly hearth was but a type of the rugged and scanty plenishing of the comfortless chamber. A joint stool, a rickety table, and two tumble-down chairs, one of them garnished with a cushion, darned, patched, and mended, until mending was no longer possible, figured in the centre of the uneven, bricked floor; over the chimney, was a mug without a handle, a teapot curtailed of its fair proportions by the loss of half a spout, a teacup and saucer of different patterns, and two or three plates and basins, all more or less cracked, and repaired, not very artistically, with putty and white paint. In one corner was the inmate's humble bed—a chaff mattress, with one or two rugs or horseclothes, much the worse for wear; in another the little pile of straw, and chips, and rotten sticks, from whence the fuel now smoking rather than burning in the chimney had been selected; and, in a third, a dingy heap of old shoes.

The old woman, satisfied with her labour, retired to her part of the dwelling. Elizabeth was the first to break the pause which succeeded her departure.

"This, Edward, is the abode of my father—a father whom, in spite of all that surrounds us, I have good cause to love. Does not the sight of such misery serve to reconcile you to the destiny that parts us? Such, at least, is the effect which it ought to have—which it has on me. I am not fit to belong to your family. Never should I have cherished such a thought. Strange that Mr. Sumner, knowing as he did the whole truth, should have encouraged our attachment! Strange, most strange, that till now, the name and the existence of my father should have remained a secret! Well! my presumption is fitly punished, and you will turn with a freer heart to one more worthy to share your home and possess your affections."

"Say not so, my own Elizabeth! Were it not for my paramount duty to my own most kind and excellent father, all that I see here would but supply a fresh motive for our union. All speaks of poverty and industry—nothing of



crime. And, next to the joy of offering you a comfortable home, should I reckon that of rescuing one so near and dear to you from penury and toil! Oh! that I were now the free agent that I thought myself yesterday! Not another night should your father spend beneath this roof. If my wretched uncle, Arnott, could but know the misery that his wild spirit of speculation has brought upon us all!"

"If he could, master Edward, I am minded that he'd rather cry old shoes than gamble in the share market," quoth our friend Isaac, advancing into the room: depositing, with considerable care, his two bags of shoes in their appropriate corner, and emptying, with equal readiness, divers rotten sticks, fir apples, and stumps of gorse, gathered during his day's travel—for apparently he had wended countryward—from the several pockets of his nondescript garments. "If these Stock-Exchange gamblers could but tell the sore hearts they cause to their friends and kindred, mayhap it might go nigh to reform 'em," pursued Isaac. "So here you be, Master Edward, come to make a deal, as I prophesied; and ye ha' brought Bess wi' ye, to clinch the bargain. So much the better. Gie me a kiss, Bess. So thou be'st come to help Master Edward to choose his wedding slippers—eh, my girl?" And the old man nodded his head, with a knowing wink, and chuckled—"Come to choose the wedding slippers!"

"Alas, my dear father, you little know"—began Elizabeth.

"Alack and alack, wench! No alacks for me. I do know all the story; ay, and a great deal besides, that neither of you know, wise as ye think yourselves. Come, my good boy and girl, sit ye down here by the fire. Bess looks as white as the snow on the house-top; and thou, Master Edward, art not much better. Sit down, and make yourselves comfortable. I'll tell you all about it." And the old shoe-merchant drew his two chairs to either side of his little fire, seated himself upon a stool in the middle, flung on fresh fuel, breaking the sticks with his withered hands, and did the honours of his small apartment with much hospitality. "Well, Master Morris, for all I cry old shoes about the streets, and my Bess (heaven bless her sweet face!) was brought up at a charity school, it ain't altogether for want of a bit of money. Many a year have I been scraping and scraping, and hoarding and hoarding, to save her a portion; and I told her and Mr. Sumner not to let out that she had a father, just for the pleasure of the surprise like. So, in the meantime, comes this affair of Master Arnott. Ay, better cry old shoes than go gambling in shares. So I happened to have the money, waiting for a good security—nothing like turning an honest penny—just when Master Byrne was wanting it for your father. So I lets him have it. Here's the paper, see—the what-d'y-e-call't!—the bill of sale. And I offered him my girl, with £5000 to her portion; not letting out who she was. And here I've just got a letter from him to Master Byrne, saying as how 'twill break your heart to marry her; not thinking, mind, that she's she. And I s'pose as how you are come to say that you won't have her, 'cause

o' your father—eh! So she's refused o' both hands—eh, Bess? Well! I love a good father, and I love a good son; he'll be sure to make a good husband. And, if Bess don't make thee a good wife, my lad, there's no faith in woman. So, take her!—and take this bit o' paper; that's four thousand pounds: and there's one thousand that I promised," continued he, going to one of his corner heaps, and taking a couple of dirty bank-notes out of an old shoe; "and another that I give, 'cause of these two refusals. A good father makes a good son, and a good son 'll make a good husband. And I've heard to-day, from a real Jew, who knows a good deal of what goes on on 'Change, that Master Arnott is likely to get his money back again. So now off wi' ye to Master Morris, and tell him the news. And, hark ye, my boy, don't forget to come back for the Wedding Slippers!"

Written for the Lady's Book.

## DESTRUCTION OF THE PULASKI.

BY MRS. M. ST. L. LOUD.

A voice of woe and wailing from the deep;  
A mingled sound of mortal fear and pain;  
As shrieks the wind when wild tornadoes sweep  
Through forest pines, and o'er the sounding main,  
Arousing Echo from her dreamless sleep,  
Then sinking fitfully to rest again;  
Oh! was it but the tempest's hollow roar  
That in deep midnight, sounded on the shore?

No! human beings in strong agonies,  
Wrestled in darkness for a hold on life;  
And till the morning dawn'd, their fearful cries  
Told to the stars alone, of that fierce strife;  
Unheard on earth, unseen by mortal eyes  
Were death's tremendous doings—husband, wife,  
Child, brother, sister, met in wild embrace;  
Or—met no more; Oh God! how short the space.

Since yesterday, a gallant vessel rode,  
Where now a blackened shapeless wreck floats by;  
Upon her deck, how many light feet trod,  
Which now all fetter'd with dark sea-weed lie;  
Where are the forms, through which warm life  
blood flowed,  
The bounding bosom, and hope lighted eye?  
Upon the caverned floor of Ocean strown  
The forms repose—the sea hath claimed her own.

Alas! they rest not in green quiet graves,  
Among their native hills and sunny vales;  
Their sepulchre—the restless billow laves,  
And o'er the beautiful, the sea-nymph wails,  
Their only dirge—their shroud—the white capp'd  
waves,  
O'er the closed waters, gay and dancing sails,  
Speed their light course rejoicing; and the spot  
On the wide waste of Ocean is forgot.

Woe, for the homes left lone and desolate;  
Woe, for the hearths, where kindred meet no more;  
Woe, for the hearts, the broken hearts which fate  
Has cast like wrecks, upon a desert shore;  
Yet not without a hope, bereft ones wait,  
Calmly; till life's tempestuous voyage is o'er;  
The sea shall yield her treasures to your eyes,  
On the last morn, when all the dead arise.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY J. S. HOUGHTON.

THE lamp burned dim in the student's chamber. A solitary ember lay smoking and crackling upon the hearth; and the shadowy images of the scanty furniture which graced the apartment, gave to the walls a dark and sepulchral appearance. The student sat at a low table, with his head resting upon his hand, absorbed in meditation. Occasionally, when a bright spark from the dying embers flashed upon the darkness, he raised his eyes, and gazed for several minutes upon the spot from whence it sprang, as if lost in thought. The village clock struck—it was past midnight. The student raised his head, and the dim light fell upon his handsome features, now glowing with the flush of exciting thought. His dark locks fell carelessly over his high fair forehead, his keen penetrating eyes were fixed intensely upon a book that lay open before him, and his lips were firmly compressed together. He arose! his form was manly and noble. "No!" exclaimed he, clasping his hands together and pacing the apartment, "No! I cannot endure it—I cannot pursue my studies, while the image of that bright angel flits before my sight, and the story of her wrongs lies thus heavy upon my heart. And yet, what a fool I am to think of her! I cannot assist her, for she is carefully watched. I may not love her, for she is an affianced bride—and I do not! Still, her history works strongly upon my feelings. Would that I could sleep!" He threw himself upon his disordered couch, and buried his face in his hands. An hour passed away, and again the deep tones of the village clock came pealing upon the heavy night air. The student sprang to his feet—"Yet sleep comes not," he exclaimed; "I am resolved! I will once more see Francesca—I will save her from the hated Spaniard. If her father casts her off, I will be her protector, her guide, and her friend!"

This resolution appeared to calm the tumultuous emotions that agitated the breast of the student. He returned to his couch, and in a few moments sunk into a deep, but uneasy repose.

The name of the student whom we have thus introduced to the reader, was Frederick De Vere. He was an orphan child, cast upon the world, without fortune or friends. By his own unaided efforts, and the natural force of his genius, he had sustained himself honourably through his academical studies, and had nearly finished his collegiate course. He stood high as a scholar, he was respected by the faculty, and beloved by his classmates. During the late vacation he spent a few days on the New Jersey shore, for exercise and sea-bathing. Returning one evening from a fowling excursion, he stopped to inquire his way at a singular looking dwelling situated under the brow of a hill. It was built in the Venetian style, with a balcony that overlooked the distant ocean. The columns and lattice-work of the portico were covered with a luxuriant vine; the little

plots of ground in front and on either side of the house were strewed with a variety of flowers and ornamental shrubs, and tokens of refined taste, neglect, and wild extravagance were every where visible. The student approached the door and rapped. A beautiful young lady, attired in a dress that vied in rich elegance with the costly robes of an eastern princess, appeared, and with averted eyes awaited his commands. De Vere could not have been more astonished, had an angel or a daughter of the sea answered his call. After a moment's pause he inquired the direct road to the next village. The lady answered that she was little acquainted with the situation of the country, but would call her servant, who could probably give him the desired information. And pointing to a seat on a rich ottoman that stood near, she disappeared. De Vere was sadly puzzled at the sight of this palace in the desert. He was actually disposed to question the reality of the scene, and began to suspect that he was wrapped in a dream, or had fallen into the hands of the fairies. The mysterious lady soon returned, with her servant, a brisk, pert miss, who answered Frederick's questions respecting the roads, with great freedom and accuracy. During this conversation with the servant, he noticed that the mistress frequently fixed her eyes upon him, with a wistful pensive look, as if she wished to speak with him—to unburthen a load of sorrow—or, as he flattered himself, as if she wished, with the gentle Desdemona, "that Heaven had made her such a man."

De Vere's curiosity was excited. He determined not to leave the house without learning something further concerning its mysterious inmates. He felt ripe for adventure. With this view he addressed a casual remark to the mistress, to which she replied with evident pleasure. This was followed by another, with the same result, and De Vere took all the advantage of this good success that a good stock of words, a lively imagination, and ready wit would allow. It would have been difficult to decide which was most pleased with the interview. The lady's eyes certainly spoke volumes, and Frederick's heart was full of gushing emotions. So interested had they become in each other, that they had not noticed the absence of the servant, who now returned to inform her mistress that tea was waiting. De Vere could not resist an invitation to join them at tea, although he was conscious it was hardly proper. But he felt an irresistible power within urging him forward, and while in his heart he refused, he followed the mysterious lady into the next apartment.

The furniture here was elegant beyond description. A rich carpet covered the floor, the tables, sofas, and mirrors, were of the most costly materials and beautiful fashion. The rich drapery hung in ample folds, and the whole apartment literally glistened with brilliant gems and costly ornaments. A massive chandelier covered with diamonds, hung from the centre of the ceiling, and shed its pure light upon the table below, which, like every thing about it, was loaded with rich furniture, and a profusion of all that was rare and valuable.

The food, however, was simple, and with the exception of a few preserves, was such as might be found upon the table of any citizen, in good circumstances, in the vicinity.

The ceremonies of the table were soon finished. Indeed, neither party appeared desirous of prolonging them. When they rose, Frederick felt inspired with new confidence, and taking a seat on a sofa with the mysterious lady, again engaged her in conversation. The evening wore away, and Frederick still kept his seat, forgetful of the distance he would have to travel that night to reach the place of his destination. The conversation every moment grew more interesting, and the later the hour the less he appeared inclined to leave. By questions ingeniously contrived, he managed to learn the name and history of his beautiful hostess; and this assured him that there could be no danger in remaining a *little* longer in a place that had so much of romance about it, and with a person for whom he already began to feel the deepest sympathy.

The name of the mysterious lady, he learned, was Francesca. She was the daughter of a West Indian smuggler, named Marlow. Her mother was an English lady of noble birth, disinherited and banished for marrying beneath her. She died when Francesca was only three years of age, of a broken heart. Her father then went into the contraband trade, which he followed sixteen years, with distinguished success, and collecting the mass of his fortunes together, embarked for America. He had been in this country about two years, and although he did not follow his hazardous occupation in person, he derived a handsome revenue from his connection with the smugglers, who transacted much of their business under cover of his name. Francesca was his only child, and on her he lavished all the attentions of a devoted father, and all the luxuries that unbounded wealth could procure. The lovely creature revealed this story with a sigh. Amidst all the splendour with which she was surrounded, she was the most unhappy being in existence. Possessing a strong natural taste for study, and the accomplishments of refined society, she was deprived, by the peculiar nature of her case, even the means of a common education. Mute books were offered, and heaped to the very walls, but the fearful pledges by which her father was bound to exclude all but the most devoted confidants of either sex from her apartments, precluded the possibility of admitting other and more capable teachers.

The person who ruled her father with such despotic and fearful power, was one Antonio Ricardo, to whom he was indebted for his very existence, and who held his written pledge of constant obedience, sealed with his own blood. To this man, or rather fiend in human shape, he had also betrothed his beautiful daughter, under the most dreadful penalties, in case he failed to assist the union with all the influence in his power. It was this fearful truth, which had recently been revealed to Francesca, that made her situation doubly miserable, shutting out for ever the cheering light of hope. The thought of such an union was almost distracting to her sensitive and delicate mind. Ricardo

was one of the most abandoned of his class—a tall, swarthy, grizzly Spaniard; a man that hesitated not to imbrue his hands in the blood of innocent victims, upon the slightest pretext; a man whose heart was shut against the principles of right and justice, and whose soul was never moved by the common and softer emotions of human nature. Francesca, on the contrary, was emphatically the child of nature—lovely, imaginative, and sympathising. She was all innocence, purity, and truth; confined at home from her earliest childhood, under the care of a single domestic, she had learned little of the great world around her. Her principal knowledge was derived from books; the Bible, and a few pious volumes, dedicated to her and commended by her departed mother, had been her constant companions and her dearest friends. The precepts and instructions contained in their pages had been deeply impressed upon her heart, and were constantly in her mind, and upon her tongue. Her disposition, naturally mild and well tempered, was rendered more perfect by the salutary influence of good principles, and her loveliness of person was enhanced by the moral beauty of her character, and the purity of her virtue. She had a tear for all that wept, and the story of others' wrongs affected her heart in a most sensible manner. And yet she was doomed to a union with Ricardo, a grim monster in human form, a leader of outlaws, and offender against the laws of God and man, a criminal of the deepest dye. No wonder, then, that this fragile flower was crushed in the rude grasp of the hand that was stretched forth to pluck it—no wonder that it drooped and faded in such an unnatural embrace.

Frederick listened to this story with breathless attention. He learned further, that Francesca's father and Ricardo were then on a voyage to the Mexican gulf, and would probably be absent several days. Business of a peculiar nature called them away. This was the first time she had been left alone since her arrival in America. There was little danger of their sudden return; and under the circumstances, with the weight of her frightful situation pressing upon her mind, and perhaps, with a desperate hope of escape, she had seized this opportunity to entertain a stranger, and almost unconsciously revealed her history. But when it was finished, and she reflected what she had done, she was frightened, and bathed in tears, she seized Frederick with frantic energy, and begged him to pardon her folly, and if he could not assist her, at least to keep the secret she had revealed buried in the deepest recesses of his heart. Frederick, choking with emotion, solemnly promised to remain true to her request. The young woman who waited upon Francesca, alarmed at the frantic cries of her mistress, entered the apartment. She pitied Francesca, and would have assisted her, notwithstanding the threats of Ricardo, had she known how. She was disposed to make the most of the present opportunity. Francesca raised her head and motioned her away. She left the room. Frederick took the hand that was extended towards him, and in a soothing voice endeavoured to comfort the afflicted girl,

with such consoling reflections as his mind suggested. For a time she refused all consolation, and the violence of her grief appeared to increase rather than abate. Frederick assured her again and again that he would not betray her; that he would be her friend, and that he would do all in his power to rescue her from the fate which she dreaded and loathed from her inmost soul. She gradually recovered her self-possession, and endeavoured to assume her usual quiet and cheerful manner. The gray mists of morn appeared in the east, before Frederick rose to take his leave, and it was only on his renewing the promises he had made, and also pledging himself to return the next evening, and if possible, to devise some plan to save her from the fate that awaited her, that she consented to let him return to his lodgings at the neighbouring village.

Frederick possessed an ardent and adventurous spirit; he felt deeply interested in the fate of the lovely and devoted being with whose strange history he had been entrusted; a sense of duty and justice, and the motives of common humanity compelled him to seek her deliverance from the power of the Spaniard. But how could this be accomplished? He was a poor orphan student, without means or influence, and scarcely able to sustain himself with credit in college. Should he succeed in conveying Francesca from her father's roof, where should he place her? Would not the spies of the hated Spaniard seek her out, even in the remotest corner of the country? In her father's house she enjoyed the comforts and luxuries of life; could he furnish even the articles necessary to existence, or could she obtain the means to procure them? Should he complain to the civil authorities, what right would they have to interfere with the private affairs of a family? Had he evidence against Bozarris sufficient to convict him of infamous crimes? He had not. If he attempted to save her, then he must surely fail in his project, and the vengeance of the Spaniard would follow him to the grave. He spent the day in his chamber musing upon the circumstances of the case, unable to determine what course it was best to pursue.

As the shades of evening darkened the neighbouring hills, he was again on his way to the sea-shore. The full bright moon soon began to peer above the horizon, gilding hill and dale, ocean and forest, with rich and mellow light. It was a beautiful evening, and Frederick reflected with sorrow that there was one, as pure and beautiful as the silver light in which all things were then bathed, whose heart was shrouded in the deepest gloom, and whom the light of joy, he feared, would never reach. He approached the habitation of the smuggler, and halted a moment to reconnoitre. Not a light was to be seen, not a sound was heard. The garden gate was shut, the blinds were closed, and even the lattice-work of the balcony was drawn to, and every thing about the mansion, to Frederick's eye, wore a desolate and deserted appearance. The tall pines which hung from the brow of the steep hill in the rear of the house, seemed to sigh mournfully over the spot, and he imagined he saw in their deep shade, which the beams of the moon could not

penetrate, the forms of men partly concealed. But these dismal fancies fled, and his heart throbbed with delightful emotions, as the sweet voice of the being he sought broke forth from the balcony in a plaintive air, assuring him that she was still within the reach of hope. He approached the balcony and gave a gentle tap on the railing. The voice ceased. He knocked again. A moment's pause—the lattice-work cautiously opened—and he was in the arms of Francesca.

The connection between Francesca and De Vere was suddenly formed, but it was powerful and enduring. She clung to him as her only friend and protector; he was interested for her, he loved her because she was virtuous, beautiful, and distressed. He might have met her in the gay assembly, in the ball-room, or on the pave, and passed her with a look. It was the force of peculiar circumstances that cemented their hearts. Their declarations of constancy and affection were mingled with tears and sighs. They indulged none of that fashionable moonlight feeling, falsely called love. Their connexion was of a purer, holier, nobler nature. Indeed, they never talked of love; they never thought of it. They loved without thought—they joined their hearts instinctively, as the turtle-dove nestles with its mate when the storm rages. She was the shrine at which his heart worshipped, and he was all the world to her. She had not learned the deceitfulness of human nature; and although she knew little concerning Frederick, except what he had told her himself, she trusted him with implicit confidence; she threw herself upon his mercy, hoping for the best.

Their meeting on the present occasion was truly affectionate. Frederick clasped her in his arms, resting his head upon her throbbing breast; she leaned over him, and the warm tears of joy dropped upon his burning cheeks. They sat down and talked for hours of their situation and the means of relief. They devised plan after plan, and gave them up as hopeless as soon as devised. Their want of means, the revengeful spirit and great power of Ricardo, presented barriers to their success which appeared insurmountable. While they were thus engaged, the voices of men were heard beneath the balcony. They listened.

"*Tis Ricardo!*" exclaimed Francesca, in a whisper; "*fly, Frederick! fly this instant, or your fate is sealed!*"

Frederick pressed her hands powerfully together, and begged her to be silent. Then imprinting a parting kiss upon her cheek, he desired her to remain firm in her purpose, and trust Heaven for the result. Ricardo had entered the house, and his heavy step was heard on the stairs! As he placed his hand on the latch of the door which opened into Francesca's chamber, Frederick quietly pushed aside the lattice-work, and passed from the balcony to the ground.

Ricardo entered the apartment. His quick eye saw that something unusual had happened. He darted to the window, just in time to catch a view of Frederick's retreating figure. A handkerchief lay on the balustrade. He seized

it, and hurried to the light. It was marked, "F. De Vere."

"How's this?" said he, "playing the wanton during my absence, eh? Not so nice and prudish as would seem, perhaps. We'll see, we'll see."

And he went below to inform Marlow of the discovery he had made.

The servant was called and questioned, but she protested she knew nothing concerning the man or his purpose. Francesca was coaxed and threatened, but could not be made to reveal a syllable. Ricardo was certain that some person had been in the house during his absence, and the evidence of the handkerchief satisfied him that his name was De Vere. Who was he? What was his object? How came he there? These were questions which sadly puzzled his jealous mind. It is needless to add that Francesca was watched closer than ever, and that Ricardo pressed his suit with corresponding vigour.

Month after month passed away, and no change took place. Ricardo, in the mean time, sought out the owner of the handkerchief, and marked him well. De Vere, too, had an opportunity to see Ricardo. He met him in a hotel in New York. He was pointed out by a companion as the supposed leader of a recent outrage in that city; he was described as a shrewd villain, who perpetrated his guilty deeds in open day, and daringly set the laws at defiance. And yet, so ingeniously were all his schemes contrived, that when the law did reach the offenders, he invariably contrived to evade its clutches.

Time rolled on. Frederick had finished his collegiate course, and was enrolled among the graduating class. Commencement approached. Frederick received a part—an oration. The day arrived. The weather was propitious, and a crowded audience assembled to witness the ceremonies. Frederick had bestowed much labour upon his composition, and to give it greater effect, he intended to recite it from memory. He had long made declamation a study, and aided by a rich-toned voice, an expressive countenance, and a commanding figure, he excelled, in this respect, every member of his class. When his name was announced, a whisper of satisfaction rose from the assembled mass. He mounted the stage with a firm step and a look of confidence. Every sound was hushed. He commenced. The subject of his oration was the capacities of the human mind. The exordium was spoken in a low, distinct tone, with little attempt at display: it was ingeniously contrived, and delivered in such a captivating manner that the whole audience was enlisted in his favour at the outset. He then went on to speak of the illimitable capacities of the mind, and the immortal powers of the soul, now holding his hearers fixed by the intensely interesting nature of his remarks, and now astonishing them by sudden and well managed bursts of eloquence. He approached the conclusion. In the middle of a highly finished climax he stopped—his memory proved treacherous. He endeavoured to go on—his thoughts were scattered to the four winds of heaven—he looked around, as if for assistance—

a deep exulting hiss fell upon his ear—he turned towards the spot from whence it arose, and his eye met the piercing glance of Ricardo! A thick mist seemed to spread over his eyes, his head grew dizzy, large drops of sweat stood upon his brow, and feeble with excitement, he descended from the stage!

That night he retired to his chamber, in a feverish and excited state. He sat alone to a late hour, brooding over the events of the day, and his future prospects. It was in this place, and in this situation, that he was first introduced to the reader. He resolved, it will be recollected, to save Francesca from the power of the Spaniard. The prospect of accomplishing this object was still doubtful. He knew that Ricardo was a man to be feared. He believed that no situation, no circumstances, could secure him against his vengeance. He had finished his collegiate course, and was now about to enter upon the study of his profession—the law. The adventure which made known to him the history of Francesca so completely unsettled his mind, that he remained several days confined to his room, engaged in listless musings, or desultory pursuits, scarce knowing why he tarried in a place that no longer demanded his presence, but still unable to break away from the spell that bound him to the spot.

Oh woman! how fearful is thy power over the heart of man! The enchantress who can call up spirits from the 'vasty deep,' is not more a wizard than art thou. To thee the spirit of man bows down and worships; by thee his affections are enchained, and his heart is bound with more than a wizard's spell. The wand of beauty is omnipotent; the influence of deep, pure, and ardent love, is stronger than magic. At thy fairy touch, all that is gross and earthly vanishes, and the world appears but one wide scene of enchanted beauty. At thy pure shrine holiness and innocence are attendant spirits, and the affections of thy worshippers are subdued and sanctified by their sweet influence. Thou art nature's masterpiece of loveliness—twin-sister with Gabriel. To thee, dear tyrant, do we owe all that makes this life desirable, and much that gives value to the hope of heaven! It was in exclamations like these that Frederick was indulging, in thought, on the evening of the fourth day after commencement, as he sat alone in his chamber, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, when a rap at the door announced a visitor. He sprang hastily from his chair, and raised the latch. A woman, completely enveloped in a dark cloak, with a cowl or hood covering her head, and a dark veil falling over her face, entered the room, and handing him a paper, disappeared without speaking a word. Frederick stood a moment stupefied with surprise at the suddenness of the act, and then producing a light, broke the seal of the note, and read as follows:

"My Dearest and only Friend—I am once more left alone. Grant me an interview—the last, probably, that I shall ever enjoy, unless you can now rescue me from my impending fate. Come immediately—to see you with safety I must see you soon. Come—and I will explain all. This from yours truly,

FRANCESCA.

Frederick read the note, and resolved to grant the request, although he saw no hope for the fair petitioner, and feared the consequences might be disastrous. Still, impelled by a powerful but mysterious impulse, he resolved to comply; and early the following morning sought the nearest stage office, and took passage for that part of the country where Francesca resided.

They met. Impatient at his delay, Francesca had left the house, attended by her faithful, but indulgent companion, and had just reached the summit of a range of hills, on the pathway to the neighbouring village, when Frederick appeared in sight.

"What hope!" cried Francesca, "Can you save me?"

"Francesca!" replied De Vere, sadly, "I fear to reply—the difficulties that surround us are great. I know not where we can fly to escape this monster.

"Monster! dost thou say!" exclaimed Ricardo, springing from among the trees; "I'll teach thee a more decent speech!"

And he aimed a deadly blow at Frederick, with a short rapier or dagger, which he parried by striking the villain's arm with great force just above the wrist, which rendered it for a moment completely powerless, and the deadly instrument fell from his grasp.

Francesca uttered a shriek of horror, and fell lifeless into the arms of her attendant.

"By heaven!" cried Ricardo, choking with rage, "I'll throttle thee!" and he seized Frederick by the collar, and endeavoured to carry his threat into effect.

A fierce struggle now ensued. Ricardo was a stout, brawny, desperate man, and in his rage exerted himself to the utmost. Frederick was calm, active, and wary, and summoning all his power, proved an equal match for his antagonist. At length, however, his strength began to fail. Ricardo, unable to overcome him in close contact, formed the horrible design of throwing him from a neighbouring precipice which overhung a deep ravine, and was nearly concealed by the close underwood. In their struggle they drew near the brink. Frederick was unaware of his danger. They stood upon the verge. Still Frederick did not perceive the fearful chasm. The Spaniard wrenched himself from his grasp, and pushed him over the edge of the precipice! He sunk, clinging to a small tree as he fell. Ricardo raised a fiendish shout as he disappeared—the earth beneath his feet gave way, and he too, rolled into the abyss below! His body dashed from rock to rock, and landed, a mangled thing, in the lowest depths of the ravine! Frederick, by the aid of the tree to which he clung, was fortunately saved from a similar fate, and in a few minutes regained his footing, trembling with fear at the remembrance of the danger through which he had passed.

His course was now plain—he must fly and conceal himself in the most remote and obscure retreat that could be found. The thought flashed upon his mind that the absence of Ricardo and his associates was merely pretended, and was a stratagem to test the strength of Francesca's affection for himself, which they

undoubtedly suspected. If Ricardo was dead, his comrades might seek him out, and revenge his death; if alive, he would certainly follow him with his vengeance. But Francesca—what should be her fate! He resolved to take her, too, to marry her, if she would; to link his fortunes indissolubly with her's; to be her legal protector, as well as her friend.

He hurried to Francesca, who had now in some measure recovered from her fright, explained what had happened, and mentioned his sudden resolution. There was no other alternative, and she readily consented to the proposal. Her attendant begged to accompany them, and her request was granted. No time was to be lost. They started immediately, and walked as rapidly as possible to the neighbouring village. Here they procured a carriage, and travelled until evening, when they obtained a relay of horses, and about midnight reached the great stage rout to New York, and the following morning took passage for that city, with the hope, that amidst the mass of human beings that throng its every avenue, they might pass unnoticed, until time should assure them that they might safely venture abroad.

Here De Vere and Francesca were united in that holy tie which binds "till death shall part." Never did man pronounce the marriage vows with holier or firmer resolution; and never did woman yield herself up with more implicit confidence to the object of her choice, or with more sincerity promise to perform her conjugal duties. The priest who conducted the ceremonies, although unacquainted with the history of the parties, was deeply affected by their appearance, and even the persons introduced as witnesses of the solemn contract, were moved to tears by the solemn scene.

Francesca now felt as if she had little to fear. She retired with Frederick to the humble lodgings he had chosen as a means of security, in the third story of an obscure building, furnished by the landlord, and in a few days appeared really happy and contented. She arranged her little stock of furniture with great care, and with the assistance of Mary, who had once been her servant, but was now her friend and companion, rendered her rooms quite comfortable and pleasant. De Vere obtained employment as a writer and proof-reader on one of the morning papers, which afforded a very decent support. His business necessarily occupied him a good part of the day and evening. He went disguised and muffled, and always entered his lodgings through a by-lane little known. Francesca smiled upon him when he left in the morning, and greeted him with a cheering welcome when he returned. While at home, the hours flew delightfully away. If happiness ever falls to the lot of human nature, it must flow from the sweet intercourse of two pure and noble beings united by sincere affection. The union of De Vere and Francesca was not only cemented by sincere affection, but by the force of circumstances which alone rendered them very dear to each other. And now that they were comparatively beyond the reach of danger, they enjoyed without interruption and without alloy, the full bliss of love.

Time passed on, and nothing was heard of

Ricardo. De Vere gradually forgot his fears, and occasionally appeared in public with his beautiful wife, and introduced her to that society which she was so well fitted to enjoy and adorn. Wherever they appeared, at ball or party, or in the social circle, their society was courted, and Francesca, by her native vivacity and grace, reigned "the bright particular star" of the hour. De Vere was alike dazzled and surprised by these attentions. He was too modest to believe he deserved them, and possessed too much firmness and sagacity to be deceived into extravagance by these fashionable flatteries. His success in his occupation was equally gratifying. His ready talents, and vigorous style of composition, soon attracted notice, and he was offered the sub-editorship of the journal on which he had been employed, which he immediately accepted. This proved a very lucrative situation, and raised him greatly in the estimation of his friends and acquaintance. He was now on the broad road to prosperity and honor.

One evening, soon after this change in his business, which of course brought him more directly before the public, De Vere appeared at the theatre with Francesca, to witness the performance of a new and celebrated opera, which required a critical notice. On taking his seat he observed that a person in the next box, who was apparently attempting to conceal his own features, eyed him very sharply, and then retired. De Vere mentioned this incident to Francesca, who was about to reply, when the overture ceased, the curtain rose, and the circumstance was forgotten.

The new play was eminently successful. The scenery was magnificent beyond description—the actors performed their parts admirably—the music and singing introduced were excellent—the curtain fell amidst thunders of applause, and the audience retired highly delighted with the entertainment. A performance of this character combines the highest efforts of poetry and painting, of music and eloquence. De Vere was happily fitted, by nature and education to enjoy and appreciate these efforts, and during the progress of the piece, he frequently joined in the applause with the utmost enthusiasm. He left the theatre with the mass, and pursued his way, by the dim light of the expiring lamps, to his humble lodgings. He had not yet left this place, for fear of discovery, although his income was amply sufficient to support a house worthy of his station. Just as he reached the corner of the obscure lane, by which he entered his dwelling, a man armed with a stout club sprung from the thick darkness, and with a single blow felled him to the earth. Francesca uttered a shriek and leaped to the opposite side of the lane. Her cries alarmed the city watch, and three of them immediately came to her assistance. The villain, perceiving his danger, groped about in search of his victim, gave him another blow and disappeared. De Vere was immediately taken to his lodgings where his wounds were examined by a surgeon. He was found to be much bruised, but not dangerously injured. He was soon able to sit up, and in a few days pursued his profession as usual.

This incident gave rise to much fearful speculation. De Vere had little doubt but that the villain who attacked him was Ricardo, or one of his emissaries. The object of the attack could not have been plunder, for there was no demand made, nor any attempt to rifle his pockets. When the watchmen appeared, instead of making his escape, the villain stopped, at the hazard of his life, to give his victim another blow. The vengeance of the Spaniard undoubtedly followed in his path, and he feared that he should yet fall a victim to his bloody purpose.

De Vere therefore immediately procured a suite of apartments in a more public and eligible part of the city, presuming that an assassin would not be so likely to assail him, where thousands were constantly passing, as in the dark and unfrequented lane where he first resided. He rarely ventured abroad in the evening without the protection of a friend, and never without being suitably armed. No further attack was made, however, and the circumstances of the first assault gradually died away upon his mind, or were ranked with the thousand similar affairs that daily occur in that great commercial city.

At this time an incident occurred, which opened upon De Vere in still bolder colors, the fiendish character of Ricardo, and in its consequences brought the eventful history of that monster to a close, unveiled a dark chain of events, and rendered the life of our hero and his amiable and accomplished partner peaceful and happy.

"Francesca!" exclaimed De Vere, as he entered the apartment where his wife was sitting, his countenance blanched with fear, "Francesca, the paper which I hold in my hand contains bad news—Ricardo or his confederates are still I fear, at their cursed work—your father has been arrested as a smuggler!"

"My father!" cried Francesca, catching the paper in her hands, and bending eagerly over its contents.

"Yes—arrested, imprisoned, and awaiting his trial. The old man, it is evident, was betrayed—he will die beneath the blow!"

Francesca raised her eyes from the paper, and looked steadfastly at Frederick, while her lips quivered, and her whole frame trembled with emotion.

"He was betrayed, beyond all doubt," continued Frederick, pacing the apartment, "and he will die beneath the blow, unless some kind friend can snatch him from the power of the Spanish fiend."

"Will not justice and the laws save him?"

"I fear not—justice may be blinded."

It was no time to waste words. The trial of old Marlow came on in a few days. Frederick decided upon his measures promptly.

"I will go," said he, "I will go and plead his cause myself. I will unveil the character of his accusers and their witnesses—I will save him from their secret arts, and trust to Providence for protection!"

It was a noble resolution, and characteristic of the speaker. Francesca made no reply. She approved her husband's spirit, but dreaded its consequences. De Vere was resolute. He prepared for the journey that very day, and the



following morning, leaving his wife in the family of an intimate acquaintance, and inwardly recommending her to the protection of Heaven, started on his perilous enterprise.

A week passed away, and no tidings of her absent husband reached Francesca. He promised to write, and inform her of the progress of the trial; but no letters arrived. Were they intercepted? Or had he been murdered on his journey? The worst was apprehended.

It was evening. Francesca and a little group of friends were seated in the family parlor, earnestly discussing the atrocities of Ricardo, and the probable fate of De Vere. A loud rap was heard at the door.

"Hark!" exclaimed Francesca, rising from her chair.

A servant answered the call, and in a few minutes returned with a note addressed to Francesca. She hastily broke the seal and read as follows:

"Dearest—Your father is safe. The trial has terminated in his favour. I shall be detained here a few weeks adjusting his affairs, when we shall both return to New York. I shall be happy to have you join us, and visit once more the scene of your early days. Danger is passed. Come, and you shall know all. A private carriage is the best conveyance. Ask Ellen to bear you company. Yours, affectionately.  
F. DE VERE."

The contents of this letter brought welcome relief to the troubled mind of Francesca. As soon as its import was made known, a murmur of satisfaction burst from the little assembly of friends present, who awaited the announcement in breathless silence. Francesca was happy—and she lost no time in complying with the request of her husband. A carriage and driver were obtained, and with her friend Ellen, who received the proposal with pleasure, she left the city full of anticipation, to join her husband, to meet her kind but injured father, and to visit those rude scenes, which early association and simple happiness had endeared to her heart.

The next day after her departure, De Vere arrived in the city, with her father, and unconscious of her absence, hastened to meet her embrace, and to make her acquainted with the happy issue of his efforts. When informed that she had gone to meet him, at his own request, (as she supposed) he sunk into a chair, speechless. The history of the villainous stratagem by which she was decoyed from home—the letter, which it is needless to say was a forgery—overwhelmed him with astonishment and the deepest concern for her welfare. This was the unkindest cut of all.

But his usual energy and self-possession soon returned, and calling a post-chase to the door, he sprang into it, and pursued the route to New Jersey, which Francesca had probably taken, determined if possible, by relays of horses, and constant driving to overtake her, or at least to learn something of her fate.

This task he soon accomplished—too soon, alas! for his own peace. On the evening of the first day he stopped at an obscure public house, to make inquiries respecting Francesca and her attendants. A crowd of people, col-

lected in the traveller's room, were engaged in earnest and noisy conversation about an outrage recently committed in those parts. The hot blood darted through his veins, as De Vere inquired of the landlord what outrage the people spoke of. It was a high-way robbery: a carriage, containing two ladies had been attacked the previous evening, a few miles from that place; every thing of value was taken, and the ladies forced from the carriage and carried, no one knew whither! The driver, who escaped with a slight wound, was then in the house. He was called, at De Vere's request, and confirmed the melancholy story. Francesca and Ellen had fallen victims to the hellish arts of the Spaniard! Thwarted in love—disappointed in his attempts upon the life of his rival—cheated of revenge in the case of the father—and now, with the dear object of all his toils, the precious prize for which he had labored so long and so desperately, fairly in his power, what would not Ricardo attempt? The thought was distraction.

But De Vere had seen too much of misfortune, to be utterly disheartened at her approach, even in this fearful shape. Indeed, adversity seemed to inspire him with new energy. On the present occasion he followed Ricardo and his unprincipled crew to their den of infamy with a suddenness that the monster little expected.

As soon as the crowd at the inn understood that De Vere was the husband of one of the ladies carried off by the confederates of the famous smuggler, they all, with one accord, begged to be lead in pursuit of the villains. Warrants for their apprehension were issued by a neighbouring justice, the services of several officers were obtained, carriages were provided, and the party, which was constantly increasing, was soon ready to start. Popular indignation was excited to the highest point. Every body, far and near, knew and feared or despised the villain Ricardo, and they longed to revenge the wrongs he had committed.

Just as De Vere was about to step into his carriage with an officer, a tall swarthy looking man, in a course fisherman's dress, tapped him upon the shoulder, and begged to whisper a word with him.

"I am a ruined, desperate man," said he, in a low sorrowful tone, "and I seek revenge. Take me with you—I can lead you to the den you seek. The monster is now there, and his death shall soon end a life of infamy and crime, without a parallel. Lead on—lead on."

De Vere was not reluctant to receive the assistance of an old confederate of the Spanish villain, although inclined to believe that he might still be in the service of that arch enemy. This was no time for inquiry, however, and they mounted the carriage together. The subject was mentioned to the officer of the law, who thought best to make the most of the assistance offered, if the man should prove honest, but if otherwise, to arrest him as an accomplice. The word was then given, and the party started off amidst the cheers of a crowd of spectators.

The retreat which the robbers had probably chosen, if they were the agents of Ricardo,

was suspected by many. But few, unless assisted by a strong force, as on the present occasion, would have dared to approach it, upon such an errand. Death to invaders, was the fearful motto of the wretched men who followed the fortunes of the Spaniard. Their guide led the way, and about midnight announced, that they were in the vicinity of the "Smuggler's Cave." It was a dismal place. On one side, a range of broken hills, covered with tall vines and rocky precipices extended as far as the eye could reach. On the other, a barren heath with here and there a bush or bunch of moss, spread itself to the very verge of the ocean. At the entrance of a dark ravine, which it was impossible to pass with carriages, the party halted, and leaving their horses in the care of a select body of men, who possessed stout hearts and strong arms, they followed their guide, with silence and caution along a rugged and winding pathway to the summit of the nearest hill. The dim twinkling of a light, seen at intervals through the trees of the forest, assured them that the den of the smugglers was not entirely desolate.

Having decided upon the method of attack, should they discover the objects of their search, and assigned to each man his duty, they armed themselves with stout clubs, and moved rapidly down the narrow passage to the glen below. A few minutes more brought them in sight of the rude hovel known as the "Smuggler's Cave." It was a miserable hut, patched up with boards dragged from the neighboring sea shore, and thatched with a thick covering of straw and the limbs of trees. It was situated under the brow of a hill, and formed the entrance to a dark and unexplored cave, where the smugglers concealed their contraband goods, and celebrated their midnight orgies after a successful adventure. It was supposed to have secret outlets in other parts of the hills, by which the smuggled goods were sent out to different parts of the adjacent country.

The hovel at the mouth of the cave, contained but two apartments, both of which appeared to be brilliantly lighted, and the forms of men were seen through the darkened windows, passing to and fro, and occasionally a low shout fell upon the ears of the approaching party. They halted. De Vere and the guide, with an officer, moved cautiously towards the cave to reconnoitre. No spies or guards were discovered, and by degrees they approached nearer and nearer, until they were able to distinguish the cause of the unusual noise which prevailed in the cabin. A large party of smugglers were making merry over a can of whiskey, and as the bowl passed round, the song and the shout grew louder and louder, until the surrounding forest echoed and re-echoed with the sound. It was evidently an uncommon period of rejoicing; for Ricardo, as prudent as daring, rarely allowed his followers to celebrate their successes in the front apartments of the cave, but drove them far into the bowels of the everlasting hills, where the sound of their boisterous revels died away unheard by the world without. The guide now approached still nearer the hut, and pushing aside the boughs that overhung the window, looked in upon the rev-

ellers. De Vere passed noiselessly round, and looked into the other apartment.

"Good G—!" exclaimed he, as the sight of Francesca in the arms of the Spaniard, burst upon his view, "Good G—! is it possible!"

Ricardo was alone with his fair victims, and was endeavoring to force Francesca to submit to his foul embrace. De Vere's blood chilled with horror at the sight. He shook violently with emotion, and with trembling steps returned to the guide, and informed him what he had seen.

They immediately joined the main body of the party, and making known the state of affairs, proceeded at once to their work. The hut was surrounded, with a view to prevent the escape of the revellers. The guide desired them to remain quiet while he effected the most desirable part of the task, the capture of Ricardo—and requested them to aid all in their power if he failed in the attempt. They accordingly stood upon their posts, and awaited the result in breathless suspense.

The guide approached the hut. The door was partly open. He stepped cautiously into the entry, and with a stout club secured the door leading to the apartment in which the smugglers were carousing. Then moving back a few steps, he drew a broad dagger from his belt, and taking a glance at the position of Ricardo, he stepped again into the entry, burst the door of the apartment, and in an instant the blade of the dagger entered the heart of the Spanish monster! A dismal howl burst from the dying villain, and all was over. His comrades in the opposite room, alarmed by the noise, and probably suspecting the cause, fled through a secret passage, and left the scene of their revels in total darkness. A shout of triumph was raised by the people who surrounded the hut. De Vere, seeing Ricardo fall, rushed into the apartment, seized the senseless Francesca in his arms, and placing her upon a rude pallet in a corner of the room, knelt down and thanked Heaven for her safety!

The sequel of our story may be told in a few words. Francesca soon recovered her senses, but it was long ere she could seem to realize that she had actually been delivered from the power of that hated fiend, who had been the curse of her life. Her friend Ellen, the partner of her misfortunes, was a terrified witness of the dreadful act which restored them to liberty, and with tears of joy, grasped the hand of Frederick her deliverer.

The body of Ricardo was taken from the hut as a trophy of victory. The ladies were assisted along the rough pathway to the carriages, and the whole party returned to the inn in triumph. The death of the notorious villain who had so long been the terror of the community, created a great sensation at the time, and was undoubtedly the means of breaking up and dispersing one of the most desperate and successful gang of smugglers that ever infested those shores.

De Vere did not return immediately to New York. Francesca and Ellen wished to recover from the effects of their frightful adventure, before commencing their journey. An account of the affair reached the city before them, and

when they arrived, a crowd of friends called in daily to congratulate them upon their happy escape from the dangers through which they had passed.

Francesca here met her aged father, who knowing well the character of Ricardo, had given her up as lost. No human power, he thought, could rescue her, if once in his hands. Their meeting was cordial and affectionate; and was rendered more happy by the reflection that they would not again be separated until death should part them.

The circumstances of the extraordinary events in which De Vere and Francesca had been such prominent actors, it will readily be imagined, were a fruitful theme of conversation for months, in the society where they moved, and indeed throughout the city. The noble character, devoted attachment, and the bravery of De Vere, were every where complimented; while all rejoiced in the death of the monster Ricardo. De Vere was obliged to relate, for the hundredth time, the whole history of his adventures in New Jersey; to tell how Ricardo and his associates betrayed the father of his beautiful and amiable wife, because he would not assist in the destruction of her lawful husband; how that villain and his false witnesses shrunk from investigation when he appeared before the court as counsel for the prisoner; how, when all hope of his conviction for an infamous crime of which he was innocent had vanished, Ricardo resorted to the bold scheme of drawing his wife from home by means of a forged letter; how that scheme succeeded for a time, but was finally punished, and a life of crime ended by a sudden and bloody death. This story frequently held the attention of his auditors enchained for hours together; and often would they come again, "and with a greedy ear devour up his discourse."

Thus ends this eventful history. De Vere and Francesca long enjoyed the reward of their virtuous and devoted attachment, and their noble perseverance under great calamities. They were blessed with an abundance of worldly good; they were respected and honored in life, and their declining years were rendered comfortable and happy by dutiful and affectionate children. The father of Francesca lived many years to share their prosperity. The old man sincerely repented the pursuit of an unlawful traffic in the early part of his life, and his connexion with a band of villains in after years; and he endeavored in some measure to atone for the evil of which he had been guilty, by devoting the remainder of his property to benevolent objects; and he spent the greater part of his latest days in seeking out and ministering to the wants of the poor and distressed.

The awkwardness and embarrassment which all feel on beginning to write, when they *themselves* are the theme, ought to serve as a hint to authors, that self is a subject they ought very rarely to descant upon. It is extremely easy to be as egotistical as Montaigne, and as conceited as Rousseau; but it is extremely difficult to be as entertaining as the one, or as eloquent as the other

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE CLOSE OF EVENING IN SUMMER.

The setting sun with golden rays,  
Has tinged the western sky;  
And floating clouds around him blaze,  
In gorgeous pageantry—  
While loveliness not want to gleam,  
Beneath his warm meridian beam,  
But such as in a *Claude* it meets,  
The muse's eye now sweetly greets.

Yet in the vale dark shadows rest,  
And throng the mountain high;  
While on the water's tranquil breast  
Appears the pictured sky—  
So dream-like the reflection thrown,  
That feelings of a deeper tone,  
As on the scene we gaze, will start,  
Wildly tumultuous to the heart.

In freshness steeped, the balm fraught breeze  
Sweeps o'er the closing flowers;  
And swells like music through the trees,  
Sighing of by-gone hours—  
E'en in its fragrance there's a spell,  
The soul must own but cannot tell,  
And in its murmurs soft and bland,  
Seem whispers from the spirit land.

The laden bee, and chirping bird,  
Now fitting to repose,  
With buzzing insects, ever heard  
At evening's dewy close,  
Have all an influence sad, but sweet,  
Where'er the gentler feelings meet,  
Or Fancy wild her wreaths have twined,  
Or Hope was e'er an idol shrined.

The glorious sun—  
The mountain, wave, and vale,  
And bright clouds which our worship won,  
Are last—or fading—pale—  
The heavens in rosy light no more,  
Smile fondly now the landscape o'er,  
And on the sudden change we gaze  
Till thought reverts to childhood's days.

Another change—Lo, peering from  
The dark, still vault above,  
One little star has brightly come,  
Like hope—or peace—or love—  
And gently calls the wanderer back,  
From brooding memory's darkened track,  
And leads with mild unerring ray,  
To future scenes of endless day.

Emblem of life! 'tis thus in youth  
Fair visions charm the mind;  
While manhood feels the hacknied truth,  
"They vary as the wind."  
Like sunset splendours when they fade,  
All things seem sinking into shade;  
Till Wisdom's lights around us play,  
And chase desponding thoughts away.

She leads the mind to sterner things,  
To Duty's starlit way;  
And o'er realities she flings  
Truth's full unchanging ray—  
Dark feelings change—a calm steals o'er  
The ardent soul unknown before;  
While every hope—each impulse flies,  
To realms of peace beyond the skies.

St. Louis.

MAONI.

Compiled for the Lady's Book.

## HYGIENE.—No. VIII.

"To chew long and leisurely is the only way to extract the essence of our food—to enjoy the taste of it—and to render it easily convertible into chyle, by the facility it gives to the gastric juices to dissolve it without trouble."—*Kirchner*.

"Mastication is the source of all good digestion. With its assistance almost any thing may be put into the stomach with impunity: without it, digestion is always difficult, and often impossible. And be it remembered, that it is not merely what we eat, but what we digest well, that nourishes us."—*Idem*.

"Females have been thought to be more subject to the exciting causes of consumption than males—those tending to develop the disease when the predisposition exists.

"Their physical education in early life is but little regarded. They usually exercise less, are less exposed to the open air, and to those various other occasions which tend to elicit bodily vigour, than our sex. From the fashion of their dress, their breast is more exposed, and the necessary motions of their chest more impeded, than in males."—*Sweetzer*.

"Females are apt to expose themselves with too slight clothing to the vicissitudes of our climate: their common practice also of wearing thin shoes and stockings in the cold seasons, is certainly, in delicate constitutions, attended with no little hazard to health—the extremities, in scrofulous young girls especially, should always be guarded with the most watchful care."—*Idem*.

"The apartments of children should always be large and airy, and exposed some part of the day to the rays of the sun, to prevent the damp and chilly state of it which might otherwise exist. The practice of putting several children in one close chamber, and three in the same bed, which may be sometimes witnessed, is deserving of the greatest reprehension."—*Idem*.

"In children of pale delicate complexions and scrofulous constitutions, mercury should be employed even by the physician, with the utmost caution, and only in cases of urgent necessity. But, if the mother of such frail offspring keeps calomel among her family medicines, and looking upon it as a sort of panacea, deals it out on her own mistaken judgment, we can only commend them to the mercy of heaven."—*Idem*.

"The intellectual powers can only be unfolded by degrees, and in correspondence with the development of the physical organization. The brain of children is soft and delicate, and its capabilities must not be expected to equal those of more mature life. *Whenever it is overworked*, and forced into unnatural precocity, it must be at the expense of the other functions of the living economy, and *an early death is too frequently the mournful catastrophe*. The pride of parents too often incites them to force the *minds* of their offspring, to the neglect of their *physical improvement*. If a child can but be made a prodigy of intellect, no matter how puny and feeble he becomes! If he can but recite well his Latin and Greek, no matter

though he cannot run, and jump, and frolic, and digest his food like ordinary boys. There is such a thing, however, as educating a child to death."—*Idem*.

"Many real or imaginary invalids lie long in bed in the morning, to make up for a deficiency of sleep in the night; but this ought not to be practised—for the body must necessarily be enervated by long continuance in a hot and foul air. A little reflection will enable an invalid to surmount this destructive habit. By rising early, and going to bed in due time, sleep will become sound and refreshing."—*Anon*.

"Those who are subject to cold feet, ought to have their legs better covered than the body, when they are in bed."—*Idem*.

"The change of a thin waistcoat for a thick one, or a long one for a shorter one—not putting on winter garments soon enough, or leaving them off too soon, will often excite a violent disorder in the lungs or bowels, and exasperate any constitutional complaint."—*Kirchner*.

"The most ignorant person knows that proper care of the skin is indispensably necessary to the well-being of horses. The groom often denies himself rest, that he may dress and curry his horses sufficiently. It is, therefore, wonderful, that the enlightened people of these days should neglect the care of their own skins so much, that I think I may, without exaggeration, assert, that among the greater part of men, the pores of the skin are half closed and unfit for use."—*Hufeland*.

"People, in years, should never give way to a remission of exercise. They generally require a considerable portion; but it should be of a temperate description, and such as does not occasion much fatigue, unless their habit of body be too full, when, in order to diminish its bulk, the exercise may be brisker."—*Aron*.

M. C.

Written for the Lady's Book.

[To a young lady who wrote back from a distance—"You must excuse the print of my tears on the paper as I never write but I think of the many happy moments I have spent with my friends never to be recalled."]

## I.

Excuse them, ay! and feel that they are pure,  
As ever fell, from lovely maiden's eyes:  
Words may deceive, but signs like these assure,  
That distance cannot rend those sympathies,  
Which blend together in a breast like thine.  
The present, cannot from the past allure  
Sweet recollections, which fore'er entwine  
Around the heart, and warm its latent fires,  
And add new force to every gen'rous gush,  
Till memory fades, and with its tears expires.  
Like evening's hues and sunset's parting blush.

## II.

The heart will turn, with pleasing thoughts again  
To happy moments; like the solar flower  
That bows its head, to wear its daily chain,  
From dewy morn, till twilight's pensive hour.  
The heart will strive, its treasures to retain;  
Though time and distance may exert their power  
With pleasure's wand, to chase away each thought  
Of childhood's hours, and friendship's gentle smile;  
But memory's love, can never be untaught,  
Though oft perchance it slumbers for awhile.

S. C. O.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE GLASS FAMILY.

A TRADITIONAL STORY, IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER I.

THE history of the Glass Family, or rather that branch of it which descended from the parent stock, brought to this country about two centuries ago, at the expense of the British king, exhibits some strong features of the human character. It might readily lead to the conclusion that man is verily the creature of circumstances; that under the control of these, ennobled blood may possibly degenerate, and wash the veins of ignoble knaves, and that savage natures may learn refined humanity and achieve heroic deeds.

The early story of the American Glasses, was long preserved in the family of the once famous general Winslow of Massachusetts, in which they would have probably remained, until destroyed by the devouring tooth of time, but for the circumstance of the recent publication of the life of our venerated WASHINGTON in the Latin language, by an obscure descendant of this family, through the blood of the celebrated KING PHILIP, of *Mount Hope* memory.

The Glass Family as it once flourished in the south of England, was allied to royalty; dignified by titles; armed with power; and pampered with vast revenues, arising from hereditary domains. But families, like empires, have their decline. Were it otherwise, the loathed and blighting monster of bloated aristocracy, might yet become an incurable blotch on the face of human society, and darken the present cheering prospect of securing to the whole family of man equal rights and equal enjoyments.

At the period when John Glass, the immediate progenitor of all the Glasses in this country, entered upon life's shifting scenes, the family, by a series of untoward circumstances, brought about by causes commonly affecting man's frail hold on earthly goods, had lost their estates, dropped their titles, squandered their wealth, and were content to be lease-holders where they had been land-holders; hence, they were employed to till the ground for a new favourite of royalty, whose fortunes were then in the ascendant.

John Glass was the younger of the two sons of Tristram Glass, Esquire, a blustering politician, and a patriot of the first water. He was ever running over with sage plans for the reform of the world's abuses, and fervently panting for public employment. Had he been spared to our time, and transported to our soil, he would be found a blessed spirit in the glorious work, not of smoothing the rough asperities of man's weary pilgrimage, not of building up in virtue and usefulness, but in pulling down to a common level, and that the lowest known to the community: giving to human society the aspect of a southern swamp, a broad, stagnant, pestiferous pool.

Tristram Glass had the misfortune, while John was yet a child, to lose his better half—a loss the more to be deplored as she had been the chief protector, teacher, and dependence of the

whole brood of infant Glasses. The little orphans, therefore, were subsequently allowed to *come up*, as motherless children too frequently are, instead of being *brought up*, under mental culture and parental direction. Esquire Glass, however, like many parents of the present age, was not aware, or not mindful of the real condition and wants of his bereaved children, but pleased himself with the belief that they were doing well enough. This belief he frequently expressed with much apparent complacency, and especially as it regarded John, whose talents, address, and personal beauty, were better pledges of success in life, as the inflated parent often boasted, than all the book knowledge of the kingdom. But the boy's talents and address were not sufficient to restrain him within the due bounds of the king's statutes; and, in order to quiet his majesty's apprehensions, or appease his wounded dignity, the talented delinquent was allowed the favour of going in the king's ship to the wilderness of the new world.

"In North America," said the father, at the last interview with his son, "your talents and address will find ample scope for distinguished operations, and you will easily redeem the fallen fortunes of our family, and re-ennoble the name in a climate where fame has a perpetual growth."

After a long and perilous voyage, the transport, with its precious accession to the stock of population in the new world, arrived at the port of the beautiful island of Rhode Island, where the famous William Coddington then held his court of state, under the shade of the spreading hemlock.

Here young Glass stepped on shore, a stranger among strangers, and among scenes equally strange, and painfully disheartening. His entire stock of worldly effects, rendered unsightly and unhealthy by the dirt on ship board, were bundled in a single pocket-handkerchief, and swung upon a stick, constituted his burden. A crowd of villagers, as was usual on such occasions, hurried to the dock, in order to see the newcomers, and hear tidings from home. The cold and forbidding gaze of this sunburnt throng, was silently endured by the subdued and sensitive stranger, until its import could hardly be mistaken. He, therefore, turned aside, with troubled emotions, and sought a hiding-place in the bushes, where he relieved his feelings by a tribute of tears. Toward night-fall, he cautiously ventured into the village, in order to procure food and a place of rest. But governor Coddington's colony were a loyal people; and no ways ambitious of harbouring a stranger resting under the displeasure of his majesty, and tainted with unexpiated crime. The application for food and rest, was therefore denied, and he would have slept supperless in the woods, had he not been met on his way thither by a hospitable son of the forest, who made him welcome to a simple repast, and a bear-skin bed, beneath the shelter of his rude wigwam.

The next day the young outcast addressed himself, in very complaisant terms, to several of the settlers, with the hope of enlisting their sympathies, and gaining their confidence; but to no purpose; and he began to meditate a return to the hospitality of the Indian's cabin.

While standing, in the dusk of the evening, near the "Stranger's Home," the principal village tavern, where he had just been denied a place "to lay his head," the whole settlement was thrown into fearful consternation by the cry of Indians! Indians! which burst in thrilling tones from every man as he rushed to the defence of his wife and children.

The powerful chief, king Philip, had bared his arm, and brandished his hatchet, and many hundreds of the border inhabitants, without respect to age or sex, lay cold in clotted blood, or wrapped in the embers of their own domicils. His first blow was as unexpected as destructive, and it sent a death-like horror through all parts of the country. The various New England colonies immediately assembled in arms, and moved toward the scene of slaughter, to avenge the outrage.

When young Glass was pressed to shoulder a musket, he hesitated, saying, "I am a stranger both to the people and the quarrel; I have no enmity to the natives; they have never injured me, but have, so far, been my friends. For I was a stranger, and they took me in; hungry, and they fed me. They showed me, unsolicited, that kindness which you refused me; I feel bound, therefore, to fight, if fight I must, on the side of the Indians."

Young Glass was by no means insensible to the kindly sympathies of humanity; he possessed a discriminating mind, and a good heart, and yielded to no man in acts of kindness, in physical power, or personal prowess. From childhood, he had been his own director, and took pride in saying he was self-made. As he gained years, he suffered himself to be drawn into an alliance with a few young men who were warring against the excise laws. These finally betrayed him to the officers of the crown, and he was banished to the new colonies. The hospitality extended to him by the first Indian he had seen, awakened his sense of gratitude, and impressed him favourably toward the rude sons of the woods. But, when he beheld the mother, in frantic agony, clasp her infant to her bosom as though she would bury it there to shield it from savage ferocity; and the weeping maiden, ringing her hands in despair, and begging to be saved from the tomahawk and scalping knife, he could resist no longer; but immediately armed for the conflict.

In falling into the ranks, he fortunately took a place near the person of the commander, where he bore himself with such order and soldier-like address, that he soon attracted the attention of his general, and won the respect of his comrades. As they warily marched through the forest toward Mount Hope, the noble warrior's strong hold, young Glass began to reflect with himself how he should be able to sustain the reputation of a good soldier, in an Indian campaign. All he had ever known of the use of arms and the order of battle, had been learned, while a boy, at voluntary company drills, and mock skirmishes. But of real battles he knew nothing. Earnest fight had been no part of his youthful employment. The wounds incident to a rough and tumble scuffle, common among schoolboys, or a brief brush with a fellow smuggler, in which per chance blood might be

spilt and bones broken, could, as he knew from experience, be easily cured by the doctor; but here the struggle was for life; his own was to be preserved and his enemies taken, or he would be deemed a poor soldier.

While thus revolving the matter in view of his situation, his commander detailed a body of one hundred men, for a special service, and presenting young Glass with a sword and sash, placed him at their head, with orders to occupy a small rocky eminence at the base of Mount Hope, and watch the movements of the enemy. As soon as he had gained the summit of the designated hill, he fell to work with his men, and threw up a strong stone fort, the remains of which are visible to this day, and they still bear the name of GLASS FORT. Here he lay for several days without seeing any thing of king Philip, and began to suspect the wary chief had abandoned the mount, and withdrawn into the interior. To satisfy his doubts respecting the matter, he resolved to climb the mountain and examine the warrior's premises. To this end, he stationed his guard, gave them the pass word, and bade them watch; then taking a dark lantern, he silently clambered up the steep ascent, and gained the summit directly in front of Philip's castle. It was a huge stone building, which appeared to have withstood the assaults of the elements for many hundred years. All was darkness and profound silence; amidst which he remained for some time, contemplating the outlines of the prison-looking pile, which rose in rugged grandeur high above his head, and cast a shade of gloom upon the opposite heavens. When satisfied that the enemy's strong hold was before him, he cautiously applied himself to the discovery of its inhabitants; but, as no signs of human tenants appeared, he sat down upon a small mound which had been raised beneath the shade of a spreading oak, and concluded to await the return of daylight.

He had been seated, however, but a few minutes, before he heard a movement within the castle, and soon after discovered, through the chinks of the door, the flickering of a torch-light. This roused him from his seat, and, drawing his sword, he posted himself directly upon the step in front of the door. The movement within, had been made by none other than the noble princess Leila, king Philip's only daughter. She had waited patiently the return of her father, to a late hour, and, hearing footsteps about the castle, she supposed he had arrived, and, therefore, struck a light to bid him welcome. What then must have been her surprise, when, on opening the door, she met, instead of her beloved father, a tall, full dressed English officer, with his sword gleaming in the torch-light! With admirable presence of mind, she instantly dropped upon her knees, clasped her slender hands in supplication, and with her dark eyes fixed full upon his relaxing countenance, exclaimed, in a voice of bewitching music, and in perfect English, "O noble soldier, spare me!" The stern warrior was unsoldiered; the prayer of the beautiful petitioner penetrated his heart; his sword dropped from his grasp, and he also sunk upon his knees. In that position he took the still lifted hands of the charming princess between his own, and replied with



thrilling emotion—"I will, thou peerless creature, and protect thee too." As they mutually rose upon their feet, a tremendous crash burst upon their ears, a little to the left of the castle. This, Leila knew was her father, with his train of warriors, and instantly crushed the light with her foot. She then drew her hands from the grasp of the stranger, and bade him fly for his life, or perish in a moment.

Being thus kindly urged, and somewhat alarmed, he immediately clenched his sword, passed to the right of the castle, and was at once covered from observation by the surrounding darkness. He then groped his way to the brow of the mount, and by the help of his lantern, safely descended to his stone fort. Finding the night was mostly gone, he repaired to rest, but not to sleep. The lovely image of the kneeling princess, danced before his vision, and fired his soul; the music of her silvery voice rung a continuous melody in his ears, and the cowardly manner in which he had left her, filled him with chagrin. After tossing and turning in his blanket, for some time, he began to arrange a plan whereby he might return to the mount with his troops, storm the castle, and bring off the princess to his own fort. The following day he was busily employed in arranging his means for the proposed attack upon the castle; but, before they were fairly matured, an express arrived from head quarters, directing him to join the main body farther up the country, with all possible dispatch. On reading his orders, his first thought was to abandon his general, march with his men directly to the castle, demand the hand of the princess, and, as a condition, espouse the cause of her father. After a little reflection, however, he foresaw that such a move would blast his prospects as a soldier; and, moreover, he was not sure that his men would back him in the undertaking; he, therefore, concluded to join the main army, procure a discharge, and then go, "solitary and alone," on his mission of love. He accordingly drew off his men with great secrecy, and followed his guide toward head quarters. As he marched round the base of the mount, he often turned his eyes upon its mossy summit, in the hope of catching a passing glimpse of the dark eyed princess, but this hope was not gratified. Had he looked, however, with the practised eye of a soldier, conversant with savage warfare, he might have discovered the wary Philip noting the course of his march, and plotting an ambuscade designed for his immediate destruction. A little after mid-day, Glass came to a halt upon a rising ground which overlooked his path for some distance up the country. There he gave his men a short respite and an opportunity of taking their rations. This delay fortunately saved him from the snare so artfully laid by Philip, and, at the same time, added largely to his reputation as a soldier. Just as they had finished their repast, their ears were saluted with the blast of a horseman's trumpet, and directly a company of dragoons appeared in the distance, advancing toward them at full speed. This troop had been ordered from the interior, for the purpose of protecting the march of the young commander, and as they dashed fearlessly through a ravine of thick underwood, they

rushed headlong into the ambuscade placed by Philip for another purpose. The onset was desperate, and decidedly against the dragoons, until Mr. Glass brought his charge into the action, and turned the fate of the battle.

Early in the engagement, young Glass, covered with dust and blood, was seized at the same moment by two naked Indians, (young and powerful, and daubed with bear's grease to increase the difficulty of being easily handled) whose design was to hamper him with bark cords, and bear him off a prisoner of war. But they had not counted the costs. They knew not into whose hands they had ventured. The mode of attack was one of the soldier's first choice; it was rough and tumble,—in which he was second to no man, wild or tame. The young Indians disarmed him, however, in an instant, and had one arm in a noose before they discovered their object. But he finally left them rolling among the dirt and leaves, one with the blade of a small dirk in his side, and the other with a pen-knife plunged into his neck. When the battle was over, Glass ordered the prisoners and wounded to be brought before him, and among the latter he discovered the two young chiefs who had dared the unequal scuffle. They were weak and faint with the loss of blood, and eyed their conqueror with an expression of love rather than hate. As Glass surveyed their features, a dizziness came over him, and he staggered into the arms of a fellow soldier. These young men were the brothers of the lovely Leila, who had secretly commissioned them to bring the handsome English officer, unharmed to her father's castle. As soon as the commander had a little recovered, he approached the young warriors, took them kindly by the hand, washed their wounds, and bound them up with his own handkerchief, and the tasselled sash that girt his waist. He then restored to them the prisoners and wounded of their party, made both of them presents, and dismissed them with marks of respect and friendship. This kindness to an enemy who had just been cutting them to pieces with the tomahawk and scalping knife, was greatly mysterious and offensive to the troops, and they muttered their vengeance on their officer when they should reach head quarters. As soon as the dead, both of friends and foes, were buried out of sight, the young commander put his men in motion, marched briskly to the camp of his General, made his report, and demanded a discharge. But in lieu of being dismissed, he was immediately arrested, placed under a guard, and the next day brought before a court of inquiry to answer for the restoration of the prisoners, and the comfort extended to the enemy. Before this court Glass made his own defence, and based the propriety of what he had done upon the ground of mere policy. "We have abused these poor unlettered natives," said he, "long enough; we have driven them from their hunting ground, their cornfields, their cabins, and the graves of their fathers; we have daily encroached upon their rights while preaching to them peace, patience, and friendship; and when, stung by a sense of their wrongs, they have dared, even against the most fearful odds, to assert their rights, we have met them with



the cry of slaughter! slaughter! Then we rush upon them with fire and sword, and by all and every means of destruction, until they, in utter despair, stay the butchery of their wives and children by a further grant of their hunting ground. Those poor misguided prisoners," he continued, "were returned to king Philip, bearing the badges of kindness, to show him our readiness to practice the virtues we preach; to convince him that we love mercy, desire peace, and are ready and willing to live on terms of friendship with him; and this policy will do more toward healing the breach and closing the war, than the capture and slaughter of half their tribe."

This defence of a kind act, was deemed unanswerable. The story of the Indian's wrongs, was too true. Mercy to the natives, if they would lay down the hatchet, was indeed the true Christian course, and a proper example of clemency was justly their due;—this debt the accused had reasonably discharged. The young officer was thereupon not only excused, but immediately promoted, and proper means were taken to divert him from persisting in his request of a discharge. These means were nothing more than active employment in hazardous duties; hence he was often charged with important enterprises, which called forth the powers of his mind, and the strength of his iron frame. In all these, however, he was greatly successful, surpassing even expectation; and in all he was rewarded with some special mark of regard from the commanding officer. Glass nevertheless, indulged the hope of getting back to the princess Leila, and espousing the cause of her noble father; and this hope was often brightened by the dreams that haunted his pillow. In these he nightly saw the bleeding brother stand before him, pale and ghastly, the affectionate sister pouring in the oil, and mollifying their wounds, and the afflicted father bending over his suffering children, touched with pity for their misfortunes, and yearning for their safety. The resolutions usually prompted by the influence of sleeping visions, were generally dissipated by the duties of the following morning, or postponed for a more propitious hour. And although, in procrastination, he really crossed the first wish of his heart, his purpose was ever before him, and the contemplation of it one of his sweetest enjoyments. The humanity which he had always practised toward the natives, as well from principle as inclination, won their confidence and respect; hence he had little to fear from their enmity. It also favoured his pretensions to the hand of Leila; his purpose of becoming the ally of Philip, and his design of effecting a general peace. After much delay, and when the season was far advanced; and when too, all hopes of bringing the Indians to a general engagement were abandoned, Major Glass, for to this title he had risen, proposed, in a council of war, that overtures should be made to king Philip to bury the hatchet; and after a short debate, in which the General favoured the measure, the motion prevailed, and the major was immediately appointed to the trust. Having equipped himself in a full dress, and taken a white flag, he proceeded, with a single attendant, as a

guide, toward the object of his mission, and also the object of his love, as he fondly supposed. But here he was disappointed; for, on climbing the mount, he found the walls of the castle thrown down, and the place abandoned. Philip, discovering that his strong hold was beset by spies, and guarded by an armed force, had silently withdrawn his family and effects from the castle, and placed them in a village between two dense swamps in the interior country, where he expected they would be out of danger. This step had, unfortunately, disappointed the major of the anticipated pleasure of making peace, and also of seeing his beloved Leila. He gave up the object, however, with no little chagrin, and, returning to the army, made his report accordingly. From this period forward, all his movements were shaped for peace rather than war; so fully had the wish for a reconciliation with the Indians possessed his heart, whenever he was pressed to measure his physical powers with the foe, he limited his efforts to mere self-defence, and the stay of mischief. He also urged his men to be merciful toward the poor natives, "whose wrongs," he said, "like the blood of Abel, cried to heaven for redress." Hence he was sometimes called, among the troops, *Major Merciful*, but he was more generally distinguished by the name of the *Glass Giant*; for his strength and courage were perfectly surprising.

At the last great battle, commonly called the "Swamp Fight," which, from the nature of the ground, and the character of the enemy, very much resembled the engagements of remote antiquity, being carried on principally by individual combats, rather than combined action, as in a pitched battle; young Glass achieved astonishing feats of daring and bravery, and yet he spared the life of every enemy with whom he engaged. Early in the day, he found his General beset by three naked Indians, sturdy and athletic, who had brought him senseless to the ground, and were preparing to take his scalp. The Major pounced upon them like a tiger, hurled them prostrate to the earth, raised the bleeding officer in his arms, bore him single-handed to his tent, and placed him under the care of a surgeon, and the protection of a guard. During the day, he was frequently in the hands of two, three, and even four Indian warriors at a time, who were prepared on purpose for the scuffle, with the view of taking him a prisoner into the presence of their chief, or, more probably, their chief's lovely daughter; but he handled them as though they had been nothing more than large boys; and when he had thrown them helpless to the ground, he appeared to regard them with pity rather than anger. Toward the close of the day, he penetrated through the swamp, and mounted the rising ground, where stood the Indian village; here a scene of misery and ruin met his view, which made him shudder. A long range of wigwams, tenanted by helpless women and children, was wrapped in one broad sheet of fire, and the wretched inmates broiling in the flames, or crawling naked into the woods for shelter from the white man's fury. Glass thought of his beautiful Leila, and his blood ran cold to his heart. He was nearly petrified

with the apprehension that she too had fallen a victim to the devouring elements. The thought drove him furiously along the line of smoking cabins, where hundreds of the young and helpless, with the aged and infirm, lay smouldering among the embers of their dwellings. While contemplating this picture of human suffering, and deploring the fate of the wretched natives, he was aroused from his reflections by the voice of a female; and turning round, he saw at his feet the kneeling princess, supplicating his promised protection. He instantly caught her in his arms, pressed her with rapture to his bosom, and then bore her, in despite of every obstacle, through the swamp to the cabin of his wounded General. Here he placed her upon his couch, allayed her fears, soothed her with assurances of safety, cheered her with refreshments, and watched over her with tender delight. When the tumult in her breast had fairly subsided, she raised her witching eyes to his, and in a voice whose music touched the inmost chord of his soul, thanked him for her deliverance. After expressing his happiness at finding her safe amidst the desolation, he turned to the General, and said, "I have a fair prisoner here, sir, whom I shall be in no hurry to render back to the woods and the chances of war. She is the only daughter of our brave enemy, the noble Phillip, and through her influence I hope to effect a lasting peace!"

The following day, the sun rose bright and beautiful on the scene of yesterday's ruin, which spread out beyond the reach of the eye. His broad beams fell upon the flickering night fires, and quenched their brightness. All nature seemed to awake from slumber, and put on a new livery. The war was ended; the enemy had fled or fallen before the might and skill of "the christianized white man," and silence reigned where, but a few hours previous, rung the din of war, the onset of contending foemen, and the groans of expiring humanity. The harrassed troops were collecting, here and there, in small groups, preparatory to a march to their distant homes. At last, all departed save the General, whose wounds forbade a removal; the Major, and his confiding Leila, who remained to dress those wounds, and nurse his declining health; and the Major's guard who were detained for protection and future service. And here, gentle reader, we will leave them for an introduction to the next chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

In the "Great Swamp Fight," the brave Philip, a commander whose skill and prowess placed him among the first warriors of any age or country, paid the debt of nature. He fell, covered with wounds, by the hands of a traitor. Bribery accomplished what neither art nor arms could achieve. The manner of his fall, however, shall be no part of our story; for it might contribute to perpetuate the blot thereby cast upon the christian name. Let it suffice to say that the memory of Captain Church, the principal actor in the bloody drama, has come down to us, and will still descend to coming generations, loaded with treachery, cowardice, and

cruelty, which every school-boy, as he reads the dark page, shudders to contemplate.

One balmy evening, just as the silver moon with her "horns" filled, rose proudly above the horizon, young Glass and his lovely Leila, seated upon the trunk of a fallen tree, near the door of the general's cabin, were watching the play of her borrowed beams among the foliage of the forest, then gently agitated by the passing zephyr, when the thoughtful maiden, timidly laid her hand upon his arm, threw a soft, inquiring look into his face, and said, with a subdued voice, "my poor father lies cold and uncovered in that dark swamp, and my spirit mourns his unmerited fate. Shall we not find him, and cover him from the jaws of the wild beasts, and the insults of his enemies?"

This was a duty of which Glass had not thought; and he blushed deeply as the idea of neglect crossed his mind. He immediately rose, pressed his fair one fervently to his breast, and, apologizing for his absence of mind, assured her it should be done without a moment's delay.

He at once marshalled his troops, ordered torch lights, and, taking the princess by the arm, led the way into the swamp. They soon found the butchered body of her noble father, covered with bushes; and, wrapping it in a shroud, bore it on a rude bier to the general's tent, while the major and his weeping Leila, followed as mourners. Here the soldiers prepared a rude coffin from logs split into plank; broke up the ground with their bayonets, and scooped a grave with a wooden spade. When all had been made ready, the lovely mourner approached the corpse with a tottering step, severed from her raven locks a long tress, wound it carefully round the ghastly gash in the marble forehead of the dead, turned her face to the setting sun, and bade the soldiers lay him in the ground. As soon as the grave was covered, she beckoned to the major and the men to follow her, and she led them to a small rocky hill, whence they brought large stones and made a wall round the hallowed spot. And when all was finished, she calmly kneeled beside the grave, with her face to the rising sun, and exclaimed in a firm tone, "Here sleeps my father!"

When the general had so far recovered of his wounds as to be able to sit in a chair, a litter was formed upon which he was placed, and which was borne on the shoulders of the troops. The major walked on his left, and Leila, mounted in state, upon his war horse, rode on his right, while the troops brought up the rear. In this manner, they proceeded by short stages, until they arrived at the "Providence Plantation," where most of the officers of the army were assembled. Here the general and his cavalcade were received with every demonstration of joy, both by the officers and citizens, and when the fatigue of his journey had worn off, a public dinner was tendered in memory of his services.

A little before the ceremony of the table commenced, the governor of the "Plantation," who was present as the presiding officer, took the hand of the beautiful Leila, who, habited in a rich English costume, moved with the dignity and grace of the first queen in christendom, and,

in the presence of the whole assembly, gave it to young Glass, saying, "I do this in the name of my friend, the lamented King Philip." The major took her hand with a profound bow, and instantly, the village parson, who had been summoned for the purpose, rose in his place, and pronounced them husband and wife.

When the cloth was removed, the invalid general proposed the health and happiness of the wedded pair, and the moment it was drank, he addressed them in a set speech, in which he thanked the major, in behalf of the colonies, for his bravery in battle, and his humanity to the vanquished; and both of them for their kindness during his late confinement. He then sent to the lady across the table, her marriage dower, which was a bag of three hundred guineas, and to the major, a deed, in fee simple, of king Philip's personal territory, including the mount and the castle, as a return for his services in

the major, in making acknowledgments in behalf of himself and his bride, availed himself of the opportunity thus offered to relate the occasion of their first meeting; his pledge to "spare and protect her;" his fruitless efforts to penetrate unharmed into the presence of her father; and the final redemption of his promise amid the ruins of the burning wigwams.

As he closed the narrative, he begged the favour of proposing the memory of the brave king Philip; which was immediately drank by the whole assembly standing, and in profound silence. Major Glass and his Leila soon repaired to their castle on the mount, and pulling away the rubbish, they found the very door step upon which, two years before, they had first met and exchanged salutations; and, at the same moment, exchanged affections also, which knew no wane till death.

Near the site of the old castle, soon arose a handsome English built mansion, and the late successful soldier became the practical farmer. Here the loving pair lived for four years in the enjoyment of every needful blessing, and in unmingled happiness; and here they might have long lived, but for the perfidy of their fiendish neighbours, who, like Naboth, coveted his vineyard. They propagated suspicions of the Major's loyalty, hinted his relation and attachment to the natives, urged the probability of his plotting with the remnant of the tribe to place them again in possession of their hunting ground, and his daily intercourse with the Narragansets. All these surmises finally grew into facts, and raised a fearful dread in the minds of those whose sense of the Indian's wrongs naturally suggested the fear of Indian revenge.

The spread of these malicious reports, gave the Major great uneasiness, and he strove manfully to silence them, but to no purpose. When refuted in one shape, or at one point, they burst forth in a new form at another, and finally threatened to overwhelm him. The affectionate eye of Leila, soon discovered the trouble of her husband's mind, and she generously consented to part with the estate, (although it was dear to her—the bright spot of her childhood, and the place of her first love,) and retire to another colony, where neighbours were less

troublesome. When it was known that Mount Hope was for sale, the competition ran very high; and of this the Major availed himself to make his own price. In this way, the evil which the bidders had planned for the innocent owners, fell upon their own heads; for in their zeal to get the property, they paid thrice its value. As soon as the transfer was completed, the Major took his infant son, Mount Hope, in his arms, and with his beloved Leila, went forth in quest of a new habitation. They directed their march to the residence of their old friend, the Governor of the "Plantation," by whom they were kindly entertained; thence, to the General's quarters, where they passed several weeks; and finally settled down in the flourishing village of Marblehead.

In this village the citizens were all fishermen, and Major Glass, desirous of being in the fashion, purchased a boat, and turned fisherman also. With his neighbours, he cultivated a friendly interchange of civilities, and when his Leila presented him with an infant daughter, the subsequent beautiful Mary Philip, he believed himself the happiest man in the land. After a few years, he was pronounced by his neighbours to be the richest man, to send out the most vessels, and to lead to church the handsomest wife and likeliest children of any one in the colony. In the midst of his prosperity, however, a misfortune occurred which caused him great bitterness of soul, and spread a gloom over the family for many long and painful seasons.

The Coos Indians had violated their treaty of peace, fallen upon the unsuspecting settlers on the borders of the Long River (the Connecticut) and perpetrated the most wanton cruelty. The whole country was roused to revenge, and troops were collected to chastise this savage temerity. Among these, Mount Hope, then a lad of some eighteen summers, led forth his company of volunteer riflemen. They penetrated far into the interior, and when their stock of provisions failed, they came to a halt in the valley of the Ashoclot river, and upon the plain where the beautiful village of Keene now stands. Here they separated in companies of half a dozen each, for the purpose of taking game. Mount Hope's party started a herd of deer; and he, in full pursuit of a wounded buck, stretched out far ahead of his companions, and brought the animal to the ground. As he stood reloading his rifle, three naked Indians sprang from behind a fallen tree, and made him their prisoner.\* They stripped him of his clothes, bound him with moose-wood withes, and led him into captivity. The troops returned home, and reported the loss of their commander; but in the manner of his loss, hardly any two agreed. Some had stepped over his dead body in their last battle with the natives; others had seen him famished with hunger, and frozen in a snow drift; and others said he was lost in the wilderness while pursuing game. Major Glass immediately employed

\* Nathan B. Ake, the first settler in the town, and for many years a prisoner among the Northern Indians, used to point out to travellers, late in the seventeenth century, the very spot where Mount Hope was taken, and the place of his camp.

a strong force, which he headed himself, and marched in pursuit of his lost son. After great fatigue, he reached the spot of his son's encampment on the bank of the Ashoclot, and dispersed his men to scour the woods in all directions, but after a weary search of two months, without finding any traces of him, they returned home with the conclusion that he must have been devoured by wild beasts.

The captors, with their prisoner, proceeded by forced marches over a rugged country, until they reached the Long River, where they joined other Indians with other prisoners; and they travelled together to the Indian village of *Upper Coos*. Here Mount Hope was sold by his captors to the chief of the tribe for a lot of peltry. The old chief regarded his purchase as one of true Indian blood, and therefore treated him with great kindness. His clothes and rifle were returned to him, and he was allowed to go out and come at his pleasure. The other prisoners were beaten cruelly; made to run the gauntlet; and some of them died amidst tortures. Mount Hope passed the winter mostly in the family of his master, and busied himself with framing a variety of household implements for his mistress and her daughters. When the spring opened, he ventured abroad, and during a violent storm which swept over the country, he leapt into a large hollow stump, where he lay until after night fall, and then crawled to the river, swam to the opposite shore, and proceeded down the stream until daylight streaked the east. Here prudence bade him stop; and he climbed into the thick top of a hemlock tree, and reposed among the branches through the day. At the approach of night, he came down from his roost, and pursued his journey along the river-bank; and thus continued until he arrived far below the *great falls*; rejoicing in the success of his escape, and the prospect of being soon again among his friends. But his joy was quickly turned to sorrow, for as he was busily brushing through the bushes, two sturdy Indians of the Mohawk tribe, sprang upon him and made him their prisoner. Again he was stripped of his clothes; bound by the arms; and led off toward the west. Their march was moderate, and they appeared to loiter, as though waiting for some one in the rear. The third night of their journey, the prisoner, by the help of a sharp stone, freed his arms, and recovered his garments. Then, as his captors were in a sound sleep, he grasped their tomahawks, and drove them both into their heads in nearly the same moment. Having taken their arms, and most of their trinkets, he left them in their blood, and once more turned his face toward home. On the following night, just after he had placed himself in the top of a hemlock, too small for a panther to climb, and yet too high for him to leap into the top, several Indians passed beneath him; and he concluded they must be those whom his recent captors expected to come up to them. He was, therefore, relieved of his apprehension as to meeting more Indians, and travelled on with increased energy. But soon after descending from the tree top the third morning, what was his surprise to find himself surrounded by nearly fifty of the same tribe.

Defence was useless, farther than to throw his life away; he consequently gave himself up, and again turned his face sorrowfully to the west. Their path lay over lofty mountains, and through deep valleys, and occupied many days. At last they came to a very broad river, where they were joined by a hunting party of their own tribe, with whom they journeyed directly to the village of their chief. This was situated upon a large stream, shut in on both sides by high mountains, one of which they called the "Giant's Nose." Here Mount Hope was again bartered off to the chief of the tribe for furs, and his place was in his master's family as a kind of servant. The poor fellow concluded that here he was fixed for life; that his home was so distant, he could never find it, even if he had his freedom; and that he would try and make his life as serviceable to those about him as his situation would admit. His first object was to make the chief's cabin clean, warm, and comfortable; then to supply it with stools, shelves, and wooden dishes; and finally to teach the household how to read and write by forming letters in the sand, or shaping them from blocks with his knife. At this place we will leave him for a while, busy in his work of kindness, and return to the family of his father.

About a year after the supposed loss of Mount Hope, Mr. George Glass, a young man of twenty years or more, and the Major's nephew, arrived in the province, and in due time paid his uncle a visit. George had been bred to commercial pursuits in the city of London, and he was probably little less exclusive, with respect to himself, than would be a choice sprig of the royal family. He entertained, withal, most exalted notions of what was strictly English and of English blood; but if tainted with American blood, it was not to be endured. Hence, to place himself upon a footing with the Major's family, was nothing less than to sink his consequence below redemption.

Miss Mary Glass he had never seen; and if, in any respect like her mother, he never wished to see. At the time of his arrival at her father's mansion, she was at General Winslow's, the tried friend of her parents, where she had been sent to enliven the old age of that brave veteran, and enjoy the benefits of a better school than her native town afforded. Squeamishly nice as his nephew appeared, the Major was rather pleased with his address, and especially with his practical knowledge of business. He therefore made an allowance for his peculiar notions, and indulged the hope that he would find it convenient to accommodate himself, in time, to the manners and opinions of the country. The good man's desire to fill up the breach made in his family and business by the loss of his son, doubtless contributed to reconcile him to much of his nephew's indifference toward his charming lady; presuming that when he should once know her true worth, he could hardly fail to do her justice. With a view, therefore, of giving the young man an opportunity of seeing more of the country and its inhabitants, and of rubbing off some of his sharp corners, he informed him that at some future time he had a proposal to make him; but that he wished, before it was made, he would visit

the principal towns in his majesty provinces, and select the best location for extensive commercial pursuits. "Take your own time for this business," said the Major, "and take my English money, and if you want funds for the excursion, my banker in Boston shall supply your pocket." In a few days George took his departure, and travelled along the sea board to the confines of Virginia. On his return he reported that "New Amsterdam" was by far the best place for mercantile pursuits; but that the Dutch were so disgustingly anti-English, he would not consent to live with them for half the New World."

After a little delay, the Major informed him that the proposal which he had taken the liberty to mention, was a partnership in business. To this George readily consented, and the connexion was announced in due form by handbills posted in public places. Business now took a new spring, and called into daily employment several hundred hands.

The following year, Mary Glass returned from school an accomplished young lady. She had heard much of her cousin George, and indulged the hope that she should find in him a friend that would supply the place of her lost brother. After having been kindly greeted by her affectionate parents and the old domestics, she waited with considerable impatience for the arrival of her cousin at the supper table. She was prepared to rush at once into his arms, and, with child-like affection, bid him welcome to her country and her home. When he entered the room, however, she was stung to the quick by his cold glance and graceless nod, virtually saying to her, your presence is offensive, and your mixed blood a disgrace to the name of Glass. But she bore the disappointment with remarkable equanimity; entered cheerfully into conversation with her parents, and did the honours of the table with a self-possession which highly gratified them. But she took no notice of her cousin farther than to send him a cup of coffee, or a plate of cakes. Her parents had noticed her high wrought feelings as the supper hour drew near, had witnessed her chagrin at the interview with her cousin, and were much pleased at the perfect control which she held over her own feelings. When the dishes were removed, she immediately rose and left the room, secretly wishing that she might be able in time to convince her cousin that she was not in fact a real savage. Her first resolution was to observe toward him one uniform course of behaviour; of which their first meeting should be the pattern. She presumed that such a course would best accord with his wishes, and would not expose her to the pain of a second disappointment. The sequel proved that she possessed some knowledge of human nature; for the seasons had not run through their annual changes before the features of the haughty cousin wore a troubled cast. His spirits flagged; the flush of health which tinged his cheeks faded away; sleep forsook his pillow, peace became a stranger to his bosom, and business a burden to his hands. In the presence of Mary, he seemed to loathe his food, and often put it by that he might feast his eyes upon her lovely features. And Mary had fea-

tures that might well be deemed a feast for any eyes. They were less fair indeed than those of many other beauties, but not the less lovely on that account. No man could contemplate her without feeling his admiration and love strongly excited. It soon became evident to the family that George had contemplated her charms to his cost. But when, in deep contrition and humility, he sought to confess the wrong he had done her, and declare his affection, he in turn was stung by a cold glance and silent neglect.

After several attempts to drive the young lady from her pursuits, and win her ear to his story of love, finding himself foiled and crushed afresh at each advance, he humbly besought the favour of her father's authority. This was a request with which the good man could not comply; his authority had never been exerted in his family; for there the rights of all had been strictly respected, and love prompted every movement. He therefore informed his nephew that his daughter's affections were not under his control; yet he had no doubt but that his aunt would cheerfully speak a word to her daughter in his behalf. This placed the lover in a very trying condition; for he had been no less unmindful of proper respect to the mother than to the daughter, and of this he was painfully sensible. He knew not how to approach her, and yet believed he could not live without her intercession. The Major saw his nephew's dilemma, and pitied his want of prudence, but thought it best to allow the evil to cure itself.

At length the spirit of the young man was fairly bowed; he was constrained to forego his English partialities, and confess that America had one personage, at least, for the possession of whom he would give the world, if the gift was his. He presented himself before the amiable Mrs. Glass, the heir of an Indian prince, an humble petitioner for the favour of her daughter's hand. The mother heard his wishes and his complaints of Mary's coldness and cruelty, with a woman's sympathy, and said she would hear her daughter on the subject.

On a given day, Major Glass and his lady were seated, by appointment, in the family parlor, and the young people were summoned before them. Mary heard the charges of coldness, neglect, and cruelty preferred against her, with perfect composure; and in reply, very modestly observed, that if the charges were true, she must take the freedom of referring them wholly to her cousin's own account; for he had first taught her to be cold, cruel, and negligent; and she further said, that she could not admit that she was naturally cold or cruel; though actually born out of England: for she well remembered that she had loved her cousin with the love of a sister, before she had ever seen him; and had delighted in the hope that he would supply to her the place of her lost brother. "But," continued she, "at our first meeting, he did not treat me as a brother, nor as a cousin, nor even as a gentleman. He returned my sisterly salutation, not merely with coldness and cruelty, but with the most withering contempt, which seemed at first to have changed me to a block of marble." All this, she said, she had overlooked, and was now

ready to excuse; for it had proceeded she believed, from his own peculiar views of birth and blood. Had he continued to act in conformity with those views, he would certainly be entitled to some respect for his consistency, if not for his sense. But now, if I rightly understand him, he has changed his opinion, and asks the privilege of crossing his own line, and mingling his pure blood with the life stream of one who sprung from a son of the forest. If, in a few short months, he changes his mind in a matter of so much moment as that of birth, what security is there that he will not also change his opinion in other matters?

He tells you he loves me! does he say for what? Is it because I am of Indian blood? The first expression of his countenance to me indicated hate; and that too on the score of my birth; but in that respect he has changed his mind. Will he not also change it in respect to his love? Does he, or do my parents, wish me to accept affection manufactured of hate, and now less than three moons old? This, as my beloved mother well knows, is not the practice among the women of America. I would have cheerfully received him at the out-set as a gentleman, had it been his pleasure; or as a cousin, which would have been better; or even as a brother, the best of all; for that was the wish of my heart; but the happiness of regarding him in any of these relations, he coldly denied me. Now, however, he proposes to step at once from fixed hate to permanent love! From an avowed enemy, to an affectionate husband! This seemingly unnatural change awakens my suspicion; and, unless it be the command of my parents, it cannot have my approbation. If, however, he persists in saying he loves me, he will probably have no objection to prove the sincerity of his love, and allow me an opportunity of testing its constancy, as the constancy of the love of my honored parents was tested. If in the end he proves himself true to his word, as they were true, then indeed he shall no longer have occasion to tax me either with coldness or cruelty."

George heard the concluding portion of Mary's defence with a thrill of rapture, and verily thought the prize was already won; but he knew nothing of the test to which she had referred, and therefore knew nothing of the task which lay before him. Mary however was merciful; for she kindly seasoned his trials with a look of complacency here, and a smile of approbation there, and now and then, lifting him up when he seemed ready to faint; but to him the end appeared as the image of human happiness, always near the grasp, but never fairly reached.

We will now return to Mount Hope, laboring in captivity on the banks of the Mohawk, near the "Giant's Nose." He had been a prisoner upwards of two years, and had learned something of savage life; no part of which, however, had any charms for him; nor had he been able to charm his masters with a love of letters. Home and friends, and the sweets of social life, constantly mingled with his sleeping dreams and waking meditations, and the memory of them often come over his feelings like a ray of hope amidst the darkness of despair.

The wish to escape from bondage, and journey towards the rising sun, was seldom out of his thoughts, and often got the better of his prudence, which finally subjected him to the pain of having spies placed about him. This gave trouble to the old chief, and ultimately led to a change of masters; for he was again sold for skins to a hunting party of the Buffalo tribe, who lived far beyond the broad lakes. This exchange was the source of great affliction to the poor captive, because it took him still farther from his home, and into regions where the white man was very rarely seen. The party were many days reaching the place of their destination; travelling first far to the south, and then toward the north-west, in order to shun the Senacas, with whom the Buffaloes were at strife. Having reached the *Great Lake*, the prisoner was brought before the old chief, whose name was Wowoba, and whose power extended far toward the setting sun. This chief had two towns, one for his council of war; and in the other, which was called the village of peace, lived his women. This stood near the fall of the *big river* down the great mountain. Mount Hope was delivered over to this chief, and finally stationed at the peace town, to wait his pleasure. All hopes of returning to his home again, were now dismissed, and he set himself about making his captivity as comfortable as possible. He learned the language of the tribe, their mode of taking game, of building canoes, of throwing the hatchet, and wielding the war club. And such was his skill and dexterity in fashioning various articles of household convenience, that the natives concluded he was favoured of the Great Spirit.

After a lapse of three years, a very handsome chief visited the Buffaloes. His tribe once paddled the canoe on the bosom of the salt wave; but they had long since been principally cut down by the weapons of the pale faced Christian, and the remnant driven into the wilderness to seek new hunting grounds. This chief was fairer than the Buffaloes; more lofty in his tread, and more eloquent in his talk. He also had in his company a wife fairer than himself, and a tender daughter, innocent as the dove, and timid and beautiful as the forest fawn. The prisoner observed that these friendly visitors often eyed him with apparent interest; but instantly looked another way when they saw he noticed them. This gave him some uneasiness; for he suspected they designed to carry him still farther from his home; he therefore shunned them by going out for game. One morning he left the village much earlier than usual, and had gone deep into the woods, when he heard a tramp behind him; and turning round, he discovered the friendly chief close upon his heels. The moment the chief came up, he asked the hunter a few questions which immediately explained the whole riddle. This chief was none other than the prisoner's own uncle, the brother of his beloved mother, and the youngest son of King Philip. His wife was the great grand daughter of the famous Wachusett, whom the chief saved from the flames of a burning cabin, at the Swamp Fight, and who had the penknife which Major Glass

had plunged into his neck during the scuffle at the ambuscade.

This intelligence gladdened the heart of the prisoner. Joy sparkled in his eyes, and hope again animated his countenance. He immediately requested his uncle to take his aunt and cousin, and return with him to his father's house; assuring him that there he should find friends, protection, wealth, peace, and a quiet home. But he said his father's house was a great way off, and he had forgotten the road thither, but it was toward the rising sun, and his father was known through all the country, for he was a merchant, and had large ships.

After the chief had heard the story of his nephew's captivity, he said he would return to the village and have a talk with his wife, Hilla-lah, and his daughter Lalacoo, about the matter, and would see him again. "But," continued he, "we must all be strangers to each other in the presence of the Buffaloes, or they may prevent your return, and possibly take your life rather than suffer you to escape."

[To be Continued.]

Written for the Lady's Book.

### SUNSET AMONG THE ALPS.\*

THE valleys rest in shadow, and the hum  
Of gentle sounds and low toned melodies  
Are stilled, and twilight spreads her misty arms  
In broader sadness o'er their happy scenes,  
And creeps along the mountains snowy sides,  
Until the setting sun's last, ling'ring beams  
Wreathe up in many a golden glorious ring  
Around the highest Alpine peaks.

So bright

Were these fair coronals, of brilliance, snow,  
And mist—so sparkling was the rose-like hue  
Which shed sweet halo's round the far off beams;  
So spirit-like each whisper of the winds;  
So solemn was the wild magnificence  
Of their high solitudes, that every peak  
And avalanche, whose rest is like the sleep  
Of hungry giants, seemed the ministers  
Of Him who reared those altars to himself!  
But listen! 'twas no echo of the winds—  
I heard a voice from yonder lofty height—  
Again—

"Praise ye the Lord!"—"Praise ye the Lord!"  
In accents loud the tones demand, and then  
From Alp to Alp, men's voices catch the note  
And swelling onward rolls the chorus sweet,  
Until the valley, air and sky,  
And mountain caverns tremble with the song.  
The chamois pauses on his cloud girt cliff  
And listens with his head upturned—intent,  
And conscious;—the wild gazelle half startled  
From her rest, which full of constant peril  
Is but light, with one foot poised in air  
Stands ready for a leap beyond man's reach;  
But soon distinguishing those blessed sounds  
From hunter's shout and bugle note, returns

\* When the sun is setting, the shepherd whose dwelling is on the highest peak, comes to the door of his cabin and through a horn, exclaims to the inhabitants of mountain and valley—"Praise ye the Lord." The words are sang from Alp to Alp by those who catch the sound in succession, until the welkin quivers with the pealing hosanna—then all kneel with heads uncovered in silence and prayer. When their devotions are over, the echoes are once more startled with their voices, and ringing from cliff to cliff, is heard the social "good night."

Again, and closes her soft eyes in peace,  
As swelling past the jubilate rings  
Louder and louder peals the strain, and chimes  
Of children's silvery tongues, and women's tones  
Blend with the anthem's thunder burst of praise.

Praise ye the Lord!

For He hath spread a guardian ring,  
Of angels round our Alpine path,  
To shield us from the thundering  
Of avalanches in their wrath;  
Old men, who by your hearth stones stand—  
And ye out on the mountain's side  
With flocks around, and crook in hand,  
Send—send the chorus far and wide.

Praise ye the Lord!

The mist is floating to the skies  
With gem-like shadows on its wing,  
Oh swifter let our anthem rise,  
From hearts with tears on every string:  
Fathers and sons! by hands caressed  
Whose love plants roses in the wild;  
Young mother! from thy blue veined breast  
Lift up in prayer thy sleeping child.

Praise ye the Lord!

Fair maiden with the thoughtful brow  
And swelling lips like rose-buds flush;  
Ye bright haired ones, with cheeks whose glow  
With cradled innocence still blush;  
Ye dwellers in the valleys dim,  
Harp loudly on the thrilling chord—  
Ye hills, and snows, and glaciers, hymn  
Praise ye the Lord—Praise ye the Lord.

There was a hush—and by the fading light  
I saw men kneeling with their heads bowed down,  
And mothers with their guileless babes—and side  
By side, young maidens with their mountain loves,  
All offering up their silent orisons!  
My God! how throbbed my heart, and tried in vain  
To hold within its urn, the holiness  
Of sights and sounds sublime. It must have burst,  
Had not a fountain of sweet tears gushed up:  
Then night came on o'er steep as well as vale,  
And like a chime of music o'er the waves  
Their voices rang again from mountain top  
To mountain top, until each echo sang  
The shepherd's and the hunter's last good night,  
Good night—good night—

It softly fades away—

Good night—good night—  
In gushing tones it rings  
Again:

Mary mother—fair madonna  
Thou star whose beams are ever bright,  
On our mountain altars shining  
Bless, oh bless our last good night!

Then was a hush—a deep and solemn hush,  
Save when some distant echo whispered low  
In plaintive cadence—night—good night—good night.

ANNA H. DORSEY.

Baltimore, March 27, 1838.

He that has never known adversity, is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world. For, as it surrounds us only with friends, who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.



Written for the Lady's Book.

## FAITH.

BY ANDREW MCMAKIN.

Blest power of converse with yon spirit world,  
Where angels chaunt their glad eternal song,  
And glory, in His presence, is unfurl'd—  
To thee our soul's devotion doth belong.

On wings ethereal, with thee we soar,  
Above the dross and sordid things of earth,  
Upward and onward to that golden shore,  
Where joy alone is usher'd into birth.

And when above the holy page we bend,  
In earthly sorrow's dark and tearful hour,  
Thy angel hand—Samaritan and Friend—  
Our griefs assuage, with mild and heavenly power.

Then in thy shining robe of living light,  
When death has set his seal upon our eyes,  
The spirit bursts its cerements of night,  
And springs to mansions in the endless skies.  
*Philadelphia, July, 1838.*

## THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

It is an admitted axiom by all philosophical and moral writers, that the manner in which the female sex is treated shows the state of civilization among any people. The reason is this—all real and permanent advances in civilization must be based on morals; woman represents the moral power—she is, in fact, the moral teacher, ordained by the Creator to watch the unfoldings of the young heart and mind, and guide and direct the earliest instincts and sentiments of every human being who comes into the world.

If woman be degraded by the superior physical power of man, and reduced to the state of a slave or paramour; debarred the intellectual companionship which she is so formed to enjoy and refine; denied the instruction which is necessary to prepare her for the judicious discharge of her duties as the teacher of her children, it is plain there can be no moral improvement. Advances in physical science, in wealth, and political greatness there may be. But these endure but for a season; till the luxuries, which they surely introduce, have enervated and prepared the people for debasement, decay, and destruction.

The importance of female agency in moral and intellectual improvement is now seriously felt by a large class of those influential men who are directing the affairs of the world. We meet in almost every popular publication, increasing evidence of attention paid to the subject of female education. It is evident that the heaven of truth is working in the public mind; that the real sources of just principles and good habits are beginning to be understood.

That women, the primary instructors of the human race, will, by an equal participation of intellectual advantages with men, be fitted for their high sphere, we have not a doubt. In that faith we labour in the cause of female improvement; and welcome as the dawn of a bright day to the weary traveller who has journeyed under the depressing influences of

the gloom and silence of night, are the indications of awakening interest in the cause of female education. Women do not yet, any more than men, comprehend one tithe of the good she is destined to accomplish. We lately met with an article in a London periodical, which is so much to the purpose, that we will lay it before our readers; and we entreat all our friends to give it a serious and candid perusal.

## ON THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

"One day, when I was in the bath, a friend put into my hand a piece of scented clay. I took it, and said to it, Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy perfume? It answered, 'I am a despicable piece of clay, but I was some time in the company of the rose.'"  
—*Persian Apologues.*

While the philosopher, the moralist, and the legislator, have been employed in the investigation of cause and effect, and in tracing the consequences of various institutions; while the influence of climate, government, or religion upon the character of mankind has been inquired into, there has existed in silent, but unceasing operation, an influence which has almost wholly escaped notice—the influence of woman. Let the state of society have been what it may; let it have elevated woman into a divinity, and then, with chivalrous enthusiasm, have worshipped her, let it have considered her a soulless being, made for amusement and seclusion, and have imprisoned her in some oriental harem; or, let it be, as it now is in more civilized countries, where the value of female intelligence is beginning to be felt, and where her right to equal advantages with the other sex is admitted, or at least not universally disputed; in all the gradations which connect these different conditions, still may her influence be traced, for it is inseparable from the various relative and social duties she has to perform: "the empire of women," says Rousseau, "is not theirs because men have willed it, but because it is the will of nature."

It may be asked, if this influence is so universal, whence comes it that we are so little benefitted by it, and why is it so frequently exercised only to produce mischief? These are precisely the inquiries which will lead to a useful examination; and at a future period they shall be answered; at present, it must be sufficient, in reply to the first remark, to allude to a counteracting influence in the ignorance of the men, by which a great portion of immediate female agency is perverted or neutralized; and to the second, that the education women receive is, in many instances, but little calculated to give them these views or aims which are most elevated and true, or the most likely to increase permanently and extensively human happiness.

There has been no want of those who have found a paltry gratification in attacking the very beings they have rendered defenceless; no want of those, who, having made woman weak and frivolous, allege this weakness, this frivolity, as a reason why she should be forced to continue so. Woman's errors, woman's ignorance, yes, and woman's sorrows also, have

been too often, and but too carefully, recorded for me to swell the list: mine be it to sketch, though but faintly, the influence of her moral beauty, of her unwearied affection, of her tenderness; mine, to trace the effects of her integrity, of her noble simplicity of purpose upon the plastic mind of the child; mine, to show that much of all that is most lovely in human nature owes its origin to the ineffaceable impression of her gentle, yet enduring, character. Let me show that she it was, who wrote upon the young heart those lessons of integrity and perseverance to which society is largely indebted; lessons which have been so indelibly impressed as to have become talismans amid temptations, safeguards in the time of severest trial. The appeal is confidently made to every man who remembers an affectionate and high-principled mother, whether the certainty of her sorrow has not often stepped between him and evil? whether the thought of her sympathy has not roused him to renewed efforts in the pursuit of virtue? whether the remembrance of her love has not been sweet, though she may have ceased to be?

Nor is the influence of woman limited to morals; she it is who not only marks, but directs, the first efforts of infant reason. She not only watches the dawn of that intelligence which maternal fondness thinks so bright; but she involuntarily perhaps, decides in what particular pursuit it shall shine. She identifies herself, as none but a mother can do, with the mind of her child; and instances are not wanting to prove that, to her cultivation, to her example, we must refer the celebrity attached to many names which history has chronicled. It is not necessary to refer to the records of ancient times; though woman must, of course, even then, have influenced the character of the Spartan warrior, the Athenian philosopher; though, even then, we have no reason to suppose that Valeria was the only Roman mother whose lofty and noble spirit could have bowed the heart of her warlike son, when the entreaties of a whole city had failed, or that Cornelia alone educated her children to glory and virtue; we may mention names "familiar to us as our household gods," and it is rather remarkable that the monarchs to whom England and France are, perhaps, the most indebted for wise laws and liberal regulations, were both educated, principally, by their mothers. Alfred was incited to literature by the counsels of his step-mother, and Charlemagne was not only left entirely to the care of his mother during his youth, but consulted her in all those measures which he subsequently took for the improvement of his people. Our own days will recall many who were conscious of this influence upon their own minds. Sir William Jones ascribes his veneration for truth, and his successful pursuit of useful literature, entirely to the early precepts of his mother. Sir Walter Scott tells us that his love of poetry was greatly owing to his mother's beautiful manner of reciting the national ballads, thus calling his attention to them; and, not to weary by naming the many whose fame may be distinctly traced to the mother's tastes and talents, who that has read will ever forget the touching anecdote re-

corded in the life of the artist, West, whose mother, on discovering some of the efforts of his early genius for painting, stooped down and kissed him. "That kiss," said he "made me a painter!" There are, I believe, few who have not observed, if they have, unhappily, been prevented from experiencing the powers of similar acts; let such, then endeavour to observe how these first feelings—these infant associations—operate upon the future man, and it will no longer be denied that woman very materially influencing his character, it is of the greatest importance to give the highest and best direction to her powers, both mentally and morally.

It being once admitted that any given circumstances acts extensively upon individual opinions and manners, it follows that that circumstance gives a tinge to general opinions and manners. And here again, therefore, we meet with the influence of women. When these are well educated, the circle in which they move will be found of a superior kind; not only because the charm of an intelligent woman's society, induces the ignorant to learn, and awakens the energy of the indolent, but because her refinement diffuses a gentleness and benevolence of feeling on all around, smooths the ruggedness of unpolished manners, and destroys those asperities of habit which, when indulged in, interfere greatly with social order and peace. Her influence upon manners, indeed, is so universally acknowledged by travellers, and others who have had the best opportunities of remarking the state of society in various countries, that we can scarcely open a book of this kind, without finding allusions to corroborate the assertion. In all civilized countries, in our own particularly, it may, perhaps, be stated, as the result of inquiry and observation, that the class of society which possesses the greatest amount of worth and happiness will be found among the best taught of the middle ranks, equally removed from the enervating effects of luxury, idleness, and ennui, and the uncivilizing consequences of excessive labour, want, or the fear of it, with its train of misery; and here we shall find that the women are upon a greater equality with the men; are allowed to share their pursuits, and sympathize, not only in their cares, but in their pleasures; and where, upon an average, the same proportion of bodily and mental exercise is required. To the women among this class, therefore, will the attention of present and future ages be directed; to their influence, wisely employed, do we look for the regeneration of society; in their hands is placed the precious deposit of human happiness; may they prove worthy of the sacred trust! may they become sensible of their importance! may they be prepared to meet the scrutiny! and oh, may they remember that the effects of the lessons they give, be they for evil or for good, cease not with the existence of the instructor; but will be transmitted to the latest posterity, as the gift of a pestilence, whose progress is marked with desolation and misery, or as legacies rich in the blessings of integrity, of kindness, of truth!

Vice stings us, even in our pleasures, but Virtue consoles us, even in our pains.

# THE SHIP IS READY.

THE WORDS BY MISS GOULD.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY MORITZ RICHTER.

*Andantino Affetuoso.*

Fare thee well! the ship is ready, And the breeze is fresh and steady, Hands are

*Ped. mf* *f*

fast the anchor weighing; High in the air the streamer's playing;

*f Ped.*

Spread the sails, the waves are swelling, Proudly round thy buoyant dwelling.

*ff Ped.*

Fare thee well! and when at sea,

*f* *p* *Rall.* *Tempo.*

Think of those who sigh for thee; Fare thee well! and when at sea,

*Cres.*

Think of those who sigh for thee.

*Dim.* *Rall.* *p*

## II.

When from land and home receding,  
And from hearts that ache to bleeding,  
Think of those behind who love thee,  
While the sun is bright above thee!  
Then as down to ocean glancing,  
With the waves his rays are dancing,  
Think how long the night will be  
To the eyes that weep for thee.

## III.

When the lonely night-watch keeping,  
All below thee still and sleeping—  
As the needle points the quarter  
O'er the wide and trackless water,  
Let thy vigils ever find thee  
Mindful of the friends behind thee!  
Let thy bosom's magnet be  
Turned to those who wake for thee.

## IV.

When with slow and gentle motion,  
Heaves the bosom of the ocean  
While in peace thy bark is riding,  
And the silver moon is gliding  
O'er the sky with tranquil splendour,  
Where the shining hosts attend her;  
Let the brightest visions be  
Country, home, and friends, to thee!

## V.

When the tempest hovers o'er thee,  
Danger, wreck and death before thee,  
While the sword of fire is gleaming,  
Wild the winds, the torrent streaming;  
Then a pious suppliant bending,  
Let thy thoughts to heaven ascending,  
Reach the mercy seat, to be  
Met by prayers that rise for thee!

Written for the Lady's Book.

## FANCY AND THE RAIN DROP.

ONE sultry eve of Autumn's sway,  
When twilight claimed the place of day  
And spread her mantle round;  
Bidding each twinkling star of even,  
To set its watch in cloudless heaven  
With dignity profound.

My willing fancy urged her flight  
Far off to eastward, where the light  
Of "Juno," shone serene;  
And as her radiance stole through space,  
The "vagrant" marked her regal grace  
And hailed her "night's fair queen."

Then "Fancy"—thoughtless giddy thing,  
Unused to trammel, curb, or string,  
Would ask the mystic sphere,  
"Why nature's signs and laws should fail,  
And blight and dust alone prevail  
In all our dwellings here.

"Has gravitation ceas'd?" she said:  
When lo! the proud orb veiled her head  
Nor digned her a reply—  
But pointed with indignant mien  
To where a cloud repos'd—between  
The earth and ambient sky.

"Bon soie"—offended Fancy cried,  
And off on tireless wing, she hied  
To the edge of that fleecy cloud;  
Which, as she near'd, one drop of rain  
To her quick ear sighed forth its plain,  
As the winds were piping loud.

"I've travel'd far"—said the tiny drop—  
"From the distant verge of the old earth's prop,  
Where the spheres their music sound;  
But 'tis needless all—not a kindred mite  
Its treasured stores will with me unite  
To lave the thirsty ground.

"They laughing, tell the reason why—  
Your streets unpaved, your gutters dry—  
Your hydrants, private store—  
Go, toil (they say) like other men—  
Improve internally—and then  
You'll thrive a little more.

"Bright Phœbus has past in triumph o'er  
That cycle so stormy oft before,  
Where points solstitial bend;  
Yet not a tempest can provoke  
Nor thunder crash—nor lightning stroke  
The hard'ned clouds to rend.

"Sometimes indeed, I've almost thought  
A sprinkle or two, my skirts had caught  
As I sail'd abroad at even—  
Examining every luminous spot,  
To see if it was humid or not,  
In the blue and boundless heaven.

"I've even sought old 'Saturn's' zone  
And ask'd his watchers, one by one,  
To lend a little aid—  
But swathed in clouds—time out of mind,  
To fog and mist they were resign'd,  
Yet to travel were sore afraid.

"The other planets, all shone serene,  
Nor beg'd to know where in haste I'd been,  
Nor what my errand there."

So, oft will haughty friends enclose  
Their hearts in tripple frosts and snows  
Nor heed another's care.

"Good by to you all"—said the drop of rain  
"I ask your patronage never again,  
For now I'm bound to arctic spheres  
Where the bear has growl'd six thousand years.  
I see some nebulous atoms float  
All dim and watery thereabout.  
'Capella' twinkles with paler light,  
And the northern crown looks darkly bright;  
Humble associates always lend  
Their extra dew, to help a friend."

Then, off she flew on the whirlwind's wing,  
Poor—lonely—yet good natured thing,

How sweet her sympathies are!  
She sees what clouds of dust and smoke  
The belles and beaux of our city choke

'Mid the pressure so heavy there.  
Virginia. M. W. M.

We have on hand a number of interesting Stories and Poems by the first writers of the day, written expressly for the Lady's Book. A New Story, by Miss Leslie.—"A Poet's Prejudice," and "The Three Gifts," by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, Editor of London La Belle.—"Love after Marriage," by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.—"A Village Romance," by Miss M. A. Brown, of Liverpool, Eng.—"The Tale of an Aeronaut," by Grenville Mellen, Esq.—"The Lone One," by Robert T. Conrad, Esq.—"Old Father Morris," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, of Cincinnati.—Sonnet, by Thos. Miller, Eng.—"A Sketch from Life," by Mrs. Hoffland, London.—"The Poet's and Pedagogue's Complaint," by Ebenezer Elliott, of England, author of "Corn Law Rhymes."—Poetry by Mrs. M. M. St. Loud.—No. 3 of "Random Sketches."—"Mount Washington," by Grenville Mellen.—"The Petrified Piper," a local tale, by R. Shelton Mackenzie, L.L.D., of Liverpool, and a number of other articles.

Miss Landon's Novels will be ready for publication in October. A better opportunity than "Goodey's Uniform Edition" has never been offered the public to furnish themselves with cheap editions of the Standard Novelists. \$10 received in advance, will pay for Marryat, Bulwer, Lady Blessington, and Miss Landon's Novels.

## DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

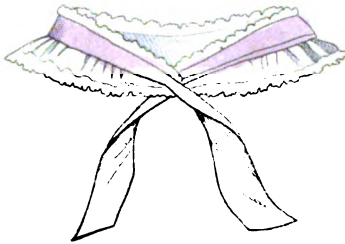
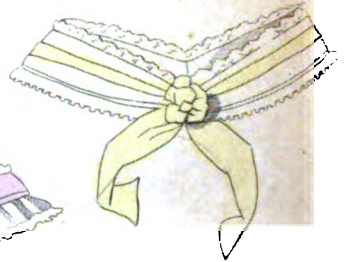
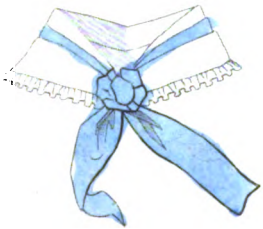
Fig. 1. Toilette de Longchamps. Dress of violet or any colored *gros de Naples*; low corsage; the skirt ornamented with a deep flounce of the same. Mantelet of black taffetas, gathered into bands in the centre of the back, and on each shoulder, so as to set neatly and closely. The mantelet is trimmed all round with very deep lace. Hat of *poux de soie*; the front deep, and *évasée*; the trimming, which is very full, is of wide ribbon (see Plate,) and a bunch of flowers is placed at the left side of the crown, in a drooping position. White kid gloves; black shoes; silk stockings.

Fig. 2. Fancy evening costume.

Fig. 3. Robe of *pou de soie*; corsage à trois puce, pointed at bottom, and trimmed with a *pelerine* mantelet of English point lace, of white blossoms; short sleeves, a triple gatherings, decorated *en suite*; the skirt is trimmed with a magnificent point lace flounce, the heading of which is disposed in drapery, and intermingled with roses. The hair, arranged in soft braids, is decorated with a wreath of flowers.









rately stumping toward the house. You notice his tranquil, florid, full-moon face, enlightened by a pair of great round blue eyes, that roll with dreamy inattentiveness on all the objects around, and as he takes off his hat you see the white curling wig that sets off his round head. He comes towards you—and as you stand staring with all the children around, he deliberately puts his great hand on your head, and with a deep rumbling voice inquires,

and the conversation of Jesus with his disciples. Immediately the whole start out before you, living and picturesque—the road to Emmaus is a New England turnpike—you can see its mile stones, its mullen stalks—its toll gates. Next, the disciples rise, and you have before you all their anguish, and hesitation, and dismay, talked out to you in the language of your own fire-side. You smile—you are amu-

*Fashions for October*

# THE LADY'S BOOK.

OCTOBER, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## OLD FATHER MORRIS.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

OF all the marvels that astonished my childhood, there is none I remember to this day with so much interest, as the old man whose name forms my caption. When I knew him, he was an aged clergyman, settled over an obscure village in New England. He had enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, had a strong original power of thought, an omnipotent imagination, and much general information. But so early and so deeply had the habits and associations of the plough, the farm, and country life wrought themselves into his mind, that his after acquirements could only mingle with them, forming an unexemplified amalgam, like unto nothing but itself.

He was an ingrain New Englander, and whatever might have been the source of his information, it came out in Yankee form, with the strong provinciality of Yankee dialect.

It is in vain to attempt to give a full picture of such a genuine unique; but some slight and imperfect dashes may help the imagination to a faint idea of what none can fully conceive, but those who have seen and heard old father Morris.

Suppose yourself one of half a dozen children, and you hear the cry—"Father Morris is coming!" You run to the window or door, and you see a tall bulky old man, with a pair of saddle bags on one arm, hitching his old horse with a fumbling carefulness, and then deliberately stumping toward the house. You notice his tranquil, florid, full-moon face, enlightened by a pair of great round blue eyes, that roll with dreamy inattentiveness on all the objects around, and as he takes off his hat you see the white curling wig that sets off his round head. He comes towards you—and as you stand staring with all the children around, he deliberately puts his great hand on your head, and with a deep rumbling voice inquires,

"How d'ye do, my darter?—is your daddy at home?" "My darter" usually makes off as fast as possible in an unconquerable giggle. Father Morris goes into the house, and we watch him at every turn, as with the most literal simplicity, he makes himself at home—takes off his wig—wipes down his great face with a checked pocket handkerchief—helps himself hither and thither to whatever he wants, and asks for such things as he cannot lay his hands on, with all the comfortable easiness of childhood.

I remember to this day, how we used to peep through the crack of the door, or hold it half ajar and peer in, to watch his motions—and how mightily diverted we were with his deep slow manner of speaking, his heavy cumbrous walk, but above all, with the wonderful faculty of *hemming* which he possessed.

His deep, thundering, protracted a-hem-em was like nothing else that ever I heard; and when once, as he was in the midst of one of these performances, the parlour door suddenly happened to swing open, I heard one of my roguish brothers calling in a suppressed tone, "Charles—Charles, Father Morris has *hemmed* the door open!"—and then followed the signs of a long and desperate titter, in which I sincerely sympathized.

But the morrow is Sunday. The old man rises in the pulpit. He is not now in his own humble little parish, preaching simply to the hoers of corn, and planters of potatoes—but there sits Governor D., and there is Judge R., and Counsellor P., and Judge G. In short, he is before a refined and literary audience. But father Morris rises—he thinks nothing of this—he cares nothing—he knows nothing, as he himself would say, but "Jesus Christ and him crucified." He takes a passage of Scripture to explain—perhaps it is the walk to Emmaus, and the conversation of Jesus with his disciples. Immediately the whole start out before you, living and picturesque—the road to Emmaus is a New England turnpike—you can see its mile stones, its mullen stalks—its toll gates. Next, the disciples rise, and you have before you all their anguish, and hesitation, and dismay, talked out to you in the language of your own fire-side. You smile—you are amu-

sed—yet you are touched, and the illusion grows every moment. You see the approaching stranger, and the mysterious conversation grows more and more interesting. Emmaus rises in the distance, in the likeness of a New England village, with a white meeting house and spire. You follow the travellers—you enter the house with them—nor do you wake from your trance until with streaming eyes the preacher tells you that “they saw it was the Lord Jesus! and *what a pity* it was they could not have known it before!”

It was after a sermon on this very chapter of Scripture history, that Governor Griswold, in passing out of the house, laid hold on the sleeve of his first acquaintance, “Pray tell me,” said he, “who is this minister?”

“Why, it is old father Morris.”

“Well, he is an oddity—and a genius too! I declare!” he continued, “I have been wondering all the morning, how I could have read the Bible to so little purpose as not to see all these particulars he has presented.”

I once heard him narrate in this picturesque way the story of Lazarus. The great bustling city of Jerusalem first rises to view, and you are told with great simplicity, how the Lord Jesus “used to get tired of the noise”—and how he was “tired of preaching again and again to people who would not mind a word he said”—and how, “when it came evening, he used to go out and see his friends in Bethany.” Then he told about the house of Martha and Mary—“a little white house among the trees,” he said, “you could just see it from Jerusalem.” And there the Lord Jesus and his disciples used to go and sit in the evenings, with Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus.

Then the narrator went on to tell how Lazarus died—describing with tears and a choking voice, the distress they were in—and how they sent a message to the Lord Jesus, and he did not come, and how they wondered and wondered—and thus, on he went, winding up the interest by the graphic minutæ of an eye witness, till he woke you from the dream by his triumphant joy at the resurrection scene.

Among his own simple people, this style of Scripture painting was listened to with breathless interest. But it was particularly in those rustic circles called in New England, “Conference Meetings,” that his whole warm soul unfolded, and the Bible in his hands, became a gallery of New England paintings.

He particularly loved the Evangelists—following the footsteps of Jesus Christ—dwelling upon his words—repeating over and over again the stories of what he did, with all the fond veneration of an old and favoured servant.

Sometimes too, he would give the narration an exceedingly practical turn, as one example will illustrate.

He had noticed a falling off in his little circle that met for social prayer, and took occasion the first time he collected a tolerable audience, to tell concerning “the conference meeting that the disciples attended,” after the resurrection.

“But Thomas was not with them.”—Thomas not with them! said the old man, in a sorrowful voice. “Why!—what could keep Thomas

away? Perhaps,” said he, glancing at some of his backward auditors—“Thomas had got cold-hearted, and was afraid they would ask him to make the first prayer—or perhaps,” said he, looking at some of the farmers, “Thomas was afraid the roads were bad; or perhaps,” he added, after a pause, “Thomas had got proud, and thought he could not come in his old clothes.” Thus he went on, significantly summing up the common excuses of his people. And then with great simplicity and emotion he added—“But only think what Thomas lost! for in the middle of the meeting, the Lord Jesus came and stood among them! How sorry Thomas must have been!” This representation served to fill the vacant seats for some time to come.

At another time, Father Morris gave the details of the anointing of David to be king. He told them how Samuel went to Bethlehem—to Jesse’s house—and went in with a “how d’ye do Jesse?”—and how when Jesse asked him to take a chair, he said he could not stay a minute—that the Lord had sent him to anoint one of his sons for a king—and how, when Jesse called in the tallest and handsomest, Samuel said “he would not do”—and how all the rest passed the same test, and at last how Samuel says “Why, have not you any more sons, Jesse?” and Jesse says, “Why yes, there is little David down in the lot”—and how, as soon as ever Samuel saw David “he slashed the oil right onto him”—and how Jesse said “he never was so beat in all his life!”

Father Morris sometimes used his illustrative talent to very good purpose in the way of rebuke. He had on his farm a fine orchard of peaches, from which some of the ten and twelve-year-old gentlemen helped themselves more liberally than even the old man’s kindness thought expedient.

Accordingly he took occasion to introduce into his sermon one Sunday, in his little parish an account of a journey he took; and how he was very warm and very dry; and how he saw a fine orchard of peaches that made his mouth water to look at them. “So” says he “I came up to the fence and looked all around, for I would not have touched one of them without leave, for all the world. At last I spied a man, and says I, ‘Mister, won’t you give me some of your peaches?’ So the man came and gave me nigh about a hat full. And while I stood there eating, I said, ‘Mister, how do you manage to keep your peaches?’ ‘Keep them!’ said he, and he stared at me—‘What do you mean?’ ‘Yes sir,’ said I, ‘don’t the boys steal them?’ ‘Boys steal them!’ said he; ‘no indeed!’ ‘Why sir,’ said I, ‘I have a whole lot full of peaches, and I cannot get half of them’—here the old man’s voice grew tremulous—“because the boys in my parish steal them so.” “Why sir,” said he, “don’t their parents teach them not to steal?” “And I grew all over in a cold sweat,” and I told him “I was afeard they did’n’t.” “Why how you talk” says the man, “do tell me where you live!” “Then,” said father Morris—the tears running over—“I was obliged to tell him I lived in the town of G.” After this father Morris kept his peaches.

Our old friend was not less original in the

logical than in the illustrative portions of his discourses. His logic was of that familiar colloquial kind, which shakes hands with common sense like an old friend. Sometimes too, his great mind and great heart would be poured out on the vast themes of religion, in language which, though homely, produced all the effects of the sublime. He once preached a discourse on the text, "the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity"—and from the beginning to the end it was a train of lofty and solemn thought. With his usual simple earnestness, and his great rolling voice, he told about "the Great God—the Great Jehovah—and how the people in this world were flustering and worrying, and afraid they should not get time to do this and that and t'other." "But," he added, with full hearted satisfaction, "the Lord is never in a hurry, he has it all to do, but he has time enough, for he inhabiteth eternity." And the grand idea of infinite leisure and almighty resources, was carried through the sermon with equal strength and simplicity.

Although the old man never seemed to be sensible of any thing tending to the ludicrous in his own mode of expressing himself, yet he had considerable relish for humour, and some shrewdness of repartee. One time, as he was walking through a neighbouring parish, famous for its profanity, he was stopped by a whole flock of the youthful reprobates of the place:

"Father Morris—father Morris—the Devil's dead!" "Is he?" said the old man, benignly laying his hand on the head of the nearest urchin, "you poor fatherless children!"

But the sayings and doings of this good old man, as reported in the legends of the neighbourhood, are more than can be gathered or reported. He lived far beyond the common age

of man, and continued, when age had impaired his powers, to tell over and over again the same Bible stories that he had told so often before.

I recollect hearing of the joy that almost broke the old man's heart, when after many years diligent watching and nurture of the good seed in his parish, it began to spring into vegetation, sudden and beautiful as that which answers the patient watching of the husbandman. Many a hard, worldly hearted man—many a sleepy inattentive hearer—many a listless, idle young person, began to give ear to words that had long fallen unheeded. A neighbouring minister who had been sent for to see and rejoice in these results, describes the scene, when on entering the little church, he found an anxious, crowded auditory, assembled around their venerable teacher, waiting for direction and instruction. The old man was sitting in his pulpit almost choking with fullness of emotion as he gazed around. "Father," said the youthful minister, "I suppose you are ready to say with old Simeon, 'Now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation.'" "*Sartin, sartin,*" said the old man, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, and his whole frame shook with emotion.

It was not many years after, that this simple and loving servant of Christ was gathered in peace unto him whom he loved. His name is fast passing from remembrance, and in a few years, his memory, like his humble grave, will be entirely grown over and forgotten among men, though it will be had in everlasting remembrance by Him who "forgetteth not his servants," and in whose sight the death of his saints is precious.

*Cincinnati.*

Written for the Lady's Book.

## TO A LITTLE MOTHERLESS INFANT.

SWEET babe, that in thy helpless state,  
Hast newly on the world been thrown,  
Too young to feel the parting kiss,  
Or hear a mother's dying moan.

As pillow'd on a stranger's breast,  
How gentle do thy slumbers seem,  
And smiles of heavenly innocence,  
Do o'er thy waking features beam.

Come, and I'll tell of her who gave  
Thee being, but who calmly sleeps  
Where the long grass in summer waves,  
And where the lowly brier creeps.

She would, (for she did love them well,)  
In morning, and at twilight hours,  
Have gently smoothed thy cradle-bed,  
And strew'd it o'er with dewy flowers.

I'll tell, but life is yet too young,  
Should years be number'd o'er thy head,

I may, perchance, recount the love,  
And memories of the sainted dead,

Thou canst not, and thou dost not know  
The evils which existence brings,  
Nor dream of all the weal and wo,  
The changes of all earthly things.

But time will press them home, and then  
Thou'lt miss her guidance, counsel, care;  
She would have strengthened thee, and taught,  
The truth, the worth, the power of prayer.

She would, but gather'd with the blest,  
She has begun her song in heaven,  
When in her hour of need, sweet babe,  
Thou, too, in faith and trust was given.

And shall that hour, that faith, that trust,  
Before the Lord forgotten be?  
No; when he comes to call the just,  
In cov'nant he'll remember thee.

CATHARINE STANLEY.

Saturday, March 31, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## A WALK IN THE SUBURBS.

THE city of Montreal is not, generally speaking, very remarkable for its attractions; but the stirring events of the last six months, have made it a scene of constant change and excitement, and congregated within its limits a host of military men. Nay, even its quiet citizens have been transformed into valiant soldiers, boastful of their loyalty, and eager to fight the "gorgons and chimeras dire," that since the subjugation of the rebel Canadians, have been so fearfully arrayed, in airy thousands, on the borders, keeping them ever on the *qui vive* of nervous expectation and alarm. It is amusing for an idle man, in this state of things, to saunter round the streets, noting the busy groups that gather at the corners, and admiring as they pass, the gay uniforms, or martial bearing of the generals, colonels, and captains, who meet one at every turn. Yet there are some, who care not for these vanities—who are neither allured by their novelty, nor amused by the stir and bustle they occasion—and such an one is my friend P., who I verily believe would rather produce a variety of rose or geranium, than wear the distinguishing badge of a general officer.

Of this truth I was convinced a short time since, when, as I returned one morning from the Place D'Armes, where I had been witnessing the evolutions of a volunteer corps, I found him planted before a window in the Haymarket, lost in the contemplation of some flourishing exotics, which from their uncommon beauty attract the admiring gaze of many an idle pedestrian. He was so absorbed in the study of these plants, that he did not perceive me till I laid my hand upon his arm.

"Ever at your devotions," I said:—"If you worshipped the sacred nine, my good friend, as fervently as you do the weeds and brambles of the earth, we should have streams of rare and thrilling poetry flowing from the holy fount."

"Beauty is the poet's inspiration," answered my friend, "and in what lovelier, what chaster form does it ever appear to us, than here—yes here, in the exquisitely blended tints of that geranium, and the snowy, pearl-like blossoms of this myrtle."

"You are an enthusiast," I said, "a perfect monomaniac in your love of flowers."

"I confess it," he replied—"but as I have few human flowers to love, I may be forgiven if I lavish ardent affections on the fair offspring of my darling goddess. But come, I have lectured to you many a time, before the window of this honest, and it must be confessed, tasteful manufacturer of painted floor-cloths, so let us on—the day is delicious, a foretaste of spring—and if you can spare an hour, I will lead you through my conservatory, and descant awhile upon its beauties."

"Your conservatory!" I exclaimed, "I was ignorant that you had been building one."

"Nor have I in these times of war and embarrassment been guilty of indulging myself in this long-coveted and delightful luxury," he answered, smiling. "My conservatory is on an ex-

tended scale, and yet I enjoy it free from all care or expense."

"You are enigmatical," I answered.

"Doubtless so to you," he replied, "but have you ever walked through the suburbs of this city, particularly through the long and pleasant street of St. Antoine, and not compared it to a long range of green houses, as one window after another presented themselves in quick succession, lined with plants of rare and luxuriant beauty?"

"I have sometimes been attracted by a gay flower," I replied, "but my penchant is rather for men and women—for the living and breathing objects of creation, than for the products of the vegetable or the mineral kingdom. The tasselled cap of a royal, always attracts my gaze, and the gay variety of equipages which throng our streets, with their fair occupants, and gallant drivers, are to me subjects of never-wearying interest."

"Ah well," said my companion, "*chacun à son goût*, but we have passed the little bridge and now my observations begin—and since I cannot hope to interest you in my favourites, I will mingle some traits of humanity with the lives of the plants, for the history of many an humble individual whose dwelling we shall pass is familiarly known to me. But here we are before the very window where bloom my bright

"Auriculas, enrich'd  
With shining metal o'er all their velvet leaves."

It is three days since I have seen them, and how they have expanded; they are of a superior kind too, the petals approaching to crimson in their hue, and edged with a tint strongly inclined to green. It is the very triumph of the florist's art when he can produce such flowers as these—or somewhat finer perhaps. But pardon me, sir—you are gazing after that dragon, and I wearying you with my lecture."

"Oh no, I pray you go on, I am interested, and only turned to acknowledge the dragon's salute. It was S., but I like the auriculas better, they are so beautiful, I never saw any to compare with them. And what is this pale blossom?"

"That," said P. "is the heliotrope with its delicate bunches of purple flowers, full of delicious fragrance. Would you like to smell it, if so I am privileged to enter. The hands which cherish these exquisite flowers toil daily at the needle for their bread. They are sisters, and were orphaned by the cholera of '32. I passed the house when the coffins of father and mother were being borne from the door. The choicest flowers of their little garden were strewn upon the lids, and hand in hand, when all else shrank from the pestilence, the sisters followed their parents to the grave. It was a sight that touched my heart, I sought them when they returned to their desolate home, and from that day we have been friends. They have lent the aid of their needle for my comfort, and I have won their good will by admiring their flowers."

We passed on; my friend's benevolent countenance glowed like the flowers he so passionately loved, and I caught a spark of his enthusiasm, as in our progress we glanced at each humble, or more aristocratic casement, gay with its graceful plants, and odorous blossoms.

"These hyacinths are lovely," said I, stopping before one of the most common of Canadian dwellings, "and these roses, what can surpass them in beauty?"

"Hyacinths!" said P., "aye!

'Hyacinths with their graceful bells  
Where the spirit of odour dwells.'

And those roses are exquisite, rather too fully blown, but the buds are perfect. It is the *rosa adorata*, or tea rose, so celebrated for its delicious perfume. And look at those carnations, they are finer than any I have seen, even at Gilbault's. Ah, my little Louise, you are the queen of florists, and deserve to wear a crown of your own roses. Let us go in—the mistress of these flowers is a young French girl, who nearly supports her old parents by their sale. In summer you may see her sitting in the market, surrounded by pots of blooming exotics, and a basket filled with tastefully arranged bouquets, which she keeps fresh by immersing their stalks in a basin of water. She always returns home with a light heart and a well lined purse, for her nosegrays are much sought after, and her plants command a ready sale. The former, are not like those daily brought to your door during the summer, of full blown roses and flaunting pinks, with stalks scarcely an inch in length, and tied together without one leaf of verdure. Louise culls young buds, and delicate blossoms, and fragrant leaves from her choicest plants, and combines them with rare taste into the most beautiful of bouquets. But see, she has observed us, and here she comes to open the door."

With the courtesair peculiar to the French, Louise invited us to enter, and as my friend seemed disposed to comply with her request, I willingly followed him. Descending one step, we stood in a small low apartment, furnished in the common style of Canadian houses of that class, with a few wooden chairs, a deal table white as snow, and a large stove occupying the centre of the apartment. Beside this receptacle of heat, sat the old father with a blue worsted cap upon his head, and a tortoise shell cat purring on his knee. The mother was busy in stirring some cloves of garlic into a stew-pan of soup that was simmering on the stove, and which overpowered with its vile odour the delicate perfume of the plants, which lent an air of refinement even to this rude and humble apartment. The more elegant occupation of Louise betrayed itself in the appearance of the table, where, among numerous little packages of seeds which she had been assorting, stood a glass containing several bouquets of choice flowers, arranged with characteristic taste. My friend's quick eye instantly observed them.

"Bouquets, Louise!" he exclaimed, "and at this season of the year? Pray for whom are they intended?"

"For some fine English ladies, sir, in Dalhousie Square, who want them for a grand ball

to night. It is very gay, sir, since the wars are ended, and I sell many, many bouquets to the gentlemen and ladies. I get fifteen, and twenty pence for each, and sometimes thirty for those of this size."

"That is doing very well, Louise," said P., "but your roses and carnations will soon become exhausted if you use them thus liberally. There are not many more to bloom on these stalks."

"Ah, but there are plenty here," she said, smiling; and pushing open a door she led the way into a small room, not more than six feet square, lighted on one side by a broad window, through which the sun poured his rays with almost overpowering brilliancy. It was a miniature green house, crowded with plants of surpassing beauty and luxuriance. Louise marked our astonishment and admiration with a glance of triumphant delight.

"Is it not fine," she asked.

"Exquisite!" exclaimed P. "Look at this magnificent calla, with its monapetalous blossom, snowy white, but deepening towards the stalk into a tender green. What a superb drinking cup it would make—fit to hold the nectar of the gods. The Canadians call it *Peid Veau*, from a resemblance which the plant is supposed to bear to the foot of the calf; though I confess the similitude seems to me very slight, if at all perceptible. And here you have roses, and delicious mignonette, and the everlasting laurestinus, and the graceful fuchsia, with its crimson tinted leaves and stalks, its violet colored petals, and long scarlet style and stamens projecting far beyond the flower, and giving it the appearance of a lady's ear-drop, the name indeed which it bears in common parlance. And here too is the wall flower that I gave you—it is looking finely, and will soon expand its sanguinary blossoms—and these stocks are very rich. But come away—this is Flora's boudoir, and I will come again to pay my devoirs more at leisure. Give us each a *petit bouquet*, Louise, and let us begone from your enchantments."

She complied with alacrity, and tied up for my friend a rose, and the blossoms of a splendid geranium which he particularly admired, together with a few myrtle leaves and sprigs of heath. A half opened rose bud, a piece of myrtle in flower, and a few feathery leaves of geranium, composed my elegant bouquet. It found its destination before the hour of dinner, and that evening I had the happiness to watch it through the mazes of the graceful dance, clasped in the fair hand that I hope at no distant day to call my own.

Louise was reluctant to receive any more substantial guerdon than thanks, but we pressed our offering upon her and departed.

After passing several attractive looking windows, with a hasty tribute to their beauties, my friend paused before one which exhibited some plants of singular appearance.

"There," said he, "are most of them exotics from a foreign soil, and as yet scarcely known among us. The mistress of this house has resided many years abroad, and these plants are raised from seeds she brought with her from the Grecian Islands. To me they are all



strange, except that delicate vine which twines itself so luxuriantly over the lattice frame. How gracefully its bell-shaped blossoms of a pale and lovely pink, hang among its light foliage. In Corfu, of which land it is a native, it bears the name of *dollicos*, here it is called the snap-dragon vine, but I am ignorant of its botanical name. The form of the flower somewhat resembles that so called with us, but its foliage is much prettier, and its manner of growing more graceful and fantastic."

"Your conservatory, my dear fellow, is really rich in beauty," said I, laughing, but I "fear we shall pass for two very impertinent persons, stopping as we do to gaze at these floral windows, actually in the face and eyes of the occupants of the mansion."

"Oh, never mind," said P., "it is a common custom here—and were it not, I esteem myself a privileged individual, and am often greeted through my barrier of plants with a bow, or smile, from lips that never spake to me. See even now there is a pair of bright eyes peeping at us through our leafy screen."

And good sooth there was, but they vanished when they saw they were observed, even before my companion, who gallantly raised his hat, could replace it on his head and move away. We paused not again till we stood before a low stone house, in the window of which, besides a pot of primroses, and another of very fine pansy violets, or hearts-ease, bloomed a splendid campanula, towering with its pyramid of clustered bells nearly to the top of the sash.

"Magnifique!" as our friend De Pr. would say," exclaimed P., pointing with his cane to the superb flower—

"Beside it, as if in contrast see,  
The primrose pale, Nature's meek and darling child,"

and the lowly pansy 'freaked with jet'—but a beautiful variety of that darling little flower," he added, pressing closer to the glass; "pray examine them, this one is perfectly yellow, and that again is touched in the most fantastic manner, with a dash of purple; and then what length of petals—why a florist would run mad to obtain these flowers were he to see them, for I do not believe the finest gardens on the island can boast any of such unique beauty."

As he spoke, the white curtain which had hitherto shut out the sunlight from within, was drawn aside by a female dressed in deep mourning, and wearing the close cap of a widow. She plucked one of the primroses without seeming to observe us, and crossing the room gave it to a youth, who, pale and emaciated with illness, reclined on a sofa placed opposite the window. He took it with a grateful smile, and his lips moved as if in thanks. A tear stole down the poor mother's cheeks, she turned aside to hide her emotion, and busied herself in adjusting the pillows that supported him. All this was the hasty observation of a minute on our part, but we felt as if we were intruding upon the sanctity of the domestic hearth, and with a simultaneous impulse we walked onward. My friend seemed much moved, and it was several minutes before he spoke, then with suppressed emotion he said:

"Poor youth, I fear it is all over with him."

"And who is he," I asked, "for you seem to feel no little interest in him."

"He is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow," replied my friend. "They are natives of Ireland, and came here in the fatal summer of 1834. The father was an agent on the estates of some great lord at home, and there he would have remained had not that dreadful scourge, consumption, terrified him from his paternal land. Six of his children in the very bloom of youth were swept one after another to the grave by its blighting power, and impressed with the belief that there was some principle of evil in the surrounding atmosphere that proved fatal to their lives, the unhappy parents sold all their possessions, and fled with their sole remaining treasure to this far-off island. The expenses of their voyage left them but a small pittance when they arrived here, but the father brought letters to some respectable merchants in the city, and soon obtained a situation as clerk in a wholesale store. Arthur, then seventeen, and a boy of uncommon promise, was placed in the office of a solicitor, and for a time all things promised well, but as the summer advanced, the dreaded cholera again made its appearance, and Mr. Sinclair, the father, was among its earliest victims. Then indeed there was wo and desolation in that humble dwelling. But friends arose, time with its healing wing passed on—religion gave its comforts, and the face of the widow once more wore the semblance of peace. Arthur was her hope and stay, and promised to become an ornament to the bar. At length the period approached for his examination, and the anxiety and excitement it produced in his sensitive mind brought on a fever. He laboured through it, but health never returned. Symptoms of that disease which had proved so fatal to his family, began to show themselves in him. A hollow cough, a hectic flush, announced the insidious ravages of the destroyer, and sent a pang sharper than the sting of death to the heart of his afflicted mother. Four long and anxious months have passed hopelessly away, and still,

—"that dreadful post of observation  
Darker every hour,"

is destined to be her's. Yet there she ever stands, as you have just now seen her, watching with a mother's nameless agony, the sad but certain progress of disease, and ministering with woman's gentleness, and a mother's never-wearying love, to the comfort of her dying child. This is the short and simple story of the lonely dwellers beneath that lowly roof, and may the widow's and the orphan's God be their support and comfort, for too surely indeed has every source of earthly joy proved vain."

My friend paused—he seemed affected, and I confess I was not unmoved by this touching recital. I expressed the sympathy that I truly felt for the unfortunate mother and son, and we walked on in silence till we passed that pretty residence nearly at the extremity of the suburbs, known by the name of St. Antoine Hall, when by mutual consent we turned to retrace our homeward steps.

Our conversation had assumed a serious

turn, the mutability of human events, the inequalities of fortune, the neglect shown to genius, the meretricious glare thrown around wealth and fashion, and the false estimate which is given to these merely adventitious circumstances, formed the themes of our discourse. It was late when we reached the doors of our respective houses, where I for the first time recollected that I had engaged to try my friend L's new tandom at three, and P. remembered an appointment in the rooms of the Natural History Society, where he was desirous to establish some puzzling fact in the science of Entomology.

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It was on a bright morning towards the last of April, when I again took my solitary way through the populous street of the Antoine suburb. Something had occurred on the preceding evening to disturb my mind, and occupied in no pleasing train of thought, the recollection of my morning stroll a few weeks previous with P., and the objects which then engaged our attention, did not occur to me, till on passing the door of Arthur Sinclair's dwelling, I was startled from my reverie by the sight of a hearse surmounted with nodding white plumes, which stood before the door. I paused; the badge of death, a strip of black crape tied with white ribbon, was suspended from the knocker, and the shutters of the window where we had admired the flowers were closed. He was gone then! that pale and suffering youth of whom, a few brief weeks since, I had caught a momentary glimpse. The struggle was over, and the grief of the desolate and widowed mother presented itself so strongly to my mind, as to banish for the time all selfish feelings and regrets. I mingled with the group that stood about the door, and in a few minutes I saw the coffin of the deceased borne out, covered with the black and white pall which is used for the young. The blossoms of the pansy and the primrose, with many bells from the campanula were strewn over it, plucked to wither on the grave of one, whose early and untimely fate they beautifully shadowed forth. The priest with open book took his station immediately at the head of the corpse—the sacred emblem of the cross was borne aloft before him, and the procession formed; I joined its ranks, and we moved on towards the cemetery.

We passed on slowly through the busy streets, but in the city, a funeral train is a sight of too common occurrence to awaken sympathy. The tears which have been shed over that silent corpse, the pangs which rend the hearts of those who mourn the departed, are unknown and unheeded beyond the narrow circle of the bereaved. The world moves on as before, the busy throng of life, the din of toil, the whirl of fashion, are still the same—it is the smitten heart which feels the change, and cherishes in solitude its bitter grief. Thus the melancholy procession passed almost unnoticed through the street, and as it turned from the busy hum of men to ascend the steep and narrow lane which leads to the Catholic burial ground, my ears were saluted from the orchard on either side by the joyous singing of birds, and my eyes gladly greeted the earliest heralds of spring

which were visible in the dark red tassels of the elm, and the tender catkins of the willow, which, with their pale and delicate green, precluded the bursting forth of the silken foliage from its resinous enclosures.

We climbed the hill and passed through the gate of the cemetery on to the little chapel, where amidst the odor of frankincense, and the light of wax tapers, the solemn service for the dead was performed over the mortal remains of the young and gifted Arthur Sinclair. The body was deposited in its last resting place, priest, and train departed, and I stood alone in the "city of the dead." For some minutes I remained gazing from that elevated spot, which wants only a portion of the taste and genius which preside over the far-famed cemetery of Mount Auburn, to render it a most attractive spot, a resting place worthy the decayed tenement of an immortal soul. In the back ground rose the mountain, purpling with the first faint hues of coming spring—at my feet reposed the city, and beyond it rolled the St. Lawrence, pouring the tribute of its majestic waters to the ocean, and flashing in the sunlight, as if rejoicing in its release from the icy fetters which had so long held its waves in bondage. The chiming of a distant clock at length warned me that I had trespassed upon the time allotted to my walk, and turning with reluctant step, I quitted the "place of tombs," and hastened to mingle in the din and turmoil of the city.

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It was a cloudless morning in June, when I again stood before the little chapel in the Catholic cemetery; a coffin which had just been lifted from a hearse, was carried in and placed upon the trestles, and when the pall was raised, I approached and read the inscription on its lid. It bore these words—'Dora Sinclair, aged 45.'

The funeral service was performed, and the desolate one slept beside her husband and son. Parents and child had found a foreign grave, and every memorial of them perished from the land, except the frail ones that survive, in the unique pansies, the pale primroses, and the superb campanula, which still bloom upon a flower stand, in the lone study of my friend P.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### A SONNET.

Occasioned by hearing her brother playing on the flute in the garden.

BY MRS. M. ST. L. LOUD.

Soft breathing flute, so sweet, so clear, so wild,  
Through the still evening air, thy far off note  
Doth on my ear, like spirit music float,  
And hath my weary heart of care beguiled;  
Now thou dost mingle with the wood-dove's tone,  
That with a low and melancholy moan,  
Comes from the forest depths—now high and shrill,  
As if the player inspiration caught,  
From the bright stars above him—thou dost fill  
My soul with mournful memories of the past,  
And visions far too beautiful to last,  
In this dim world.—Oh I have often sought  
To banish Fancy—by that magic strain,  
Call'd into glowing life, she comes to me again.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE FATE OF A COQUETTE.

BY J. JONES.

WHERE now stands a superb edifice, there was once a neat little two story building, in the then suburbs of the city. It stood some thirty paces back from the street, and in front was a most beautiful yard abounding with a great variety of shrubbery and flowers. A widow in moderate circumstances lived there, who entertained a few boarders. She had but one child, a blue eyed daughter of fifteen. Emma Murray had imbibed the meekness of her mother, and all her acts were characterized by graceful moderation. She was passionately fond of her birds; and every sunny morning, she might be seen placing the green wire cage in her chamber window, from whence sweet carols emanated, inspiring an enlivening joy for the one that left his early couch in time to wander among the blooming lilacs and geraniums beneath, whilst the fresh dew of morn yet rested on them.

At the time spoken of, these were the boarders: the two Miss Turley's, Henry Walton and Jaques Pearson. Miss Anne Turley was an old maid, very neat in her apparel, perhaps more particularly so, than when she was not old; she possessed a somewhat haughty disposition and irritable temper. Her sister, Melinda, was only sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, and full of romance. The parents of the Miss Turley's resided in the country, and had sent the latter to the city to complete her education, and thither Miss Anne accompanied her for protection. The spinster herself feared not to face the fortune hunting adventurer; and if perchance she smiled on such a visitor, it must certainly have been in derision, for she constantly warned the unsuspecting Melinda to heed not the flatteries of strange young gentlemen, however prepossessing might be their exterior.

Henry Walton was an orphan, but protected by a childless, affluent uncle. He was about nineteen years of age, and was studying one of the learned professions. Jaques Pearson was a tall handsome man, perhaps thirty; possessed of many accomplishments, he was a general favorite with the ladies. His reputed fortune vested in the stocks, detracted nothing from his other qualifications in the eyes of Miss Anne. This she whispered to her sister.

It happened ere long that Jaques whispered his flatteries to Melinda, and received smiles in return. But he was not the only one that had her smiles, for he was not the only one that flattered. At length every evening brought a crowd of admirers, that hung in admiration over the charming Melinda, whilst her delicate fingers, as white as the ivory they swept over, elicited the thrilling tones of the piano. Her voice, which was fine, was extravagantly lauded, and she soon conceived those dangerous fancies of her perfection, which result in coquetry.

Once, when strolling in the flower garden, she observed Henry Walton present the gentle Emma with a rich boquet. Melinda admired the beauty of the youth, and was now resolved

to be the mistress of the hearts of all the handsome young men. She therefore culled the most exquisite flowers she could find, which, when formed into a wreath, she gave to Henry. Emma cast down her eyes with something like an expression of mortification, and taking from her bosom the boquet, said:

"Take this too, Henry."

"No Emma, I will not 'take back the gift.' Melinda but teaches me to be more magnificent in my next present."

"And she hopes she has taught you to whom to give it," said Melinda, casting her dark eyes on Henry. Though Emma observed this, and well understood its import, yet her lowly circumstances had imparted to her innocent nature a mild humility, and she remained silent. She then glided away, perhaps to indulge a tear in secret.

Henry was much attached to Emma, but never yet thought of love. With a blithe aspect he enjoyed the practised witcheries of the coquette, until Miss Anne's voice was heard calling to Melinda.

"Come away sister, Mr. Pearson is coming."

"Tell her Mr. Walton is already *here*," remarked the somewhat nettled youth.

"I will return soon," said Melinda; "you know I don't care anything for Mr. Pearson."

But Henry hurried away, stung most bitterly. He did not love Melinda: but how is one to escape the upas influence of a coquette! Love is not the only passion they excite. Henry was piqued too at the effrontery of Miss Anne, who might at least have whispered her intelligence to her sister, and he now hated the old maid most heartily.

Turning, he beheld Melinda endeavoring all in her power to fascinate Mr. Pearson.

"Not *care* for him!" muttered Henry, who now beheld a glittering ring on Melinda's finger, placed there by Jaques. "Now," continued the ambitious youth, "just for my own gratification, I am determined to be revenged. I will court her every opportunity I have, and then play her own game on her!" Saying this he strolled onwards amidst a labyrinth of rose bushes and mazy vines, meditating the means of effecting his purpose. He paused suddenly as he heard these words:

"Alas, thus it is to be poor!" Through the interstices of a clustering honeysuckle, he beheld the pale, thoughtful face of Emma. She was standing in the summer house, with her eyes resting on the boquet, which she yet held in her hand. Without supposing what might be the cause of her abstraction, Henry entered, and placed his wreath on her white forehead.

"Did I not say I was taught to make my next gift more magnificent!"

"And were you not at the same time taught to whom it should be given?"

"I know what she meant," replied Henry, "but methinks she has already a sufficient number of presents from others."

"And I but few—yet I am content," said Emma. "You appreciate yours, Emma, which

she does not. She is a coquette, and can never love." Emma smiled at this remark of the youth, and they then returned together to the house.

It was not long before Melinda assailed Henry with an indignant frown on her brow.

"I saw the wreath I gave you decorating the brows of Emma!"

"I see," replied he, "Mr. Pearson's ring decorating your finger."

"Had you cared for the giver, you would have respected the gift."

"Had you cared for the donor, you would not have accepted the ring!" said Henry, with some warmth.

"I will soon convince you that I care nothing for Mr. Pearson," said the deceitful Melinda.

That evening they were all at the opera. Jaques, who almost courted the spinster as much as Melinda, was now paying marked attention to the former. Melinda, true to her promise, and assured of having too great a power over her rich beau to endanger his fealty, now practiced all her art on Henry, without scarcely once turning to Jaques. Henry could not but yield attention to her incessant clatter, and during a considerable length of time, he could find no opportunity of bestowing a word on the mute and silent Emma. The spinster's frowns and nods had no effect. Melinda continued the assault until the curtain rose, and the charming voice of the celebrated vocalist inspired silence.

Jaques affected all that was fashionable. Now his splendid opera glass was pointed to the performers, and now to some particular portion of the audience. He sported his gold spectacles, his diamond pin, and jeweled watch. He learned and practised attitudes of the last foppish cast, and thought himself a being of much importance—as did also the spinster and Melinda. After the end of the first act, Jaques turned to Melinda, and perceiving the ring he gave her on Henry's finger, remarked, "Your ring is gone—has some one stolen it?"

"I have it, sir; I presume you would not insinuate that I am capable of becoming a thief!" said Henry.

"We know not who are honest," replied Jaques, evidently intending to produce a quarrel.

"Let it rest for the present—to-morrow you shall hear from me."

"Give me the ring, Henry," said Melinda.

"Not till you have said you placed it on my finger yourself," said Henry. Just then two strangers entered the box, and after scanning the company some moments in silence, addressed Jaques:

"Is your name Pearson?"

"It is. What is your will with me?"

"We wish you to accompany us to prison," remarked the other, at the same time arresting the horror stricken man. Without the ability to utter a word, the fine wealthy beau was instantly conducted to a vile prison. The next day it was ascertained that he had long been a counterfeiter.

Melinda protested that she always hated Mr. Pearson, and but lightly regarded his catastrophe. But Miss Anne, after denouncing all the male race as base deceivers, went into hysterics.

Melinda redoubled her efforts to make a conquest of Henry; and he in conformity to his resolve, sought her gracious smiles, but often changed them to frowns, by speaking a kind word to Emma. At length, he became more interested than he had anticipated, and felt that he must inevitably fall in love with one or the other of them. His perplexity for a time was removed by the arrival of a messenger with whom he instantly set out from the city. In his tender farewell with Melinda, her serious expression of features, puzzled him no little. Emma did little more than give him her hand in silence.

After the lapse of some months, Henry returned a changed being. His clothes became threadbare, and his face dejected. Melinda yet faintly strove to exert her influence over him, though she at the same time yet had her host of admirers. Emma, the gentle Emma, was ever the same in all things.

A few more months elapsed, and Henry's thoughtful brow assumed a deep despondency, bordering on despair. Miss Anne abruptly inquired the cause.

"My uncle," said Henry, "has ceased to remit me any thing, and all friendly intercourse between us is forever at an end!"

"There! that's just what I thought the great mystery was," said the spinster rising, and joining the family, to whom she delivered the news. Henry soon met Melinda, who expressed her sorrow in a few cold words, and passed on.

"Alas! it is too true that even the young and innocent have instilled into them a venal estimate of wealth. But a few months since, when she believed me the heir of thousands, I was every thing desirable in her sight." Saying this, Henry sought Emma among the flowers.

"Here, Henry, is a beautiful rose. Cheer up—I am sure none respect you the less in consequence of your misfortunes. An honest heart is better than gold. A villain may possess the one, but not the other." Delighted, he caught her hand and pressed it to his lips, and whispering something, departed abruptly.

That night a gay party was assembled at the widow's. Mirth, music, and dancing abounded. Henry was inquired for by some of the guests, his story was told, and he was soon forgotten. But when the revelry was at its highest glee, a splendid carriage drawn up and halted in front of the house. Soon a servant in livery announced the arrival of *Henry Walton*, the sole possessor of his deceased uncle's fortune. Henry entered in rich attire, and bowing to the astonished company, seated himself near Emma. That night Emma was his promised bride! He never repented his stratagem, and long lived a happy husband.

One at a time Melinda's lovers left her, convinced that a lady who had favours for all, could have no heart for any. *The coquette died an old maid.*

Levity is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than each of them appear.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE.

A STRANGER was ushered into the parlour, where two young ladies were seated, one bonneted and shawled, evidently a morning visitor, the other in a fashionable undress, as evidently a daughter or inmate of the mansion. The latter rose, with a slight inclination of the head, and requested the gentleman to take a chair. "Was Mr. Temple at home?" "No! but he was expected in directly." The young ladies exchanged mirthful glances, as the stranger drew nearer, and certainly his extraordinary figure might justify a passing sensation of mirth, if politeness and good feeling had restrained its expression. His extreme spareness, and the livid hue of his complexion indicated recent illness, and as he was apparently young, the almost total baldness of his head, was probably owing to the same cause. His lofty forehead was above the green shade that covered his eyes in unshadowed majesty, unrelieved by a single lock of hair, and the lower part of his face assumed a still more cadaverous hue, from the reflection of the green colour above. There was something inexpressibly forlorn and piteous in his whole appearance, notwithstanding an air of gentlemanly dignity pervaded his melancholy person. He drew forth his pocket book, and taking out a folded paper, was about to present it to Miss Temple, who drawing back with a suppressed laugh, said—"A petition, sir, I suppose?"—then added in a low whisper to her companion—"the poor fellow is perhaps getting up a subscription for a wig." The whisper was very low, but the stranger's shaded, though penetrating eyes were fixed upon her face, and the motion of her lips assisted him in a knowledge of their sound—he replaced the paper in his pocket-book—"I am no petitioner for your bounty, Madam," said he, in a voice, whose sweetness fell like a reproach on her ear—"nor have I any claims on your compassion, save being a stranger and an invalid. I am the bearer of a letter to your father, from a friend of his youth, who, even on his death bed, remembered him with gratitude and affection—will you have the goodness to present to him my name and direction?" Then laying his card upon the table, he made a low bow and retreated, before Miss Temple had time to apologize, if indeed any apology could be offered for her levity and rudeness. She approached the table and took up the card—"Gracious Heavens!" she exclaimed—"it cannot be possible!—Sydney Allison—that bald, yellow, horrid-looking creature—Sydney Allison! they described him as the perfection of manly beauty—I never will believe it—he is an impostor—the wretch!" The young lady who was with her, beheld with astonishment, the passion that lighted up Miss Temple's face, and her looks besought an explanation. "Have you not heard," said Miss Temple, since you came to this city, that I was betrothed; that I had been so from a child, to a young gentleman residing in Cuba, whose uncle was the bosom friend of my father! You must have heard it, for my

father has always taken pains to circulate the report, so that no one might presume upon my favour! And this is the delectable bridegroom! the one who has been represented as clothed in every grace, calculated to fascinate a female heart—and I, fool that I was, I believed it, and looked forward with rapture to the hour of our first meeting." Here she paused, and throwing herself back in her chair, burst in a passion of tears. Mary Manning, her more rational companion, endeavoured to soothe the excited feelings of her friend, and suggested to her, that whatever disappointment she might feel with regard to his personal appearance, his character might be such as to awaken a very ardent attachment. "Indeed," added Mary, "I thought there was something quite interesting in his address, and his voice was remarkably persuasive in its tones. He has evidently been very ill, and his bad looks are owing to this circumstance. He will become handsomer by and by. Besides, my dear Augusta, what is mere beauty in a man! It is the prerogative of a woman, and you are so highly gifted, in that respect yourself, you should be willing that your husband should excel in those qualities which men generally arrogate to themselves." "Husband!" repeated Augusta, "I would as soon take a death's-head for my husband. I care nothing about mere beauty, provided there is intelligence, and spirit. But with such a bald, livid looking wretch at my side, such a living memento of mortality, I should sink into my grave in a fortnight. I never will marry him, unless I am dragged to the altar." Here Mr. Temple entered the room, and interrupted her rash speech. Miss Manning too retired, feeling that her presence might be an intrusion. He looked astonished at the agitation of his daughter, who handed him the card, and turning away leaned against the mantel-piece, the image of woe. "Sydney Allison arrived!" exclaimed Mr. Temple; "where is he? when was he here? and why is he gone?—why—what is the matter with you, Augusta? The first wish of my heart seems accomplished, and I find you weeping. Tell me the meaning of all this?" "Oh! father," sobbed Augusta, covering her face with her handkerchief, "he is so ugly, and you told me, he was so very handsome." Mr. Temple could not forbear laughing at the piteous tone in which Augusta uttered this melancholy truth, though he immediately resumed, in an accent of displeasure, "I am ashamed of your folly—I have always given you credit for being a girl of sense, but you talk like a little fool—ugly! If a man is not ugly enough to frighten his horse, he is handsome enough. Besides, it is nothing but a whim—I saw him when a child, and he was an uncommonly beautiful boy. I hope you did not behave in this manner before him—why did you suffer him to go away?" "Why, I did not know him," said Augusta, in considerable trepidation, for she feared her father's anger—"and he looked so thin and wo-begone, I thought he was some foreigner asking charity, and when he took out a paper I

thought it a petition, and said something about one—so he was angry, I believe, and went away, saying he had letters for you, from a friend, who was dead.” “And is he dead!—the good old man!—the best, the earliest friend I ever had in the world—dead and gone!” Mr. Temple leaned his face over on his hand, and sat in silence several moments, as if struggling with powerful emotions. After a while, Mr. Temple lifted his hands, and fixed his darkened eyes upon his daughter. He took her hand with affection and solemnity. “Augusta, you are the child of affluence as well as of indulgence; you are my only child, and all the wealth, which now surrounds you with luxury, will be at your disposal, after my death. “Oh! father, do not speak of such a thing.” “Do not interrupt me. Mr. Allison, the uncle of this young man, was my benefactor and friend, when all the world looked dark upon me. He extricated me from difficulties which it is unnecessary to explain—gave me the means of making an ample fortune, and asked no recompense, but a knowledge of my success. It was through his influence I was united to your now angel mother—yes! I owe every thing to him—wealth, reputation, and a brief, but rare portion of domestic bliss. This dear, benevolent, romantic old man, had one nephew, the orphan child of his adoption, whom he most tenderly loved. When commercial affairs carried me to Cuba, about ten years ago, Sydney was a charming boy,”—here Augusta groaned—“a charming boy; and when I spoke with a father’s pride, of my own little girl, whom I had left behind, my friend gladdened at the thought, that the union which had bound our hearts together would be perpetuated in our children; we pledged our solemn promise to each other, that this union should take place at a fitting age; you have long been aware of this betrothal, and I have seen with great pleasure, that you seemed to enter into my views, and to look forward with hope and animation to the fulfilment of this contract. The engagement is now doubly binding, since death has set his awful seal upon it. It must be fulfilled. Do not by your unprecedented folly, make me unhappy at a moment like this.” “Forgive me, my dear father, but indeed when you see him, you will not wonder at the shock I have received. After all you had said of him, after reading his uncle’s letters so full of glowing descriptions, after dwelling so long on the graceful image my fancy drew, to find such a dreadful contrast.” “Dreadful contrast! why surely he cannot be transformed into such a monster.” “You have not seen him yet,” said she, mournfully. “No! you remind me of my negligence. After the strange reception you have given him, it is doubly urgent that I should hasten to him. Have a care, Augusta, you have always found me a very indulgent father, but in this instance, I shall enforce implicit obedience. I have only one fear, that you have already so disgusted him with your levity, that he may refuse *himself*, the honour of the affianced.” “He refuse *me*,” murmured Augusta, in a low voice, as she glanced at herself in a mirror that shone above the mantel-piece. As the nature of her reflections may be well ima-

gined, it may be interesting to follow the young man, whose figure had made so unfortunate an impression on his intended bride, and learn something of the feelings that are passing through his mind. Sydney Allison returned to his lonely apartment at the hotel, with a chilled and aching heart. The bright day-dream, whose beauty had cheered and gilded him, even while mourning over the death bed of his uncle, while languishing himself on the bed of sickness, and while a sea-sick mariner, he was tossed upon the boisterous waves—this dream was fled. She, who had always risen upon his imagination, as the morning star of his destiny—this being he had met, after years of romantic anticipation—what a meeting. He was well aware of the sad ravages, one of the violent fevers of a tropical clime had made upon his beauty, but never attaching much value to his own personal attractions, he could not believe that the marks of a divine visitation would expose him to ridicule, or unkindness; of an extremely sensitive disposition, he was peculiarly alive to the stings of satire, and the sarcastic whisper of Miss Temple, wounded him to the quick. “What!” said he, to himself, as he folded his arms in melancholy abstraction, in the solitude of his chamber, “what, if the dark luxuriance of waving hair which once shadowed my temples, is now gone, is not thought and intelligence still lingering on my brow? Are there no warm and animated veins of feeling in my heart, because the tide of health no longer colours my wan and faded cheek? These enfeebled eyes, which I must now shelter from the too dazzling light, can they not still emit the rays of tenderness, and the beams of soul? This proud beauty! May she live to know what a heart she has wounded.”

He rose and walked slowly across the floor, pausing before a large looking glass, which fully reflected his person. He could not forbear a smile, in the midst of his melancholy, at the ludicrous contrast to his former self, and acknowledged it was preposterous to expect so much charm at first sight, under the present disastrous eclipse. He almost excused the covert ridicule of which he had been the object, and began to pity the beautiful Augusta for the disappointment she must have endured. It was under the influence of these feelings Mr. Temple found him. “My dear fellow,” said the latter, warmly grasping his hand, and gazing earnestly at him—“My poor boy! how ill you must have been!—your uncle, too!”—the warm-hearted man was incapable of uttering another syllable, not more moved at that moment, by the recollection of his friend, than affected by the transformation of the blooming boy, whose waving locks were once so singularly beautiful. His sympathy was so unaffected, his welcome so warm, and his affection expressed in so heartfelt a manner, that Sydney, who had just been arming himself with proud philosophy, against the indifference and neglect of the world, melted into woman’s softness. He had been so long among strangers, and those of rougher natures, had experienced so cold a disappointment in his warmest hopes—he had felt so blighted, so alone—the reaction was too powerful, it unmanned him. Mr. Temple was

a remarkable instance of a man, who retained a youthful enthusiasm and frankness of character, after a long and prosperous intercourse with the world of business. The rapid accumulation of wealth, instead of narrowing, as it too often does, enlarged his benevolent heart. When in a long and confidential conversation with Sydney, he learned that Mr. Allison had left but a small fortune for his support, instead of the immense one he had been led to expect, he was more than ever anxious to promote his union with his daughter. However mysterious it seemed that Mr. Allison's property should be so diminished, or have been so much overrated, he rather rejoiced at the circumstance, as it gave him an opportunity of showing his gratitude and disinterestedness. But Sydney was proud. He felt the circumstance of his altered fortunes, and though not a poor man, was no longer the heir of that wealth, which was his, in reversion, when Mr. Temple had plighted his daughter to him. In his short interview with her he had gained such an insight into her character, that he recoiled from the idea of appearing before her, as her betrothed olerv. "Receive me as a friend," said he to Mr. Temple; "let your daughter learn to look upon me as such, and I ask no more; unless I could win her *affections*, nothing would induce me to accept of her hand—under existing circumstances, I believe that impossible. Much as I feel your kindness, and sacred as I hold the wishes of the dead, I hold your daughter's happiness paramount to every other consideration. This must not be sacrificed for me. Promise me, sir, that it shall not. I should be more wretched than words can express, if I thought the slightest force were imposed upon her sentiments."

"Be satisfied on that score; say nothing about it; only let her get fully acquainted with you, and there will be no occasion to employ *force*. You must forget the mistake of the morning. This yellow fever makes sad work of a man when it gets hold of him, but you will soon revive from its effects." \* \* \*

Sydney Allison became a daily visitor at Mr. Temple's. Had he assumed the privileges of a lover, Augusta would have probably manifested in a wounding manner, the aversion she felt for him, in that character; but it was impossible to treat with disdain one, who never presumed to offer any attentions beyond the civilities of friendship. Though rendered vain from adulation, and selfish from indulgence, and though her thoughtless vivacity often made her forgetful of the feelings of others, Augusta Temple was not destitute of redeeming virtues. Nature had gifted her with very ardent affections, and opened but few channels, in which those affections could flow. She had the great misfortune to be the only child of a rich, widowed, and doting parent, and from infancy had been accustomed to see every one around her subservient to her will. She had reached the age of womanhood, without knowing one real sorrow, or meeting with a being who had excited in any degree, the affections of her heart. Her warm and undisciplined imagination had dwelt for years on one image. She had clothed it in the most splendid hues that fancy ever spread upon her palette; and had poor Sydney appeared be-

fore her in his original brightness, the reality would probably have been dim, to the visions of ideal beauty, by which she had been so long haunted. In the greatness of her disappointment, she became unjust and unreasonable, violent in her prejudices, and extravagant in the manifestations of them. But after the first ebullition of her grief, she grew more guarded, from the dread of her father's anger; and as Sydney continued the same reserved and dignified deportment, she began to think her father's prediction was fulfilled, and that their aversion was mutual. She did not derive as much comfort from this supposition as might be anticipated. She had dreaded his importunity, but she could not endure his indifference. It was in vain Mr. Temple urged his young friend to a different course of conduct—he always answered, "Let her cease to dread me as a lover, then she may learn to prize me as a friend." One evening, there was a concert at Mr. Temple's. Sydney, who was passionately fond of music, forgot every cause of inquietude, while abandoned to its heavenly influence. He stood near the fair songstress of the hour, keeping time to the harmony, while in a pier glass opposite, he had a full view of the groupe behind. Augusta was a little in the rear, leaning on the arm of Miss Manning. He could gaze on her image thus reflected, without her being conscious of the act, and he sighed as he paid involuntary homage to her brilliant beauty. Her figure was of superb proportions, her features formed on the model of oriental symmetry, while her eyes glittered through their dark sweeping lashes, like sunbeams through the forest foliage. She stood with her head a little averted, and her profile presented the softened outline of the lineaments, ascribed to the beautiful daughters of Judah. He forgot himself entirely, in the contemplation of her loveliness, when he saw her turn, with an arch smile, and hold up her hands in a whimsical attitude in the direction of his head, as if in the act of warming them; for the full blaze of the chandeliers, seemed concentrated in that point, and all eyes, lured by Augusta's gesture, were turned upon his illuminated skull. For one moment Sydney lost his self-possession, and the angry spot was seen distinctly burning on his sallow cheek. The next, he smiled superior to such weakness, and retreating a few steps, bowed for her to pass forward. She had relied on the shade that covered his eyes, for security from detection, unconscious of the piercing glances that were darting beneath. Her conscience now upbraided her for her folly, and she felt with bitterness how low she must be in the opinion of the man, whose admiration she secretly coveted, notwithstanding the ridicule she dared to throw upon his person. After the company dispersed, she remained alone in the drawing room, dissatisfied with herself and sickening at the pleasure that surrounded her. The door softly opened. It was Sydney, who had returned for his gloves, which he had left on the mantle piece. It was the first time she had found herself alone with him, and she felt excessively embarrassed. In that tone, which even she acknowledged to be irresistably sweet, he apologized for his intrusion, and taking his



gloves, was retiring, when she, ever impulsive, arrested his motions. "Stay one moment, Mr. Allison—you have great reason to despise me—I have treated you with unpardonable levity and rudeness. Though I can hardly hope your forgiveness, I cannot withhold this acknowledgement of my errors—your calm forbearance has done more for my reformation, than a thousand reproofs." Surprised and softened by this unexpected avowal, from the cold, sarcastic Augusta, whose fluctuating complexion, and agitated voice, bore witness to her sincerity, Allison was at first incapable of replying. "Your present candour," at length, he said, "would indemnify me for much greater suffering than you have ever inflicted on me. Allow me, Miss Temple, to take advantage of this first moment of confidence, to disarm you of all fear on my account. The relative situation in which we have been placed by others, has given us both much embarrassment; but be assured my only wish is to be looked upon as your friend. Consider yourself as entirely unshackled. In brighter hours I might have aspired to the distinction our parents designed for me, but worn down by sickness, the shadow of my former self, I feel but too sensibly, that the only sentiment I can now inspire in the female heart, is that of compassion." Augusta was so much impressed by his delicacy and generosity, she began to hate herself for not having more justly appreciated his worth. She raised her eyes to his face and sighed—"Ah!" said she to herself, "I must respect and esteem, but I can never love him." Mr. Temple, who had been absent the whole evening, returned at this moment, and his countenance expressed his pleasure, in finding them thus alone, in apparently confidential conversation with each other. "Do not go, Allison," said he, "I have been oppressed with business to night, and I want a little social enjoyment before I sleep. Besides, I do not feel quite well. They now observed that he looked unusually pale, and pressed his hand upon his head, as if in pain. "Father," said Augusta, "you do indeed look ill—you have fatigued yourself too much. A glass of wine will revive you." She brought him the glass, but just as he took it from her hand, with a smile, a sudden spasm came over him, and he fell back in his chair, speechless and convulsed. Augusta's piercing shriek alarmed the servants, who rushing in, beheld their master supported in the arms of Allison, gasping for breath, while Augusta was trying to loosen his cravat with hands nerveless from terror. A physician was directly summoned, who bled him profusely, and after a few hours, consciousness was restored. He was removed to his chamber, and Allison remained with him during the remainder of the night. Augusta sat by her father's bedside holding his hand, almost stunned by the suddenness of the calamity. Never, since her recollection, had her father known an hour's sickness, and now to be prostrated at once, in the midst of florid health, it was awful. She dared not ask the physician if there was danger, least he should confirm her worst fears. She looked at Allison, and in his pale and anxious countenance, she saw a reflection of her own anxiety and sorrow. Towards morning

Mr. Temple opened his eyes, and looked earnestly round him—"My children," said he, "come near me—both—both." "Father," cried Augusta, "we are near thee—oh! my father, say that you are better—only say that you will live." As she uttered the last word she bowed her head upon the bed cover, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. "My child," said Mr. Temple faintly, "you must call upon God to sustain you, for there is need. I feel that the hand of death is on me. Sudden and awful is the summons—but it must be obeyed. Doctor, I would see my minister. Not to give peace to my parting soul—for all is peace here," said he, laying his hand, feebly on his heart, "peace with God and man—but there is one thing I would witness before I die." Sydney, who stood at the bed's head trembled at the import of these words—Augusta in her agony, comprehended them not. "Sydney, my son, give me your hand—Augusta, is this your hand I hold? My children, if you would bless my last hour, you must let my dying eyes behold your union. It will gladden my friend, when I meet him in another world, to tell him his last wishes are consummated. Do you consent, my children?" He looked up to Sydney, with that earnest expression which is never seen except in the eye of the dying, and pressed their hands together in his, already cold and dewy with the damps of death. Sydney sunk upon his knees unutterably affected. All the happiness of his future life was at stake, but it seemed as nothing at that moment. "Your daughter, sir?" was all he could utter. "Augusta," repeated Mr. Temple, in a voice fearfully hollow, "will you not speak?" "Oh! my father," she murmured, "do with me as you will, only take me with you." The reverend figure of the minister was now added to the group, that surrounded that bed of death.—Strange and awful was the bridal ceremony performed at such a moment, and attended by such solemnities. Sydney felt that he was mysteriously and irresistibly impelled on to the fulfilment of his destiny, without any volition of his own—and he supported with a firm arm, the sinking form of her, he was now to call his own. It was with bloodless lips and deadened perceptions, Augusta repeated her vows; but low as they were, they fell like music on the ear, that was so shortly to close to all earthly sound. "There is a blessing above mingling with mine," faintly articulated the dying man. "I bless ye, my dear children, and ye will be blessed." These were the last words he ever uttered. Augusta fell almost lifeless on her father's bosom, but what was a moment before the temple of an immortal spirit, was now but dust and ashes. At the same moment an orphan and a bride, she was incapable of comprehending the startling realities of her situation. The images that flitted through her mind, were like the phantasmagoria of a dream—a vague impression of some thing awful and indescribable having occurred, a wild fear of something more awful still impending filled her imagination and paralyzed her frame. But Allison had a full and aching sense of the responsibilities so unexpectedly imposed upon him. He mourned for the venerated and gener-

ous friend so suddenly snatched away, but he grieved most of all, that his last act had placed in his keeping that to which he felt he had no legitimate right. No selfish repinings filled his heart—but to find himself *married*, joined irrevocably to a woman, who had given him so many proofs of personal aversion; who, never till that evening, had evinced towards him the slightest sensibility—a woman whom he did not love, and whose superior fortune burdened him with a painful sense of obligation—there was something inexpressibly galling and humbling in these circumstances, to the sensitive and high-minded Allison. Tenderness, however, mingled with the bitterness of his reflections; and even then, he could have taken her to his heart, and wept over her tears of sympathy and sorrow, had he not dreaded that she would recoil from his embraces. He did not intrude on the sacredness of her grief, and for days she buried herself in the solitude of her chamber. She admitted no one but her chosen friend, Miss Manning, who represented her as inconsolable, either sunk in a torpor, from which nothing could arouse her, or in a state of nervous excitement still more distressing. He waited, hoping that time would restore her to comparative composure, and that she would be willing to receive from him the consolations of friendship. Finding, at length, that she persevered in her system of solitary grief, and that time, while it must, according to its immutable laws, soften her anguish for her father's death, probably increased her dread of the shackles that bound her, his resolution was taken. In a short time every thing was arranged for his departure to a foreign land. The ship, in which he was bound a passenger, was ready to sail, when he requested a parting interview with Augusta. A parting interview!—Augusta was roused at that sound, from the selfishness of her grief. He was going into banishment, and she was the cause. For the first time since the bridal ceremony, the thought forced itself into her mind, that *he* too might have cause for sorrow, and that *his* happiness might be sacrificed as well as her own. Allison was greatly shocked, to see the change wrought in her radiant face. He was so much agitated, he forgot every thing he purposed to say, and remembered only the strangeness of their situation. He endeavoured to repress his own emotion, that he might not increase her's, while she, unused to self-control, abandoned herself to a passion of tears. He approached her with tenderness and solemnity, and entreated her to listen to him, as a *friend*, as one willing to promote her happiness, by any sacrifice she might require. "I go," said he, "Augusta, to another clime, whose genial influence may restore me again some portion of my former vigour. I go too, in the hope, that in my absence you will learn submission to a destiny which my presence renders insupportable. If you knew the anguish that fills my heart, when I think of myself as the involuntary cause of your wretchedness, you would pity me, even as much as you abhor. Hear me, Augusta, while I repeat with all the solemnity of the vows that bound us to each other, that I will never claim the name of husband, till your own free affections hallow

the sacred title. In the mean time I leave you with one, who will be to you as a loving sister, in whose father you will find a faithful and affectionate guardian—will you not part from me, at least in kindness?" Augusta sat, with her arms thrown around Miss Manning, weeping, yet subdued. All the best impulses of her nature were awakened and active. She would have given worlds to say something expressive of her remorse and regret for her selfishness and waywardness. Claspings her hands together she exclaimed, "Oh! forgive me, Sydney, that I cannot love you"—then conscious that she was only wounding more deeply when she wished to heal, she only uttered, "what an unfortunate wretch I am!"

"We are both unfortunate," said he, moved beyond his power of control—but we may not be always miserable. Something whispers me, that we shall meet again with chastened feelings, capable of appreciating all that is excellent in each other, and both earnest in the endeavour to merit the blessing that hallowed our nuptial tie. I leave you that you may be restored to tranquillity—I may never return—I pray to God, that he may find me a grave in that ocean to whose bosom I am about to commit myself, if I am only to live for the misery of others." "No, no," cried Augusta, "this must not be, you must not become an exile for me." "Listen to her," said Miss Manning, earnestly, her whole soul wrought up into the most painful excitement at the sight of their mutual distress—"indeed Sir, you are doing what is rash and uncalled for—oh! why with so much to bind you together, with qualities capable of inspiring the strongest attachment in each other, will ye close up your hearts in this manner, and resolve to be miserable." "I cannot now remain if I would, as I have taken steps, which cannot well be recalled—your father, Miss Manning, knows and approves my intention. He is the delegated guardian and protector of Augusta. I will not, I cannot prolong the pain of these moments. Farewell Augusta think of me, if possible, with kindness—should I live to return, I will be to you, friend, brother, or husband, as your own heart shall dictate." He pressed her cold and passive hand in his—turned, and was gone. Augusta would have spoken, but she seemed as if under the influence of a night mare. Her faculties were spell-bound—she would have returned the parting pressure of his hand, but her fingers seemed icicles. She shuddered with superstitious dread. Her father's upbraiding spirit appeared to her imagination, armed with the terrors of the grave, and threatening her with the retribution of heaven. Poor Augusta! her mind required the stern, but salutary discipline of adversity, and that discipline was preparing. How she profited by the teachings of this mistress, whose lessons, however hard, have such high and celestial bearings, the events of after years may show. \* \* \*

Augusta and her friend are once more presented to the view of the reader, but the destiny of the former is changed. They are seated in a parlour side by side, but it is not the same, rich in all the adornments of wealth and fashion, that Augusta once occupied. It is in a

neat, rural cottage, in the very heart of the country, embosomed in trees and flowers. A few words will explain the past. Mr. Temple's open, generous, uncalculating disposition had exposed him to the designs of the mercenary and treacherous. He never could refuse to endorse a note for a friend, or to loan money when it was asked with a look of distress. He believed his resources as exhaustless as his benevolence, but by the failure of several houses, with which he was largely connected, his estate was involved in ruin, and his daughter left destitute of fortune. Mr. Manning suffered so much himself in the general loss, he was obliged to sell all that he still possessed in the city and retire into the country, with limited means of subsistence. But though limited, he had sufficient for all the comforts of life, and what he deemed its luxuries—books, music, the socialities of friendship, and the exercise of the kindly charities. A cherished member of this charming family, Augusta, no longer the spoiled child of fortune, but the chastened disciple of sorrow, learnt to estimate the true purposes of her being, and to mourn over her former perversity. With such ennobled views of life and its enjoyments, she began to think she might be happy with a husband, with such irreproachable worth and exalted attributes as Sydney Allison, even though he had the misfortune to be bald and sallow. But him she had banished, and when would he return! He had written to her once or twice, in the most affectionate manner, as a brother would write, he had spoken of amended health and reviving spirits, but he spoke of his return, as of something indefinite and even remote. She too had written, and her letters were transcripts of the progressive elevation of her character, and expressed with candor and warmth the just appreciation she now had of his own. She was uncertain whether they had ever reached him. It was long since she had received any tidings, and she felt at times that sickness of the heart, which suspense unfed by hope creates.

"I bring you a messenger, who I trust is the bearer of glad tidings," said Mr. Manning, entering, with a benevolent smile, and ushering in a young gentleman, whom he introduced by the name of Clarence. "Augusta, you will greet him with joy, for he comes with letters from Mr. Allison, your husband." Augusta sprang forward, scarcely waiting to go through the customary form of introduction, and took the letter with a trembling hand. "Tell me, Sir, do you know him, and is he well?" The stranger bent his dark and lustrous eyes upon her face, with a look of undisguised admiration. "I know him intimately, madam—when I last saw him, he was in perfect health, and animated by the prospect of a speedy return." Augusta waited to hear no more, but retired to her own chamber, to peruse the epistle, she had so anxiously anticipated. It was in answer to her last, and breathed the language of hope and confidence. There was a warmth, a fervor of sentiment, far different from his former cold, but kind communications. He rejoiced in the knowledge of her altered fortune, for he could prove his disinterestedness, and show her that he loved her for herself alone, by returning

and devoting himself to the task of winning her affections. "Say not, my Augusta," said he, in conclusion, "that I cannot win the prize. All the energies of my heart and soul are enlisted for the contest. I could look on your beauty, all dazzling as it is, without much emotion; but the humility, the trust, the gentleness and feeling expressed in your letter has melted me into tenderness. Dare I indulge in the blissful dream, that even now gilds this page, with the hues of heaven? Augusta, the sad, reluctant bride, transformed into the fond and faithful wife, cherished in my yearning bosom, and diffusing there, the life, the warmth, the fragrance of love?" Augusta's tears rained over the paper. "Oh! Allison," she cried, "the task shall not be in vain—I will love thee for thy virtues, and the blessing my dying father called down, may yet rest upon us." She was about to fold the letter, when a postscript on the envelope met her eye. "Receive Clarence" it said, "as my friend—he knows all my history, and the peculiarity of our situation—he is interested in you, for my sake—as a stranger and my especial friend, may I ask for him the hospitable attentions of Mr. Manning's family?" When she descended into the room, where Clarence was seated, she could not repress a painful blush, from the consciousness that he was familiar with her singular history. "He must despise me," thought she; but the deference and respect of his manner forbade such an impression. Gradually recovering from her embarrassment, and finding him directing his conversation principally to Mr. Manning, she had leisure to observe one, who possessed strong interest in her eyes, as the friend of Allison. And seldom does the eye of woman rest upon a more graceful, or interesting figure, or a more expressive and glowing countenance. There was a lambent brightness in his eyes, a mantling bloom upon his cheek, that indicated indwelling light and conscious youth. His hair clustered in soft waves round his temples, relieving by its darkness, the unsunned whiteness of his forehead. Yet the prevailing charm was manner, that indescribable charm, that, like sunshine in the summer landscape, gilded and vivified the whole. The acquisition of such a guest gave life and animation to the domestic circle. Mr. Manning was a man of varied information, and the society of this accomplished traveller, recalled the classic enthusiasm of his earlier days. Mary, though usually reserved to strangers, seemed fascinated into a forgetfulness of herself, and found herself a partaker of a conversation to which at first she was only a timid listener. Augusta, while she acknowledged the stranger's uncommon power to please, was pre-occupied by the contents of her husband's letter, and longed to be alone with Mary, whose sympathy was always as spontaneous, as it was sincere. She was not disappointed in the readiness of Mary's sympathy, but after having listened again and again, and expressed her hope and joy that all would yet be for the happiest and the best, she returned to the subject next in interest, the bearer of this precious document. "Ah! my dear Augusta," said she, "if Allison's noble spirit had been enshrined in such a temple, you

had not been parted now." Augusta felt the comparison *odious*. It brought before her the person of Allison in too melancholy a contrast with the engaging stranger. "I thought it was Mary Manning" answered she, in a grave tone, "who once reproved me for attaching too much importance to manly beauty—I never thought you foolish, or unkind till this moment."

"Forgive me," cried Mary, with irresistible frankness; "foolish I may be, indeed I know I am; but intentionally unkind to you—never—never." It did not require the recollection of all Mary's tried friendship and sincerity, for Augusta to accord her forgiveness. Mary was more guarded afterwards in the expression of her admiration, but Augusta, in her imagination, had drawn the horoscope of Mary's destiny, and Clarence shone there, as the star that was to give it radiance. A constant guest of her father's, she thought it impossible for him to witness Mary's mild, yet energetic virtues, without feeling their influence. She was interesting without being beautiful, and Clarence evidently delighted in her conversation. To her, he was always more reserved, yet there was a deference, an interest, a constant reference to her wishes and opinions, that was as delicate as it was flattering. He was the companion of their walks, and nature never more lovely than in this delightful season, acquired new charms from the enthusiasm with which he sought out, and expatiated on its beauties. Mr. Manning was passionately fond of music, and every evening Mary and Augusta were called upon for his favourite songs. Now the music was finer than ever, for Clarence accompanied them with his flute, and sometimes with his voice, which was uncommonly sweet and melodious. One evening Augusta was seated at the piano; she was not an excelling performer, but she played with taste and feeling, and she had endeavoured to cultivate her talent, for she remembered that Allison was a lover of music. She had played all Mr. Manning's songs, and turned over the leaves, without thinking of any particular tune, when Clarence arrested her at one, which he said was Allison's favorite air. "Let us play and sing that," said he, repeating the words, "your husband loves it, we were together when he first heard it; it was sung by an Italian songstress, whom you have often struck me as resembling. The manner in which your hair is now parted in front, with those falling curls behind, increases the resemblance—it is very striking at this moment." Augusta felt a strange pang penetrate her heart, when he asked her for her husband's favorite. There was something, too, in his allusion to her personal appearance that embarrassed her. He had paid her no compliment, yet she blushed as if guilty of receiving one. "I cannot play it," answered she, looking up, "but I will try to learn it for his sake." She could not prevent her voice from faltering; there was an expression in his eyes, when they met her's, that bowed them down, in shame and apprehension. It was so intense and thrilling—she had never met such a glance before, and she feared to interpret it. "Shall I sing it for you?" asked he; and leaning over the instru-

ment, he sang in a low, mellow voice, one of those impassioned strains, which the fervid genius of Italy alone can produce. The words were eloquent of love and passion, and Augusta charmed, melted by their influence, could not divest herself of a feeling of guilt, as she listened. A new and powerful light was breaking upon her; truth held up its blazing torch, flashing its rays into the darkest corners of her heart; and conscience, discovering passions, of whose very existence she had been previously unconscious. She saw revealed in prophetic vision, the misery of her future existence, the misery she was entailing on herself, on others, and a cold shudder ran through her frame. Mary, alarmed at her excessive paleness, brought her a glass of water, and asked her if she were ill. Grateful for an excuse to retire, she rose and took Mary's arm to leave the room, but as she passed through the door, which Clarence opened and held, she could not avoid encountering again, a glance so tender and impassioned, she could not veil to herself the language it conveyed. Augusta had thought herself miserable before, but never had she shed such bitter tears, as bathed her pillow that night. Just as she had schooled herself to submission; just as she was cherishing the most tender and grateful feelings towards her husband, resolving to make her future life one long task of expiation, a being crossed her path, who realised all her early visions of romance, and who gently and insidiously had entwined himself into the very chords of her existence; and now, when she felt the fold, and struggled to free herself from the enthrallment, she found herself bound as with fetters of iron and clasps of steel. That Clarence loved her, she could not doubt. Enlightened as to the state of her own heart, she now recollected a thousand covert marks of tenderness and regard. He had been admitted to the most unreserved intercourse with her, as the friend of her husband. Like herself, he had been cherishing sentiments of whose strength he was unaware, and which, when revealed in their full force, would make him tremble. She now constantly avoided his society. Her manners were cold and constrained, and her conscious eyes sought the ground. But Clarence, though he saw the change, and could not be ignorant of the cause, was not rebuked or chilled by her coldness. He seemed to call forth, with more animation, the rich resources of his mind, his enthusiasm was more glowing, his voice had more music, and his smile more brightness. It was evident she alone was unhappy; whatever were his feelings, they inspired no remorse. She began to believe her own vanity had misled her, and that he only looked upon her as the wife of his friend. She had mistaken the luminousness of his eyes for the fire of passion. Her credulity abased her in her own estimation.

One afternoon Clarence found her alone. She had declined accompanying Mary and her father in a walk, because she thought Clarence was to be with them. "I did not expect to find you alone," said he, taking a seat by her side—"but since I have gained such a privilege, may I ask, without increasing your displeasure, in what I have offended? You

shun my society, your averted looks, your altered mein"—he paused, for her embarrassment was contagious, and the sentence remained unfinished. The appeal was a bold one, but as a friend he had a right to make it. "You have not offended me," at length she answered, "but you know the peculiar circumstances of my life, and cannot wonder if my spirits sometimes droop, when reflecting on the misery of the past, and the uncertainty of the future." "If," said he, "the uncertainty of the future makes you unhappy as it regards yourself, you may perhaps have cause of uneasiness, but as it respects Allison, as far as I know his sentiments, he has the fullest confidence, and the brightest hopes of felicity. I once looked upon him as the most unfortunate, but I now view him as the most blessed of men. When he told me the circumstances of his exile, how lone and hopeless seemed his lot! Now, when I see all that woos him to return, angels might covet his destiny." "You forget yourself," cried Augusta, not daring to take in the full meaning of his words—"it is not the office of a friend to flatter—Allison never flattered—I always revered him for his truth." "Yes!" exclaimed Clarence, "he has truth and integrity. They call him upright, and honourable, and just, but is he not cold and senseless, to remain in banishment so long, leaving his beautiful wife in widowhood and sorrow? and was he not worse than mad to send me here the herald of himself, to expose me to the influence of your loveliness, knowing that to see you, to be near you, must be to love, nay, even to worship." "You have driven me from you forever," cried Augusta, rising in indignant astonishment, at the audacity of this avowal. "Allison shall learn in what a friend he has confided." "I am prepared for your anger," continued he, with increasing impetuosity, "but I brave it—your husband will soon return, and I shall leave you. Tell him of all my boldness, and all my sincerity; tell him too all the emotions that are struggling in your heart for me, for oh! you cannot deny it, there is a voice pleading for my pardon, in your bosom now, and telling you, that, if it is a crime to love, that one crime is mutual." "Then I am indeed a wretch," exclaimed Augusta, sinking down into a chair and clasping her hands despairingly over her face, "but I deserve this humiliation." Clarence drew nearer to her—she hesitated—he trembled. The triumphant fire that revelled in his eyes was quenched; compassion, tenderness, and self-reproach softened their beams. He was in the very act of kneeling before her, to deprecate her forgiveness, when the door softly opened, and Mary Manning entered. Her steps were always gentle, and she had approached unheard. She looked at them first with a smile, but Augusta's countenance was not one that could reflect a smile; and on Mary's face, at that moment, it appeared to her as a smile of derision. Clarence lingered a moment, as if unwilling to depart, yet uncertain whether to remain or go—then asking Mary for her father, he hastily retired, leaving Augusta in a state of such agitation, that Mary seriously alarmed, entreated her to explain the cause of her distress.

"Explain?" cried Augusta, "you have witnessed my humiliation, and yet ask me the cause. I do not claim your sympathy, the grief I now feel admits of none; I was born to be unhappy, and whichever way I turn, I am wretched."

"Only tell me one thing, dear Augusta, is all your grief owing to the discovery of your love for Clarence, and to the sentiments with which you have inspired him? There is no humiliation in loving Clarence—for who could know him and not love him?"

Augusta looked in Mary's face, assured that she was uttering the language of mockery. Mary, the pure moralist, the mild, but uncompromising advocate for duty and virtue, thus to palliate the indulgence of a forbidden passion! It could only be in derision; yet her eye was so serene, and her smile so kind, it was impossible to believe that contempt was lurking beneath. "Then you *do* love him, Mary, and I am doubly treacherous." Mary blushed—"with the affection of a sister, the tenderness of a friend, do I regard him; I admire his talents, I venerate his virtues." "Virtues! oh! Mary, he is a traitor to his friend; what reliance is there on those virtues, which having no root in the heart, are swept away by the first storm of passion?" "Passion may enter the purest heart," answered Mary—"guilt consists in yielding to its influence. I would pledge my life, that Clarence would never give himself up to the influence of a guilty passion." "Talk not of him, let me forget his existence, if I can; I think of one, who will return from his long exile, only to find his hopes deceived, his confidence betrayed, his heart broken." Here Augusta wept in such anguish, that Mary, finding it in vain to console her, threw her arms around her, and wept in sympathy; yet still she smiled through her tears, and again and again repeated to her, that heaven had long years of happiness yet in store.

Augusta, in the solitude of her own chamber, recovered an appearance of outward composure, but there was a deadly sickness in her soul, that seemed to her, like a foretaste of mortality. The slightest sound made her tremble, and when Mary returned to her, softly, but hurriedly, and told her, father wished to see her, she went to him, with a blanched cheek and trembling step, like a criminal, who is about to hear her sentence of doom. "I have something to communicate to you," said he, kindly taking her hand, and leading her to a seat. "But I fear you will be too much agitated." "Is he come?" cried she, grasping his arm, with sudden energy—"only tell me, is he come?" "Your husband is arrived; I have just received tidings that he is in the city, and will shortly be here." Augusta gasped for breath, she pressed her hands on her bosom, there was such a cold, intolerable weight there; she felt the letter of her husband, which she had constantly worn as a talisman against the evil she most dreaded. That tender, confiding letter, which when she had first received it, she had hailed as the precursor of the purest felicity. "It is all over now," sighed she, unconscious of the presence of Mr. Manning. "Poor unhappy Allison, I will tell him all, and

then I will lie down and die." "I hear a carriage approaching," said Mr. Manning;—"the gate opens—support yourself, my dear child, and give him the welcome he merits." Augusta could not move, her limbs were powerless, but perception and sensibility remained;—she saw Mr. Manning leave the room, heard steps and voices in the passage, and then the door re-opened. The shades of twilight were beginning to fall, and a mist was over her eyes, but she distinctly recognised the figure that entered—what was her astonishment, to behold, instead of the lank form, bald brows, and green shade, marked in such indelible characters on her memory—the graceful lineaments, clustering locks, and lustrous eyes of Clarence! She looked beyond in wild alarm for her husband. "Leave me," she exclaimed, "leave me, or you drive me to desperation."

But Clarence eagerly approached her, as if defying all consequences, and reckless of her resentment. He clasped her in his arms, he pressed her to his heart, and imprinted on her brow, cheek and lips, unnumbered kisses. "My bride, my wife, my own beloved Augusta, do you not know me? and can you forgive me for this trial of your love? I did not mean to cause you so much suffering, but I could not resist the temptation of proving whether your love was mine, through duty or inclination. I have been the rival of myself, and I have exulted in finding, that love in all its strength has still been mastered by duty. Augusta, I glory in my wife." Augusta looked up, in bewildered rapture, hardly knowing in what world she existed. She had never dreamed of such a transformation. Even now it seemed incredible—it could not be true—her present felicity was too great to be real, "Can Allison and Clarence be one?" Yes, my Augusta, these arms have a right to enfold thee, or they would not clasp you thus. No miracle has been wrought, but the skeleton is reclothed with flesh, the locks of youth have been renewed, the tide of health has flowed back again into

the wasted veins, lending a glow to the wan cheek, and a brightness to the dim eye; and more than all, the worn and feeble spirit, always sympathizing with its frail companion, has resumed its drooping wings, and been soaring in regions of hope, and joy, and love." Without speaking metaphorically, Augusta's heart actually ached with its excess of happiness. "I have not room here," she cried, "for such fullness of joy," again laying her hand where that precious letter was deposited, but with such different emotions. "My friends must participate in my happiness, it is selfish to withhold it from them so long." "They know it already," said Allison, smiling, "they have known my secret from the first, and assisted me in concealing my identity." Augusta now understood Mary's apparent inconsistency, and vindicated her from all unkindness and wilful palliation of guilt. "I am not quite an impostor," continued her husband, "for my name is Sydney Clarence Allison—and let me still wear the appellation you have learned to love. It was my uncle's, and he left a condition in his will that I should assume it, as my own. I find myself too, the heir of sufficient wealth to be almost a burden; for my uncle, romantic to the last, only caused the report of the failure of his wealth, that I might prove the sincerity of your father's friendship. My wife, my own Augusta, is not his blessing resting on us now?"

Mr. Manning and his daughter sympathized largely in the happiness of their friends. Their only sorrow was the approaching separation. Mary, whose disposition was naturally serious, was exalted on this occasion to an unwonted vein of humour. When she saw Augusta's eyes turning with fond admiration towards her husband, she whispered in her ear—"Is it possible, that bald, yellow, horrid looking creature is your husband? I would not marry him, unless I were dragged to the altar."

And Allison, passing his hand over his luxuriant hair, reminded her, with a smile, of the subscription and the wig.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE SUMMER FLOWER.

SWEET summer flower, thou too must fade!

The soft refreshing dew,  
That on thy breast has crystals made,  
Must dry and vanish too;  
The zephyrs soft that round thee play,  
The showers that make thee bloom,  
The sun whose rays first made thee gay  
Must have with thee a tomb.

Sweet summer flower—the lips that breathe  
A sorrowing sigh on thee;  
Or pluck'd to deck fair beauty's wreath  
All, all but wither thee:  
Full many a flower by thee outgrown  
Now casts thee in the shade,  
And yet your case will be their own,  
And they like thee must fade.

But ah, alas! how like our fate  
Is thus a fading flower;  
How many a weary, sick'ning state  
Has follow'd pleasure's hour:

How oft the sun auspicious rose,  
And we were happy blest,  
And yet before the evening's close,  
It saw an aching breast.

How oft, by innocence deceiv'd,  
The pure ingenuous mind,  
Has some reward on earth conceiv'd  
It's never doomed to find;  
How oft does scandal's with'ring blast  
Congeal our pleasure's spring,  
And tho' not long its hold can last,  
It still will leave a sting.

But if our pleasure like the flower,  
At best must soon decay;  
The breeze which blows a happy hour  
The next may blow away:—  
O let the soul superior rise  
To ev'ry human ill—  
Just as the flower that dying, sighs  
Its lovely perfume still.  
Hamilton, G. D., June, 1838.

J. L. H.

## COLLECTIONS RELATING TO FASHIONS AND DRESS IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH B. FELT.

**Gowns.**—By 1667, gowns were long and flowing, set off with liberal flounces and furbeloes. This fashion lasted, more or less, for a century. Speaking of ladies' appearance with a trail, at the date last mentioned, Cowley remarked, "they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up." Forty-five years since, trails, or as sometimes styled, "sweep streets," were commonly seen from a half to one yard and a half long, when allowed to have their full course. They were often trolloped, that is, were fastened up to each side by means of loops. While stays abounded in number and length, gowns were equally long waisted, and were laced in front. From about 1790 till within thirteen years, gowns were of small dimensions, compared with what they had been and have been recently. Before then, and after 1753, spangles were sewed on the best gowns as well as on ribbons. Such ornaments gradually disappeared, till few of them were met with thirty-five years past. Till within the same period, gowns were made with side pockets. These were often loaded with keys, change, keep-sakes, and other notions. It was seldom the case, but that the children, who were permitted to sound them with their little hands, found something to delight their eyes, ears, and taste. Such an appendage has been lately looking up, and may resume its former rights and privileges. As to low necked gowns, it may be said with truth, however, the ornamented stomachers would often supply their deficiency, that their reigns have never been peaceful. We are informed that Isabella of Bavaria, who deceased 1435, commenced such a fashion. It came into England, and went down in the time of Queen Mary. It had resuscitated considerably when our country began to be settled. It was in full vogue here before 1675. In that year, the civil fathers of Massachusetts shook their rod at it, and commanded it to be gone. Still, it was not greatly discouraged by their threatened fines and punishments. To the honour of Queen Anne, when her likeness, as exhibited in her bust, and on golden coins of her realm, appeared without drapery, in order to suit the mode of the day, she ordered both to be altered, and be re-issued with proper covering. Many of her wayward subjects, both in her kingdom and colonies, declined to comply with her wish, so modestly intimated. Not till the year of her decease, in 1714, was there much alteration for the better. This reform increased and continued a long period. It was disturbed twenty-five years ago, and its opponent prevailed five years.

Then it was again restored by the good sense of our most influential ladies. May its triumph no more come to an end. We are all well aware that there are many among both males and females, of pure principles and morality, who are unwillingly drawn into compliance with such customs. With regard to a doubtful fashion, people of this character are apprehensive lest they may be deemed odd, if they do

not adopt it, and, therefore, consent with no small degree of constraint. But our motto and practice ought always to be, principle and propriety before expediency and indecorum.

**GREAT COATS AND SURTOUTS.**—These, as expressed by the French denomination of the latter, signify garments worn over all others. Sixty years ago they were not so common, in proportion to the people, as they are now. Then, and previously, both sexes were not accustomed to wear so much clothing as they do at present. One reason was, that they, in general, had not the means to purchase more, and had not adopted the habit of thus indulging themselves. A result of this was, that they were more hardy, and did not suffer for the want of a greater quantity. About 1700, Prior speaks of the garment in view:

"The surtout if abroad you wear,  
Repels the rigour of the air."

From this period there appears to have been a very slow advancement of such an article in public favour. It was made of white Dutch blankets for many an officer in our Revolutionary corps. Within thirty-five years it has abounded, compared with its former use. The various other garments, which, though looser than the surtout, go under the name of great coats, have multiplied in this period. They speak many a good word as to our care for the body, whatever may be our care for the mind.

Having considered the habiliments of males, in connexion with part of them for females, we will proceed to notice some more of them, immediately belonging, with few exceptions, to the latter sex.

**FANS.**—These were brought from Italy into England. They were very scarce in the reign of Mary. Though she wore a crown, yet she obtained by stealth one of these articles from a woman who dealt in them. She was called to account for this act by Phillip, her husband, who was, by no means, the most affectionate of partners. It might have been, however, that he knowing fans to be used in Italy, for the most part, by women of low fancy, was fearful lest her majesty would sink her dignity more by displaying one, than promote her comfort. The fan was known by our primitive mothers and their daughters. With them it was nothing near so common, as it has been in our day. So cheaply and readily can it now be obtained, that our youngest misses could hardly suspect, that ever a Queen was denied, in summer's heat, the gratification of its undulating breezes. It is so convenient to frighten away the troublesome insect, and cool the sweltering face, that, let its materials and its thousand representations be what they may, it bids fair to hold its place among the appurtenances of daily and occasional dress.

**MASKS.**—Poppa, the wife of Nero, is said to have been the inventor of these, in order to protect the complexion against the wind and sun. They were worn in England prior to the



colonization of our country. They came with the emigrants hither. For a long period the mask was composed of black silk velvet, put on parchment or pasteboard, with apertures for the eyes, nose, and mouth. As one way of being made to look more neatly, and kept from falling, it had two large beads, one fitted on each side of the mouth, and held within the teeth. It was a comfortable invention for our ladies, who, for a century and a half, had scarcely any of the present convenient carriages, either private or public, to cover them. In such circumstances, our grandames were glad to avail

themselves of a mask, instead of a veil, to defend their faces from the frost of winter, or the tan of the summer. While thus resorting to a commodious expedient, they were strangers to the practice which employs such an article in the masquerades of Europe, that will hardly compare in propriety with the blind man's buff of children. The masks which have been exhibited for the last half century, at the windows of our petty toy shops, are mere caricatures of the human phiz, and vended only for the purposes of sport.

Written for the *Lady's Book*.

## ARABELLA;

A POEM.

BY L. A. WILMER.

### *Argument of the First Canto.*

A short description of a gay *coquette*  
Is first deliver'd; then her father's history;  
Next her admirers are in order set—  
To whom her conduct seems a sort of mystery.  
One lover leaves her, much to her regret;  
Him to recall, her labours are address'd;  
Two other cantos will unfold the rest.

### CANTO I.

The world is much *be-volumed* in these days;  
Steam moves the press, methinks the writers too;  
Vapour and smoke and puffing win the race;  
Angels and saints! what cant machinery do?  
Romances, novels, poetry, and plays  
Are cheap: scarce covering cost of ink and paper,  
All which we owe to thee, most potent vapour!

### II.

Subjects—the raw material—fail apace;  
And scarce the stuff to make a song remains;  
Bards rise like fungi or the Triton race,  
Richly endow'd with every thing—save brains.  
Themes are exhausted in the *epic* chace  
By Barlow, Emmons, and the smaller fry;  
Leaving but little for such worms as I.

### III.

I sing a lady;—beautiful and young—  
Else, I assure you, worthy reader, she  
Had never been the burden of my song,  
Nor floated down the stream of time to thee;  
If our acquaintance should endure so long,  
If not, I'm sorry, by anticipation,  
That you should miss so moral a narration,

### IV.

Miss *Arabella Lenox*, is the name  
Which we, with fate's permission, would consign  
To future glory; question not her claim,  
Though she unlike your ancient heroines shine;  
No Dido, rushing, like a moth, to flame;  
No fierce *Clorinda* she, inur'd to arms;  
Her only weapons were her murderous charms.

### V.

Her hair was a dark brown, her eye was blue,  
A colour I especially admire,  
For none appears so tender and so true,  
Though black, I grant you, may possess more fire.

To spare description; what e'er fancy drew,  
Or thought conceiv'd of loveliness, in spheres  
By crime and woe unvisited—was her's.

### VI.

Faultless in person; but, with deep regret,  
As truth and equity command, I add  
Miss *Arabella* was no angel yet,  
But some few human imperfections had;  
Such imperfections as are often met,  
Reminding, as that Adam's charming mate  
Was not contented in her happy state.

### VII.

And perfect woman, men of sense agree  
Would be insipid. Providence is wise,  
And therefore form'd her lovely, as we see,  
But made to please us rather than surprise;  
Bright as she is, some *macula* must be  
To keep the rays from dazzling, and to prove  
She was not made to worship, but to love.

### VIII.

The father of our heroine was a stout,  
Dark-visag'd man, some sixty years of age,  
Peevish—somewhat afflicted with the gout  
And politics—so always in a rage;  
His nearest friends were commonly in doubt,  
(And 'twas a riddle, it must be confess'd,)  
If he loved money or his party best.

### IX.

'Twas said—how truly I cannot declare—  
His business first lay in the charcoal line,  
Harmonious trade—in which, with judgment rare,  
Vocal and instrumental sounds combine.  
By much exposure to the sun and air,  
He caught a fever, which his fortune made,  
By driving him into the oyster trade.

### X.

Two years in High street market next he pass'd,  
Inviting country customers to try  
A "three cent bowl"—at which he thrived so fast,  
(His bowls were larger than the common fry;)   
That some few hundred dollars he amass'd;  
And so a cellar rented and supplied  
Luxuriantly with "roasted, stew'd, and fried."

## XI.

Custom came in;—his thoughts began to soar  
Above his dwelling's subterranean gloom;  
And ere two annual revolutions more  
Behold him seated in a higher room,  
In proud possession of a "Grocery Store."  
Good fortune still attends him, and at last  
Among the "wholesale merchants" see him class'd.

## XII.

Now, from the toils of business he retired,  
And fixed his residence in Arch street, where  
By no uncommon emulation fired,  
He liv'd in splendor, envied even *there*.  
His daughter, now eighteen, was much admired,  
(As well she might be) for her charms; to which,  
'Twas no minute addition—she was rich.

## XIII.

So Arabella had a host of beaus,  
Of every kind, description, rank and station;  
And she was vain thereof, we may suppose,  
For where's the belle, not fond of admiration?  
Youth, beauty, fortune, flirting, and fine clothes,  
Compose a nucleus, around which gathers,  
A glittering ring of fops, as light as feathers.

## XIV.

The first of her admirers on my docket  
Was a gay, pert, conceited little fellow,  
Priding himself upon a well-stuffed pocket,  
And thought himself beloved by Arabella;  
But soon his hopes went off, like a sky-rocket,  
When she, one morning, told him very plainly,  
That he but plumed himself and her most vainly.

## XV.

The reason of this dire communication  
Was that he grew impertinent, and wish'd  
With his ador'd to have an explanation  
And make proposals;—but his hopes were *dish'd*:  
For when her beaus grew tired of their probation,  
Then Arabella of her beaus grew tired,  
For courtship, more than marriage, she desired.

## XVI.

And so this suitor made a quick secession.  
The next of Arabella's beaus was one  
Call'd Peter Cobb—an author by profession,  
A stranger wight the sun ne'er shined upon;  
Few worldly goods had Peter in possession;  
A little puny mortal, with a shape  
Much less of humour in it, than of ape.

## XVII.

Peter still lov'd the ladies, and address'd  
Much tender poetry to Arabella,  
Of "arrows sticking in his glowing breast,"  
Hearts, darts, loves, doves, *et cetera*. Poor fellow!  
He rang'd the mundane orb, north, south, east, west;  
Nor let the treasures of the sea escape,  
For metaphors to express her face and shape.

## XVIII.

But all in vain;—alas, what tears were shed!  
How sigh'd and groan'd poor Peter in despair!  
When Arabella had his verses read,  
Then stuck the twisted fragments in her hair,  
'Twin'd in the curls that shined upon her head;  
From whence it seem'd that his poetic art  
"Play'd round the head, but came not to the heart."

## XIX.

An elegy, much in the style of Gray,  
That very night did Peter Cobb compose,  
Bidding a last farewell to "cheerful clay,"  
Resolv'd, next morning, when the sun arose,  
To dance the remnant of his life away  
On that divine catholicon—a rope—  
The last resort of disappointed hope.

## XX.

But Peter thought, when cool reflection came,  
"Ah surely 'tis an awful thing to die;  
And e'en the prospect of immortal fame  
Can scarce support us, when pale death is nigh;  
And then, a rope;—there's something in that name,  
Most horrible to persons of nice feeling,  
It chafes the neck and honor, past all healing.

## XXI.

Next in the catalogue, was one who came  
From Alabama, or *some* southern clime.  
He wooed industriously the cruel dame,  
But wooed her not, like Peter Cobb, in rhyme:  
He was a man of facts, *John Brown* by name;  
A merchant, journeying from his distant woods,  
To get a wife, and purchase other goods.

## XXII.

Far in some forest, scarce within the ken  
Of human mortals, save the Indians nigh,  
John Brown had fixed his home, (a sort of pen  
Composed of logs,) intending to supply  
Rum and tobacco to the Choctaw men;  
With other fancy articles of trade,  
By which, 'twas thought, much money could be  
made.

## XXIII.

John Brown, (like many others of our land,)  
Profit in view, and licence not to pay,  
Would at the gates of Pluto take his stand,  
And sell gin toddy, on a summer's day,  
To thirsty souls who chanc'd to come that way;  
"Make money," was his motto, all the rest  
Was left to heav'n, "for heav'n," said he, "knows  
best."

## XXIV.

That's true enough; and so, to heav'n we leave it,  
Returning to our heroine's list of suitors.  
One youth there was, (however you receive it,)  
For whom this queen of feminine sharp-shooters  
Felt *true affection*, tho' compell'd to grieve it  
By love of conquest, and a wish to tarry  
Some years, ere yielding her consent to marry.

## XXV.

She was resolv'd, however, that at last  
Young Herbert should enjoy that prize, her hand;  
But, lest the favoured swain should hope too fast,  
She mix'd, at times, some coldness with the bland  
And sugar'd glances she upon him cast.  
He press'd his suit;—with some offended pride,  
She made evasions, but not quite denied.

## XXVI.

Doubtless she thought, if aught of hope remain'd,  
The ardent lover would attend her will:  
Ah, hapless maiden! hearts by love enchain'd  
May feel some throbs of proud resentment still.  
From further suit the haughty youth refrain'd;  
Deeming his love unworthily was set  
Upon that heartless being, a coquette.

## XXVII.

Ah, why with less vivacity appears  
The maid who lately knew no touch of woe?  
Why is her lonely pillow wet with tears?  
And tears conceal'd, with deeper anguish flow.  
Each day renew'd her grief, confirm'd her fears;  
For Herbert came no more; then first she knew  
Her promis'd bliss, unsteady and untrue.

## XXVIII.

Now Herbert sought the fair *Matilda's* shrine,  
And strove his former passion to forget;  
For few the fair *Matilda* could outshine,  
And many captives floundered in her net.  
Although not quite "angelic," or "divine,"  
She was *extremely pretty*; that's enough  
For a judicious compliment or puff.

## XXIX.

At plays and balls young Herbert now appears,  
With fond *Matilda* ever at his side,  
Their soft discourse poor *Arabella* hears,  
And felt her love less wounded than her pride.  
Her laugh affected scarce conceals her tears.  
Her haughty rival, with triumphant eyes,  
Rejoices, glories, in the captur'd prize.

## XXX.

Now *Arabella* had an ancient aunt,  
Prudent and sage, as ancient aunts all are;  
To her the maid confides those fears that haunt  
Her breast, with something bordering on despair.  
The senior dame beholds with eye askant  
Herbert in converse with *Matilda* join'd,  
And weigh'd his conduct in her knowing mind:

## XXXI.

She saw his glances search the room around,  
And rest on *Arabella*; if her eyes  
Met his, then suddenly upon the ground  
Young Herbert's glances fell. In his replies  
Absent he was, as if in study drown'd.  
His fitful mirth assumed, might strive in vain  
To hide his inward musings from Aunt Jane.

## XXXII.

Aunt Jane, in private, thus her niece address'd:  
"Grieve not, my child, your doubts have ground-  
less prov'd,  
Had Herbert's tongue his ardent love confess'd,  
'Twere proof less positive that you are lov'd;  
By actions, more than words, is love express'd,  
These have I mark'd, and read within his soul  
Passion too deep, too boundless to control.

## XXXIII.

"Now let his policy by *ours* be met;  
Select some person from your suitor train,  
On whom your fond affection must be set—  
Start not—I mean, such passion you must feign  
In self-defence. Be every action weigh'd;  
By over-acting is the scheme betray'd.

## XXXIV.

"Still seem to hide the passion you affect;  
But more than all our stratagem 'twill aid  
To give the world some reason to suspect  
A marriage contract shortly to be made.  
If Herbert *then* continue his neglect,  
The case is hopeless;—but till then forbear  
From yielding prematurely to despair."

## XXXV.

Soon *Arabella* had resolv'd to take  
This good advice. It seem'd an able plan.  
And, not a tedious narrative to make,  
She thought *John Brown* would be the proper man  
For this experiment; he—"wide awake"  
In most affairs that might of *profit* prove,  
Was very dull in the affairs of love!

## XXXVI.

Of Yankee birth and principles, he knew  
How bargains should be made, and something more.  
There his experience was his counsel true;  
But place him in a path untrod before,  
And 'twas a labyrinth without a clue.  
Thus narrow minds their talents may display,  
Be wise at home, but idiots when away.

## XXXVII.

*John Brown*—(oh how unmusical the name!)  
*John Brown*, so well enabled to sustain  
A character for cunning, now became  
The dupe of *Arabella's* old aunt Jane.  
*John Brown* is *bitten* by a toothless dame!  
And where's the man, so low in self-esteem,  
But love may flatter with an air-born dream!

## XXXVIII.

And more especially, if woman's art  
Combine with love to lead his wits astray;  
And woman, in all trickeries of the heart,  
Can still out-yankee Yankees, and betray  
Traitors themselves. *Brown* play'd his Yankee  
part;  
Talk'd of his spacious lands in Alabama,  
And further expectations from his, "mammy."

## XXXIX.

More than two hundred negroes, he declar'd  
Were in his rice and cotton fields employ'd,  
At which account Aunt Jane and *Lenox* stared.  
And several rival suitors felt annoy'd.  
*Lenox* wish'd much to see his daughter pair'd  
With such a wealthy mortal, and aunt Jane  
Wish'd *Arabella's* heart were free again.

## XL.

In fact the good old lady had conceiv'd  
Another project;—namely, to induce  
Her niece to take *John Brown*, whom she believ'd  
A mere decoy-duck, for a genuine goose,  
That is—a husband. Aunt's heart was griev'd  
To think cold-bosomed Herbert should succeed,  
Be cheated into bliss!—"too much indeed."

## XLI.

Now—the best portion of the tale before us—  
The plot fast thickening and the interest growing.  
This closing stanza comes in, like a chorus,  
Some shadowy prospect of the future showing;  
Our *second* canto is a perfect storehouse  
Of entertaining matter; but, like magic,  
The *third* will change into the dismal tragic.

[End of the First Canto.]

The mountains of Seger, in Arabia, produce  
frankincense; and those of Safra, the balm of  
Mecca, from the amyris opobassamum, which in  
the early ages sold for its weight in gold.

Written for the Lady's Book.

T O C Œ L E B S .

Is it possible that in the refined and cultivated society of Philadelphia, there are to be found cases like that of Cœlebs and his friends? One would suppose the American Athens actually sparkled with beauty and talent, and that the difficulty would be, not *where to seek*, but *how to choose*. Such heroes if they would become "lords in matrimony," must borrow a lesson from the chivalric sons of the south, who hold it high treason in gallantry to insinuate a word to the disparagement of the fair, while their loyalty they manifest, by laying hearts at our feet, and destinies at our command; for *fortune*, we have it, when we win true affection. But I am of opinion, that Cœlebs has taken the cue from a certain "Jack Brag," and is seeking amusement in the shape of adventure. I cannot seriously believe a man who is intellectual and imaginative, as his writing bespeak him, could reach the age of thirty untouched by the tender passion—such impossibility is only for the stoic; and if possessed of the capability of feeling, and creating attachment, where lies the secret of failure?

"Has hope, like the bird in the story,  
That flitted from tree to tree,  
With the talisman's glittering glory,  
Has Hope been that bird to thee?"

If so, then has it told a flattering tale to delude the young days, and now to mock his fortune in an old age of celibacy.

The great enemy to marriage in this country, is ambition. Providence has given us in the abundant resources of our wide land, all the means of comfort, if industry but put the shoulders to the wheels. The institutions that prettily make all men equal, conjure up the desire in all to be on the first round of the ladder of greatness; and that quality in most minds, and particularly the weak, is comprehended in the single word—riches!

They know but little of woman's heart, who think that her love can be bought with gold. Perhaps, in the *large* cities of our Union, where the aristocracy of wealth prevails, and war is waged against all sentiment, matches of "convenience" may take place. It is the consequence of the boundless love of pleasure and extravagance imbibed from foreign intercourse, which threatens to subdue us, as the gold of Persia did the Greeks, till the spirit of hardy and laborious virtue that animated our ancestors has become but a memory, and patriotism, a name. At the south, we are less exposed to this influence, and have all the happiness arising from simplicity of desires; and here, love, which fled the approach of false refinements and luxury, has raised a beautiful temple, while enough of the faithful yet remain, to attend the altar, and trim the lamp of the true worship.

Does Cœlebs ask in earnest, for a knowledge of the traits that win their way to female favour? I have scarcely the experience to answer so delicate a question; but I believe, ge-

nus will dazzle, and good qualities extort more than a passing admiration, while fashion, and the thousand flippant vanities that men so often surround themselves with, attract as many weak heads, as do the stronger temptations of worth and talents. She, however, who thinks that fortune, and not destiny, "has marked her for her own," desires to be the friend and chosen of him whom the impassioned Sarah calls worthy of the name of *man*; one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while proper efforts are likely to accomplish it; one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious road, nor take an evil path to gain a real good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constant while he breathes, and break when he dies.

These may be youthful dreams, but to dream, is the poetry of existence; and not even disappointment shall cheat me of the pleasure. Life abounds too much in the beautiful to make us banish hope, or sear the unseared heart with suspicions, which the dull realities do not force upon us; for we can never be altogether unhappy whatever the lot, while the mind is honestly though humbly employed, and the feelings are kept young—as the brightness of youth may continue, though time has run away with our *teens*.

It may be expected that I should describe the lady who addresses Cœlebs; but I had rather leave her to the delicate penciling of the imagination. Candour employs a rough touch, and the portrait from that hand would not be captivating. But this much I will say, nature has not been less kind to her than to most persons, and she has not yet reached that period of life at which the ancients decreed a woman should consecrate her mirror to the service of Venus; because, being no longer young, she was presumed to have for it no further use. The moderns are more polite; as Byron says, a man till he is thirty must not call a woman plain, though she be a very Gorgon. So by appealing to the vanity of his years, we compel him to be courteous. As for the golden charms that gild the husband's pride, and so often incite the race of the lover, yet mar it in his marriage, I have none. In very early life, I lost both father and mother; and what they may have had in store, was spent in the casualties of time. Kind relatives have cherished me as their own, and perhaps would hardly spare me now, even for a husband.

Though willing, upon a fit occasion, to change the blessing of singleness, yet would I mingle with it a little philosophy, and upon no conditions venture upon that broad sea of double life for the balance of my years, unless it were while the flower yet holds its fragrance, and the leaves their deepest green. A friend once addressed me some lines, two of the verses of which illustrate my own opinions so

well on this subject, that I will employ them—they are these:

"If love in our youth bring fond hearts together,  
 'Tis right they should join, and be tied in the band;  
 But if all things don't suit, oh, keep me forever,  
 From the fate that's inflicted by Hymen's strong hand."

"There's much to console in these cords which I finger,  
 And painting and music can surely combine,  
 To mellow the hours which in age must oft linger,  
 As love when he's old—is no longer divine."

Cœlebs speaks of an extensive acquaintance in Europe. Must we then believe the gay, magical "*je ne sais quoi*" of the French woman, the German mystic sentimentality, and the English retiring softness, to be but a fable, since the spells were powerless on him; or had he as a true American, armed himself with an indifference only to be yielded to a *country-woman*? If so, we will pardon his fastidiousness, and for the sake of his good faith, wish him success in such a "*lady-love*" as he desires: he might, perhaps, have better pleased, by taking more consideration for feminine curiosity; he should have stated what was his condition in life, his habits, and pursuits, and from these the ladies might have formed their

own estimate of his character, trusting to his gentlemanly honour, that he spoke the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

It was by chance I read a few days since, the communication from Cœlebs in "*The Lady's Book*." A something, I know not what, pleased me in the style, and possessing a taste for adventure in "*gaieté de cœur*," I determined to answer it. I hope my motive is properly understood, for I do not wish to be confounded with the young ladies whom McKenzie condemns. I reverence too highly the delicacy of our sex to compromise it lightly, with all my love of the romantic; but fully satisfied my incognito is impenetrable, I have allowed my pen to ramble on, as fancy or feeling colored the thought of the moment. If it should be the wish of Cœlebs, I have not the least objection to continuing the correspondence; provided, Mrs. Hale will allow an unoccupied corner of her interesting periodical to be devoted to such little matters. And now, wishing him and his friends all health and happiness, I bid them adieu.

CAROLINA.

July 21st, 1838.

## HOURS OF CONVALESCENCE.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
 Lets in new lights through chinks which time has made.

Some time ago, Dr. Drake presented the world with some admirable volumes, entitled "*Literary Hours*," and it is well known that Lord Byron commenced his poetical life by publishing his "*Hours of Idleness*." Though unblessed by the talent of either, since I shall presume to occupy far less space, perhaps I may be allowed to offer some of the desultory and retrospective thoughts which naturally arise in the "*Hours of a Convalescent*."

There are few, even amongst the young, who cannot to a certain degree sympathise with the feelings, whether mental or organic, which belong to those who are slowly emerging from a state of extreme languor, or acute suffering, into that species of twilight enjoyment, promised rather than realised by returning health. There is, I well recollect, in Miss Mitford's tragedy of Foscari, a certain signior, who describes his sensations on his first going out after sickness in the most felicitous poetry, and with the strictest truth; but at this season of the year it is not easy to partake the raptures which sea, and sky, and earth alike impart to one escaped from the confinement of a sick bed, and restored to the refreshing charms of nature—no! the season of fogs and short days forbid the power of ecstasy, though they admit the sober comforts which attend on renovation and fire-side felicity.

The royal poet of the Hebrews exclaims, "truly it is a pleasant thing to be thankful;" and cold and worthless must that heart be, which does not re-echo the sentiment, more especially at such a period of one's existence, as that which informs us by returning strength and faculties of its renewal. There are scarcely any

human beings who do not rejoice in the acquisition of life, however burdened it may be with those evils, which in the eyes of the more happily situated, might seem to render it not only valueless but loathsome; and we frequently hear from persons who have apparently not one single tie on earth, and even when their views have been directed heavenward, speak of a dangerous illness in terms of the utmost horror, and of their escape from death as matter of rejoicing beyond measure:—the very old, the infirm, the childless, the houseless\* do this in nineteen cases out of twenty, and cling with a tenacity to life proportioned to the time they have held it, old people being generally found less willing to die than the young. That this clinging of the heart to life is a merciful disposition in our nature we cannot doubt, for so many are the pains and infirmities of age, that without a counteracting influence of this nature, those in declining life would be apt to forget the lessons of faith and patience, and seek for that grave which offered the repose their wearied and exhausted nature required.

I remember a poem of Crabbe's, which, like all his writings, brought home the truth of that weakness in human beings, which yet seems from its universality, a portion of our common nature. His little boy, overcome with the fatigues of the day, still refuses to go to bed, though it is the only place where he can find the rest he needs—"a little longer," is all his

\* I do know, notwithstanding, that some poor people in our workhouse, as now conducted, earnestly desire death; the laws of man have conquered the laws of nature.—*Author*.

cry; and thus age like infancy asks "a little longer" that life which has lost every charm, and combines almost every discomfort—alas! for the dignity of rational mankind. We must look to a power beyond ourselves for strength to meet unshrinkingly the king of terrors.

To those who have lately been passing "through the valley of the shadow of death," and are returning to the cares, the business, and the pleasures of life; the world must appear in a most extraordinary bustle, for even the oldest cannot remember a time when such a spirit of loyalty pervaded all classes, and "the Queen, the Queen," rings on all ears, and is re-echoed in all hearts. Loyalty, for many years completely out of fashion as a feeling, though adopted as a criterion of opinion, seems to have suddenly resumed its former empire, and despite of all the lessons of philosophy, expediency, and political economy, to have fallen upon us with a power altogether irresistible, and one of so sweet and endearing a character, that even the coldest reasoner, and the most parsimonious contriver, are moulded by its influence. Aldermen and common councilmen become chivalrous in their devotion to their young and lovely queen, and it is only fair to conclude that those who so freely open their purses for her honour, would draw their swords in her defence were it needful. How much of the sentiment thus awakened belongs to her Majesty's situation as the sovereign of a mighty empire, on which the sun never sets, the dispenser of benefits, and the fountain of honour; how much, to those more homely and heartfelt ties, which spring from her sex, her youth, innocence, beauty, and fatherless state, is not necessary to inquire. Enough to know that on this very day (for her procession is now on its way to the city)\* the eyes of many a fond parent will gaze on her with delight, the hearts of many throb with enthusiastic and manly joy, who will never think of analysing their emotions, nor will the schoolmaster at such an hour care to assist them.

The lovely face of the boy King Edward the Sixth, the dignified and yet gracious bearing of Elizabeth (that star of promise to a suffering land,) doubtless excited glowing welcome in their respective visits to the city; and, unquestionably the visit of George the Third and his amiable consort, awakened much admiration and love in a people from whom the young monarch had been previously excluded; but I apprehend that none of these royal personages won such "golden opinions," such intense affection, such ardent curiosity, or discriminating admiration as must take place on this important occasion. How different is the London of our day, to the London of even the latest mentioned royal visitants! what an increase in the size, the population, the knowledge, taste, and perception of the inhabitants! yet in the great heart of the mighty multitude there may be

little change; the sense of joy and approval the gratification of affectionate curiosity, the warm wishes inspired by the contagion of pleasure and the presence of grandeur, will rise as they were wont under such circumstances, and I sincerely trust there will be none found in that countless crowd, who will not accept the happiness it offered them, though it is but for a day—are not many of the best reminiscences of life far shorter in duration! The memory of the queen's visit will live long after all who beheld it are gone down to the dust; and they all, nevertheless, partake a sense of its immortality, they can tell to their children's children something connected with the glories, the expectations, the sensibilities belonging to that memorable day.

The annuals are, or will be, soon afloat, for they are the flowers of November, and have now so long enlivened that gloomy month, that to look for them in vain, would "deepen the horror" of its darkest fogs. We are told from year to year that there will be a falling off in this point, but hitherto when one has dropped two have sprung in its place, and accordingly this year promises to be more splendid than all which have hitherto preceded it, especially in pictorial brilliance, which is, in truth, the strong attraction of this description of books. The art of engraving has now arrived at such perfection in this country, and the power of multiplying copies, since the use of steel plates was adopted, is become so great, that the cheapness of these admirable works tempts many to become purchasers; and of course whilst a taste for the fine arts is inculcated, the industrious and talented find support. It is, nevertheless, little dreamt by the admirers of those beautiful books how poorly the purveyors for their pleasure are remunerated—little do they think that the patient engraver, who transmits with added beauty to their eye the forms of surpassing loveliness, day after day has sat from twelve to sixteen hours at the task, in order to procure the bare means of support to himself and family. There are no men in all our great and busy metropolis who are literally such slaves to their occupation as engravers; loss of health, that first great blessing of existence, and loss sight, without which they cease to possess the means of life, too frequently ensue; and the calamities of this class of artists might be placed beside the "calamities of authors," so admirably displayed by the elder D'Israeli, with all the claims of unhappy brotherhood. That high prices are given to great names for plates, I am fully aware; but so wearisome and difficult is the work required by the public (now rendered fastidious by knowledge,) that money scarcely can repay the labour demanded and the time bestowed.

Novels by Bulwer, Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Trollope, have given a spirited outset to the publishing season, which was much wanted, since the shadow of the spring panic still rested on the land; doubtless many others will follow, but we question whether any will make as positive an impression as the *last*, for it may be truly said that the lady has pulled not one but many houses about her ears. "Earnest Multivers" is always admired, if not always praised;

\* It is needful here to remark that this paper has been long in progress. Mrs. Holland has herself but just recovered from an almost death-bed sickness; and though the events are only a short time past, these reminiscences may be not unacceptable to our readers; and the more so, when in the multitude of mighty changes to which our busy world is subject, even this, the recollection of a grand and interesting spectacle, on which all hearts set so great a thought, is almost blotted out from the tablet of memory.

for the genius of its author compels admiration. "Uncle Horace" is pronounced Mrs. Hall's happiest effort; and "Ethell Churchill" spoken of as "worthy the author of 'Corinne,'" but in the "Vicar of Wrexhill" a rod is waved over persons of all parties in politics and religion, though they alike acknowledge the ability and apparent honesty of intention in the writer. To me it was truly an awful book, for there was an air of truthfulness in the characters that compelled belief: yet the intention of the writer, or rather that which is ascribed to her, never entered my mind. I had no idea that she sought to immolate a party, or exhibit as the conduct of many, that which she had witnessed in a single family; and this impression remains, notwithstanding her own words near the close of the book, implying contempt for what she deems a sectarian party. It strikes me that she has witnessed some individual delinquency like that which she reveals, and of course, by the aid of imagination, exaggerates; which has alarmed and disgusted her, and which she has, therefore, exposed, with all the powers of a mind gifted with "deathless satire," and prone to deal in extremes. She cannot mean to say, "that deceit and selfishness, the love of money, and the indulgence of sinful passion, are the prevailing characteristics of men who, in the very position they have taken, as reformers of the church, challenge observation, and who have in numerous cases adopted slowly, and on the conviction arising from examination, that conduct in private life, and those doctrines in public, which they now hold to be their duty, as ministers of the gospel, to promulgate."

Sincerely must every humble Christian, and more especially every attached churchman, lament that there should be any schism in a body where all are called upon for the strength of concord and unanimity; and nothing can be more evident than that widening a wound is not the way to heal it. Had the admirable tact, the pungent wit, and discriminating judgment of Mrs. Trollope been applied to the concoction of a story which should bring two good vicars in contrast or contact, so as to show each what was excellent in the other and wanting in himself—giving new lights to old principles—taming the enthusiasm of one party, and warming the lukewarmness of the other: giving that "charity which thinketh no evil" to both, and that scriptural self-examination which, unquestionably, good men on either side do practise, so that eventually they became *like-minded*—how much better would she have employed her truly wonderful talents.

The concluding book of the "Gems" is published, and is highly creditable to the editor, being, in the opinion of many, superior to those which have preceded it. The poets here introduced are all modern, and of course all our first names are found, and many of those who may be termed second. Among the latter I saw with sincere pleasure that of Dibdin; for unquestionably his country ought to cherish his memory, not only for the pleasure he has communicated, but the actual service he has conferred upon it. All the poets in this work have short accounts of their lives given by Mr. S. C. Hall, with

great ability; and he informs us, in that of poor Dibdin, that the pension granted to him by the country was, in his old age, taken from him by the ministry who succeeded those that granted it, so that the close of his life was embittered by difficulties he could not guard against, and penury rendered more oppressive by infirmity. How long must these paltry savings, these drops from the fountain of her wealth, be withheld from the parched lips of her most meritorious and useful children by the Queen of nations? The songs of Dibdin were not only invaluable to our seamen, but to the whole population, for they inculcated the most noble sentiments and the purest affections through the happiest medium, and they brought every class of society acquainted with each other at that period when the energies and sympathies of all, for the safety of all, were most imperatively demanded.

Several poets who well merit a niche in the temple of Fame do not, however, appear in this book; for we neither find Townsend, whose "Armageddon" made so great an impression twenty years since; Atherston, the writer of "Nineveh;" Henry Neele, whose exquisite little dramas unite so much pure imagination with polished verse; nor Wiffen, the translator of Tasso and author of many beautiful lyrics. Surely this argues somewhat of a partiality in favour of personal and existing friends not quite fair to those who merit so much of grateful remembrance, as do these and other "Sons of the Lyre!"

There is a peculiar pleasure to the convalescent in opening a book, and even turning over the leaves, when the power of finding interest in that or any other thing has been some weeks denied to us. It is a kind of re-entrance into the world, a meeting of old friends, an exertion of forgotten but welcome power, an assurance that our faculties are restored, and the promise of life accompanied by its usual privileges, and the heart is at once strengthened and softened by the gratitude such sensations naturally awaken.

In itself *thankfulness* is a delicious emotion, but it rises into sublime affection when our *heavenly Father* is the object; when in humility and penitence we acknowledge the justice of our past chastenings, and, in hope and joy, receive the sense of reviving life in our veins, and re-animated perception in our minds, enabling us to exclaim—"The living, the living shall praise thee." Not a gleam of blue in the firmament, not a fading autumn flower, can meet the eye without touching the heart, and the slightest acquaintance is hailed as a faithful friend, whilst those who are friends *indeed*, whether by ties of consanguinity or habit, and more especially those whom we hold by the most sacred bond (which alone could be severed by the death we so lately expected) become tenfold more dear and more necessary—they are seen through a new medium, which if too languid to impart *couleur de rose* has, in the tenderness which inspires it, hues far more endearing than either youth or beauty inspire. The kindness which soothes the hour of pain and cheers the long evening of helpless languor—which can endure complaint, forgive



impatience, and nourish hope, has a claim on love and gratitude beyond all others.

Fair and gentle reader, whatever may be the happiness of thy situation, the celebrity of thy charms, or the extent of thy accomplishments, believe in this assurance, for it offers consolation to every season of life and under every change of circumstance—man, in the inconstancy of his nature, or the multiplicity of his engagements, may lose the sense of admiration which once bound him in willing captivity to thy beauty, the obligations he owes to thy merit, and his own duty—but never will he cease to remember her who consoled him in sickness and raised him up to health; who bore

the equerulous reproach, the vain caprice of the sufferer, sustained the weakened mind, encouraged the wavering faith of the anxious patient, and welcomed to returning life the trembling frame and faltering steps of the convalescent. He, to whom thou hast promised obedience, and in whom thou hast found protection, may be bowed even in the pride of his strength by sorrow or disease, and with the mighty Cæsar, cry “give me some drink,” “like a sick girl,” and rarely will he forget the draught received from fond solicitude and sweetened by connubial sympathy, or fail, in his own turn, to become in her day of suffering a “ministering angel.”

London.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## RANDOM SKETCHES.

### No. III.

BY A POOR GENTLEMAN.

## THE IRISH BEGGAR.

A POOR Irish beggar presented himself one day before our door. He had entirely lost the use of his eyes by an accident, while engaged in *blasting rocks*; and was led by the hand by a good-natured friend. He seemed to comprehend our circumstances intuitively; and modestly asked for “old clothes.” We could not refuse so reasonable a request; and as the poor fellow seemed weary, we called him in, and gave him a seat. Aside from all feelings and principles of true benevolence, the man who turns by a beggar at sight, knows not what he loses. He need not, if unable, or if he deem the object unworthy, give *much*; but if he be willing to relax his dignity, and invite to conversation, he will generally find himself amply repaid for what he *does* give. At least he will find source for amusement in the stereotype tale of woe—the profound humility with which the most insignificant trifle is received, together with the accustomed “round” of thanks, which every vagabond so well understands.

In the present case, however, the beggar was honestly deserving. “He was poor and helpless, and his friend had volunteered to lead him round, to enable him to obtain some necessary clothing.” We gave him a few garments from our meagre wardrobe, and he blessed us in good Irish; while his companion, who sat by, expatiated largely upon our “gentlemanly” character, and, as each successive gift appeared, responded by a ludicrous groan of gratitude. Our donation was shortly ended, and, as we owned an unusual hurry, we sat down to write, leaving our friends to set sail as soon as they deemed the wind fair enough. But our progress was miserably slow: the temptation was too great. We love the sons of the Emerald Isle, for their simplicity, their kindness, and frankness of heart; and above all, for their love of fun; and our eyes were constantly roaming from the

table, while not unfrequently some casual remark escaped us. The old fellow, on his part, soon grew familiar on our extended sociability, and entertained us with the abstract history of his life and adventures, taking especial care that we should understand “he had been a dacent man in his day, and a lad of dacent larning.” We humoured him at every turn, while he went on still more loquaciously, mentioning his “talents” repeatedly, and at last said he had a fine taste for poetry, (!) and, as proof of it, offered to repeat an epitaph he had written for himself, if we would like to hear it. We urged him, by all means, to repeat it, and he, nothing loth, complied. Never did the inspired Horace recite an ode to his proud Mæcenas, with more complacent pride, good reader, than did our blind beggar to your humble servant. It was difficult for us to command the muscles of our countenance; but we remembered that the bard was a brother in affliction with Homer and Milton, and as his friend kept his eyes bent to the floor, in grateful consideration of the jackets and trowsers aforesaid, we knew we were safe.

“Well, friend, your epitaph has some peculiar beauties, and we should be obliged if you would allow us to copy it, while you repeat it again.” “And it’s I that’ll be obleeged, intirely,” said he, and we proceeded to copy, from his dictation;

### THE BEGGAR'S EPITAPH.

“It’s of this life I set no store—  
I’ve passed my days amongst the poor;  
I have begged my bread from door to door,  
As my great Master done before:  
The path of varethy I seeked and trod,  
As it was the gift of God:  
I am now arrived at my long home,  
And died a member to the Church of Rome.”

We complimented him anew on his performance, and his heart was fully opened. "It was a fine epitaph, indade, and if he ever lived to get back to ould Ireland, he'd have it cut upon his head-stone. Och! he had talents would be very useful to *some* folks!" And he went on to recite us another effusion. It was written, it seems, for a young woman in New York, who had treated him with kindness, and he called it "The Accomplishment of Miss Mc —." Our gravity was more endangered than by the former recital, and we could not refrain from the request of a copy of it. He was all willingness. "But what was the name of the young lady—we did not know what to entitle it," "The accomplishment of any female, sure, and we could put any young lady's name to it we plased, if we wished to use it." So we wrote:

"THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF ANY FEMALE."

"This lovely fair crathure,  
The goddess of Nathure,  
With gentility and varethy  
There's none can her excel:

She is gifted by Nathure,  
Accomplished with behaviour,  
She is an attraction  
To all the young men."

We of course bestowed all suitable encomiums, and asked him, moreover, if the young lady was pretty. "Och, an' how could I tell? She trated me kindly, and so I wrote it." "You are certainly something of a poet!" "Och," said he again, and his eyes rolled joyously, and a chuckling complacent laugh escaped him, "an' I was half 'slued' when I wrote it!"

Never were we more forcibly reminded of our Uncle Jonathan's pithy exclamation—"Nater is nater." Thus it is—in whatever situation or circumstances you find him—man pants for fame; and the prince and the beggar alike toil a life-time to obtain an epitaph.

Speaking of epitaphs reminds us of a small collection in our portfolio. Reader, we are a professed lover of what our friend Dick Bacon has termed "*Churchyard Literature*." It is true, we like a sentimental stroll in a churchyard, in the still evening, to muse in quiet over the silent dwellings of the dead: but we love also to rove in the broad and garish light of day, in an antique burial place, to "forage," as Dick would say, "on its literary remains." On a similar excursion, a few days since, we obtained our present small number of epitaphs. Among the tombs of recent data we found some of decidedly the "better" order. The following is in excellent taste:

"But still one hope the bosom cheers,  
By deep regret and sorrow riven—  
When we have passed this vale of tears,  
That we shall meet again in heaven."

The following, on the grave-stone of a child, struck us as pretty:

"O think not, grave, that we resign  
This treasure as for ever thine:  
We only ask a transient stay,  
Till heaven unfold the eternal day."

The following, though of ordinary verse, we deemed worth transcribing:

"No pain, no grief, nor anxious fear  
Invade thy bounds—nor mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
And angels guard her soft repose."

The following seemed one of the best epitaphs we had ever found. It sounds much like Dr. Young, though we know not its author:

—"The grave,  
Dark lattice, letting in eternal day."

Now for the strange spots. On a rough, brown stone, of awkward structure, we were charmed with a beautiful specimen of versification:

"Friends weep not in vain,  
Prepare to die  
For with me you must  
Shortly lie."

Near it, we read another, while the awful face, carved on the top of the head-stone, grinned "ghastly smiles" at us:

"Behold my tomb  
My grave how small  
Yet large enough  
To earth you all."

We passed on till our eye was arrested by the following laconic warning:

"My advice to my friends and all—  
Prepare for a midnight call."

The beauty of another "sentiment" consisted chiefly in a rare grammatical construction:

"Here lies our darling bright  
And God above has took his right."

The next we deemed worthy of note, was a brief biographical sketch:

"Here lies a lovely youth,  
Who sought the Lord, and loved the truth."

But the most remarkable stone in the yard, was a neat, carefully carved one, of recent date. It was erected by an affectionate husband over the grave of his wife, and contained the following striking truth:

"Death will dissolve the tenderest tie  
That nature forms below;  
Our dearest friends are called to die,  
And we are left to woo. (!)"

A friend at our elbow, the veritable Dick, aforesaid, whispered us, that the disconsolate widower was married a six month thereafter! Reader, we came away then!

On looking over an old file of papers, some days since, we found some rare epitaphs. As they are given with all the honest air of truth, we deem them trust-worthy.

In a churchyard in Dorchester, (Massachusetts, we think,) is the following:

"On the 21st of March,  
God's angels made a search;  
Around the door they stood—  
They took a maid,  
It is said,  
And cut her down like wood."

In Framingham, a double gravestone contains the following:

"My trembling heart with grief o'erflows,  
While I record the death of those  
Who died by thunder sent from heaven,  
In 1777."

In a grave-yard in Pepperell is the following:

"In youth he was a scholar bright,  
In learning he took great delight;  
He was a Major's only son—  
It was for love he was undone."

Near the same is,

"Benjamin Parker, near 83,  
Respectable you once did see;  
His grandson now lies over him—  
*We all must feel the effects of sin.*"

But the merriest thing, by way of epitaph, is that of Cotton Mather's, for a friend, named Ralf Partridge, and contained in the collection before alluded to. It is simply,

"A volavit."

Enough said. We intended to give but few at present. We design soon to make an excursion among the tombs, as we are on the track of some rare "sentiments." When we have done so, good reader, we may "report progress."

Your humble servant,

E.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE GLASS FAMILY.

A TRADITIONAL STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER III.

A FEW days after Mount Hope made the discovery that he had such agreeable friends with him, they all met by appointment on the sandy beach of the *Great Lake*, and in the vicinity of Wowoba's war town, to have a talk where the Buffaloes could not hear them. Here they held a long family discourse, in which the adventures of each was briefly related, with the stories of King Philip's fall, and Leila's love and capture, for the whole was known to the Chief. When this was over, they spoke of their present condition, and finished the council by a promise on the part of the Chief and his family, to return home with the prisoners, and relinquish their rambling life. But to effect this, they all agreed to continue as strangers to each other, when in the presence of the Buffaloes, and to make immediate preparations for their journey. The Chief was to construct a bark canoe at one point, and the prisoners another at a different point. The mother and daughter were to parch a sack of corn, and dry strips of venison. All this was to be done as though the visitors would make ready to leave the tribe, and, at the same time, guides were to be engaged to conduct them across the country to the Susquehanna nation. When all their plans were settled, the Chief drew upon the sand, in the form of a diagram, the best route to the east, running it on to the very grave of his father. He began at the falls of the Niagara, passed down to the Lake, run along the southern shore to Fish Creek, from the head of which he marked a portage across to the Mohawk, down this stream to the Hudson, thence across the country to *Long River*, down that stream to the mouth of Ware River, and from the head of this, a portage to the great Sea. This draft was subsequently copied with red chalk upon birch bark; and Mount Hope traced it till every part of it was pictured on his memory. While preparations were actively progressing for their departure, the Seneca tribe, long the deadly foe of the Buffaloes, sent in a challenge to their enemy to meet them in battle in the valley of the Genesee. This challenge was finally accepted, and

the haughty Wowoba summoned his warriors to the field. When assembled, he recounted to them their former victories, and the wrongs they had suffered from the insulting foe. He then bade them be ready on the appointed day, and he would lead them to the enemy. The friendly chief would have willingly left the tribe with his family and followers, before the day of battle, but the crafty Wowoba pressed him into the fight by large promises, expecting doubtless to intimidate the foe by showing he had an ally in the person of the son of the renowned King Philip. The prisoner was left in charge of his master's cabin, which stood near that occupied by his aunt and black eyed cousin, to whom he paid a daily visit, carrying them his largest trouts, and most dainty portions of venison. Here they all waited with much impatience the return of the warriors from the battle ground; but alas! none lived to return. The treacherous Senecas drew them into a narrow defile, closed them in at front and rear, and crushed them to death by rocks thrown upon their heads from an upper precipice; all this was done before the advancing warriors had time to reach the designated ground. The unfortunate Hillalah wept the loss of her noble husband without ceasing, and forgetting her duty to her friendless daughter, indulged her grief until despair seized upon her, when she sunk away and died without a groan.

The poor orphan Lalacoo, was now thrown upon a pitiless world, far from her friends, and without any to shelter her, save a captive cousin toward whom the safety of both required her to appear as a stranger. Her loneliness was not her only trouble; for the unprotected state in which she appeared, roused the hopes of Yohoyo, the youthful son of the departed Wowoba, who had besought his father when alive to demand her for his bride, and he boldly laid claim to her hand. Against this claim, she could only enter the protest of tears and entreaties; which were so far from protecting her, that they seemed rather to inflame the passions of her pursuer. In the midst of her trouble, she resolved to find

her cousin and beseech him to protect her, or destroy her. Accordingly, as Mount Hope was one day retracing the diagram, drawn by his lost uncle in the sand upon the lake shore, she rushed to him from the bushes, and presenting him with the old penknife, begged of him to take it and open her heart. Her cousin took the knife, and looking kindly upon her, said he should be sorry to spill the blood of so much innocence. "Oh! cousin," she said, "you trifle with me! Don't you see Yohoyo pursues me, and will *more* than kill me? How much happier it will be to die by your hands than live by his! and when the pain is over, lay me quietly by the side of my poor mother." Her cousin replied he had seen with deep regret the bold and brutal conduct of Yohoyo, and had been hastening his preparations to leave the tribe before the villain should have time to submit his claims to the council. "But our joint fate," he continued, "depends wholly upon secrecy; and I hope we are not yet discovered. I will keep the knife, cousin, if you please, and in lieu of opening your heart with it, I will open the heart of the young prince, if nothing else will save you from his power. "I really hope, however," he continued, "we shall not be compelled to resort to this extreme." We must use a little policy cousin; and while we seem to be strangers to each other, we must converse by signs and know each other's thoughts and wishes. You must say to Yohoyo, that you have just lost both your parents, that nature bids you weep for them; that in two moons you will dry up your tears and look kindly upon him; and that if the chiefs of the nation give their consent, you may think favourably of his offer. There, my dear cousin, now go; try to be more composed, and pacify your pursuer. I hope it will be in my power to bring you good tidings after the sun goes down to-morrow."

The pacified, nay, gratified Lalacoo, returned thoughtfully to her cabin, near which she discovered the hated prince; but she shed no tears; made no entreaties; nor did she try even to get out of his way. This rather agreeably surprised him, and he immediately began the story of his love. The poor girl suffered him to run on for some time, and then, collecting all her energies, stipulated for the reprieve of two moons, which was readily granted, and the prince withdrew from her presence with becoming respect.

That night, Mount Hope placed his new canoe under the bank of the river just below the falls, and put into it two paddles, a bark mattress, two buffalo robes, two blankets, a bag of parched corn, some dried flesh and fish, his bow and arrows, his tomahawk and scalping knife, with the means of striking fire; and, last of all, his birch bark chart. The next day, he threw himself in the way of his fair cousin, and bade her to secure her mother's clothes and ornaments, and meet him at the falls half an hour after dark. This appointment was punctually observed, and the moment they met, he launched his canoe, seated her on the skins, and was about to grasp his paddle, when the air rung with the shrill shout of the savages just on his head. In an instant, a host of them came thundering down the bank, bringing with them

rocks, trees, and earth; but the prisoner, self-possessed, seated himself in his boat, turned her bow down the stream, and shot off like a race horse. The Indians followed the voyagers along the upper bank of the river for several miles, making the welkin ring with frightful howling; but it was not heard by the cousins after they turned into the lake and pulled along under the bank.

The winds were hushed, the face of the lake lay like a polished mirror, and the hoot of the owl broke on the surrounding stillness with an apparent proximity that made the little orphan tremble. The stars shone out but dimly, and here and there the flickering blaze of the hunter's watch fire, gleamed through the boughs of the forest; admonishing the fugitives of the spot where the enemy slept. As day light approached, Mount Hope drew toward a small island, crowned with underwood, and lying at a safe distance from the shore. Here he landed with his trembling charge, and, having drawn his canoe into the bushes, and spread out his skins, they both lay down to enjoy the rest which the labours of the night had interrupted. They slept several hours, and when they awoke partook of their parched corn and dried flesh. They then rambled about the island and gathered wild berries; and while thus employed, they were discovered by Yohoyo, who had followed them through the night, but whose progress had been retarded by the intervention of rivers and broad bays. The moment he saw them, he plunged into the lake and made toward them; but his approach was discovered long before he reached the land, and his rival stood ready to dispute his climbing up the bank. As the savage came to the shore, the battle commenced with odds greatly against the pursuer. He nevertheless fought desperately, nor yielded until his head was opened with the hatchet.

The travellers then immediately proposed to pursue their journey, for they were apprehensive that Yohoyo was not alone in the chase, but had merely out ran the others. They therefore launched their canoe, and pulled out further from the shore; supposing they were better able to keep out of the way upon the water, than to fight a multitude on the land. Toward night fell the wind rose; the waves ran roughly; the clouds thickened and seemed to threaten a storm. The voyagers run in toward the shore, and secured themselves and canoe under a rocky bluff, which fortunately shut out both the storm and the enemy. Here they struck a fire, which they preserved by the aid of drift wood; spread their skins, and remained comfortable during the rough weather, which lasted for some days. As soon as the water became calm, they again set forward, and as they passed along the lake, counted the rivers which fell into the wide expanse, until they entered Fish Creek. Here they took leave of the broad waters, and ascended the stream until they entered another lake, which was fed by a river running from the south east. They followed up this stream until its rapidity impeded their progress: they then stepped on shore, inverted their canoe for a shelter, struck a fire, and reposed for the night. The next morning,

they consulted their map, and found they were at the portage, and in the midst of the Oneida tribe's hunting ground. From this tribe, they would expect no favours should they be discovered; they therefore prepared to start across the country to the Mohawk. Mount Hope shouldered all the baggage except the bow and arrows, which his lovely cousin bore, following close in his foot steps, and enlivening his fatigue by her innocent prattle. On the second day they came to the Mohawk, and again launched their little boat. But here a new danger beset them. At a day's walk down the valley, lay the Mohawk tribe, who were too well known to Mount Hope to waken a wish for any further acquaintance. In order, if possible, to pass them without attracting their notice, they concealed themselves in the bushes for most of the day, and passed the dangerous village late in the night. In this enterprise, they were greatly favoured by the state of the water; it was very high and ran with great velocity; hence, they travelled with surprising speed. The third day they entered the broad Hudson, and soon after came to the portage across to the Long River. Their path lay over high hills and through deep valleys, and was very rough withal and fatiguing. Their provisions also grew short, and they were compelled to stop for whole days together for the purpose of recruiting their stock. But after many days painful travel, they were gratified one morning to behold from the top of a bold mountain the beautiful Connecticut, or Long River, as the name applies, rolling through the distant valley, and winding its way toward the place of their destination. To Mount Hope, it seemed as an old acquaintance; a spot in the vicinity of his home; and he journeyed toward it with new vigour. That night, they reached the stream just below the great falls, and the following day placed their canoe upon its quiet bosom, and descended to the entrance of Ware river. Having paddled up this stream until it had shrunk to a little brook, they prepared to make their last portage through the woods to the great sea.

By this time, the days had become short, and often storms, and the nights long and chilly; at the same time the travellers had also frequently suffered for the want of proper food. They nevertheless bore up with great fortitude against every obstacle, and urged forward toward their desired home with increased speed. After several days march over a rough and sterile country, and through a drizzly and cold atmosphere, they reached an Indian wigwam, into which they went and were made welcome by its hospitable inmates. This was the first cabin into which they had entered since they left the peace village at the Falls of Niagara; and the voice of kindness which proceeded from the lips of its tenants, was the first that had saluted their ears, for several tedious months. It came to them, therefore, with a sweetness that brought tears to their eyes. They soon found they were in the hut of a primitive chief; though its mistress was many shades fairer than the copper-coloured race. They were both, however, alike friendly to each race; and had so far departed from the habits of the real

woodsmen, as to have flocks and fields, with many other comforts of civilized life. But at this period, the chief was far from home to attend a peace council; hence the travellers were waited upon by the wife only, and a daughter of some sixteen years. Hospitality, however, whether from friend or foe, male or female, a fair skin or a dark one, could have hardly been administered to living creatures more seasonably, or received with higher emotions of gratitude. The hostess set before them her corn cake, fresh butter, and honey, broiled flesh and fish, and a noggin of root tea, sweetened with the juice of the maple. After the repast was over, Mount Hope related the story of his captivity, the discovery of his friends, and the rescue of his cousin; and concluded by expressing his thanks for the kindness extended to them. The story ended, the good woman spread her bed of leaves, covered with bear skins, and the travellers betook themselves to rest. For some hours they slept refreshingly; but late in the night, the little orphan, who had from the outset borne the labours and privations of the journey with a surprising spirit, became restless, and frequently turned from one side of her couch to the other; sighing heavily, and exhibiting symptoms of distress. In the morning, it was found she had a burning fever, and that all her bones were racked with excruciating pains. The worthy hostess industriously applied her herb teas, root syrups, and balsam pills; but to no purpose. The little sufferer lingered along for some days, and when the fever left her, her limbs had become nearly useless. Still there were hopes of her recovery; and while her kind nurse rubbed her daily with powerful liniments, her afflicted cousin watched over her with care, and strove to alleviate her misery. Amidst this anxiety for the fate of the poor girl, the chief came home, and immediately lent his aid to effect a cure. His experience in all diseases of the body, was very great; and in a short time he drove all her pains away. Her recovery, however, was very slow, for it was now deep in the winter, and the cold affected her very sensibly.

When at last she was able to bear her weight, and totter about the floor of the cabin, Mount Hope was taken down, and then in time, weak as she was, she became nurse. His was a lingering fever; and when it went off, left him in a low and feeble state. But his host was master of his business, and active in applying his prescriptions; so that the patient was able, as the snow went off, to refresh himself in the rays of a vernal sun, and drink in the softened air of spring. As soon as he had gained strength sufficient to enable him to travel, the grateful cousins prepared to prosecute their journey. But Moosugo, the generous chief, would not suffer them to depart alone. He insisted upon becoming not only their companion and guide, but also their pack-horse, or baggage carrier. This arrangement secured to them the best rout, and left Mount Hope at leisure to protect and support his cousin. On taking leave of the hostess and her kind daughter, the affectionate orphan approached them, and regretting her inability to reward their goodness, rendered them her hearty thanks, and gave

them her poor mother's jewels, or rather trinkets. But when Mount Hope saw the offer, he gently interfered, and said he had made arrangements with the host to satisfy every demand; and if the jewels were left, they should be regarded only as a pledge for the performance of his engagement. But the hostess clasped the orphan in her arms and embraced her affectionately; assuring her that she only felt regret for the seeming necessity of their leaving her cabin for a better house; and she added, "you may there find friends that are dearer to you than we are, but none more devoted."

They finally set forward in true Indian-file, but whenever the path would admit, Mount Hope gently drew the arm of his cousin within his own, and bid her lean on him; or when the rippling brook, or the broad marsh was to be crossed, he gathered his arms about her slender waist, drew her to his bosom, and bare her as a babe to safe footing. Such, however, was still the weakness of both, that Moosugo, whose march was a long stride rather than a common walk, was often far before them. Their stages, therefore, were necessarily made short; and yet they bore the labour of the journey with manifest difficulty. The activity and care of the chief, kept them, however, upon their feet, and generally in good spirits. This man knew the whole country as well as he knew his own fields; and was able to lodge his charge each night in a friend's cabin, and provide them with the best fare; otherwise they would have probably sunk beneath the weight of their burden. The season too lent its aid; for the sun poured a kindly ray upon waking nature; the breeze was bland and bracing; the early flowers spread their bosoms to the embrace of the solar beams, and shed their fragrance on the passing zephyr; while the song of the robin and the birds of spring, filled the air with melody. The hearts of the cousins often partook of the general joy, which, to them, was greatly heightened by the prospect of soon resting from their toils in the arms of their friends.

Having at last reached the regions peopled by the white man, Mount Hope dismissed his guide with many assurances of future consideration; and leaving his canoe with the village authorities for safe keeping, he set forward on the high road with his lovely cousin leaning on his arm.

It was toward the close of a charming vernal day that the citizens of Marblehead, beheld, as they returned from their labours, an apparently aged couple, wrapped from the chills of the approaching evening in miserably coarse and dirty blankets, enter the village by the principal street, and crawl wearily along as though they were seeking some place of rest. Many eyes were turned toward them as they passed the public square; and one of the number, who had a full view of them, observed, that if he did not know to the contrary, he should think that the man who had just passed, was Mount Hope Glass. This remark excited closer observation; and in a moment, some half a dozen voices exclaimed: "it is indeed Mount Hope!" Upon this assurance, they gathered around the lonely pair, and stopped their progress. Mount Hope very mildly observed to them, that he had not

expected when he made his escape from savage captivity at such imminent peril, he should so soon be captured again by those who were once his friends. This short speech satisfied them of what they before rather hoped than believed, and they immediately filled the air with acclamations of joy. When the first burst of feeling had a little subsided, a few prominent citizens raised the travellers quietly from the ground to a seat on their arms, made by locking their hands, and bore them forward, in regular procession, toward the mansion of Major Glass, which stood upon a rising ground a little out of the town. As they moved onward, the wary Doctor Bond took the arm of parson Felton, and they immediately stepped forward to prepare the Major and his family to receive the happy tidings. The meeting presented a most touching spectacle, which brought tears into the eyes of nearly the whole multitude. Even the bold and lion-hearted fishermen were seen brushing the pearl of sympathy aside, and smiling with joy. A few days after, there was a feast of fat things prepared in memory of the restoration of the son that was lost and was found. In the midst of this assembly thus gathered, after the cloth had been removed, Mount Hope, at the request of the company, gave a brief history of his captivity and escape. And when he came to that part of the narrative which related to the discovery of his uncle and family, he exhibited the old penknife which his father, some thirty years before, had left in the neck of that uncle, at the famous scuffle of the ambuscade; and then, with the leave of his fair cousin, and in the presence of the company, returned it to the rightful owner. That narrative was taken down in short hand by parson Felton, and the following Sabbath the good man preached a sermon on the subject, in which he described the meeting above related, with a master's hand. That sermon was published by the village authorities, but every copy of it has disappeared. The text, however, with the general heads of the discourse, was entered, in short hand, upon a page of the narrative, which is here transcribed. It was in these words: "He was lost and is found."

[To be Continued.]

Some well meaning Christians tremble for their salvation, because they have never gone through that valley of tears and of sorrow, which they have been taught to consider as an ordeal that must be passed through, before they can arrive at regeneration; to satisfy such minds, it may be observed, that the slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produce amendment, and that the greatest is insufficient, if it do not. Therefore, by their own fruits let them prove themselves; for some soils will take the good seed, without being watered with tears, or harrowed up by affliction.

To know the pains of power, we must go to those who have it; to know its pleasures we must go to those who are seeking it: the pains of power are real, its pleasures imaginary.

For the Lady's Book.

## THE ADVANTAGES OF A NAME.

## AN ANECDOTE FROM THE FRENCH.

"MINE's a harder life than that of a cart-horse! always at work; rehearse by day and perform at night; sometimes a shepherd—at others a soldier; one moment a gold-laced lackey, and the next metamorphosed into a mysterious robber! I deliver letters and cups of poison; hear long speeches of big words, and reply in one or two monosyllables; bend my head beneath a bell-metal helmet, or my back under the active blows of some pit-favourite; with but little *character* of my own, called on sometimes to assume three or four in a single evening. Such has been my fate for four long years! Why did I ever become struck with the profession?—why continue in it when it barely suffices to keep body and soul together!"

Such were the exclamations vented to "the night's dull ear," by a poor wretch who had just sallied from the back-door of the theatre at Marseilles, and was striding towards his miserable lodgings, as fast as a head wind and pelting rain would permit. He stopped before a low hovel, in a retired alley, and brandishing a dead-latch key in the real tragic style, plunged it into its appropriate receptacle. Opening the door he went *up stairs* by means of a *rope-ladder*, and having soon ensconced his head beneath the bed-clothes, lost sight of a *Sup's* misery in bright dreams of impressive entrances "*a la Hamlet*"—bouncing exits of the *stampatorian* school—glittering beauties applauding in the dress-circle, and "an entire pit rising to greet him" with enthusiastic raptures.

On waking the next morning, he found upon the window-frame two papers; or as he termed them, with professional grandiloquence—*des patches*, which he had not noticed on the previous night, in consequence of the absence of those artificial resources so usefully applied in *making light* of darkness. One of them, being unsealed, first claimed his attention; and, learning from its contents, that a levy had been made upon his furniture for the amount of his landlord's bill, he calmly threw it aside, (after the manner of Richard with the "weak invention of the enemy,") exclaiming, "they are welcome to the three-legged table, the creaking bed, and 'Old Medora,' which constitute all my furniture."

For the reader's satisfaction, it may be well to state, that by the highly euphonious appellation of "Old Medora," our hero meant an antiquated and thread-bare Grecian tunic, which, after a quarter of a century's service upon the stage, had now become a window-curtain. "But this," continued the unhappy son of Melpomene, as he took up the other despatch, "is from Florine—sweet message of love from her I adore!" And, having carefully opened the two bright seals by which the envelope was secured, he read aloud the amatory epistle.

"My once dearly beloved Dugard—My father tells me as how it would be madness in me to marry a player without no fortune nor reputation, seeing I'm the daughter of an orchestra

leader at the Royal Menagerie, and so he's determined that I must marry a gentleman what teaches the clarinet here in the willage, but who's a going to town where he can git a heap of scholars. In your letter you say you have bright hopes: I want to see them hopes come to a pint afore this month is out, for if they dont afore that, I must take the clarrinet, though I dont love him half as much as you—but as pappy says, the kittle must bile. No more at present from your heart broken FLORINE."

"Heart broken with a vengeance—to marry a broken-winded clarrinet!—If before the month is out, I dont make a *hit*, she will *strike*—and here we are—the twenty-third. But love conquers all, as the poet says, and I'll improve the chance to-night." On that evening he was to perform the best character in his *line*, and the house being respectably filled, he made, as he thought, a sublime effort at achieving a reputation; but the audience not viewing the attempt in the same light as its perpetrator, he was compelled to make his exit amidst deafening roars of laughter, and whirlwinds of hisses; not, however, without observing that Florine, seated in the second tier of boxes, with a red-faced, cheek-swollen gentleman, had contributed as well as her "cavalier," to that sibillatory reception which had set a seal for ever upon his hopes of future greatness.

Talma, then at the pinnacle of his fame, had effected engagements in the various theatres of the South of France; and his arrival had, since some time, been expected daily at Marseilles. On the evening just referred to, the manager had received a letter from the famous tragedian, stating that a severe cold would necessarily delay his visit for a few days, and praying that the intelligence might be communicated to the Directors of the Aix theatre, the next in the dramatic circuit. A letter of the desired purport was quickly written, and the manager, meeting Dugard at the wing as he left the stage, at once heartily cursed him for making a fool of himself, and ordered him to take the letter to the Aix coach-office. The unfortunate histrionic aspirant received it without murmuring, for his dignity had been so effectually condensed by his evening's reception, and Florine's participation in it, that he dared not openly revolt; therefore, bowing his head, and dropping his left foot a few inches to the rear, *secundum artem*, he received the imprecations and the letter, and withdrew upon his errand. When in the street, his noble feelings regaining their elasticity, gushed forth. "Since Florine's false, let the public hiss! who cares!—I'm sick of life!

"I'll go seek some damp and dismal cave,  
There, with these fingers, I'll dig my early grave;  
And when it's done, I'll lay me down and die,  
Since woman's constancy's—all in my eye.

"And, because I'm poor and hissed, and carry letters on the stage, must I be a message-runner in reality? If I were such a man as Talma,



I'd have managers obeying every wink and nod:—and, now the thought strikes me, what's to prevent it? Nothing!"

The letter was quickly torn into a thousand pieces, and, returning to the scene of his misery, Dugard informed his employer that the message had been properly attended to, gave in his resignation, which was forthwith accepted, received the pittance of stipend due to him, and within an hour, was fast walking on the road to Aix. He reached the city about noon, and immediately presenting himself at the head quarters of the drama, addressed the presiding functionary:

"Well, my friend, I am here at last. You see, punctuality is the politeness of business, and I am over a week in advance."

"Pray, sir," replied the important curator for the dramatic taste at Aix, at the same time puffing himself up to an inordinate size, "whom have I the honour of addressing?"

"Do you not know Talma?"

"Talma! Allow me, sir, (at the same time squeezing himself into as small a compass as the most obsequious submission could produce,) to apologize ten thousand times for my obtuseness in not at once recognizing that star which has shone so brightly in the dramatic firmament—for not instantly!"

Here he was cut short by his visiter, who forthwith commenced recounting his "hair breadth 'scapes," explained the shabbiness of his appearance to be consequent upon an attack of a band of highwaymen, recounted the details of the robbery, which had left him no money nor wardrobe, private or professional—wept as he related that his favourite Arab pair had been cut loose from his coach, and barbarously butchered before his eyes—and cursed the "lily-livered servants," who had deserted him, one only of them having got his deserts in the loss of his life by a fall from his horse. Not wishing to be recognised as he entered the city, without his retinue, he had disguised himself with the clothes of the coward lackey. The manager could not find words sufficient to express his regret, and instantly tendered any sum in advance of the anticipated proceeds of the engagement. In less than an hour the whole town rang with the news of the arrival of the greatest tragedian of the age, and nothing was talked of within its precincts but the foul robbery which had left him *minus* a princely equipage, a magnificent wardrobe, 20,000 crowns in gold, and three times that amount in valuable jewels. Letters of condolence, and offers of assistance, poured in from all sides. Chevalier de P. furnished three valets for his service; several of the most wealthy citizens placed their purses at his disposal. Count O. tendered all the magnificent dresses in which a tragedy had been privately "got up," (and by the by, *murdered*;) at his palace, a few weeks before; the notary and crown solicitor supplicated the honour of taking his deposition, that they might forthwith institute proceedings for the detection of the murderers.

Having decked himself in his "lavender robes," he acquainted the manager with his perfect readiness to perform on that very evening, in order to testify his gratitude for the hospital-

ity shown him—"and," he kindly added, in conclusion, "you may select, if you please, a couple of tragedies for the occasion."

"Did I rightly understand, Monsieur Talma—a couple of tragedies? Would monsieur perform ten acts in one evening?"

"Certainly—certainly! Have you not heard that, during my last engagement in Paris, so enthusiastic were the *encores* that we actually performed Zaire six times over in one night!"

This proof of his physical powers was sufficient; and two tragedies were announced for that evening. At an early hour in the afternoon, the avenues leading to the theatre were crowded with persons of all ages and ranks.

"Now's the day, and now's the hour," thought our hero, as he threw over his left shoulder the gorgeous purple tunic presented by Count O.—

—"this is the night;  
That either makes or undoes me quite."

The overture having been performed, and the curtain rung up, the first scenes passed off inaudibly to the crowded rows of spectators—such was the constant rush into the building. The call-boy at length summoned "*Orestes*," for his "*entrée en scene*," just as he was in the act of finishing a bottle of Marquis de S.'s choicest champagne: thanks to the united impulses of the performer's effrontery, the audience's prejudices, and the marquis' wine, the debut was a complete triumph. Several sprigs of nobility invited him to a sumptuous banquet, and the festival was protracted to a late hour. His shrewd and ingenious tales of his exploits; the kind and affable manner in which he recommended to all present to treat the lower orders of the profession, evinced his charitable disposition towards inferiors, and secured as warm admiration for his demeanour in private life as he had already obtained for his efforts on the stage. A few rubbers of whist followed the supper, and Lord A., Marquis B., Duke C., and Earl D., were "too happy," in losing a few thousand louis each, with "the *Pride of France* and *Wonder of the age*."

"After all," soliloquized Dugard, as he lay lounging upon a richly curtained bed of down, on the morning after his triumphant debut, "it's an easy affair to be a great man, if the people will only find it out. I always knew that tragedy was in me, and only wanted a chance to shine out. I used to find it difficult to earn a meagre subsistence, and now see those piles of offers"—pointing to some dozens of perfumed letters, tokens of admiration, cards of invitation, &c.

The second evening's performance but increased the public enthusiasm, and he was borne in triumph from the theatre to his hotel. The night was spent in the same manner as that which had preceded it; and on the ensuing morning the pile of letters received a material increase. Among the "*despatches*" of this day, was one of a peculiar turn. It was from the widow of a lieutenant in the army, who had fallen in the Spanish campaign, leaving her in possession of valuable landed estates. Her admiration was of a more solid character than mere approbation of his professional efforts, as she offered her wealth and hand, provided he

would promise to retire from the stage for ever. An hour was fixed for a meeting at the cathedral, in order that matters might be fairly explained *viva voce*. \* \* \*

At about noon a stranger arrived at the Prince Eugene Hotel at Aix, whose countenance was seen to exhibit a most unaccountable excitement on reading the placards announcing the "Sixth night of the engagement of Mr. Talma, the favorite tragedian of his Majesty, and the first living *artiste* in the world, whose unparalleled talents have excited the wonder of all the learned and literary societies of Europe." In answer to the stranger's application for a private parlour, he was informed by the landlord that none could be let; for the entire first and second floors were occupied by Mr. Talma; the third and fourth by the mayor of the city, and other influential friends of the illustrious tragedian. But if a chamber alone would suffice upon the fifth floor, he might occupy the only one of these left disengaged. Yielding to stern necessity, the unknown traveller was ushered into a small apartment. During the afternoon he knocked respectfully at the chamber of Talma; and obeying the summons to enter which his call elicited, he bowed deferentially, and with a thousand apologies hoped that the person who had secured for himself a crown of immortal glory, and had placed his country in an enviable rank among the nations of the earth, would condescend to give some instructions to a provincial actor, desirous of improving himself in his calling.

"You want my advice then, I suppose," was the reply, uttered in a tone and manner to be expected from an individual gruffly condescending to perform a disagreeable office. "Let me hear you rattle off something then," at the same time tipping the ashes from the end of one of Earl Fagli's matchless Havanas. "Go on, I'm listening," and pouring out a glass of the Marquis De Bianqui's choicest Madeira, he put himself into an attitude of attention, his feet raised in the most dignified manner upon a level with his head.

The stranger commenced the famous address of Orestes—his listener laid his glass aside—his knees trembled—his agitation increased as the performer proceeded; till as the eloquent appeal drew to a close, he fell upon his knees before him, exclaiming, "You *are* Talma! forgive me! forgive me!"

The stranger—Talma—the real Simon pure, raised his counterfeit imitator from his abject posture, and seemed highly pleased at the recital of the success which had crowned the adventurer's bold attempt. The name of the incognita was kept secret until the next morning; and the widow aforementioned having in the meanwhile become Mrs. Dugard, her husband renewed his solemn promise to quit the stage forever; and to his honour be it said, he not only *made* the vow, but *kept* it. On the seventh night of Talma's engagement, the genuine son of Melpomene appeared, and much as he pleased some who pretended to be judges, there were many spectators who found him inferior to the *first* of his name. Among these we include of course the remarried widow, who, notwithstanding her change of condition, kept her box, so

that she might point out to the *retired* tragedian at her side the points and readings—gestures and positions, wherein he excelled his far famed prototype. C. G.

For the Lady's Book.

### STANZAS.

Written after perusing the Dramatic Works of Sheridan Knowles.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

He sports with a sentiment rich and rare,  
As the gentle Fay with a diamond plays,  
In the sunny light of his fancy fair  
He shifts his treasure a thousand ways;  
And the princely gem, as swift it turns,  
With a lovelier glory beams and burns.

The day-beam searches the diamond's heart,  
What wealth of beauty illumed is seen!  
Its gorgeous colors like lightning dart—  
Is Iris veiled in that dazzling sheen?  
Doth she flutter her pinions of rain-bow light,  
In pride at a prism so pure and bright?

Oh! thus gem-like thoughts in an idler's mind,  
With a taste and skill less rare than his,  
Would lie as changeless and undefined  
As diamond dim in the shadow is!  
And none would dream of the sparkling play  
Of those plumes within that folded lay.

London, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE YOUTHFUL POET.

THE gem is found, the fountain is unsealed,  
And now she entereth an enchanted world  
With all her young mind's powers awake to grasp,  
The treasures it unfolds.

To her how changed  
Are all the aspects of this glorious earth,  
And the surrounding heavens. The morning sun,  
Which erst but half admiringly she viewed,  
Shines now into her heart, and kindles there  
Unutterable thoughts. The gentle moon  
Has an all marvellous beauty in her eyes;  
And with the sweet and misty stars she holds  
Communion as with angel visitor  
When other eyes are shut.

Her house is 'mid  
The dwellings of the great—but all day long  
She lingereth on some moss clothed precipice;  
Or near some forest stream indulging rich  
And ever varying fancies, while the gay,  
The beautiful, the worldly, wonder at  
Their favourite's absence.

On the scroll of fame  
Inscribed in never dying characters  
Is now that young girl's name. The crowd doth  
gaze,  
And minister of flattery's incense cup  
Whene'er she passes by.

But she is like the flower  
That yields its sweets to every gentle breeze,  
And still is not impoverished. Within  
The depth of that high heart there glows a fount  
Of pure unsullied feeling, where the streams  
Of heartless adulation yet have failed  
To make their poisonous way.

May *He*,  
Whose cherub bands with flaming sword preserved  
The tree of life, protect that sacred fount  
And to earth's sweetest singer teach at last  
The triumph song of Moses and the Lamb.

Twanda, Pa.

I. S. H.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## KITTY'S RELATIONS.

A SKETCH.—BY MISS LESLIE.

Fast they come—fast they come—see how they gather.—Scott.

## CHAPTER I.

ALBERT COLESBURY, of Philadelphia, fell in love with Catherine Branchley, of New York, at a quarter past ten o'clock, while dancing opposite to her on the evening of his arrival at Ballston Springs; there being a ball at the Sans Souci Hotel. Perhaps the precise moment selected by Cupid for directing his shaft towards the heart of our hero, was that in which the young lady acknowledged with a graceful bow, and a smile of unaffected sweetness, his civility in presenting to her a sprig of jessamine that had fallen from her hair. Shortly after, another sprig of jessamine happened to fall; and this time Colesbury was so dishonest as not to return it, but took an opportunity of slipping it within his vest.

When the set was over, he hastened to procure an introduction to Miss Branchley, by means of a young New Yorker, whom he knew, and who had just been dancing with her. Our hero would have gladly engaged her for the next set, but her hand was already promised to another gentleman; however, she smilingly consented to give it to Colesbury for the set following. Having no inclination to dance with any one else, he took his seat beside Mrs. Seabright, a young widow whom he had frequently met with at places of public resort, where she generally did him the favour to patronize him. Colesbury, unable to think of any thing else, broke forth into warm encomiums on the beauty of Miss Branchley, and even manifested his intention of endeavouring to engage her for every succeeding set. To do him justice, she really *was* pretty.

Mrs. Seabright judiciously cautioned the impetuous innamorato against all violent measures, as they would certainly have a tendency to excite false hopes in the heart of a poor simple girl, who had evidently just come out, and was of course inexperienced in both balls and beaux.

"False hopes!" exclaimed Colesbury. "Why should her hopes be false?"

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Seabright, who considered herself a wit, "the heart of the young lady may be *tender*, while that of the gentleman is only *tinder*."

"She is the most exquisite creature I ever saw in my life," returned our hero—"and the hope should be on my side rather than on hers. I am not a man to be taken by mere external beauty—but look at the faultless symmetry of her figure!"

"Tis not a set of features, or complexion,  
The tincture of a skin that I admire;"

But was there ever a purer red and white, or a nose, mouth, and chin, all more perfectly lovely. Yet these are not the charms to make an impression on *my* heart. Only look at the

heavenly blue of her eyes, and the wavy go of her hair! Certainly I am well aware that

"All that's bright must fade,  
The brightest still the fleetest."

What pearly teeth she has; so even, and so perfect! And then the turn of her head! Still I have no wish to possess a beautiful casket, unless it holds a gem within. But, if upon further acquaintance with Miss Branchley, I find her mind equal to her person, I shall esteem myself the happiest of men, if she will allow me to hope for her favour, and I will then lose no time in endeavouring to secure her as the partner of my life."

"Love at first sight is certainly a most amusing thing," remarked Mrs. Seabright, "at least to the by-standers."

"I am not in love," replied Colesbury, in a calmer tone, "not the least in love. I must first be convinced of the mental qualities of the lady."

To be brief—the next was a country dance, and before it was over, Colesbury had ascertained that Miss Branchley's mind *was* equal to her person, and his resolution was taken to declare himself as soon as propriety would allow. This term of probation did not prove very tedious, for the important avowal was made the very next morning on their way back from the spring to the house; the fair Kitty having looked divinely while taking the glass from the hand of her admirer, and holding it to her beautiful lips. The suddenness of the proposal somewhat startled the young lady, but she neither withdrew her arm, nor ran away; she only held down her head and smiled—she had not known him long enough to blush. And when he eagerly inquired if he might be permitted to hope, she said, "he might ask her pa."

In the portico she introduced him to her father, mother, and sisters, who in the enamoured eyes of Colesbury, were all exactly such people as he liked. In the course of the morning, there was much debating with closed doors in the apartment of Mrs. Branchley, and a continual mysterious gliding from room to room by all the daughters, excepting Kitty, who remained tolerably stationary, but neither looked nor moved quite as usual. In the meantime, Colesbury was asking her pa; and the old gentleman, who prided himself on being a complete man of business, said that it was not in his line to close with an offer at once, required satisfactory references as to character, standing, and ability to support a wife; and added, that if all was found right, his consent in due time should not be wanting, and mean-while he would go and consult Mrs. Branchley. Colesbury knowing that all *would* be found right, considered

ttled, and was delighted accord-

gentleman's going up stairs with  
rtant to the family of Branchley,  
lved itself into a committee of  
rather Mrs. Branchley held a  
her own apartment, surrounded  
and daughters, some seated on  
me on chairs, some on trunks,  
and some on nothing; while the fair object of  
all this confabulation stood at the window, and  
steadfastly looked out at the garden. One of  
the daughters proposed that Kitty should ask  
for a French china dinner set; another that  
she should stipulate for silk damask curtains, a  
third that she should require a carriage; and  
Mrs. Branchley strenuously urged that she  
should insist on a three story brick house.  
"Pho!" said Mr. Branchley, "all the houses  
in Philadelphia are three story. There are no  
such things there as whole streets of two story  
tenements. The Philadelphians are a people  
that make a great point of being well-lodged,  
well-fed, well-clothed, and well waited-on."  
"Dear me!" said little Lucy—the youngest  
daughter—"I hope I shall marry a Philadel-  
phian."

"As to all these foolish expectations," pur-  
sued the father, "there is no necessity in spec-  
ifying any one of them; we had best leave  
every thing to the young man's generosity, and  
no doubt he will provide all that is proper. I  
gave him to understand that nothing was to be  
expected from me; to which, like a greenhorn  
as he is, he replied, "so much the better—her  
lovely self is all I want."

"Did he really say that, pa?" exclaimed  
Kitty, turning quickly round.

"Yes—or some such nonsense. He is wait-  
ing below till we have talked it over in the  
family. I suppose I may go down and tell him  
you are all agreeable."

"I am sure I am," replied little Lucy, "it  
will be so nice to visit sister Kitty in her Phila-  
delphia house."

Having thus taken the sense of the meeting,  
Mr. Branchley left the room—but an after-  
thought striking him, he put his head in at the  
door and said—"Kitty, I forgot to ask if you  
think you can love this Mr. Colesbury?"

"To be sure she can," answered all her sis-  
ters.

"I don't know indeed, pa," replied Kitty,  
"But there is nothing like trying, as you al-  
ways told me when I had a hard grammar les-  
son to learn."

"Pho! fiddlestick," said her father, "com-  
pare a handsome young man to a grammar les-  
son! His taking such a wonderful fancy to  
you, has made you like him already, I know it  
has."

Kitty now really blushed, and her sisters all,  
very elegantly, pointed and laughed at her, ex-  
claiming—"There—there—see how red she is!"  
till the poor girl was fain to take refuge in her  
own apartment, while her father went down to  
inform Colesbury, (whom he found impatiently  
rambling about the lower part of the house)  
that "things were going on swimmingly above  
stairs."

By evening, it was known throughout all

the hotels and boarding-houses in Ballston, that  
Mr. Colesbury was engaged to Miss Kitty  
Branchley; and there was consequently much  
talk about "all is not gold that glitters—love  
at first sight—marrying in haste, and repenting  
at leisure—and marriages being made in  
heaven, or otherwise;" with divers sage remarks  
and ominous prophecies that are prevalent on  
such occasions.

The Branchleys remained a week longer at  
the springs; but though her marriageable sis-  
ters were all there, none of them had such luck  
as Kitty. Nature indeed, had done more for  
her than any other of her family, though the im-  
provement of her mind had been greatly re-  
tarded by moving only in the common-place  
and unrefined circle of her relatives, who associa-  
ted almost entirely with each other; for though  
they had not sufficient heart or intellect to be  
very affectionate, the Branchleys, like many  
other people of their calibre, were very clannish.  
She was supposed to take after a certain aunt  
Catherine, whose namesake she was, and who  
having married an English gentleman, had  
gone with him to London, and died there. Her  
aunt Catherine was indeed a lady of nature's  
own making, but she had left America when  
her favourite niece was a mere child; and  
Kitty had little opportunity of becoming any  
thing at home, and still less at a superficial  
school.

The Branchleys were people in middle life.  
Mr. Branchley was engaged in business rather  
extensively than profitably. He had eleven  
children; his wife was a weak inactive woman;  
his daughters had been brought up with as little  
trouble to their mother as possible, and none  
were yet married except the elder, who was  
living in the city of New York. He had two  
sons, idle, worthless young men, and another, a  
troublesome boy. They lived in one of the  
short streets between Broadway and the North  
river; and there were many things in their es-  
tablishment and in themselves that would have  
grated harshly on the feelings and tastes of our  
hero when he accompanied them down to the  
city, only that like Darby, "he was so wrapped  
up in love." As it was, he saw every thing  
*coulour de rose*.

He could scarcely tear himself from his *belle  
fiancée* to return to Philadelphia. Every thing  
was settled satisfactorily, and Colesbury pro-  
ceeded to take a house, employing his sister,  
Mrs. Leedom, (the widow of a man of some for-  
tune, and a judicious and amiable woman) to  
superintend the furnishing of it. In the mean-  
while he made weekly visits to New York; al-  
ways going and coming in the mail, that his  
time there might be as long as possible; the  
hours to him seeming to fly like minutes.

## CHAPTER II.

Albert Colesbury was married to Miss  
Branchley in due form, for in those days a wed-  
ding was a much greater thing than it is now.  
He had understood that it was to be entirely  
private, not a creature to be there, as Mrs.  
Branchley told him, except those that belonged  
to the family. When the important hour ar-  
rived, if he could have thought of any thing but

his lovely Kitty, our hero would have been a little surprized to find that he was leading her through a crowd of people, who considerably formed a lane to let the procession pass to the upper end of the farthest parlour. There the father and mother, and the clergyman, and lots of elderly persons were waiting to receive the bride and groom, and their five bridesmaids and groomsmen, the whole eight of whom were her brothers, sisters, and cousins; as were, indeed, all the young people present.

There were mothers elevating babies in their arms, that in after life the poor little things might say they had seen Kitty Branchley's wedding. There were fathers trying to keep quiet prattling little girls and restless little boys, grasping tightly a hand of each, and threatening them aside with dismission to bed, and loss of cake. Big girls put themselves forward in the front rows, and big boys stood on chairs that they might look over the heads of the company. Servants, and friends of servants, and servant's friend's friends, protruded far within the parlour doors, filled *en masse* the entry, and blocked up the windows outside, mounted on benches, tubs, and barrels, to get a peep over each other's shoulders.

The fair Kitty held down her head, and Colesbury actually sympathized in her confusion. There was a murmur of applause as the young couple passed along, both looking their very best, as is generally the case with brides and bridegrooms. The marriage ceremony commenced immediately, and as usual seemed very short to the audience. Then "the ladies and the females" crowded round the bride, and they were so numerous that it took half an hour for all of them to get through the kissing and congratulating. And then the cake and wine were handed round, after which divers of her friends walked up to her, and asked, "if she did not feel already like an old married woman?"

Not knowing whether she ought to say yes or no, she merely smiled and said nothing, and Colesbury relieved her by gaily remarking, "that though certainly a *married woman*, he could not perceive why Mrs. Colesbury should so immediately become an *old one*."

"La! only think!" said little Lucy, "he's calling her Mrs. Colesbury already!" And now every body took occasion to call the bride by her new name, and they crowded round her, men, women, and children, and all said something to her that they might have an opportunity of saying Mrs. Colesbury.

"I thought," said Colesbury, in a low voice to his mother-in-law, "that our wedding was to be entirely private."

"So it is," replied Mrs. Branchley, "how can it be more so, when every one present belongs to our own family, either by blood or marriage."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Colesbury, glancing round upon the company, the majority of whom, to say the truth, were very odd-looking people. "Are all these Kitty's relations?" "Every one of them," said Mrs. Branchley, "and they are all yours now, and have been so since eight o'clock." Even in the midst of his felicity, our hero felt a momentary sort of thrill, or chill, or something that was not precisely

"a-kin to rapture" at this information. But he immediately consoled himself by recollecting the distance that divided New York from Philadelphia; and that many of these persons might live perhaps as far north as the lakes, or as far west as the Mississippi; there being no reason, in our country, why people should not come a thousand miles to a wedding. Some of them, it is true, he had met with before on his courting visits; but his attention then had been too agreeably occupied to allow him either to observe or to remember all the various objects that went in and out, or sat about in Mr. Branchley's parlours.

Mrs. Branchley now undertook to designate the company, separately, to Kitty's new husband, as she called him; introducing those that were near, and pointing out those that were distant. "This," said she, "is aunt Nancy Widgery—of course you know aunt Nancy. And this is Mr. Kipmash, sister Jane's husband; you are very well acquainted with brother Kipmash; he's an extensive brewer, and has talked to you often. And here are my nephews, Gulian and Barent Vanskiver, your cousins now. Barent and you will suit exactly—he's quite literary, and writes the verses and poetry for half a dozen newspapers. He don't give his real name, but signs himself, "the Bird of New York"—"Bard, mamma," interrupted Kitty, "the Bard of New York." "Well, no matter," proceeded her mother, "Bird or Bard, it's much the same. You must excuse his coming to the wedding in an old coat, as he's a poet. He's the only poet in the family; and, between ourselves, it's well there's no more of them. And here is cousin John Smith; I dare say you've often heard of him. That's his wife, Mary Smith; and those are his three daughters, Ann, Jane, and Sarah; and these are his three sons, William, Thomas, and James. The Smiths are quite a great family. That is cousin Mary Smith's cousin, Bellamira Appleshaw, a very nice girl, is she not—only a little crooked. And this is Bellamira's brother's son, little Columbus Appleshaw; you must remember picking him up one day when he tumbled off the stoop. That's uncle Rapjohn, who keeps a great boy's school up in Latintown. And here is aunt Hannah Stoutenburgh, you know you saw her home one evening to Twenty Second street."

It cannot be denied that all this was somewhat irksome to our hero; but he recollected that a man should always be agreeable at his own wedding; so he shook hands, and spoke smilingly to each of his new relations, not excepting even aunt Hannah Stoutenburgh. In the course of the evening, while the company were eating nine plum cakes, (for Mrs. Branchley afterwards averred that such was the quantity consumed in parlour, kitchen, and yard,) he became acquainted with various other aunts, uncles, and cousins, not included in her *catalogue raisonnée*; and he had a secret misgiving that with regard to kinsmen, kinswomen, and kins-children, it might sometimes be as well if man and wife were *not* one. As the only living relative on his own side was his sister, Mrs. Leedom, he felt that the exchange was against him. But though surrounded by her relatives "thick as leaves in Valombrosa," Kitty stood

beside him in full beauty and sweetness—so he “looked in her face, and quite forgot them all.” “To-morrow evening,” thought he, “will find us in another city, established in our own house, and having it all to ourselves.”

Next day, he found that Mrs. Branchley, and two of her daughters, Susan and Sarah, with her youngest child, a boy of eight years old, were all ready to accompany himself and his wife to Philadelphia.

### CHAPTER III.

On their arrival in Philadelphia, they were received at Colesbury's house by Mrs. Leedom, who had declined an invitation to the wedding, because she preferred remaining to give the last finish to the convenience of her brother's new home. Mrs. Leedom had selected and arranged every thing with so much good taste, good sense, and regard to comfort, that it was impossible for the bride to be otherwise than highly pleased; and Colesbury warmly expressed his gratitude to his sister. To Kitty, the transition from her mother's house to her own appeared delightful; and she soon perceived that she had hitherto been living in a very ill-managed and comfortless home. Even the general aspect of the two mansions was so very different. The Branchley house was a two story structure, with its brown sand-stone door step covered with mildew, and dingy window mouldings to match; its dusty pavement grass-grown near the wall, and a perpetual dirt-heap in front; two showy parlours, with ill-kept tawdry furniture; slovenly, crowded, and comfortless bed-rooms, including two badly-finished attics; a dark, low, damp eating-room down in the basement story; and a dismal smoky kitchen, very scantily furnished with utensils. The new residence of our heroine, was a bright modern-built three story house, the door steps and window mouldings of snow-white marble, the pavement far cleaner than her mother's parlours, the whole interior of the house well-finished from top to bottom, and abounding in conveniences to which Kitty Branchley had been a stranger; for instance, the inexhaustible supply of water.

Colesbury, in the kindness of his heart, was now rather glad that his mother-in-law had accompanied them to Philadelphia, being highly gratified with the delight that every thing seemed to give her in the new abode of her daughter; and he submitted with a good grace to the inconveniences always occasioned by the visits of weak, inconsiderate people, who have never accustomed themselves at home to any thing like system or regularity. Mrs. Branchley, who said she always indulged herself whenever she could, breakfasted in bed while the guest of her daughter, after which she usually took another nap, and seldom left her room before twelve. Susan and Sarah came to the breakfast table, but so irregularly that it was frequently kept setting till near eleven; Mrs. Colesbury exerting herself to join her husband in his morning repast at an early hour. The boy of eight years old, (who was called Jack by his father and brothers, John by his sisters, and Johnny by his mother) was always

up at daylight, at which time he commenced on a course of bread and butter, diversified with nuts and apples; rambling in and out of the house, up stairs and down, and strewing the floors with greasy crumbs, nut-shells, and apple cores; not to mention frequent visits to the kitchen to tease the cook for hot cakes as fast as she baked them. He came to the breakfast table with his sister Kitty and her husband, who often wished him at school with Mr. Rapjohn; and having previously satisfied his appetite, he had nothing to do but spill coffee, splash gravy, and smear butter. A great part of his morning was spent in the amusement of seating himself in a tilted chair behind each of the venetian blinds in turn, and pushing the blind back and forwards with his forehead, trying how far he could make it go, and how loudly he could make it flap at the rebound. Though furnished by his brother-in-law with both Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights, even those books could not induce him to read; his mother averring that he had never in his life been fond of study, and that she would much rather see a boy full of life and spirit, than have him a mere book-worm. The life and spirit of her son John evinced itself in his standing with muddy feet on the chairs to pull the gilding off the picture frames, breaking the handles from off the side-board drawers, hacking the edges of the tables with his knife, and making incisions in the sofas so as to let out the hair. These and similar exploits were always laughed at by his sisters, Susan and Sarah, except when he took up their silk frocks to wipe his greasy hands on them, and his mother generally threatened him with punishment “if ever he did so again.” He always did so again, and never was punished, though his brother-in-law longed incessantly to lay hands on him; but Kitty, who had a high idea of the duties of hospitality, was not sure that in her own house even a mischievous boy should be checked or reprimanded; knowing, besides, that her mother would ill-brook any objection to the proceedings of her darling.

Nor did night bring any relief from this boy-torment. He slept in the room with his mother, and was afraid to go to bed by himself; therefore he worried about the parlour all the first part of the evening, seemingly in perpetual motion; sitting on every chair in the room, and scraping them back and forwards over the carpet, getting under the centre table, and shaking the astral lamp so as to spill the oil, or crack the glass by sending it against the flame—and then seizing hold of the cloth to help himself up; by which means he one night pulled down upon the carpet the lamp and all that was on the table. When tired of mischief, and overcome with drowsiness, he usually flung himself to sleep on an ottoman, with his head hanging down over the edge of the seat, and his feet elevated far above it and plastered against one of the upright cushions. As his posture was uncouth and uncomfortable, he breathed heavily, and uttered a variety of guttural and nasal sounds that were always unpleasant and sometimes startling. There was no use in attempting to place him in a more tolerable position, for this being the one to which he was

his lovely Kitty, our hero would have been a little surprised to find that he was leading her through a crowd of people, who considerably formed a lane to let the procession pass to the upper end of the farthest parlour. There the father and mother, and the clergyman, and lots of elderly persons were waiting to receive the bride and groom, and their five bridesmaids and groomsmen, the whole eight of whom were her brothers, sisters, and cousins; as were, indeed, all the young people present.

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The fair Kitty held down her head, as if Colesbury actually sympathized in her position. There was a murmur of approval as a young couple passed along, both very best, as is generally the case with the bridegrooms. The marriage ceremony commenced immediately, and very short to the audience. The "bridesmaids and the females" crowded round them, as they were so numerous that for all of them to get through the crowd was a task. The bridegroom was congratulating. And then the bride was handed round, after which the friends walked up to the bride and groom, and did not feel already tired.

Not knowing where to go, the bride and groom, she merely showed places, and Colesbury relieved her. Kitty had a party of "that though a very favorable impression they could not perceive at which they received of so immediate and hardly be otherwise than favorable."

"La! only indeed they appeared in no calling he went to their own home, protracting now ever to eight weeks, notwithstanding Mr. by her name in his letters complained bitterly that men, whether Jane, (who had been left house-thing was out all day long, that Lucy spent nity whole time with the servants, that every "was more than ever at "sixes and sevens," to that he was obliged to get all his dinners b the plate-houses.

Finally, the old gentleman came to Philadelphia to spend a week, and take home his run-ways (as he called them,) and now that he saw more of his father-in-law, Colesbury was convinced that though a very well-meaning man, the scope of Mr. Branchley's ideas was very limited. He believed him implicitly when her father assured him that in taking Kitty, he had secured the flower of the flock.

At last, the guests departed, (having twice missed the steamboat by being too late at the wharf) consoling their entertainers with the assurance that having found their visit so agreeable they would frequently repeat it, and always

"a-kin to rapture" at this immediately consoled him the distance that divided delphia; and that man live perhaps as far west as the Mississippi in our country, a thousand miles it is true, he is ing visits; but agreeably serve or that were ley's p

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KITTY'S RELATIONS.

as accom- maid. As soon as he recollected that of all Mrs. Hibberts was the one he; and both she and her husband at unprepossessing in appearance and her. When he looked at her, he wondered how any man could have married such a woman, and when he looked at him, he wondered how any woman could have married such a man.

"Well Kitty," said Mrs. Hibberts, immediately on her arrival, "I have heard such a flaming account of Philadelphia from ma' and the girls (who cannot, I think, be in their right senses) that I determined to come and judge for myself. It is to me perfectly astounding that any New Yorkers, worthy of the name, should allow themselves to be so worked upon as to fall into raptures with any other city than their own—Philadelphia especially.

"Mary," said Mrs. Colesbury, "have you forgotten already that my husband is a Philadelphian?"

"To be sure I have not," replied Mrs. Hibberts—that, unfortunately, he cannot help. But to think that any of our family, all born within five minutes walk of Broadway, should turn against New York!"

"Most extraordinary indeed! observed Mr. Hibberts, rising up, and pacing the room.

"I could not have believed it possible," proceeded his wife, "that my mother and my sisters should be thus wanting to themselves in respect for their native place. And I suppose you also Kitty, prefer Philadelphia to New York, notwithstanding you were born there."

"That, unfortunately, she could not help," said Colesbury.

Mrs. Hibberts turned quickly round and looked sharply at him, to see if he could possibly be serious; but finding that he smiled, she concluded he was only making a bad jest, and merely gave her head a toss.

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me of the most remarka-  
husband having gone  
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time evincing a disposition to oblige and accom-  
modate, dressed with neatness and propriety,  
and behaving in such a manner as to deserve  
respect and consideration."

"For all this," cried Mrs. Hibberts, "I am  
very certain that it cannot be right to put girls  
into stores, or it would be done in New York."

"Beside the whole range of the mechanic  
arts," proceeded Mrs. Leedom, not noticing the  
interruption—"there are so many trades and  
professions open to men and beyond the reach  
of women, that I am sorry we are not every  
where allowed the exclusive privilege of the  
modes of earning a livelihood that are par-  
ticularly suited to our sex. For instance, I  
the employment of women in retail dry-  
fancy stores should be encouraged  
the Union. Certainly the showing,  
and measuring off articles of fe-  
male small quantities, is rather an  
for a man."

#### CHAPTER V.

entering one of the principal stores in  
Chesnut street, Mrs. Hibberts inquired for  
French worked pelerines. The whole of their  
large assortment was shown to her, and she  
found a different fault with each, pronouncing  
them all very inferior to similar articles at the  
Broadway stores, and exclaiming loudly at the  
prices, sometimes with a laugh of derision.  
She then asked for worked collars, and after  
tumbling over all that were contained in the  
various boxes, she declared there was not one  
among them that she would be seen to wear in  
New York. Scarfs were her next demand, and  
scarfs were shown till the stock was exhausted.  
She pronounced them all too plain, and too pale-  
coloured. She then got down to a ribbon for  
her neck, and when the ribbons were exhibited  
they also were not gay enough. Mrs. Leedom  
could have told her that high-coloured gaudy  
scarfs and ribbons were never worn in any city  
by the most genteel people, or by those of the  
best taste; but she merely remarked that in  
Philadelphia delicate tints were generally pre-  
ferred. "That is because you are all quakers,"  
said Mrs. Hibberts, meaning to be very severe.  
"Not quite all," replied Mrs. Leedom, smiling.  
"Oh yes, you are—at least you all have quaker  
ways. But I don't know why I should take the  
trouble to look at these pelerines and collars  
and scarfs and things, when before I left New  
York I provided myself with more of such arti-  
cles than I could wear in a twelvemonth. My  
shopping here is nothing but waste of time, and  
labour in vain." In this last sentence no doubt  
the poor girls behind the counter agreed with  
her.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Leedom bought herself  
some lace, as an atonement for the trouble and  
annoyance caused by her companion. They  
then went to the next fancy dry-good store,  
where a similar scene was acted over, and Mrs.  
Leedom purchased some gloves as a salvo.

"Are there no stores any where else in  
Philadelphia?" asked Mrs. Hibberts. And in  
hearing that there were a great number in  
Second street, she proposed going thither. In  
one of the first of these, her attention was at-

#### KITTY'S RELATIONS.

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me  
gaining at  
my bag well  
care how they

you would like to see this  
Kitty.

"I don't know that I should  
objection to take a look at some of  
shops, and see if their goods are not far  
superior to those of New York, and much higher  
priced. There are several things I want to get."

Mrs. Leedom, who had just come in, then  
kindly volunteered to go shopping with her.  
Colesbury departed to his place of business,  
wondering, as men will wonder, that a woman  
should want any thing new the very day after  
her arrival with a cart-load of trunks and  
band-boxes.

Mrs. Hibberts, after directing her sister to  
have an eye to the baby and to little Georgy,  
and above all to Norah their maid, departed  
with Mrs. Leedom, who, at her request, con-  
ducted her to Chesnut street.

"I see," said Mr. Hibberts, "you have the  
barbarous custom here of putting girls to attend  
in dry-goods stores."

"Why is it barbarous?" asked Mrs. Leedom.

Mrs. Hibberts could not say why, and re-  
mained silent, while her companion proceeded.

"Excuse my saying that I greatly approve of  
the custom. It affords a respectable living to a  
great number of young females, and I have  
never perceived or heard that it has had any ill  
effect on their morals or manners. Their cus-  
tomers are almost exclusively of their own sex,  
and the courtesy and patience that is necessary  
in dealing with ladies is well calculated to im-  
prove the deportment of these young women,  
and to teach them the valuable art of self-com-  
mand. You will see that they are almost uni-  
versally girls of good appearance, and good  
manners, acute in business, but at the same



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"Is it possible," exclaimed Colesbury, glancing round upon the company, the majority of whom, to say the truth, were very odd-looking people. "Are all these Kitty's relations?" "Every one of them," said Mrs. Branchley, "and they are all yours now, and have been so since eight o'clock." Even in the midst of his felicity, our hero felt a momentary sort of thrill, or chill, or something that was not precisely

"a-kin to rapture" at this information. But he immediately consoled himself by recollecting the distance that divided New York from Philadelphia; and that many of these persons might live perhaps as far north as the lakes, or as far west as the Mississippi; there being no reason, in our country, why people should not come a thousand miles to a wedding. Some of them, it is true, he had met with before on his court-ship visits; but his attention then had been too agreeably occupied to allow him either to observe or to remember all the various objects that went in and out, or sat about in Mr. Branchley's parlours.

Mrs. Branchley now undertook to designate the company, separately, to Kitty's new husband, as she called him; introducing those that were near, and pointing out those that were distant. "This," said she, "is aunt Nancy Widgery—of course you know aunt Nancy. And this is Mr. Kipmash, sister Jane's husband; you are very well acquainted with brother Kipmash; he's an extensive brewer, and has talked to you often. And here are my nephews, Gulian and Barent Vanskiver, your cousins now. Barent and you will suit exactly—he's quite literary, and writes the verses and poetry for half a dozen newspapers. He don't give his real name, but signs himself, 'the Bird of New York'—"Bard, mamma," interrupted Kitty, "the Bard of New York." "Well, no matter," proceeded her mother, "Bird or Bard, it's much the same. You must excuse his coming to the wedding in an old coat, as he's a poet. He's the only poet in the family; and, between ourselves, it's well there's no more of them. And here is cousin John Smith; I dare say you've often heard of him. That's his wife, Mary Smith; and those are his three daughters, Ann, Jane, and Sarah; and these are his three sons, William, Thomas, and James. The Smiths are quite a great family. That is cousin Mary Smith's cousin, Bellamira Appleshaw, a very nice girl, is she not—only a little crooked. And this is Bellamira's brother's son, little Columbus Appleshaw; you must remember picking him up one day when he tumbled off the stoop. That's uncle Rapjohn, who keeps a great boy's school up in Latintown. And here is aunt Hannah Stoutenburgh, you know you saw her home one evening to Twenty Second street."

It cannot be denied that all this was somewhat irksome to our hero; but he recollected that a man should always be agreeable at his own wedding; so he shook hands, and spoke smilingly to each of his new relations, not excepting even aunt Hannah Stoutenburgh. In the course of the evening, while the company were eating nine plum cakes, (for Mrs. Branchley afterwards averred that such was the quantity consumed in parlour, kitchen, and yard,) he became acquainted with various other aunts, uncles, and cousins, not included in her *catalogue raisonnée*; and he had a secret misgiving that with regard to kinsmen, kinswomen, and kins-children, it might sometimes be as well if man and wife were *not* one. As the only living relative on his own side was his sister, Mrs. Leedom, he felt that the exchange was against him. But though surrounded by her relatives "thick as leaves in Valombrosa," Kitty stood

beside him in full beauty and sweetness—so he “looked in her face, and quite forgot them all.” “To-morrow evening,” thought he, “will find us in another city, established in our own house, and having it all to ourselves.”

Next day, he found that Mrs. Branchley, and two of her daughters, Susan and Sarah, with her youngest child, a boy of eight years old, were all ready to accompany himself and his wife to Philadelphia.

#### CHAPTER III.

On their arrival in Philadelphia, they were received at Colesbury's house by Mrs. Leedom, who had declined an invitation to the wedding, because she preferred remaining to give the last finish to the convenience of her brother's new home. Mrs. Leedom had selected and arranged every thing with so much good taste, good sense, and regard to comfort, that it was impossible for the bride to be otherwise than highly pleased; and Colesbury warmly expressed his gratitude to his sister. To Kitty, the transition from her mother's house to her own appeared delightful; and she soon perceived that she had hitherto been living in a very ill-managed and comfortless home. Even the general aspect of the two mansions was so very different. The Branchley house was a two story structure, with its brown sand-stone door step covered with mildew, and dingy window mouldings to match; its dusty pavement grass-grown near the wall, and a perpetual dirt-heap in front; two showy parlours, with ill-kept tawdry furniture; slovenly, crowded, and comfortless bed-rooms, including two badly-finished attics; a dark, low, damp eating-room down in the basement story; and a dismal smoky kitchen, very scantily furnished with utensils. The new residence of our heroine, was a bright modern-built three story house, the door steps and window mouldings of snow-white marble, the pavement far cleaner than her mother's parlours, the whole interior of the house well-finished from top to bottom, and abounding in conveniences to which Kitty Branchley had been a stranger; for instance, the inexhaustible supply of water.

Colesbury, in the kindness of his heart, was now rather glad that his mother-in-law had accompanied them to Philadelphia, being highly gratified with the delight that every thing seemed to give her in the new abode of her daughter; and he submitted with a good grace to the inconveniences always occasioned by the visits of weak, inconsiderate people, who have never accustomed themselves at home to any thing like system or regularity. Mrs. Branchley, who said she always indulged herself whenever she could, breakfasted in bed while the guest of her daughter, after which she usually took another nap, and seldom left her room before twelve. Susan and Sarah came to the breakfast table, but so irregularly that it was frequently kept setting till near eleven; Mrs. Colesbury exerting herself to join her husband in his morning repast at an early hour. The boy of eight years old, (who was called Jack by his father and brothers, John by his sisters, and Johnny by his mother) was always

up at daylight, at which time he commenced on a course of bread and butter, diversified with nuts and apples; rambling in and out of the house, up stairs and down, and strewing the floors with greasy crumbs, nut-shells, and apple cores; not to mention frequent visits to the kitchen to tease the cook for hot cakes as fast as she baked them. He came to the breakfast table with his sister Kitty and her husband, who often wished him at school with Mr. Rapjohn; and having previously satisfied his appetite, he had nothing to do but spill coffee, splash gravy, and smear butter. A great part of his morning was spent in the amusement of seating himself in a tilted chair behind each of the venetian blinds in turn, and pushing the blind back and forwards with his forehead, trying how far he could make it go, and how loudly he could make it flap at the rebound. Though furnished by his brother-in-law with both Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights, even those books could not induce him to read; his mother averring that he had never in his life been fond of study, and that she would much rather see a boy full of life and spirit, than have him a mere book-worm. The life and spirit of her son John evinced itself in his standing with muddy feet on the chairs to pull the gilding off the picture frames, breaking the handles from off the side-board drawers, hacking the edges of the tables with his knife, and making incisions in the sofas so as to let out the hair. These and similar exploits were always laughed at by his sisters, Susan and Sarah, except when he took up their silk frocks to wipe his greasy hands on them, and his mother generally threatened him with punishment “if ever he did so again.” He always did so again, and never was punished, though his brother-in-law longed incessantly to lay hands on him; but Kitty, who had a high idea of the duties of hospitality, was not sure that in her own house even a mischievous boy should be checked or reprimanded; knowing, besides, that her mother would ill-brook any objection to the proceedings of her darling.

Nor did night bring any relief from this boy-torment. He slept in the room with his mother, and was afraid to go to bed by himself; therefore he worried about the parlour all the first part of the evening, seemingly in perpetual motion; sitting on every chair in the room, and scraping them back and forwards over the carpet, getting under the centre table, and shaking the astral lamp so as to spill the oil, or crack the glass by sending it against the flame—and then seizing hold of the cloth to help himself up; by which means he one night pulled down upon the carpet the lamp and all that was on the table. When tired of mischief, and overcome with drowsiness, he usually flung himself to sleep on an ottoman, with his head hanging down over the edge of the seat, and his feet elevated far above it and plastered against one of the upright cushions. As his posture was uncouth and uncomfortable, he breathed heavily, and uttered a variety of guttural and nasal sounds that were always unpleasant and sometimes startling. There was no use in attempting to place him in a more tolerable position, for this being the one to which he was

most accustomed, he only gave a yell and a kick, and then resumed it. When finally wakened at ten or eleven o'clock to be conveyed to bed, his screams to be let alone were tremendous.

All this, however, was borne by his mother with perfect *nonchalance*; for, as she said, none of her children had ever been willing to go to bed. His sisters too were quite used to these scenes; but Kitty justly fearing that her husband was much incommoded, though he avoided showing it, felt greatly the annoyance. Colesbury, now that his eyes began to open, found nothing in either Mrs. Branchley, Susan, or Sarah, to compensate for the inconvenience of his bad brother-in-law. None of them knew any thing, or could talk of any thing out of their delectable family circle; and mixing so little with the rest of the world had made them narrow-minded, selfish, and bigoted to their own habits and notions. In the house of their new relative, they made themselves so much at home, as to be utterly regardless of his time or convenience; keeping every meal waiting a most uncomfortable while, whether they went out or stayed at home; and whenever they were to ride, the carriage was kept standing at the door (with Johnny jumping in and out) frequently for more than an hour, as they never could be prevailed on to begin their preparations in time, or to hurry in the least after they had begun. They were too late every where, and too late with every thing; and even Kitty, who really did love her husband, found it very difficult at first to conquer the habits in which she had been brought up. Colesbury now easily divined one of the reasons why his father-in-law had never got before-hand with the world. The families that had visited his bride, out of regard to him, showed much civility to her mother and sisters, and invited them all to their respective houses. They were at frequent parties; were taken by Colesbury to all the show places, and while they were with her, Kitty had a party of her own; so that whatever impression *they* might have made, that which they received of Philadelphia could hardly be otherwise than favourable. And indeed they appeared in no haste to return to their own home, protracting their stay to eight weeks, notwithstanding Mr. Branchley in his letters complained bitterly that his daughter Jane, (who had been left house-keeper,) was out all day long, that Lucy spent her whole time with the servants, that every thing was more than ever at "sixes and sevens," and that he was obliged to get all his dinners at the plate-houses.

Finally, the old gentleman came to Philadelphia to spend a week, and take home his run-aways (as he called them,) and now that he saw more of his father-in-law, Colesbury was convinced that though a very well-meaning man, the scope of Mr. Branchley's ideas was very limited. He believed him implicitly when her father assured him that in taking Kitty, he had secured the flower of the flock.

At last, the guests departed, (having twice missed the steamboat by being too late at the wharf) consoling their entertainers with the assurance that having found their visit so agreeable they would frequently repeat it, and always

bring Johnny. No one can say that they did not faithfully adhere to their promise.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A week passed on quietly and pleasantly, Colesbury and Kitty being for the first time since their marriage enabled to enjoy each other's society without perpetual interruption. Mrs. Leedom had found her sister-in-law an apt and docile pupil in the art of keeping house Philadelphia fashion, and very favourably disposed towards a city which had always been the home of her husband, and which had now become hers.

After they were gone, Colesbury felt so happy and so amiable, that he soon began to fear he had not done justice to his late guests, and that, as the near relations of his beloved Kitty, it was impossible they should be deficient in as many things as he had supposed. And Kitty, who was by far the most affectionate of the family, was glad to perceive that her husband did not look gravely when a few lines arrived from her married sister, Mary Hibberts, to announce that she was coming to make them a short visit, and would arrive next day.

When Mrs. Hibberts arrived she was accompanied by her husband, a baby, a boy of two years old, and a child's maid. As soon as Colesbury saw her, he recollected that of all Kitty's sisters, Mrs. Hibberts was the one he liked the least; and both she and her husband were most unprepossessing in appearance and manner. When he looked at her, he wondered how any man could have married such a woman, and when he looked at him, he wondered how any woman could have married such a man.

"Well Kitty," said Mrs. Hibberts, immediately on her arrival. "I have heard such a flaming account of Philadelphia from ma' and the girls (who cannot, I think, be in their right senses) that I determined to come and judge for myself. It is to me perfectly astounding that any New Yorkers, worthy of the name, should allow themselves to be so worked upon as to fall into raptures with any other city than their own—Philadelphia especially.

"Mary," said Mrs. Colesbury, "have you forgotten already that my husband is a Philadelphian?"

"To be sure I have not," replied Mrs. Hibberts—that, unfortunately, he cannot help. But to think that any of our family, all born within five minutes' walk of Broadway, should turn against New York!"

"Most extraordinary indeed! observed Mr. Hibberts, rising up, and pacing the room.

"I could not have believed it possible," proceeded his wife, "that *my* mother and *my* sisters should be thus wanting to themselves in respect for their native place. And I suppose you also Kitty, prefer Philadelphia to New York, notwithstanding you were born there."

"That, unfortunately, she could not help," said Colesbury.

Mrs. Hibberts turned quickly round and looked sharply at him, to see if he could possibly be serious; but finding that he smiled, she concluded he was only making a bad jest, and merely gave her head a toss.

Next morning Colesbury volunteered to escort Mrs. Hibberts to some of the most remarkable places of the city, her husband having gone on some business to Baltimore. She declined the proposal, saying that she had not yet sufficiently recovered from the fatigue of her journey to go fagging after sights, and that besides she had always heard there was nothing worth seeing in Philadelphia.

"We have a very fine museum," said Colesbury.

"I am not such a child," replied Mrs. Hibberts, "as to take any interest in shells and beetles, and stuffed wild beasts. I learnt all my natural history at school."

"Then there is West's fine picture," said Kitty, "that he presented to the Pennsylvania Hospital. After seeing it I could think of nothing else all day."

"Truly you spent your day very profitably," returned Mrs. Hibberts, with a sneer. "For my part I never could abide pictures—they leave horrid marks on the wall paper."

"The Mint is much visited by strangers," said Colesbury, trying to speak very mildly—"would you not like to see the process of coining money?"

"I'd rather you'd go there and bring me some," answered Mrs. Hibberts, laughing at her own wit. "Let me only have my bag well filled with dollars, and I don't care how they are made."

"Is there nothing you would like to see this fine morning?" asked Kitty.

"Why if I *must* be dragged somewhere," replied her sister, "I don't know that I should have any objection to take a look at some of your shops, and see if their goods are not far inferior to those of New York, and much higher priced. There are several things I want to get."

Mrs. Leedom, who had just come in, then kindly volunteered to go shopping with her. Colesbury departed to his place of business, wondering, as men will wonder, that a woman should want any thing new the very day after her arrival with a cart-load of trunks and band-boxes.

Mrs. Hibberts, after directing her sister to have an eye to the baby and to little Georgy, and above all to Norah their maid, departed with Mrs. Leedom, who, at her request, conducted her to Chesnut street.

"I see," said Mr. Hibberts, "you have the barbarous custom here of putting girls to attend in dry-goods stores."

"Why is it barbarous?" asked Mrs. Leedom.

Mrs. Hibberts could not say why, and remained silent, while her companion proceeded.

"Excuse my saying that I greatly approve of the custom. It affords a respectable living to a great number of young females, and I have never perceived or heard that it has had any ill effect on their morals or manners. Their customers are almost exclusively of their own sex, and the courtesy and patience that is necessary in dealing with ladies is well calculated to improve the deportment of these young women, and to teach them the valuable art of self-command. You will see that they are almost universally girls of good appearance, and good manners, acute in business, but at the same

time evincing a disposition to oblige and accommodate, dressed with neatness and propriety, and behaving in such a manner as to deserve respect and consideration."

"For all this," cried Mrs. Hibberts, "I am very certain that it cannot be right to put girls into stores, or it would be done in New York."

"Beside the whole range of the mechanic arts," proceeded Mrs. Leedom, not noticing the interruption—"there are so many trades and professions open to men and beyond the reach of women, that I am sorry we are not every where allowed the exclusive privilege of the few modes of earning a livelihood that are particularly suited to our sex. For instance, I think the employment of women in retail dry-goods or fancy stores should be encouraged throughout the Union. Certainly the showing, recommending, and measuring off articles of female dress in small quantities, is rather an effeminate business for a man."

#### CHAPTER V.

On entering one of the principal stores in Chesnut street, Mrs. Hibberts inquired for French worked pelerines. The whole of their large assortment was shown to her, and she found a different fault with each, pronouncing them all very inferior to similar articles at the Broadway stores, and exclaiming loudly at the prices, sometimes with a laugh of derision. She then asked for worked collars, and after tumbling over all that were contained in the various boxes, she declared there was not one among them that she would be seen to wear in New York. Scarfs were her next demand, and scarfs were shown till the stock was exhausted. She pronounced them all too plain, and too pale-coloured. She then got down to a ribbon for her neck, and when the ribbons were exhibited they also were not gay enough. Mrs. Leedom could have told her that high-coloured gaudy scarfs and ribbons were never worn in *any* city by the most genteel people, or by those of the best taste; but she merely remarked that in Philadelphia delicate tints were generally preferred. "That is because you are all quakers," said Mrs. Hibberts, meaning to be very severe. "Not quite all," replied Mrs. Leedom, smiling. "Oh yes, you are—at least you all have quaker ways. But I don't know why I should take the trouble to look at these pelerines and collars and scarfs and things, when before I left New York I provided myself with more of such articles than I could wear in a twelvemonth. My shopping here is nothing but waste of time, and labour in vain." In this last sentence no doubt the poor girls behind the counter agreed with her.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Leedom bought herself some lace, as an atonement for the trouble and annoyance caused by her companion. They then went to the next fancy dry-goods store, where a similar scene was acted over, and Mrs. Leedom purchased some gloves as a salvo.

"Are there no stores any where else in Philadelphia?" asked Mrs. Hibberts. And in hearing that there were a great number in Second street, she proposed going thither. In one of the first of these, her attention was at-

tracted by a large scarlet shawl which she saw in the window; and after vilifying the quality and beating down the price for half an hour, she actually bought it, and ordered it to be sent home; deprecating the absurdity of the Philadelphia practice of counting in dollars and cents, rather than in shillings, as was the custom in New York.

Mrs. Hibberts led the way herself to the very next store, and on entering it, inquired for scarlet shawls, to the great surprise of her companion. After looking over all their shawls of every colour, and objecting contemptuously to each, she preceded Mrs. Leedom into a third shop, and a third time asked for scarlet shawls, scrutinizing and condemning the whole assortment. When they came out, Mrs. Leedom could no longer forbear asking her if she intended having two scarlet shawls. "To be sure I don't," was her reply—"I am not quite such a fool. But I have a suspicion that, because of being a stranger, I was over-charged for the one I bought at that first place; and so I intend pricing all they have at every store along the street, that I may satisfy myself on the subject." "But you have actually bought the scarlet shawl, and paid for it," observed Mrs. Leedom. "So I have, and I am sorry for it. But at any rate, if I have been taken in, it will be a great satisfaction to know it."

In spite of all attempts to convince her that she had really given a very reasonable price for the shawl, Mrs. Hibberts persisted in carrying her investigation through every shop between Chesnut and Market streets; and in this manner the morning was spent, till sheer fatigue compelled her to propose going home.

In the meantime, her sister Kitty had stayed up stairs all the morning, unable to see several visitors that called, from her unwillingness to leave the children to the care of the Irish nursemaid; Norah being a very inefficient person either to take charge of them or to keep them quiet. Mrs. Hibberts remained out so long, that for two hours the baby cried incessantly; and Kitty was obliged to quit the task of playing with little George (a very cross and ugly child) to feed the infant and endeavour to hush its screams. In the adjoining room with the door open, Norah, in a sing-song whining tone, was entertaining the two year old (as she called little George,) something after this fashion:

"Ah! Georgy, but you're a jewel of a boy, and they that says you an't, ill luck to them any how. You're a jewel of a boy, Georgy, and your hair is as yaller as the starling goold, a darlint—I'll say it, and I'll stand to it. Och! but your eyes is blue, Georgy, and a pretty look they have with 'em. They're jist accordin' to the song, Georgy—"they're as light as the mornin's blue strame." And the chakes, too—what does the song say about Georgy's chakes, a darlint. His chakes—no I'm a judgin' its his lips they mane—his mouth, a darlint—"His mouth's full of strawberries smothered in crame." Them's the very words of the song, jist made to suit Georgy. Ah! Georgy, it's proud myself is, to be the nurse of ye; for you're a prince of a boy, darlint; and a heart-breaker you'll be when you grow a man, Georgy. And it's you that the ladies will be fightin' and

scratchin' for, and all ready to fling themselves at your head, darlint. Ah! but it's yourself that's a jewel of a boy, Georgy."

The jewel of a boy, however, being not yet old enough to derive much gratification from this series of compliments, all which were recited to him every day in the hearing of his mother, (though he never seemed the least amused by them) fretted the whole time, and finally rose to a loud cry. His aunt Kitty, who had at last succeeded in getting the baby to sleep, and had just been sent for to go down to a lady who came a considerable distance to see her, now appeared at the door, desired Norah to try and devise some other means of pacifying little George, and proposed that she should take him out walking. Norah made no reply; but after Mrs. Colesbury's departure, she shut the door, and looking fiercely at the child, exclaimed in an altered voice: "Is it myself that's to take you out a walkin, you little wall-eyed, skinnylipp'd brat you, that I'm always ashamed of belongin' to. Sorra the walkin I get out of you, any how, you ugly little owl; and I'm not goin to lug you in my arms at all at all, up and down these bothersome strates that have no end to them, and are all as like as if they were spit out of one another's mouths—and me a stranger in a strange place. I'll make you go to sleep that I will, for it's little the pace I have when you're waking, you freckel-faced toad you, with your hair like a bunch of ould hay."

She then snatched up the screaming child, shook him, slapped him, and putting a piece of candy into his hand, proceeded to force him to sleep, by rocking him and herself in the rocking chair, "with all her might and main," while she sung at the top of her voice:

"King James he pitch'd his tents, between  
Their lines for to retire,  
But King William sent his bomb-balls in,  
And set them all on fire."

The manner in which she shouted this song kept the child in her arms awake, and wakened the baby in the next room; and when Mrs. Hibberts returned, she found both the children screaming in concert. "Ah!" said she, "the dear little things were always as quiet as lambs in New York, I could go out and leave them the whole day. But since they have been in Philadelphia they have done nothing but fret. There must be something in the place that don't suit them."

Next day, Colesbury proposed a ride to Fairmount, but his sister-in-law replied that she felt no desire to see those eternal water-works that the Philadelphians were always bragging about; and that she wanted no further proof of their boasted abundance of water, than the perpetual window-washing, and pavement-scrubbing, that was continually bespattering her bonnet and wetting her shoes whenever she ventured into the streets of their city. In vain her sister Kitty represented to her its various beauties; like Captain Hamilton of "Men and Manners" memory, she persisted in not going to Fairmount, out of spite.

The only place connected with Philadelphia that Mrs. Hibberts did not object to visiting, was the market; through the whole length of

which she one morning accompanied Mrs. Leedom, to see, as she said, if it could possibly compare with the Fulton market. The order and cleanliness of the place, the neatness of the country people, the infinite variety, and the excellence and abundance of the numerous articles of provisions, elicited from her not a word of remark. She said nothing when she came home, and was sulky all day.

Mr. Hibberts returned from Baltimore. He was a little, ugly, mean-looking man, and also a desperate New Yorker. Nevertheless, in consequence of a hint on the subject, Colesbury concluded to invite some company to meet him at dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Hibberts, all the time they were at table, persisted in loudly discussing with the guests, the relative merits of the sister cities, notwithstanding the efforts of Colesbury and Mrs. Leedom to divert the conversation into other channels; poor Kitty being frightened into silence. They had nothing new to urge upon the worn out topics of the water and the butter; Mrs. Hibberts averring that the Philadelphia water has no taste (which is true, it being neither brackish nor chalybeate) and that the Philadelphia butter is not salt, (which is also true, all the inhabitants preferring it fresh;) and she declared that she would challenge the world to produce superior butter to the last firkin she had opened at her house in New York.

Mr. Hibberts, who had never been out of his own country, contended with a gentleman that had just returned from making the tour of Europe, that Westminster Abbey was nothing to compare to Trinity church, nor the garden of the Thuilleries to Niblo's; that the scenery of Chamouny was not equal to that of Hoboken, and that he considered it doubtful if the Alps were really as high as the Catskills. London, he argued, was a place of far less consequence than New York, which, "in short," said he, "is the metropolis of the world, as has been justly observed in one of our newspapers."\*

Notwithstanding their dislike to Philadelphia, the Hibberts family extended their visit to near two months, the gentleman occasionally running over, as he called it, to his own city to attend to business. The truth was, that having broken up housekeeping (ostensibly in consequence of their perpetual difficulties with servants, but in reality to lessen their expenses) they had concluded to make a convenience of Colesbury's hospitality for a while, before they settled themselves in lodgings. We need not say that he was glad of their departure.

\* The author has seen this assertion in a New York paper.

[To be Continued.]

Written for the Lady's Book.

## A POET'S PREJUDICES.

WRITTEN BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

BRING me not flowers!  
I sicken at their sweet perfume,  
To me it breathes of death and gloom,  
And the worn cheek of hectic bloom;  
Bring me not flowers!

Bring me not wine!  
Bear afar from me the ruby draught,  
Where joy has smiled and mirth has laugh'd:  
By pleasure's lip it may be quaff'd,  
But—not by mine!

Bring me no gem!  
The diamond's light, the sapphire's blaze,  
May rivet beauty's envying gaze,  
And win the worldling's idle praise—  
I heed not them!

But—bring the lute,  
And to its soft and thrilling chords  
Unite the poet's melting words;  
Such harmony, a bliss affords  
That holds me mute!

Bring too, the lyre,  
And from its charmed numbers fling  
Such tones as seraph's lips may sing  
Departing saints, to soothe death's sting,  
From heaven's own choir!

London, (Eng.)

HEAVEN may have happiness as utterly unknown to us, as the gift of perfect vision would be to a man born blind. If we consider the inlets of pleasure from five senses only, we may be sure that the same being who created us, could have given us five hundred, if he had pleased. Mutual love, pure and exalted, founded on charms both mental and corporeal, as it constitutes the highest happiness on earth, may, for any thing we know to the contrary, also form the lowest happiness of Heaven. And it would appear consonant with the administration of Providence, in other matters, that there should be such a link between earth and heaven; for, in all cases, a chasm seems to be purposely avoided, "*Prudente Deo.*" Thus, the material world has its links, by which it is made to shake hands, as it were, with the vegetable—the vegetable with the animal—the animal with the intellectual—and the intellectual with what we may be allowed to hope of the angelic.

The absent man would wish to be thought a man of talent, by affecting to forget what all others remember; and the antiquarian is in pursuit of the same thing, by remembering what all others have thought proper to forget. I cannot but think it would much improve society, first, if all absent men would take it into their heads to turn antiquarians; and, next, if all antiquarians would be *absent men*!

Of all the marvellous works of the Deity, perhaps there is nothing that angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a proud man.

# WHEN THE BIRDS TO THE SOUTH.

WRITTEN AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

MISS MARTHA D. BERRIEN, OF GEORGIA,

BY J. H. MIFFLIN,

THE MUSIC BY A. IVERSON, ESQ., OF COLUMBUS, GEO.

*Allegretto.*

When the birds to the south their way are winging, And the

flowers, and the flowers in thy path are dead, And the winds of the

north the leaves are flinging From the branches, from the branches a



*Con Espressione.*

bove thy head; Oh! haste thee then, before the streams are frozen, or the

*Risoluto.**un poco accelerando.*

storms, or the storms have obscured the day; Hie thee here, haste and see the

cli - mate chosen, For the winter retreat of May! for the winter retreat of May!

## II.

Here the leaves are all bright the whole year over,  
 And the flowers they forget to fade,  
 And the sweet singing bird's a merry rover  
 Where the forest extends its shade;  
 And O, should hearts, now seeming warm, grow  
 colder  
 Than the skies of thy clime to thee,  
 Fly them, fly and before a moment older,  
 Try what friends of the south will be!

## III.

Thou wilt love the wild flower's in spring time  
 blowing,  
 And the blossoms that the groves can boast,  
 Thou wilt love the bright land of skies so glowing,  
 But wilt honour its hearts the most!  
 Yet should the maid who loves still keep thee near  
 her,  
 Lest away 'neath these sunny skies,  
 Thou shouldst linger and find a climate dearer,  
 In the light of its sunnier eyes!



## THE ABSTEMIOUS YOUNG LADY.

THERE is a class of young ladies, not uncommon, whom we denominate "the abstemious young ladies." This sisterhood seem to live, by all accounts, on air, and nothing else. You never see them eat, and yet they are tolerably stout too. We have known them weigh from eleven to twelve stone, which is pretty well for an abstemious young lady. At a dinner party they leave every thing on their plate, after just picking up a morsel not sufficient for a tom-tit. Observe how daintily they hold their knife and fork—just by the extreme end of the handle—so that, even if they were disposed to that vulgar habit of eating, they could not lift up more than one grain *avoids*. The lady of the house is continually pressing them to eat, with the most anxious solicitude for their well-being. "Really, Miss Carolina, you must eat something. Take a piece of boiled turkey: do pray. A little bit of roast beef. John, take Miss Carolina Webster's plate for a slice of beef."—"Really, Mrs. Hopkins," answers the abstemious young lady, "I do assure you I have made a most excellent dinner. I never eat more. Ask mamma." Hereupon Mrs. Hopkins, with anxiety quite maternal, interrogates Mrs. Webster touching and concerning "poor" Carolina's appetite; to which Mrs. Webster replies with dignity—"I can assure you, Mrs. Hopkins, that what Carolina says is quite true. She is a very little eater—a very, very little eater indeed." This settles the matter.

In our juvenile days we used frequently to come in for these sort of colloquia, and yet invariably could not fail of observing, that the abstemious young lady, despite of what her mother said about her little eating, was always, without exception, the fattest young lady in the room. This inconsistency used to puzzle our philosophical brains most completely. "How can this be?" thought we. "By what miraculous intervention, by what freak of nature, does it come to pass, that the fattest young lady is always the one who eats least?" We considered and re-considered the case, but could find no answer. At last, in sheer desperation, we determined upon putting the matter to a test, by watching closely the young lady herself. "Who knows, thought we, "but there is some sort of invaluable gas which the abstemious young lady inhales every morning; or perhaps she lives on milk and arrow root; or, most likely of all, she lives, like a snipe, by suction, and only feeds on juices." Our desperate resolution was fixed. We determined to thrust ourselves suddenly into the presence of the abstemious young lady, when she least expected it, and, by a bold stroke, to solve the problem. There only wanted an excuse for breaking in upon the abstemious young lady's private existence. We procured from our sister Letitia a piece of new music, which the abstemious young lady had expressed a wish to see, and, thus armed, between the hours of one and two, started on our adventurous excursion, and thrust ourselves unannounced slap into the parlour.

Our doubts were resolved in an instant, but not in the way which we expected. We beheld no gas—no arrow root—no suction. At a large table, surrounded by her younger sisters, (each a fat pattern of herself in their various degrees of size) sat the abstemious young lady. In a large dish before her lay the mangled remains of a huge leg of mutton. She herself was devouring with all her might, doubtless as an example to the younger ones. She was rather chagrined, it was clear, at our approach. But we were too juvenile to notice things. So at least she seemed to consider on second thoughts.

For telling the maid servant to set a chair, she first helped us, and then continued eating without stopping once till her plate was cleared. How was our small mind surprised at beholding that mouth, which we had considered as sealed for ever, now employed in the full operation of gormandizing! We sat in silent wonder. A large round plum pudding came in. The abstemious young lady helped each of her sisters to a small piece, then us to a large piece, and then herself to a larger. We were thirsty. She gave us a tumblerful from her own jug. We drank—it was porter. The cloth was removed, and then the abstemious young lady found time to inform us, that she always carved for the children, and made her own little luncheon at the same time. "I had thought it was your dinner," said we, simply. "By no means," said the abstemious young lady.

The mystery was explained. We returned home another person, a foot higher at the least. Such was the success of our first philosophical inquiry into the phenomena of the young lady creation.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN APPEAL TO THE HEART AND CONSCIENCE OF THE DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS OF THE LADY'S BOOK.

Our publisher has applied to us to write a *DUN*! But *DUN* is not a pretty word. It raises unpleasant images, and is altogether unbefitting the character of the Lady's Book. Yet no person acquainted with the generous forbearance practiced by Mr. Godey, even to his own great loss of property, would at all blame him, though he did send out a *severe dun*. The amount due him on account of the Lady's Book, is so large, that we do not like to name the sum lest it should be thought incredible. And this large amount, which it is disagreeable to lose, is due in small sums of *three, six, and nine dollars*, from persons dispersed over the whole length and breadth of our land, in every state of our Union, and also in the British provinces. It is thus rendered impossible to obtain payment of these debts except by voluntary remittances.

The amount to be paid by each individual is but a trifle—probably it would cause no inconvenience, except merely putting up the money and mailing the letter. Will not our friends attend to this matter at once. We do not *dun* them as though they were intending to evade payment of a voluntary debt; but we remind them that such a debt is due from them to the publisher of the Lady's Book, and we appeal to the heart and conscience of every "delinquent subscriber," and ask them, in the name of justice and humanity, no longer to withhold the amount they owe.

During the late "pressure" in the money market, the difficulty of obtaining current bills, no doubt prevented many of our southern and western friends from remitting their subscriptions. But the cause of such delay is now happily removed.

The resumption of specie payments by nearly all the banks in the country, will give the opportunity of cancelling these small demands without loss or discount. We therefore hope and trust that this appeal will not be in vain; that before the *new year* shall render it necessary to begin a *new volume*, all these *old scores* will be honourably settled. Then the publisher of the Lady's Book will be rewarded, as he should be, for his faithful exertions in the cause of literature, education, and morals. And moreover, encouraged to persevere in those plans he has formed for the further improvement of the work, which his industry, liberality, and taste, has rendered so universally popular.

*Seminaries for Young Ladies.*—The continued and increasing attention to female education is one of the most marked characteristics of the Christian world. In our own country the good work goes onward at a rate which leaves little for the real friend of woman to desire. We have now before us a large number of "Catalogues of schools for young ladies," and prospectus of others about to go into operation. Among those recently projected, is one that promises to be of great utility, to be located at West Chester, (Penn.) The buildings are completed, and the seminary is to be opened the first of November. Dr. J. W. Cook and Mrs. Cook are Principals of the Institution, and Mrs. ALMIRAH H. LINCOLN PHELPS is the Principal of the literary department. The high reputation of Mrs. Phelps, and her unwearied devotion to the cause of education, particularly to the improvement of her own sex, are pledges of the success of this seminary. We congratulate the friends of female education, who have so liberally provided for the support of the "West Chester Young Ladies' Seminary," on their good fortune in securing the assistance of such a competent and faithful instructress as Mrs. Phelps proved herself to be while Vice-principal of her sister's (Mrs. Willard's) Seminary at Troy. In a future number we shall give more particular information respecting the progress and prospects of this new Female Institution.

*Selections from the Writings of Mrs. Sarah Hall, with a Memoir of her Life.* Philadelphia: published by Harrison Hall.

We are very glad to have an opportunity to learn the character of the author of "Conversations on the Bible," a book we have read with great satisfaction. And this memoir of Mrs. Hall, written as it is with much feeling and simplicity, cannot fail to interest all who love goodness and admire talent.

We shall not give an abstract of the sketch, for every word it contains ought to be read, and we hope it will be widely circulated. We hardly know of an example of womanly excellence we would sooner recommend to the attention of our young ladies than that of Mrs. Hall. In every relation of life she seems to have been the hope and comfort of those with whom she was connected. To do good was the aim of her existence. And this goodness has hallowed and exalted her genius. Every page she has written bears the impress of a thoughtful and pious mind. But no gloom, no sectarian or party bitterness is to be found in her writings. Hopefully and cheerfully she pursued her chequered path of life, shedding around her the calm and lovely light of chastened wit, cultivated intellect, and moral taste and refinement. The selections from her letters in this little volume are among its most interesting portions. These were not written for publication—women are rarely guilty of such egotism—and there is the charm of naturalness in all its piquancy, and the stamp of sincerity on every sentiment.

The poetical extracts we like the least—particularly those from albums. At the time Mrs. Hall wrote, these compliment catchers were much more important things than at present. It is not strange that she should be urged to contribute, or that she should often oblige her young friends by placing her own effusions as a seal of merit for their albums. Still we think it would have been better to have left these trifles where she placed them. There is, however, one poem—"Sketch of a Landscape," which contains some beautiful thoughts and images, and does credit to her fancy and taste.

The volume is enriched by a fine engraving of Mrs. Hall, who must have been a very comely woman; altogether, the book will make a useful and valuable present for birth-days, New-Years, &c.

*Conversations on the Bible, between a Mother and her Children.* By Mrs. Sarah Hall.

We referred, in our notice of the Memoir, to this, the principal work of Mrs. Hall. There needs no recommendation of the book to those who have had an opportunity of examining it. This number must be considerable, as five editions have already appeared. It is now designed to introduce it into schools, as a manual of Bible History. We doubt not that this plan will be successful. It has no sectarian blemish to mar the spirit of "love to God and love to man," which must have prompted this laborious undertaking of the author. She seems to have studied and felt the true meaning of "the Book," to make men wiser and better. The explications of the prophecies and doctrines of the Old Testament are given with clearness and brevity, evidently with the earnest purpose to develop truth, not to make proselytes to any particular denomination.

It appears from the letters of Mrs. Hall, that she designed to continue the work through the "Acts of the Apostles," but domestic cares, probably, prevented. She remarks, in one of her letters to a friend, that she had never written a single hour without the interruption of company or business." This was during the preparation of the "Conversations on the Bible." What an example of mental industry and perseverance, as well as of domestic and womanly virtues she has left for her sex!

*"Woman as She Should Be."* Boston: published by Otis, Brauders & Co.

This volume comprises two parts—the first contains three sermons on the duties of women, by the Rev. Hubbard Winslow. The second part is a reprint of Mrs. Sandford's work, entitled, "Woman in her Social and Domestic Character." The portion by the last author contains some good sense, much mawkish sentiment, and a little really excellent advice.

Of Mr. Winslow's three sermons, the first one does him no credit; the second is quite good, and the third is of surpassing excellence. As we believe our numerous readers would be gratified to read this last lecture or sermon, we intend to give large extracts from it in our next number. The views which Mr. Winslow has taken respecting female education are so Christian and liberal, so just and elevating, that we feel proud, aye, better than pride is the sentiment, to give them that extensive circulation which our ten thousand winged messengers privilege us to confer.

*Notes on the Western States; containing Descriptive Sketches of their Soil, Climate, Resources, and Scenery.* By James Hall. Philadelphia: Harrison Hall.

"The West—the far West!" what American does not feel a glow of pride at the thought of the magnitude of his native land! What hopes for the future prosperity and happiness of millions of the human family are opened when we consider the inexhaustible natural riches of this vast region. We feel grateful to every writer who makes us better acquainted with this grand and interesting portion of our common country. The Rev. Timothy Flint and Judge Hall take precedence of all other writers on western scenery and character. The first has given the most glowing descriptions and poetical sketches of life in the far west; but the latter ex-

cels in bringing the actual and practical before his readers.

The present volume contains much valuable information to those who are intending to visit and locate themselves in the world beyond the Alleghanies. It is a plain, and seems an unvarnished statement, of the physical resources of the western States. Some of these pictures, that of the prairies, for instance, are touched with the hand of a master. We wish we had room for an extract. But the most pithy part of the volume is the preface, in which the author enters the lists against the editor of the North American. We do not undertake to decide which has the right of the argument; but certainly Judge Hall has criticised the reviewer without fear or favour.

**A Trip to Boston.** By the author of "Two Years in the Navy." Boston: published by Little & Brown, pp. 224.

The writer of this amusing work, Mr. E. C. Wines, of Philadelphia, entered Boston July 21st, and remained just one month. About the time he left the city, we believe it was the very day, his book of remarks appeared. A more perfect example of the locomotive speed in literature has seldom if ever been given. The "high pressure principle" is thus made palpable to the sight and sense of those who do not venture to set foot in rail road cars or on steamboats. "*Veni, vidi," scribi* should have been the motto of the title page; it would have involved no vain boast, and to have borrowed a little from the old Roman, might have read a salutary moral to this headlong age. Cæsar went too fast and too far. But we will go back to our book.

Mr. Wines has given a very spirited description of Boston and its environs. If his pencil, or pen rather, has lent to some of the scenes and things portrayed a charm beyond nature, why it is a very pleasant fault, and one, which our citizens will, doubtless, be quite willing to forgive. His industry in examining the wonders which the "Queen of the East" has to show, was as active as his pen in recording the "things seen" and imagined, which he portrays. He saw and learned more of the curious and impressive in the scenery of Boston, of "the *matériel* and *morale* of its houses and inhabitants in *thirty days*," than most of those who have lived there as many years, could tell. And Mr. Wines, on the whole, has given a book well worth the reading, which in this age of literary inundations, is saying much in its favour. That he did not think the Boston ladies, on his first arrival, quite as handsome as those of Philadelphia, is not strange. His hasty remarks on that nice subject, and his subsequent apology for his mistake or misapprehension rather, should be a warning to all gentleman tourists not to form, or report at least, an unfavourable judgment touching the *beauty* of the ladies, till they have taken time to *reflect* and *compare*. And after all, it may be quite as well not to assign the palm to any particular place, or individual. Remember the fate of Troy induced by the derision of Pavis.

#### DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

**1st Bust.**—Dress of rich figured satin. Corsage with a long point, and three deep folds of the material of the dress, forming draperies *à la Sévigné*. Short tight sleeve, with two loose, but not deep, puffs put on at the bottom, and finished with a single blonde ruffle, *à la Louis XIV*. At the inner part of the bend of the arm the puffs are drawn up to a point, and retained by a bow of satin ribbon to match the dress. Smaller rosette bows are placed at the top of the centre of the corsage, back and front, and at the top of each sleeve, retaining the

folds of the draperies in proper form. Coiffure, the front hair drawn to the sides of the head, where it falls in thick tufts of ringlets, is *à la mancini*; the back in imitation of the Grecian style, a *tor-sade* (roll) of hair goes round the head, and crosses the brow, and a bouquet of large flowers is retained at the left side of the back of the head by a golden arrow; pearl necklace, with an enamelled locket suspended from it.

**2d Bust.**—Dress of gros de Naples; corsage quite plain, and *d pointe*, with a flat blonde tucker put on round the bosom; the corsage has also a slight point at back. Short tight sleeves, with two deep frills, and finished with a deep blonde ruffle; a bow of satin ribbon with long ends is placed immediately over the highest frill, on the outside of the sleeve. The hair is much in the style of the one just described, with the exception of blonde lappets being fastened into the back coiffure, instead of flowers; the back hair is in *torsades*; the ornaments are gold, richly wrought.

**3d Bust.**—Dinner dress.—Dress of satin, plain corsage, with a double fold of the material round the bosom; a new and pretty finish to the top of a dress. Tight short sleeves, with two rows of fluted trimming at bottom, and finished by a deep and rich ruffle, *à la Louis XV*; the fluted trimming is composed of tulle or crape. The bows on the sleeves and the ceinture, which is fastened in front with a small bow, and two long ends of ribbon, are of satin ribbon. Blonde cap, ornamented with flowers and marabouts; the crown of the cap is small, round, and high; a deep rich blonde forms a standing border at the centre of the front, but is replaced at the sides by a wreath of marabouts, which droop on the neck at the left side, but do not fall quite so low at the right. A light and beautiful wreath of full-blown roses, intermixed with buds and foliage, goes between the face and the marabouts, and forms one of the most elegant and becoming coiffures that can possibly be imagined. The cap is finished at the back by a standing border of blonde, beneath which is a full bow of satin ribbon.

**4th Bust.**—Gives the back of the cap just described. Satin dress, low corsage, and long sleeves. Mantelet scarf of *filet* (netting), trimmed all round with a deep full blonde. Revers or tuckers for putting round the bosom of dresses.

The first is of clear cambric, with deep frill at bottom, festooned at the edge; at top is a quilling of narrow pink satin ribbon, standing up. A narrow Valenciennes is run on the top edge of the ribbon; the bow in front may be white or coloured.

The second is two falls of blonde put on to a piece of plain blonde, cut in the shape of a pelerine *décolleté* rather deep, and pointed at back, and quite cut away in front; a coloured ribbon is merely laid under the upper frill, with a plait here and there to bring it into form; a bow of figured satin ribbon in centre of the front.

The third, at left side of plate, is a drapery in the Sévigné style. It is made of tulle, and brought in regular folds or plaits, trimmed top and bottom with a narrow lace; a rosette of ribbon with long ends in front. The one opposite is for morning wear, *toilette d'Interieur*. It forms a kind of open pelerine or *fichu*, and is much adapted to a silk or mousseline de laine dress. A quilling of tulle forms the trimming; rosette of satin ribbon with long ends.

The fifth revers is made of satin, with a piping at the edge, and a trimming of satin ribbon; a narrow blonde is put on top and bottom. A revers of this description made of pink or blue satin, with ceinture, flowers, shoes, &c. to match, and worn with a dress of white crape, gauze, or book muslin, would form one of the prettiest and simplest *toilettes* imaginable for a young lady.





# THE LADY'S BOOK.

NOVEMBER, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE PEASANT BRIDE.

BY MISS M. MILES.

"Without one tie of kindred or of love  
To bind her to the earth."

"To that soft and pleading eye  
Who is there could suit deny."

"And Selim to his heart has caught,  
In blushes, more than ever bright,  
His Nommahal."

"Twas a sweet summer sunset, and the lingering beams fell soft upon an English cottage with its clustering roses, and grass plat in front, so pleasant and green. It seemed fitted for the abode of peace and happiness, yet the stillness around it, the carefully closed casement, and neglected garden, bespoke it the abode of sickness or sorrow. The sunset hues faded, and the shadows of evening fell deeper, and, as a dim light appeared in one window of that lonely cottage, two travellers dismounted at the inn opposite, and having refreshed themselves strolled through the village.

"Well!" exclaimed the older of the two, in a tone that plainly denoted vexation, "of all your wildgoose vagaries, this is the most *outré*! What on earth tempted you, Roscoe, to leave Castle Clarendon, and set forth like some doubtful knight without your retinue, upon an unfrequented road, merely because your lady mother informed you of the approach of the beautiful Miss Leston, the heiress?"

A smile passed over the handsome features of the Earl of Clarendon, one of the most popular young noblemen of the day, who had just come into possession of a large unincumbered estate, but he vouchsafed no reply to the petulant inquiry of his friend, who continued in the same tone:

"Now, Roscoe, I really believe you were afraid of the arrows tipped with gold, or you would never have made so precipitate a retreat merely because she was expected upon a visit at the Castle. She is reported to be young and pretty."

"She may be all these," answered the young nobleman, with something of a curl upon his handsome lip, "and withal not suited to fill the station of Lady Clarendon, for which my lady mother designs her, without a thought that her only son may choose to please myself in this most momentous case—now clear that brow, George, and let us for one month lay aside the 'pomp and ceremony' of our rank, and wander where

"There is no sound of festival  
Echoing from the lighted Hall."

"I am weary of being the 'lion' of the hour, and for the ensuing four weeks am plain Mr. Wilmot."

"That aristocratic bearing will betray the friend," exclaimed Capt. Beaumont, "and as I am a younger son with nothing but my good sword to recommend me, I will retain my own cognizance, it being one but little known in these barbarous regions."

The young men sauntered by the banks of the pretty stream that ran meandering through the village till the moon was high in the blue vault; and then turned towards the sun. In passing the cottage which was retired from the road, they stopped a moment to admire its lonely beauty, and were standing within the pretty yard when the house door was thrown open, and a girl apparently about fifteen, of surpassing beauty, stood in the moonlight, the rich curls flung back from her brow, as she gazed upon the intruders with a bewildered look. Suddenly she sprung towards Roscoe, and grasping his arm, cried in imploring accents:

"Oh! my father is dying, do come with me, for he is so wild"—and she wrung her hands in agony.

The beauty and artlessness of the girl, joined to his own kindly feelings, induced him to com-



ply, and with Beaumont he entered the low door-way.

Upon a bed was extended the corpse of the father, evidently the victim of intemperance, and the death-pang no doubt terrified his child in her lonely watch till she rushed forth for assistance. The life had but just departed, and it was long ere they could persuade the desolate girl that he was no more. When the dreadful truth rushed upon her mind, she buried her head in the clothes of the bed sobbing convulsively, and muttering to herself—

"All! all! alone! I wish that I could die too—Jeannette has now no home!"

Every feeling of compassion and pity was aroused in Roscoe's mind, as he gazed upon the sad and beautiful being thus cast upon a rude world deprived of all natural protectors.

"Can we leave her thus?" burst involuntarily from his lip.

"No!" was the immediate response of his friend. "Remain, Roscoe," he added, "and I will go for some one to assist this poor girl."

The young Earl did not think his dignity lowered as he stooped to raise the bereaved child from her painful position beside the corpse. He seated her beside him, and used every argument to soothe and console. Her convulsive sobbings gradually became stilled, and by the time that Capt. Beaumont arrived with the landlady of the inn, she was restored to a state of calmness; but with an expression of such utter forlornness imprinted upon her lovely face, as powerfully affected the two young men, and putting a purse into her hand, they hastily left the cottage to conceal their emotions.

From the idlers round the inn, they learnt the history of Jeannette Gray, the "Village Flower," as she was called by the peasantry round. Her father had removed there about two years before, and had neither held communication with the inhabitants or suffered his young and beautiful daughter to mingle in the village sports—and excepting the old gray-headed school-master—who loved the child, and occasionally gave her instruction, none entered the cottage. The father was a cold and stern man, and it was rumored that many a dark act had compelled him to seek the shelter of that quiet spot—and at last he became a thing for the finger of scorn to point at; seeking in deep inebriating draughts an oblivion for memory.

A few of the peasants assembled to pay the last duties to the old man, from a feeling of pity for the child; and as the grave was filled up, turned carelessly away—whilst she flung herself upon the small mound weeping passionately, notwithstanding the efforts of the kind landlady to console.

"Law, now, don't grieve so, you shall come home with me, and every one will do you a kind act—do not grieve so—poor girl!"—and she drew her from the church yard to her own dwelling.

Days passed on, and Roscoe and his friend spent their time in rambling over "hill and vale," but evening invariably brought them back to the village inn. Capt. Beaumont began to feel uneasy. Why was Clarendon so

unwilling to leave? Why almost petulantly tell him that he might return to the Castle when he pleased, if he was tired of ruralizing? He knew his friend well, and that with all his great and good qualities he was romantic and enthusiastic in the extreme—and Jeannette was one to realize a poet's dream—

"Not the face of heaven  
In its serenest colors, nor earth in all  
Its garniture of flowers, nor all that live  
In the bright world of dreams, nor all the eye  
Of a creative spirit meets in air,  
Could in the smile and sunshine of her charms,  
Not feel itself o'ermaster'd by such rare  
And perfect beauty:—yet she bore herself  
So gently, that the lily on its stalk,  
Bends not so easily its dewy head."

Well might he fear for him—for the haughty spirit of the young noble had indeed bowed low to the innocence and holy purity enshrined in the bosom of the lowly peasant girl.

"This is worse than madness," exclaimed Beaumont at the close of a long argument, "what can Jeannette be to you but a passing dream. Consider your long line of ancestors—your rank in society—the prejudices of all your titled connexions; and last, not least, her utter want of education, of accomplishments to fit her for such a high station, and then whether your proud name would not be tarnished by such an alliance."

"And look abroad into the world, Beaumont, and see amidst its tinsel glare if you know of one heart as pure from corrupting passions as hers, beauty as perfect without a touch of woman's vanity to mar it. Seems she not more like a guileless child, free from a taint of worldliness or sin?"

"When the whisper of adulation is on her ear, when crowds bow and offer up incense at the shrine of the *new beauty*, and she is surrounded by splendor and wealth, think you she will retain this simplicity, this purity!—You are fascinated now, Roscoe, but with all your intellectual gifts, you will find that *mad* as well as *beauty* will be wanting to constitute happiness. But I have warned you, and shall leave you to yourself."

"Not without giving me your word as a man of honor not to betray my confidence," replied Roscoe, with something of pique in his tone.

"On this you may rely," said Beaumont, and they separated.

Beaumont was obliged to leave his friend and rejoin his regiment, and dearly as he had loved him from his boyhood, Roscoe was glad to be relieved from the restraint his presence imposed.

Jeannette was his constant companion in his rambles, by the side of the river and over the pleasant meadows. Her sadness had worn off, and there was a sweet playfulness in her manners, joined to her entire dependence upon him, that completed the conquest of his heart. He saw in her, indications of native talent, and the mildness and beauty of many of her ideas just suited his romantic turn of mind. And she, that beautiful being, whose every look betrayed his influence over his affections, whose eye so timidly turned to his for approval, was she to bow as some sweet flower, because the storm-



cloud was near. Her destiny remains yet to be told.

They were wandering one evening by the river's banks, and after watching the waves reflect a thousand radiant colors from the beautiful sunset, Clarendon drew her towards a rustic seat in silence. He felt the time was drawing near when he *must* leave her, and many contending emotions were swelling in his proud heart. She gazed into his face with something of fear, for the expression of it was different from what she had ever known it. He caught the look, and smiling sadly said:

"Do not be frightened, Jeannette, I am perfectly well."

"Then why do you look so, Mr. Wilmot?" for so she had been accustomed to call him, "Have I offended you?" and a tear started to her eye.

"Offended," he repeated—"Blest angel as you are, *you* could not offend." Then seizing her hand he added impetuously—"Jeannette will you unite your fate with mine? Will you give me a husband's right to protect you?"

Jeannette covered her face with her hands, and trembled violently, and even her neck was stained with the deep crimson. He needed no other reply, and folding her to his heart, whispered "mine forever." Then it was that her tears burst forth, and she wept on his bosom from excess of happiness.

They were wedded in the village church, and then for the first time did the astonished girl learn, that instead of Mr. Wilmot, she had wedded the wealthy and powerful Earl of Clarendon, whose name had reached even that secluded spot. All were glad for the "Village Flower," and blessed her as she passed through the church-yard, where she had so lately been a mourner, a young and happy bride.

But when Roscoe folded her to his heart as his own, and called her by the sacred name of wife, a cloud dimmed her brow, and the smile that had before wreathed her lip faded. "Do you repent already, my own Jeannette?" he asked in the deep tone of strong affection. "Dearest, I shall take you to my own proud home, ere many weeks are over, whose sunshine you will make. I long to present my beautiful bride to my kindred."

"But will not those kindred despise me?" she asked in a low, sad voice. "Will they not look down on the peasant girl with scorn? Better had it been that we never had met." And Roscoe, even whilst he fondly soothed her, could not but acknowledge to himself that her fears were not wholly groundless. But she was now his own, and the solemn tie could only be broken by death.

Some weeks passed on, and Jeannette saw with the sick-sightedness of woman, that her husband, although tender and kind as ever, was ill at ease. The time was drawing near when he must present his young bride to his family, as he could not remain longer from his home. Innocent and lovely as was the being who looked up to him with such confiding tenderness, he felt that she was incapable of appreciating the powers of his mind. The magic touch of education was wanting to render her perfect. One evening he was sitting buried in

reverie, unmindful of the presence of his wife, who was standing by a distant window. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Oh! that she possessed the knowledge, the accomplishments of others!" Jeannette's quick ear caught the words, and her trembling limbs almost refused their support; but she succeeded in leaving the room unobserved. What a world of misery was opened to her view. She threw herself upon the bed and wept long and bitterly. But though lowly born, she was possessed of a more lofty spirit than one would have deemed could dwell in that timid girl. She felt that she was not fitted for the wife of one so gifted. "He is ashamed of his choice," was her thought, and even amidst those passionate tears was her resolution taken. She knelt down to ask aid from above, for when her father in her childish days sternly forbade her to pray, she would wander forth and in some lonely place, with only the canopy of the deep blue sky above, pour forth the orisons of her innocent heart. She arose from that prayer, sad indeed, but calm and collected; and sought her husband. He raised his eyes upon her entrance, and putting out his hand drew her fondly towards him, and kissed her cheek. "You have been weeping, dearest," he said, as he gazed anxiously in her pale face. "Have you any sorrow unshared by me?"

Jeannette laid her head upon his shoulder, so as to screen her face, and for one moment her resolution wavered; but she soon nerved herself to speak—and with all the artlessness of her character told him that she had heard his exclamation and long read his thoughts.

"I am not worthy of you, dear Roscoe," she said in conclusion—"and you ought to have sought a bride amongst those in your own rank—but our fate is one. Send me from you awhile, and I will try and learn those accomplishments, and gain the knowledge you prize so much. I already bless the good old schoolmaster who did not let me grow up in utter ignorance;" and overcome by her feelings, she covered her face and wept.

Clarendon was both affected and pleased, although his heart sunk at the prospect of separation; but he had been communing with himself, and felt all the disadvantages to which he had subjected *her*. He knew with her natural abilities, that a few months would model the tinged child into the intellectual woman—and he was touched to the heart with the generous sacrifice she was willing to make. He soothed her with many a tender word of affection and approval, and smilingly said—"Only a few months dear Jeannette, and then my kindred shall be proud of my beautiful bride. 'Till then no one shall even have a glimpse of that sweet face"—playfully kissing away her tears.

The curtains in the small but pretty drawing room of Mrs. Everard, (a widowed sister of the Dowager Lady Clarendon, who was a rare and superior character, and having early known sorrow, had withdrawn from the world upon a limited income) were closely drawn, for it was a damp and dreary evening. The candles were lighted, and a good fire in the grate, although

it was early in the fall. She was busily engaged in reading, when a ring, somewhat louder than usual, roused her attention, and her servant ushered the Earl of Clarendon accompanied by a female into her presence. She started from her seat to welcome her favorite nephew, and after warmly embracing him, turned a look of inquiry towards his companion. With one hand he put aside the veil that shaded the surpassing beauty of his Jeannette, and leading her to the lady, said with a look of pride and love—

"My wife! my dear aunt, and to your care and kindness I must commit her."

There was an expression of innocence and purity in the countenance of the young creature before her, that won her heart, and she kissed her fair brow and bid her welcome as warmly as if she had known her for years; without a single inquiry for the solution of what seemed to her a strange mystery. But soon was the romance of the past weeks confided to her, and in a moment she felt how all important it was for Jeannette to be other than she was, ere she could be presented to his ambitious and aristocratical family, whose pride would at best meet with a severe blow, and and though she lamented her nephew's imprudence, she would for his sake save his sweet bride from the chilling influence of his titled connexions.

"I will not betray your confidence," said she to him, when they had discussed many plans—"Jeannette is but a child yet. Leave her one year with me, and go abroad, and when you return, she shall be all you wish. Till then, she shall pass a *protegee* of my own; and that look of love tells how she will for her husband's sake employ the hours of absence."

Captain Beaumont remained with his friend a few weeks at the castle before the latter went abroad, and laughingly told him, that as he chose to give up the heiress, he would win her himself. Maria Leston was one calculated to please him—lively and affectionate, with a warm heart, but a mind wholly undisciplined; this, however, was not perceptible in every-day intercourse, and he soon became one of her most devoted admirers. "Take care," said Roscoe, who had studied her character with more attention from the time he had seen his friend's predilection. "Remember—I in turn warn you. But now dear Beaumont, I leave my cause in your hands. Use your influence with my mother, and remove her prejudices against unequal alliances, ere I return; for I have expressly told her I should not select a bride from the ranks of fashionable society." And they parted to meet again, under what different circumstances.

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Month after month passed away, and Mrs. Everard saw with surprise and delight the facility with which Jeannette acquired those accomplishments necessary to the high station she was to occupy. She studied early and late, and though her cheek was a shade paler, yet her countenance bore an expression of intellect that greatly added to its charm. She seemed to rouse as from a dream, and her mind drank deeply at the fountain of knowledge. Of mu-

sic, Roscoe was fond, and had delighted to hear her warble simple airs she had caught from the village girls—for her voice and ear were both fine, and when after passing hours at either the harp or piano, she would rise pale and exhausted from weariness—the thought was constantly, "Roscoe shall not be ashamed of his wife!"

Mrs. Everard often intreated her to desist, fearing such unremitting attention might undermine her health; but a playful smile was her answer, as she reminded her protectress that in a few months more her husband would return. Dearly did the lady love the sweet girl, and she gazed upon her with a feeling of reverence, as she felt the beauty of her character, and the holiness of her young love. Their days passed peacefully on, interrupted only by frequent letters of encouragement and affection from Clarendon, when a message from Lady Clarendon, announcing her intention of visiting her sister, threw Mrs. Everard into a state of perplexity. To refuse the visit was impossible, and to expose Jeannette to the scrutiny of this woman of the world equally so. Jeannette herself immediately proposed remaining in her own apartments until the lady left. Her heart grew heavy, she knew not why, at the idea of being under the same roof with Roscoe's mother, and when she first caught a tone of her voice as she passed at a distance, she wept without being able to give a reason for her tears.

A night or two before the intended departure of the lady, Jeannette felt more than usually oppressed. She threw open her window, and gazed forth upon the beauty of the scene. It was calm and clear, and the blossoms that clustered beneath it, whose fragrance was "borne upon the night wind," were glittering in the moonbeams. It was midnight, and although so late, she felt no inclination to retire. Her thoughts were afar with the wanderer, and she thought of all his love, and the state of lowly dependence from which he had rescued her, with a feeling of veneration and gratitude, blended with the deep strong devotion of woman, till tears mingled with the prayer she murmured for his safety. A light slumber surprised her even where she sat. How long she remained she was incapable of telling, but she roused from an uneasy dream in wonder at the position in which she had fallen asleep. Her hair was damp with the night dew, and gathering up its rich folds she was preparing to seek her bed, when a distant grating sound fell on her ear. She listened, and again she heard it, as if some one was attempting to force a window. She cautiously approached one from which she had a view of the front entrance, and plainly distinguished a ladder planted against the house. Throwing a shawl over her head she stole gently from the room to that part of the house where the servants slept. Not a feeling of self intruded, and though her face was a shade paler, her step was firm. Opening the door of the room of an old servant of Mrs. Everard's, she went directly up to the bed, and rousing him gently, whispered in deep concentrated accents—

"Hugh! your mistress is in danger—there are persons even now attempting to force an

entrance into the house. Hush! make no noise for your life, but wake the men servants, and come quick to the street door."

She had no time for more, for a loud scream burst upon her ear—she sprang from the room into the passage—another and louder shriek made her heart almost sink within her, but rallying all her energies she ran swiftly along in the direction from which it proceeded, and paused almost breathless before the door of lady Clarendon. A stifled sound as of distress, left her not a moment for reflection, and bursting open the door she recoiled a moment in horror. A strong and dark looking ruffian had drawn a handkerchief round the lady's throat, and she was already purple in the face. The noise caused him to turn round, and the beautiful girl heedless of her own danger, had only time to spring past him, and catch the handkerchief from her neck and raise her up, when she felt her own hands grasped tightly, and a glittering weapon flourished above her head. She did not scream—she did not even quail as his laugh rang through the apartment, she only felt that death was near, and her soul went up in prayer. Whether it was her firmness, or look of angelic purity that intimidated the ruffian she knew not, but the knife glanced aside, and fastened securely in the floor. Ere he could draw it forth, the room was filled with the servants and Mrs. Everard, and he was secured. All necessity for exertion was over, and she fainted. When she recovered, she found herself upon a sofa in her own room, and surrounded by anxious faces.

"Where am I!" she exclaimed, starting up with the impression of horror fresh on her mind.

"With friends, my dear girl," said Mrs. Everard, folding her to her heart, "and free from danger, but how much do we all owe you!"

From the confessions of the man, they gathered that he had heard of the arrival of the countess at Mrs. Everard's, and knowing her to be wealthy, had left a gang to which he belonged at a little distance, 'till he had secured an entrance; but her screams exasperated him, and fearful of detection, he resorted on the most effectual mode of silencing her.

In consequence of the fright and agitation she had undergone, the lady was confined for a few days to her room; and Jeannette again resumed her employments. The third evening after, she was playing a sweet and plaintive air, when the countess suddenly entered. She rose hastily, and stood blushing and trembling beneath the earnest gaze of the mother of her husband. The proud lady stooped and kissed her brow. "Young and beautiful maiden," said she, "you have saved my life, I know not who you are, but whatever boon you ask of the lady of Clarendon, it shall not be denied you."

Jeannette's forehead was stained with crimson one moment, and she turned deadly pale the next, as kneeling before her, she answered: "Your affection, and blessing, lady, is all I seek."

"Methinks it were easy to love such a one as thou," said the lady with a smile, "but I must know who it is upon whom I must bestow this blessing."

"Upon the wife of your absent son, lady,"

she replied, rising with an air of gentle dignity, "and the only boon she craves is the blessing of his parent."

The lady started back in astonishment, and looked at Mrs. Everard, who had entered the room, for an explanation. In a few words, simple, but full of feeling, she told the events of the past months. Lady Clarendon was a woman of the world, and few deemed her to possess acute feelings—but she had a warm heart, that early sorrow had somewhat chilled. Thoughts of other days came over her, and she remembered, that in giving up one who had loved her well, to fulfil a father's stern command, and wedding the earl, she had passed through life with blighted affections. Her pride was lulled to rest, as she thought of the high-minded girl who had risked so much for her. "Shall I condemn them to a life of sorrow?" was her question to herself—"No!" and whilst both her sister and Jeannette waited tremblingly for her next words, she laid her hand upon the clustering ringlets of the latter, as she solemnly said:

"Bless you my sweet and noble child, and may you be blest in your young love," and amidst many tears drew her to her bosom.

\* \* \* \* \*

A year had gone by, and again the young Earl of Clarendon set foot upon his native shores. His heart bounded with delight as he came in view of Mrs. Everard's pleasant dwelling; but it sunk within him as he saw, that excepting in the servants' rooms, the shutters were closed. With a foreboding of something wrong, he rung, and old Hugh presented himself.

"Where is your mistress?" was his hurried question."

"At the castle with your mother, my lord," said the man, as he looked in surprise upon his agitated face.

"And—my wife," he was about to say, but recollecting himself, turned hastily away, and throwing himself into his carriage, he told them to drive on to the castle, where he was received with open arms by his mother and aunt. The next day was his birth-day, and great preparations having been made to celebrate it, his appearance was hailed with every demonstration of joy.

Mrs. Everard drew her nephew aside, and told him that as she was obliged to visit his mother, that she had carried Jeannette to pass the time with her husband's sister. "So you see my dear Roscoe I have placed your treasure in safe hands, and as you *cannot* leave to visit her 'till after to-morrow, you must clear your brow, and do honour to your guests by amusing them. I am not so certain Jeannette would feel as anxious to run to you," and with an arch smile she left him.

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The halls of Clarendon Castle resounded with mirth and revelry—but there was no smile upon the lip of its master. He wandered about restless and uneasy. The sound of distant music fell on his ear, and there was something in it that soothed his harrassed spirits, and he drew near the room from which floated such bewitching harmony. The lady sat with

her back towards him, but his mother, and Beaumont, who was one of the few who surrounded her, beckoned him in. A veil hung in loose folds around her person, and concealed her features. She rose from her seat, and at the same moment, lady Clarendon raising the veil, said:

"It is in this way that I punish the want of confidence in my son," and rich in beauty, and warmed into life by the Promethean touch of mind, he clasped to his bosom his own Jeannette.

"What think you of my peasant bride?" asked Roscoe of his friend, as she gracefully returned the greeting of her husband's kindred and acquaintances to whom his stately mother presented her—"Is she not lovely?"

"Lovely indeed, and good too withal," replied his friend in a melancholy tone, as he

glanced toward his own gay and thoughtless wife, the once courted Miss Leston. "I would that Maria possessed but a grain of yon fair girl's gentleness. Her jealous whims embitter every moment of my life."

"Jeannette shall try her influence over her," was Roscoe's reply—"Perhaps her magic wand may transform her."

"Pray heaven it may, for there is but little happiness for either."

And she did transform the proud and haughty girl into a being gentle as herself; for her sweetness and persuasion made her to see her own folly, and in the renewed confidence and happiness of his married life, George Beaumont acknowledged that he blessed the hour in which his friend wedded his peasant bride.

*Hingham, August, 1838.*

Written for the *Lady's Book*.

*Mrs. Hale*—I observed in a late number of the *Lady's Book*, that you wished for incidents of real life, facts which did exist, or had existed, to fill the columns of your valuable work; and that you gave them the preference to the fictitious, as more interesting and instructive. With a desire to assist you in this way, I send you a real case which lately came within my own experience, and if it possesses no other merit you may be assured that it is strictly true. The names, however, are suppressed, but nothing further; and I sincerely hope, for the benefit of your fair readers and their wailing swains, that you will give it publicity, attended with such comment as you may think most suitable and proper.

### A REAL LOVE CASE.

HAVING arrived at that time of life which is characterized as being of no particular age, but generally understood and admitted as on the wrong side of thirty, my hair is somewhat grizzled, and my face, especially about the eyes, has some few wrinkles; but my step is firm and elastic, my stature erect, and my spirits rather buoyant and jovial than crabbed and morose; and albeit, as I have long been much given to reading, it must be confessed that for about a year or so I have found spectacles quite indispensable. Nevertheless, I have been often told that I was tall, and with features well chiselled and strongly marked, and rather comely than otherwise. My residence is in what is called the *South*, and my occupation that of a planter; and as I have much leisure, it has been sedulously devoted to literary pursuits, as the most harmless and satisfactory method of spending my time. My manners are, it is true, a little awkward and constrained, too commonly the case with persons much occupied in study and reflection, but not so as to make me affected or pedantic; nor have I ever been accused of possessing either too much susceptibility or indifference of the ladies, nor of having any of those blemishable qualities which might make me objectionable or disagreeable to them.

But my female relations, whose society was almost indispensable to me, I found had married and would marry, and there was a reasonable prospect that the autumn and winter of my life would be left to all the cheerless horrors of solitary and single-blessedness, unless I might choose to remedy the approaching evil by getting married myself. Having, therefore, reasoned myself into the belief that this was a most prudent and feasible measure, I began to

look about me and bethink myself who I should choose, and I was fully determined at any rate to choose wisely; for I well knew that after once getting my neck into the blessed noose of matrimony, if I found it pleasant and agreeable all would be very well, but if the reverse, I must bear it like a philosopher with stoic apathy; or like a saint, with meekness and patience. On this account I concluded that to choose a young girl would be improper, for she might annoy me by being too heedless and volatile, and moreover, in some small matters she might be indiscreet; and a widow I considered equally objectionable, for she might bore me with never-ending tales of the virtues of her first husband, intended, no doubt, to set before me a proper example for imitation, and against which I might, perhaps, be sometimes inclined to revolt. Upon mature reflection, I therefore determined to fix upon a maiden lady, a little on the wrong side of thirty, and near my own age, who would be sufficiently prim, precise, and needful, of decorum to please the most fastidious.

Of this class, I found a sufficient number within my acquaintance to puzzle me a long time in making a selection. I am not, it is true, intimately acquainted with any of them, but this appeared of little consequence, as their virtues had been sufficiently heralded. After mature deliberation, and having passed them over in review a great number of times in my mind, I at last fixed upon one who entirely pleased my fancy. I knew her to be over thirty at any rate, for she had been a grown woman more than fifteen years, and I had carefully watched a favourable opportunity to observe that her hair, underneath the enormous quantity of black glossy curls she wore, was

fully as grey as my own. And if further proof was needed, I had remarked to a couple of young girls, my relatives, just come out, that I greatly admired the quantity and beauty of her head of hair, when they simply observed, "La! cousin William, did you not know that it is all false! Old Grimalda has not a string of natural hair much larger than one's finger, and that is as grey as a rat. Sister and I dressed her hair for her only the other day, and to be sure we ought to know." This, however, only assured me of a fact which gave her, in my estimation, both dignity and discretion. Having shown her sufficiently eligible I hope, in point of years, I shall proceed to her other qualifications. She was somewhat of the Napoleon form, that is rather short and square, and inclined to enbonpoint. Her forehead was rather low according to the ancient Grecian model; her face was broad, and her nose sharp and turned up, and her chin projected and turned up a little likewise; her lips were thin, and her teeth, considering the time they had been worn, were pretty good; but her eyes, those windows of the soul, were small, black, and sparkling, and her voice was clear, shrill, and distinct.

I describe her exactly, for her image seems now before me; and if she does not appear so fascinating to some, they must know that we cannot all think alike, and it is sufficient if she appeared to me every thing that was amiable and lovely. I have somewhere read, that Lord Byron considered, that it was not necessary for a lady to be a perfect beauty to inspire the full intensity of a tender passion, but she might have some prominent blemishes which her lover would overlook, or supply by the creative powers of his fancy; and that his Maid of Athens was a sinewy, pale-faced, dull-looking damsel, the daughter of his landlady, and owed her beauty and celebrity not to the gifts of nature, but to the poetry of his imagination. Be this, however, as it may; I had scarcely fixed upon my fair one before she appeared to me all that was excellent, amiable, and lovely. I could not see her without experiencing a kind of thrilling awe and devotion of heart which I cannot well express, and which I could not believe to be any thing else but the effects of a pure and devoted love. I desired of all things to be in her company, although I always felt awkward and embarrassed, and afterwards could not help loathing and hating myself for the many blunders and absurdities I committed, notwithstanding I believe no one observed or suspected them but myself. All this time I was careful not to excite suspicions by paying her any marked attention; and when I fell in her company it was always apparently by chance; and when I called where she resided, which was frequently the case, it was always under pretence of business, and my stay was very short, for I did not know but my mind might alter, and I could not bear to raise expectations I might fail to gratify, or tamper with a passion I might be compelled to overcome.

But after several months constancy, finding that my passion increased, or in fact grew worse and worse, I began to think it high time

to break the matter to her, and this I was determined should be done in the most decorous and becoming manner. Believing that I should suffer a thousand martyrdoms, and commit an hundred times as many absurdities if I attempted to do it personally, I concluded that my best and safest way was to do it by letter, for then I could communicate to her my real sentiments, expressed with due premeditation, which, unless she had great patience, and was particularly gifted in sifting out the meaning from a confused medley of incoherent words, uttered by a person in the greatest trepidation and alarm, she might otherwise never be able to know from my conversation.

Accordingly I sat down, and with great pains composed a letter which suited me exactly. It had a sufficient mixture of love and business, as any letter of the kind ought to have. I felt every thing I expressed, and rejoiced that I could feel a passion so pure and so honourable to our nature, although it gave me so much perplexity and distress. But as all love letters are said to be foolish and uninteresting, except to the parties, this as yet had but one party, and was intended to be composed in such a manner as to make another, and inspire her with as great a flame as I felt myself; and at the same time to convince her reason and overcome her scruples of prudence, and pave the way to matrimony at once. Indeed, I could not see how it could fail of doing so. I reviewed it again and again, and copied it carefully on the best and most costly paper I could procure, and then read and re-read it, and was well satisfied that, as the lawyers say, it was a clear statement, and every way relevant to the case. I then folded and sent it to my fair one, thinking that as she read it, she must feel the strength and fervency of my passion, and admit that my appeals to her were made in the most delicate and appropriate manner; and I doubted not but it would be well received, and cost her at least some few tender sighs to reject the suit of such a sincere and devoted swain, who could not only feel so deeply, but express his feelings in such happy terms. But perhaps the letter will best speak for itself, and I therefore transcribe it *verbatim*.

*Holly-Horton Grove, 15th Oct. 1837.*

Dear Madam—Permit me to address you on a subject which to me at least is of such importance as to involve the future destinies of my life; and be assured it is with unaffected diffidence and embarrassment that I now attempt to disclose to you the real feelings of my heart. I have long known you, and such is the opinion I have formed of your worth, that notwithstanding my own unworthiness, I am induced to offer you my heart and my hand.

A stranger to the forms and manœuvres of courtship, my sincerity must plead my excuse for thus apprising you at once of my sentiments; and in paying you the highest compliment in my power, your goodness will certainly consider me justly entitled to all the indulgences due to pure and honourable intentions, the real intentions of my heart. But in making you this communication, I am sensible it is due to propriety that I should, with equal candour

and truth, lay before you the state of my feelings, and my circumstances in the world.

That I am unworthy of you, I readily admit; but I truly offer to your acceptance a sincere and undivided affection and love, a tender and interested friendship, deeply solicitous for your welfare; and the entire devotion of a heart which I trust would be found faithful, and which would ever glory in contributing to your welfare. More than this perhaps I cannot say.

My circumstances are not affluent, but my estate is unencumbered, and free from debt; it affords me the necessities, and many of the luxuries of life. With greater exertions on my part it might be made more productive, and in these, will not be wanting should an increase of income be required.

If I know myself, I must say that my heart is neither cold nor my feelings dead to the endearing enjoyments of conjugal life; but I feel that these alone can give scope to those tender charities which form our sweetest and dearest solace, and which heighten and dignify the blessings of prosperity, and afford the richest balm to soothe and comfort distress; a single life, with no faithful bosom to participate in my joys, or alleviate my cares, is a state too dreary and lonesome for me. Those who endure it need the consolation of meriting heaven in the world to come to support them under the privations of denying themselves all foretaste of it in this.

Could you, my dearest Grimalda, reciprocate my affections, and be content with the moderate competency in my power to offer, I see no obstacles to prevent our enjoying as great a share of felicity as falls to the lot of mortals. Happy within ourselves, and in the possession of a comfortable home and the necessities of life, we might draw largely upon content, and need not envy those who covet more. Troubles, it is true, we might have, they are the lot of humanity, and ought to be expected; but we should have no grounds to apprehend they would not be more than balanced by pure and blissful enjoyments. Indeed, you should be happy, if a fond and devoted heart could make you so.

For my own part, I build no castles, and form no schemes at variance with domestic and conjugal life. The vain pursuits of politics and ambition, the rage of speculation, and matters of like import, I have always considered as dust and chaff, the bread that satisfieth not, and freely left them to those who were willing to sacrifice their peace, and prejudice their own souls for the sake of being called rich or great. Far above such empty baubles would I prize the sweet comforts of home, and the smiles of her I love. And here it is I would build my terrestrial elysium, as containing the most pleasing and blissful delights, and indeed all on earth worth having. Here let me live dispensing and receiving the best and holiest affections of the heart; and here at last let death overtake me, as overtake me he must—and when I feel his pang, let my head be pillowed on the bosom of her I love, and my soul be wafted by her fervent aspirations to the presence of the Most High.

With you, my dearest Grimalda, I feel that

I could not be unhappy, and that as time passed away the benign cheerfulness and goodness of your disposition would constantly increase my affection, and with an overflowing heart I should constantly bless you for gilding my days with joy, and making my home a paradise. Indeed you must be mine; and with an honest heart, and sincere and ardent love, I place my whole hopes in you.

Well indeed do I know that your heart is not steeled against the best and tenderest sympathies of our nature, and I doubt not that you will respect the feelings of one who is innocent of giving you offence otherwise than by entertaining for you a pure and ardent affection, and that you will reward him with your friendship, if you cannot farther bless him, by responding to his wishes.

Having thus laid before you my whole heart, I feel confident, my dearest Grimalda, that you will give the subject that consideration its importance deserves; and be assured that the richest blessing I can receive would be the permission to become, with sentiments of the most devoted affection and profound respect and esteem, for ever yours,

WM. WINTERGREEN.

This letter it is true, was rather long, but how could I make it shorter? I condensed it all that I could, and there was not a single sentiment or expression which at that time I could bear to suppress or alter. And besides, I considered it perfectly original and much better than any thing of the kind I had ever seen. I believe it must be apparent to every one who reads it, that I was then at least most desperately in love, and labored very hard to make myself acceptable, and earn my future happiness.

After I had sent it, some days must necessarily pass before I could receive an answer, and these seemed to me absolutely intolerable. Every moment was fairly magnified into an age. Oh, the intense miseries of a state of anxiety and suspense! To the criminal, having in prospect the gallows or a pardon, with all its whispered intimations and privileges to go and sin again, it is not so torturing as to the lover, who sees before him the blasting of his most pure and hallowed affection, making his heart at once a desert and a wilderness, or the full fruition of all that blissful delight his imagination can depict as the richest and best gift of heaven to erring mortals, to cheer and gladden them in the weary pilgrimage of life. Oh woman! Oh ladies fair and lovely, how can you be insensible to the pains you inflict by your little delays and flirtations? I once knew a country swain who beat his bride most unmercifully the day after marriage, as he said, to pay her off for the plague and vexation she had given him during a long and protracted courtship. I abhorred the act as brutal and disgusting, but at the same time could not forbear entertaining some suspicions that like many other things not much worse, perhaps, it had a moral in it. Indeed, I never could conceive how a lady of any kind of feeling, when she had a beaux in tether, could bear to torture him, much as a cat does a mouse, with all the agonies of hope and despair, often repeated

through apparently an age of durance, when she must be sensible that in justice and mercy she ought one way or other to despatch him at once.

I was convinced that my innamorato was no person of this kind, but that her gentle and compassionate disposition would never permit me to suffer from unnecessary delay, for I considered her every thing that was amiable and perfect. I doubted not but she would fully appreciate my moral qualifications and literary talent, and find me to possess all the requisites she could desire to make her happy, and devoutly thank God that after waiting so long, she had at last been rewarded with a lover according to her utmost wishes.

I could not forbear calculating the time she would probably receive my communication, and after her first surprise had subsided, I imagined she would read it again and again, and weigh every word, sentiment, and sentence, and find every thing according to her heart's desire, and feel a becoming pride in having inspired a passion so honorable and sincere; and which she could not, especially at her time of life, prudently fail to accept. I then imagined she would make out an answer with great deliberation, and in studied terms, suitable to my refined taste and literary merit, the object of which would be to make me one of the happiest of men.

Still my happiness was deferred, and depended upon a contingency of which I was not altogether certain. This made me sufficiently miserable. Time seemed scarcely to move at all. Every moment was counted, and to beguile it, I would frequently dwell upon her perfections:—her form so beautiful and lovely—her years, which entitled her to discretion, and must have enriched her mind and made her above the trifling coquetry and flirtation of a young girl; and likewise averse to flattery, which is always suspicious, and against which I had been carefully guarded. The communication I should receive from her I imagined would of course be candid, sincere, well studied and highly respectful and complimentary—even were I refused, which I could scarcely believe possible, it would be in the most delicate terms, with all due acknowledgments for the honor I intended, and the respectful manner it had been proposed, and terminate in the avowal of at least a sisterly friendship, which I intended to cultivate if nothing further might be expected.

Something of this kind might in fact appear to have been my due. To suffer such images to pass and re-pass through my mind during these tedious hours, must have been excusable. Although, however, the time did pass, and I received the much expected packet, I immediately retired, and with trembling anxiety broke it open. I found it to contain nothing but my own letter with the name of the fair and lovely Grimalda blotted out in every instance, and underneath my own signature the following words, in her hand writing, coarsely and hastily executed, and not signed by any name, staring me at once in the face:

"Sir, instead of deeming this a compliment in any way, I do think it the greatest piece of

presumption that I ever knew—in fact it is presumption in the very highest degree—and I hope that you will never speak to me again, and by the by, hope that you will never call on us again—no, not even long enough to allay your thirst—for I do assure you that the very sight of you is intolerant—I feel myself entirely insulted, and indignant at the thought."

When the enamoured Don Quixote saw his peerless Dulcinea transformed into a coarse and garlick eating wench, he could not have been more completely dumbfounded than I was—for this was truly a blow up at once, and with a vengeance! My feet were rivetted to the spot. I felt a cold, chillily oppression about my heart which was quickly succeeded by a burning glow, and the perspiration burst from every pore. I felt not anger nor disappointed love, but a mortified grief of soul, that all my pure and cherished passion, so ardent and sincere, and which had awakened in my bosom the sensations of almost a new existence should have sprung from such an object, and terminated in such a result—had she only shown herself worthy, my feelings would have been different. But now, did I love the fair Grimalda! No—I felt it impossible; as Col. Crockett says, "I could as well love her weight of wild cats." But I felt not disdain nor contempt for her few ill-natured sentences, but gratitude; for they placed her before me as she really was—not the gentle and amiable being I had made the mistress of my heart, the idol of my fond affections, but a quite different person; and had not my suit been rejected, God only knows what kind of happiness might have been laid up in pickie for me. And I cannot but congratulate myself that I did not venture to make love to her personally, for instead of venting her rage upon paper, she might then have given it a less harmless direction.

Several weeks have now passed and I have not seen or heard any farther from the fair Grimalda, nor do I desire it. The wet blanket she threw upon my burning love has smothered it as completely as if it had never existed. I could see her vegetate forever in single blessedness, or wed another with the utmost composure, provided always, that I was safely out of her reach. To hear her virtues enumerated likewise gives me no concern, nor have I whispered my adventure to a single individual.

I have now related an incident, which is actual experience, and fresh from real life—I leave others to draw from it what inference they please. I feel that it has made me much wiser than I was, and given me a greater dependence on a supreme power as the best guardian of my happiness. Had it been His will, how easily might the fair Grimalda have lured me into the matrimonial trap! and then it would have been too late to tell tales or make complaints; but like a good husband I must fain love, and cherish her were she even the flour of brimstone, the cream of tartar, or the very quintessence of vexation. Or, she might have assumed a new disposition with her wedding dress, which I am told ladies often do and have made me the happiest and most enviable of men.

W. U. W.



Written for the Lady's Book.

## TEMPER.—A TALE.

"THERE is Emily, mamma!" exclaimed Edith Evylen, and she sprang from the door step on which she was standing, and bounded over the lawn to meet her friend.

"Oh Emily! you bring good news, I am sure—you remain with us, do you not?"

"I do indeed, Edith. Mamma will be most happy to leave me with you, and Mrs. Evylen, until her return."

"Then it is all settled," said Edith, and she smiled fondly upon Emily, as she drew her arm within her own, "and we shall be so happy, dearest! Frederic Herbert is with us; it is a sort of holiday just now with him—you know he has been lately admitted to the bar—and body, and mind, require relaxation after his long course of arduous study; there he stands with mamma in the door way, should you have recognised him?" Emily shook her head. "It was so long since she had seen him—she had so little remembrance of him when a boy."

"Yet we often retain distinct impressions of persons, seen when very young," said Edith; "I am almost surprised your recollection of Frederic is not better." Nodding with a good-humoured smile to Herbert, who advanced to meet them, she said, "You have the advantage of Miss Riverton, my clever coz, she remembers nothing about you, more than of any other boy."

"My recollection of Miss Riverton is very different indeed from that," said Frederic, bowing with an air of animated pleasure to both ladies. "I well remember the sweet countenance, that has changed only to become perfect, and which I think, would have enabled me to recognise her under any circumstances." Mrs. Evylen now came forward, and welcomed Emily with a kindly, but languid smile. She was a tall, faded woman, of perhaps some forty summers, with a listless and heavy countenance, which the heat of a warm afternoon did not by any means improve.

"I am glad you are come, Emily," she said, "It is so stupid here, I longed for the sight of your happy face again—really the heat is intolerable, this weather oppresses me so much, I am quite unfit for society, I think I will lie upon the sofa again; indeed it is the only comfortable way of passing one's time;" and with a yawn she made no attempt to repress, she entered the house to put her laudable resolution into practice.

"Lay aside your bonnet Emily, my friend," said Edith, "and let us sit under this pleasant shade tree, we shall have air here, if any where."

They were scarcely seated, before Mr. Evylen joined them; he was a tall, spare man, upon whose brow the world had drawn many a hard and harsh line, scorn and incredulity marked the white and wasted features; as they lay in repose; traces there were of much manly beauty, and when he smiled there was a captivation, but without softness: few, I ween, had ever marked through the stony coldness of his

eye, an expression of feeling, sympathy, or benevolence; there was in his character a selfishness too intense to leave room for the exercise of better feelings. Edith was the sole tie that bound him in social life—his wife had long ceased to be an object of interest or esteem—but for that only child, that daughter of rare and exceeding beauty, he was never tired of forming ambitious projects, and even his exacting and proud spirit was satisfied with the undisguised admiration she every where excited. Evylen was thoroughly versed in all the minutiae of good society; prepossessing and gentle in his manners, because self-possessed, and artful, he was a general favourite, and pleasant companion, in the circle he deemed exclusively his own.

Smiling upon the group as he approached, and addressing Herbert, he said: "I fear your resolutions will melt into 'thin air,' these are powerful temptations to swerve you from the dull path of duty, but remember nephew, mine! Fame will not rule a divided empire, she claims all your heart, and will enter into no compact with Cupid: and these fair ladies would only injure you, without benefitting themselves, if they induce you to think differently."

"You are right, uncle," said Frederic, in a voice into which a tone of sadness had stolen, easily detected by the quick eye of Evylen, "but stern necessity will be the strength of my good resolves; it will be long, very long, before I pay other court than what is demanded in my profession; but in our fair land," and his eye lighted cheerily, "there is a broad path of distinction as open to the briefless barrister, as to those who 'sit in high places,'" and if I carve my way upward, I may hope the reward will await me at last:"—and he bowed to both ladies, though his eye rested with a long, earnest glance upon Edith.

All unconsciously, there was springing up in the heart of Herbert a passionate love for his cousin—and little wonder that he loved her—that queenly girl, with her high and sparkling beauty! Yet her pure and faultless features bore the impress of character, too commanding for the lot and happiness of woman; the eye, black and piercing, could flash forth the rays of intolerable anger—the mouth so perfect, was yet so haughty, and so resolute! the brow so high and broad, bore out, and sustained the noble character of her beauty—the full proportioned and stately form—the snowy shoulders, and perfect bust. The rich hair of "darkest hue" was braided back from the forehead, contrasting with the sunny ringlets of Emily Riverton, who sat by her side. Fair were both those maidens—but how unlike! Deep in colour, as those of Edith, were the eyes of Emily, but how inexpressibly soft and touching the expression! It is seldom we see a black eye that can lay claim to that rare and peculiar beauty. In a life time I have known but two persons so favoured; irresistibly sweet and gentle, was the beaming glance of Emily; soft

hair, many shades lighter than that of Edith, wound itself about a neck and forehead of surpassing whiteness, the face of Emily lighted by the glad, joyous eyes, and pure colour that played on her cheek, was eminently beautiful. She was not so tall as Edith, nor so full proportioned, rather above the middle height, and very graceful in form. And now turn we from the pleasant shade tree, to learn something of the past history of the group.

In rearing up her young and beautiful daughter, Mrs. Evylen had brought to the task mental incapacity of the grossest order; over her head years had passed without bringing wisdom; she was too indulgent, and too good-natured, to correct the ungoverned temper of Edith, or to curb with a strong hand, the self-will that every day strengthened in her character. Forgetful of her high and solemn responsibility of *mother*, Mrs. Evylen was never so happy as when superintending the child's dress, and seeing her lovely little face decked with smiles; to that effect nurses were desired to humour the dear little creature!—"That all children were troublesome, and would have their own way—they must not wrangle with a child, but *give up*." Humour her they did, to some purpose; "*give up*" became a standing rule in the family, and there was a general, an implicit yielding to the wishes of the spoiled girl. Mr. Evylen immersed in business, and much from home, had few opportunities of judging of the real disposition of Edith; had he known the truth, he was too worldly not to have corrected the error, the *worldly advantage* of his child was the chief object of his anxiety, and he was wise enough to know she would be greatly injured by a temper so imperious. As Edith grew up to womanhood, her intimacy with Emily Riverton caused a sudden and severe check upon all exhibition of violent anger; a sense of shame was awakened, and when that intimacy had ripened into a firm and fast friendship, it became a great, redeeming trait in the character of Edith, that she bore patiently with, and even strove to benefit by the counsels of Emily, her good and faithful monitor, who warned her of error with a steadfastness and truth that few could have borne, reared in the ruinous self-indulgence that marked the early years of Edith Evylen. Two years passed at a fashionable boarding school, completed the education of the future wife and mother! A dissipated winter in town followed, causing the heart of Edith to glow, from the intoxication of gratified vanity; to her young imagination the homage she received was dazzling; and then, and there, when her heart was open to receive such impressions, did her father open to her his plans, hopes, and expectations. He told her "his affairs were in confusion, he could still keep his standing for a time, but his ultimate hopes of success were upon her—a wealthy son-in-law would furnish the means to reinstate him in his former successful and prosperous course of business—to relieve him from his present state of dreadful insecurity; and he poured into her not unwilling ear many a tale of splendour; and of triumph, of willing slaves, won by the magic of wealth and beauty; of a rule in the circle of

fashion, her matchless taste could render powerful." The taint of worldliness was given to her young mind, and she was conscious of a growing and intense desire to realise her father's vain imaginings. Where was the rightful guardian of the young and exposed years of Edith? Where was the mother, whose duty it was to point out the errors into which her child was falling, and endeavour, with energy and decision, to correct them—slumbering at her post, when the dearest and best interests of her only child was at stake. How think ye? would the ambitious projects of that worldly father have weighed in the balance against the warnings, and admonitions, prompted by a mother's ceaseless and untiring love? High—high in the air they would have gone, feathery things for the winds to sport with! In the daughter's heart, the name of *mother* is a holy spell—a holy and trusting spell, leading to all good, and gentle, and womanly thoughts! Should not an influence so refining, so beneficial, be rendered effective, by the aid of strong and judicious mental culture? Oh! that men would study their true interests, and educate their daughters; the cry is ringing through our land, mothers do your duty! Right—but they must be *fitted* for that duty; and when mothers are unqualified, by mental incapacity, it falls upon the father—it is *his* duty; the path lies before him in a flood of golden light! If you would make your home a happy one—your household hearth a scene of contentment and love, give unto your daughters resources which will render them independent of the wholesale slanders, and vain frivolities, sought with avidity by hundreds, as a stimulus to the dull monotony of domestic life. Do you call the present a system of education, that will fit woman to be wives and mothers? Do the fathers of our fair land give this momentous subject sufficient attention? Is it their part to look on with indifference when fair girls are springing up around them, with the seal of promise upon their brow, and an intellect running riot, for want of judicious training? Money is spent freely, but it is *time* that is needed; the defect in the education of girls is to be found *at home*; our teachers do their part faithfully. Why then do girls evince an indifference, not to say distaste, to a course of judicious reading? It is because the taste is not formed at home. Let a father point out a course of reading, encourage, and aid the young beginner; let intellectual pursuits occupy much of the time spent in the domestic circle; the taste once acquired will never forsake them. Amid the round of youthful gaities, a daughter may not fully appreciate these advantages, and a father must contend with her disinclination to study, but let him persevere; for there comes an after time, a long after time of quiet and seclusion. Then will the heart of that daughter rise up in silent and undying gratitude to the father who has so guarded and guided her young mind, that her happiness is secured, independent of outward circumstances. She will never forget in the long hours of inevitable solitude, the fostering hand that has led her, by a pleasant path, to the enjoyment of happiness within herself; it renders the tie, between father and

daughter, infinitely more endearing and sacred; the father's thoughts are not a "sealed fount" to the keenly sympathizing girl by his side, and he is repaid a thousand fold for all his early care and attention, by such communion.

Let fathers do their duty for a generation to come, and mothers will take the place God ordained they should; well and wisely qualified to perform the important duties which devolve upon them in life. It is no argument against us, to point out the countless multitude of mothers who are nobly sustaining their character, eminently fitted so to do; that there are hundreds, nay thousands in our land miserably disqualified, no one will venture to deny. Let this grand defect in the *home* education of girls be remedied, and we shall not have it marked, in the note book of a passing traveller, that vacuity of mind was a cause of evil, and a curse to American women.

Widely different in all respects, was the mother of Emily Riverton from Mrs. Evelyen. In educating her daughter, Mrs. Riverton had ever borne in mind the peculiar trials that fall to the lot of woman in her various relations in life; she felt how invaluable the blessing of a cultivated mind had been to her in the weary intervals of sickness, the long hours of privation and sorrow most women are subject to; she was sustained in adversity; her temper rendered serene and cheerful, by the strong efforts of a well-disciplined and vigorous mind. "The sole daughter of her house and heart" was growing into a beautiful woman, a companion and support to her declining years. Emily had been wholly educated by her mother, who had lost several children before her birth; the death of her husband followed soon upon that event; and Emily remained a tie that bound her to life, and roused her to continued and active exertion. The time and attention of Mrs. Riverton was almost exclusively given to her child; under her fostering care and pruning hand, nothing really valuable was neglected, while there was found, by a judicious appointment of time, leisure for those accomplishments that sit so gracefully on woman. Mrs. Riverton's health had received a severe shock from her early domestic afflictions, she had at no time felt the vigour of frame, and elasticity of spirits, that follow an entire restoration to health; but she was quite equal to all her duties; and like too many others, satisfied with being so. She neglected the out-door exercise that would have strengthened and restored her enfeebled frame to its original vigour; her health gave way, and Emily's attention was required, and freely given. It was beneficial to the mind of that gentle girl to go through the self-denying process of a sick room—to bear silently the caprices of the worn sufferer—to check the countless fears that spring from the heart to the face, and ever wear in the presence of the invalid, a quiet and cheerful countenance; how rich the reward that awaited her at last! The pale cheek of the stricken mother lost slowly, but surely, its sunken expression, and asher hue; light came to the eyes, colour to the lips, and strength to the bowed and debilitated frame.

It was at the commencement of Mrs. River-

ton's illness, Edith Evelyen returned home from school; her father's residence was within a few hundred rods of Mr. Riverton's house, and both were not more than a two hours ride from the city. Emily was then sixteen, Edith a year older. In their more youthful years, any great intimacy between them was checked by Mrs. Riverton; in this she was aided by Mrs. Evelyen's habit of spending her summers "where most the gay do congregate," and Edith accompanying her. The friendship that now sprang up between these fair girls she had no desire to check, believing Emily secure from evil influence, and hoping with a Christian's spirit, to benefit Edith. She saw with sorrow the neglected and faulty education of the maiden, but she admired her wondrous beauty, and was fully alive to the enthusiastic love she bore to Emily. In the nature of Edith Evelyen there was no disguise, high; haughty, and imperious as she was, she scorned a mean action, and would not for any gain, have sullied her lips with a lie. Generous by nature, where her prejudices did not interfere, (strong, for they had grown unchecked) she was capable of self-sacrifice of no ordinary kind, for the sake of a friend. And how did the example, and character, the soothing words, and kind advice, of such a woman as Mrs. Riverton, act upon the stormy passions that so often shook the frame of Edith? as the voice of Him, upon the waters, who said—"peace, be still!" the raging of the human sea sunk down silent and abashed; and Edith rightly appreciated the obligations she was under to Mrs. Riverton. She had seen enough of the world, even in her young years, to feel the indelible disgrace temper inflicts upon its possessor—and that possessor a woman. But Edith was not cured, the defect was yet there, but the haughty exercise of it was much checked; she felt, and often bitterly, the superiority of Emily's acquirements over her own, she admired the course of uniform study, and judicious reading, that constituted the chief pleasures of her life; without having resolution to follow the example. Consoling herself with the reflection that "her's was not the fault," "I should have been taught these things," she would say, "no one ever acquired a *love for study* at a boarding school, but *at home*. It is too late for me now, unless I educate myself over again, which I have no ambition to do; alas! I am like a blind man, groping my way up a hill, countless impediments meet me at every step."

During the summer of Mrs. Riverton's ill health, the most of Edith's time was spent with her friends. A winter intervened, spent by Edith in — city, entering with her whole soul into the pleasures of a town life. It was a startling surprise to hear from her father such an unequivocal avowal of his circumstances, she recoiled from the thought of surrendering all that splendour that girt her beauty round with such a spell, and she listened all too willingly to the scheme of a wealthy marriage, that would continue her in her present station, perhaps ensure her a loftier one.

It was the summer after the winter spent in town, that we have introduced Edith to our readers, one among the group, beneath the

pleasant shade tree. During the time of their separation, Emily had been with her mother, whose health much impaired, it was hoped would be re-established by a protracted stay at the springs; thither she had gone, accompanied by her brother, consigning Emily to the care of Mrs. Evylen. The meeting with Edith satisfied even Emily, always exacting from those she loved, loving so tenderly! Edith brought back the same warm attachment to her friend she had ever felt; the taint of worldliness could not reach the one bright and pure feeling, interwoven with the best and truest feelings of her heart. Too beautiful herself to feel the smallest sensation of envy, she gazed with rapt and wondrous delight upon the expanded loveliness of Emily, and began already (as women are apt to do) to build fairy castles for her sweet Emily, and her cousin Frederic. Herbert was the only child of her mother's sister, an orphan from his early youth, much of his holiday time had been spent under the roof of Mr. Evylen, his guardian. Save his profession, he was without pecuniary resources, his wealth sufficed to give him a finished education; there was little doubt of his ultimate success on the busy stage of life: he united great decision, and energy of character, to an acute discriminating mind. Apparently reserved at first, as he became more familiar, there was a wondrous charm in his conversational powers, which were of a high order. Nature had been no niggard in her gifts, and he was handsome enough to please the eye of Edith, (grown critical of late) and naturally enough, she looked forward to much increase of pleasure from his residence in her father's house for a month to come. The heart of Edith had softened more than the proud girl liked, under the influence of Herbert's attractions, and she hailed with joy the visit of Emily; she was too generous to wish her cousin's love, when in her heart she knew his poverty was an insuperable bar to their union. Present wealth *her* husband must be master of, or none of her's could he be; and a heavy sigh would often end this kind of reasoning—she was teaching herself to believe it a stern necessity. Let it be borne in mind, the faults of Edith were the natural results of a perverted and faulty education; the principles so carefully instilled by her true friend, Mrs. Riverton, had not taken deep root, they had fallen upon a soil choked up with the errors of a neglected youth: the arguments of her father had acted upon Edith with all the weight of character she was accustomed to associate with the name of father! Had her mother been capable of acting a mother's part, the selfish and worldly views of Evylen would have fallen like snow upon the pure water, leaving no trace behind.

During the month Emily and Herbert remained at Mr. Evylen's, there was much gaiety and out-door amusement. Emily Riverton's young heart was beginning to know a love stronger than that she had borne her mother, and deeper far, and more enduring, than she would admit it to herself to be: she was unconscious of the love Herbert bore to Edith, so constantly had Edith striven to blind her to the fact. In very fondness too, she believed sin-

cerely that Emily was better fitted to constitute the happiness of Herbert, than herself; and then Emily was an heiress too! the very thing he most wanted. And so she went on, encouraging in Emily a preference, and striving to implant it in the heart of Herbert. Sometimes she feared he had suffered his thoughts to stray too often to herself, but she never dreamed of the strong and earnest feeling that lay unstirred in the heart's depths, or of the deep hope he treasured in his bosom, and resolved to test ere he left his uncle's house. His real admiration of Emily's beauty he was not slow to express to his delighted cousin, while his manner was most generally the same to both. Edith took care they should be constantly together. Many a flattering word fell laughingly from the lips of Edith in speaking to Emily of her lover, as she ever styled Frederic; nor did it once enter the head of Edith she was acting wrong: the creature of impulse, she lost sight of the injury she inflicted upon Emily, in the sanguine hope she would see her united to one so every way worthy of her.

Affairs had gone on in this way, until the last day of Herbert's stay arrived, without his being able to see Edith alone, through her determined efforts to avoid him. Her mind had been in some degree awakened to the true state of Herbert's feelings, and she resolutely evaded every opportunity for explanation on his part.

She was so sure he would love Emily yet! so beautiful, so worthy to be loved! But, between Frederic and Edith there had been long years of intimate communion, when he had been to her as a very dear brother, and she to him, the light and guiding star of his existence! If these thoughts would rise unbidden, they were stricken back by the steady firmness of Edith; and when she approached, with Emily leaning upon her arm, <sup>so</sup> where he sat reading in the library, she said distinctly, and cheerfully:

"This is the last evening Frederick, you spend with us, come let us have a ride upon the water, what say *you*, my Emily?" The brow of the young girl was shaded by some inward thought, but her eye lighted, and the colour rose up joyously in her fair cheek, as she marked the assenting eagerness of Herbert; she did not know it was because Edith had asked him—she gently said:

"I know of few pleasures more delightful than a row upon the waters, in 'the still evening time.'"

Frederic had been vexed, and annoyed, at what he believed to be the intentional avoidance of him by Edith; but she had herself sought him, invited him to go. His heart rose high with hope once more, and he inwardly prayed favouring fortune to befriend him in this, his last extremity. A pleasant walk brought them to the water's edge: as the light, fairy boat shot out into the clear water, a long ray from the declining sun fell on its pathway: "See! Edith, see!" cried Emily, "'tis a kiss the sun has thrown us, to bid us welcome to the fairest haunt his beams ever shone upon." Edith laughed merrily at "the conceit," as she termed it, and bade Herbert row far up the stream, and

suffer the boat to glide down the current; a few strong pulls, and the fair lady was obeyed.

Emily sat abstracted, and apart. Herbert noticed it, and bending suddenly forward, he said, in a low earnest tone: "Edith! how tranquilly and joyously the boat glides over the water, could you not fancy this the stream of life, and that on its bosom our lot was cast together?"

"Not together, oh! my cousin," said Edith, sadly, but firmly, "not together, you must struggle and toil for high advancement; mount upward on the eagle's wing, and build your eyry in the sky! And I too," she continued proudly, "have mine own dreamings, they are of power and splendour; we both climb the hill of fortune, Herbert, but our lot is not together:" and the cold, resolved tone of that rich voice fell with a dull and heavy weight upon the excited and bounding heart of her cousin, bringing to his bosom conviction strong, and terrible, that for him there was no hope!

Emily had not distinctly heard the words of Herbert, but struck by his manner, she noted the reply of Edith: it was the first stroke, upon the young and trusting nature of Emily; she strove to force back the tears, that gathered into her dark eyes, to steady the shaking lip, that warned her the inward struggle was too apparent, she bent over the bright water struggling for composure; large drops—one—another, and yet another, fell silently upon the stream. It was singular she had never even thought of this with all her admiration of the wondrous beauty of Edith, she had never foreseen such a result, and shame mingled with her bitter feelings, preponderated indeed over every other. From the seclusion she had always lived in, she was little skilled in divining her own emotions, and even then, she would fain have believed, shame for herself, pity for Frederick, had caused the waters of bitterness to flow—and that no abiding feeling could be traced in the depths of her fond and foolish heart. The soft, and touching expression of Emily's countenance, wore a mild and mournful sadness. The clear water mirrored back to her anxious gaze no further expression of sorrow, or distress—how gentle and womanly was Emily! how fitted for happiness, in the different stations the sex is called upon to fill. None can ever know, but those who have the burden, the self-abasement, the crushing sense of degradation, that wrings the heart of a noble and high-minded woman, compelled to do homage to physical power, clothed with the form, without the majesty of man! Better, far better that a woman so situated, should lay her head in the silent grave, and be at rest! Not such a one was Emily Riverton. She could submit, well, wisely, and gracefully; she was in all things a woman, softly, and femininely so—such a one as Milton drew, ere the taint of sin rested upon the purity of our common mother: but with intellectual advantages of a high, and finished order, a disciplined and well regulated mind, she was a woman, fitted to be a companion, wife, and mother.

But the boat! the fairy boat! is gliding onward, cutting the blue water, like an arrow; over myriads of creatures, is that tiny boat winging its way, bearing in its bosom, struggling

hearts, and mournful faces—all—all alike the work of one creative hand.

Silently, and separately, after landing, they walked back to the house; in the door-way, Emily excused herself for the evening, and went directly up stairs: unexpectedly, Herbert found himself alone with Edith, his voice faltered slightly, as he said:

"I will not affect to misunderstand you; whatever may be my fate, may your decision work out good for yourself: may you indeed be happy, great, gay; all your heart can desire, Edith, my long-loved Edith!" and he covered his face with his hands, to conceal the emotion he could not master.

"There is good in store for us both," said Edith, kindly, cheerfully; "many happy hours shall we yet spend together, or I am no true prophet; farewell, then my cousin—brother: may you meet with that success in life, I so ardently desire for you; the time is not far distant, Herbert, when another and a fairer will console you for the present disappointment:" and raising her eyes dim with tears, to his face, with another faint and almost inarticulate farewell, she hurried from the room.

The day after Herbert's departure, Mrs. Riverton sent her carriage, to convey her daughter to her brother's residence, where she intended for some time to remain. Emily, had been gone, probably a week, when Mr. Evylen brought home a gentleman, he introduced to his family, as Mr. Vernon. He was a short, thick-set man, with a full, round, merry face, the result of much active exercise, and excellent health; it was impossible to look at him, without being struck with the good nature expressed in his countenance; his light-hearted, happy look, no real misfortune had ever clouded. The kindness of his nature, his good feeling to every one he came in contact with, united to the observance great wealth is prone to command for its possessor—rendered him perfectly at his ease, in a society, of whose forms he was wholly ignorant. He had mingled little in the social circle, although he was considered by many a fair belle, worthy of her brightest smile: his oddities, and forty years as his age, weighed not for a moment in the balance, against his vast wealth. Straightforward honesty of character, and strict integrity, had marked his course through life. He was known "Upon 'Change" as "honest John Vernon," and few things gave him greater pleasure, than an allusion to his cognomen. He possessed good sense, but was considered timid in disposition; little could be known of the hidden workings of a mind, circumstances had never called forth. Upon the surface there was ever playing an inexhaustible fund of good humor, and pleasantry. He had been a week at the house, when Mr. Evylen desired Edith, one pleasant morning, to walk out with him; she readily complied, and almost the first words her father addressed to her, was:

"How do you like Mr. Vernon, Edith?"

"Oh, very much, Papa; he is so good tempered, humors me as if I were his child, and a very spoiled one too; be assured I have tried him pretty well, I have not encountered many tempers all sunshine, and I was wicked enough, to convince myself, if his was an exception;

but I own myself foiled—he is always happy good-natured, and obliging.”

“A very fair character, you give of my friend John,” said her father, laughingly, “but, do you know, my love, he is the first match in—city!”

“Too old for me, Papa,” said Edith, coloring violently, “quite too old, he commits such horrible mistakes, in all the minutiae of good society: I should die for very shame, before I had been his wife a year.”

“These things,” answered her father, “all arise from ignorance; he has never mingled in society at any period of his life; and I assure you, Edith, it was with no little management, I brought him here. A little instruction from you, will bring these little matters right; and consider, how great the advantage to you, should you become his wife, in that ready good-nature, that will ensure a ready compliance with all your demands—John Vernon has never manifested a narrow, or illiberal spirit, his great wealth, is not the result of long continued economy, or petty savings; but of large speculations, in which he has been singularly successful. I have always believed, that Vernon possesses a degree of mind, if you can find the way to it, he has never received credit for.” Edith, as I have before said, received, and cherished strong prejudices; it would have been impossible to persuade her, that Vernon was any thing more than a good-natured, old gentleman, for whose mind and manners, she entertained the most sovereign contempt—to regard him with respect, to marry him was impossible. She expressed these feelings, with strong earnestness to her father, who at once said:

“I have already told you, Edith, the alternative; you must step down from your high pedestal of rank and fashion; consigning, by your own act, your mother and myself to beggary. I am sure of the aid I absolutely require, from John Vernon. You have cherished a dream in your inmost heart, my daughter, of a suitor wealthy enough, and worthy to be loved; such, you may never meet with: be wise, my noble daughter! wear the triple crown that is laid at your feet, you will be unlike all others, should it not conceal a thorn.”

By judicious flattery, earnest persuasion, and incessant watchfulness, lest she should repent and draw back, Evylen, at length succeeded in obtaining a promise from Edith, to think favorably of Vernon's suit. With Vernon, his task was not so difficult; bewildered by the beauty of the maiden, the first hint of Evylen, moved his heart with an emotion it had hitherto been a stranger to; nor did it ever strike him, Edith could not love him. To Vernon's heart, the feeling came in its first freshness; never before had he felt for any woman, the tenderness that springs from love; his utter ignorance of society, was Evylen's security in venturing to hint, as he did, his desire for a marriage between them.

The kindly and warm heart of Vernon, beat with a rapture, which would have astonished the fair lady had she known it, when he received her very cold, and quiet acceptance of his offered hand; if he felt disappointment, it was silenced in the belief that “maiden bashfulness” prevented an expression of her feelings. Evylen anticipating this state of things had, adroitly

enough, prepared his mind to receive that impression. And now pass we over another month until the day of their nuptials.

They were splendid, so Evylen had willed it. There had been much comment on the wooing and managed privacy, and he strove by this display, to still all voices but those of admiration or envy. How glorious was Edith in her regal beauty, as she stood at the “high altar!” Costly robes were around her, rich gems were wreathed in her glossy hair—and the bridal flower, the pale orange blossom, just touched the snowy and lofty forehead; very pale was the cheek of that fair bride! and once, or twice, you might see the firm lips quivering with a thought too strong for the heart's agony to sustain. It was a fearful moment for one so young, so gifted, so full of warm, generous, but unguided feelings: and he who had rendered it unto her so peculiar, and severe a trial, the father, how did he feel, as the solemn words went forth, that bound her through all time to another—there was in his heart, a fear, strong and exciting, of exposure. He dreaded lest the fortitude of his child should give way; but he need not—she was calm, calm to the last; she smiled without a tear, or a flush upon her pale cheek on the crowding and congratulating friends around her; and if in the sanctuary of her own apartment, she suffered the pent tears, and choking sobs to have way—blame her not; even if her own act, in a great measure, yet blame her not. The fault lay with its darkest shade upon him, who had guided her with a strong hand to such a sacrifice.

One true and faithful friend, was ever at the side of Edith, and her soft voice, was inexpressibly soothing to the jarred mind of the wearied girl.

“Oh Emily! my own dear Emily! how I love you for so faithfully sustaining me through this great trial—for your sake, for the sake of of the faithful friendship with which your mother has honored me, I will strive to act my part aright, in this my new and trying situation. I know, and feel you disapprove of this match. I could read it so plainly in Mrs. Riverton's countenance. Oh! that you had been here; my best friend, in all matters of moment I have ever found you! but do not desert me dearest! surely a faithful discharge of duty will reconcile even your mother to my conduct; she will, I trust, as she has hitherto done, aid and sustain me with her advice.”

“She will indeed, my dear Edith: you have no truer, better friend than mamma; allow for her first feelings of disappointment, and you will find her as kind as ever, hereafter. But do you know, I think it would not be so very difficult a matter to love Mr. Vernon; his peculiarities are against him, but he possesses sterling qualities. As a wife, my dear Edith, keep them ever before you, they will cast into the shade unimportant singularities.”

“Ah!” said Edith, mournfully, “it is so easy to reason quietly, what I ought to do, in the security of my own room;—you do not feel as I do, the shame and contempt, that is struggling in my heart; only conceive—his arguing the point of my beauty, as he did last night, appealing to every one, gentlemen, and ladies too!

if I was not, decidedly, the handsomest woman in the room. Oh Emily!" said Edith, bursting into tears, "my splendour is bought at a bitter price."

"But you have bought;" said Emily almost bitterly, through her tears, "it is too late to count the cost! Turn away from the contemplation of whatever is annoying in Vernon—strive dearest to look upon his kindly nature, with complacency; he loves you, Edith—you dare not wreck *his* happiness with your own."

After a long pause, Edith said: "With you Emily, I have used no disguise; I will not now. You shall know the worst feeling in my heart to Vernon—it is a recoiling, almost loathing of his attentions—of his tenderness. I have no power to describe the state of haughtiness, and irritation they produce in my mind. I dread this feeling so, my Emily; it proceeds from an unregulated and violent temper. I see by your countenance, you think the consciousness of my error, is the best hope of an amendment; I *cannot* control it, dearest; my temper has been the bane of my life—"grown with my growth." There is little hope now, that I shall be able to conquer it; but I will think of these things, and perhaps the day may come, my own Emily, when you will not be ashamed of your friend." Fondly did Emily embrace her, and sanguine hope sprung up in her young and guileless heart, that all would yet end happily for Edith. They were interrupted by a summons from Mr. Evylen; as Edith rose to obey, she kissed the fair forehead of her friend, and whispered:

"I feel comforted already, dearest, Oh! I will strive to cherish better feelings, if they are the cause of so much inward happiness."

It was but a few hours after this wise resolve, that, surrounded by an admiring crowd, her spirits broke forth with a joyousness, that astonished herself. Never before had Edith looked so beautiful; the splendid graces of her person were aided and adorned by the costliest robes; for the first time in her life she wore diamonds, of a splendour and value, that few besides Vernon could have bestowed. She was not unconscious of this great object of attraction, in the eyes of so many of her sex; and she had seldom felt a prouder triumph in her charms, a more exulting sense of the homage so universally rendered to her. Near the close of the evening, Edith was standing in animated conversation, by an open door, leading out into a balcony, running the whole length of the house. Vernon's attention was at this moment attracted towards her. Emily had contrived in various ways, to detain him, believing it would be a relief to Edith; but he now rose abruptly from his seat, walking deliberately across the spacious apartment. When he obtained a full view of Edith, he stopped short in admiration, and delight; to which he gave expression in a kind of sotto voice, distinctly audible to her "dear friends."

"Never saw a handsomer woman in my life! though I say it. Looks like a ship in full sail, freighted with a rich cargo too!" and he chuckled audibly. "Magnificent! not a woman in the room to compare to her—unless indeed, that sweet little Emily could hold up her head, and take her place along-side—but that's the very thing, now

I think of it—never did see a woman carry her head like Edith Vernon, thank God!" and utterly unconscious of the sneers and laughter he had caused, he stepped close to his wife, threw his arm about her waist, and kissed her!

The face of Edith was whiter than her robe as she sprang from his arm, passing rapidly out of the door, she hurried to the far end of the balcony literally gasping, with mortification and rage. She struggled with her bitter, and humiliating feelings, until the hot tears forced their way, and seemed a sort of blessed relief. A step sounded in the distance; she threw a startled glance forward: it was her father, whose vexed, and angry countenance, showed the sincerity with which he uttered, "There never was such a fool as Vernon! the idiot! not to know better in such a crowd of people; be comforted my poor Edith; the warmth of his love will soon abate, and you must teach him to make it less annoying." He took her hand, but she withdrew it, almost with haughtiness, as she said, "Mock me not with the vain shadow of consolation, it is too late, father, teach me, rather, to bear my lot in patience, and strive with the guilt there is in such feelings as mine. But Oh! 'tis terrible to be held up to the scorn, contempt and scorching irony of these people;" and tears again streamed, fast and warm over her pale cheek.

Evylen laid his hand upon her arm, and said: "Summon up your courage, Edith, and go back with me, it will disappoint them of half their malice—you have only to play the 'coy maiden,' and there will be enough to declare you regarded the whole scene as a piece of merriment." He had touched the right chord—Edith was herself at once—they walked the length of the balcony, and her step was quiet and assured her manner, self-possessed and graceful. As she entered the drawing room, adieus were given for the night, and Edith hoped "To see much of her 'dear friends' after their return, from a somewhat extended tour, they were about to make." They all responded most cordially to her wishes, and left her in some doubt as to the real state of her feelings. It was well for Edith, the last visitor had departed, ere her husband could escape from the anxious efforts of Emily to detain him, for he exclaimed, "Why Edith, some of these Jackanapes tried to make me believe, I had offended you! a pretty story, when a man gets too genteel to kiss his wife! Knew you were not so silly, my sweet one, as to take a husband's kiss as an offence." Edith shrank from his touch almost with a shudder. Emily gently laid her hand upon her arm, and said, "come with me, Edith, this has been a trying day for you."

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It was a bright clear morning in December, the sun sent his rays more cheerily than is his wont in that "merry Christmas time," into a room, furnished with the costly elegance wealth may at all times command. Softened and subdued, the early sun broke through the lofty and curtained window, touching the cheek of Edith Vernon with the light, that made her beauty so glorious!—the broad intellectual brow was curved, apparently in anger, for the lip was scornful and stern; she is addressing her husband:



"I have occasion for the money, Mr. Vernon, and I must have it."

"But what *can* you want with it, Edith! why, you have expended thousands already! no fortune in America could stand such extravagance—I could not, if I were even to try, spend such a sum."

"Very probably," was the cold reply; "have the goodness, however, to look over these bills. I have discharged them all, my entertainments of every description, are of the most expensive kind, I have no money left, and need a fresh supply." As Vernon glanced over the bills, rapid exclamations escaped him, at the enormous prices, paid for articles he believed to be utterly useless—but he stood too much in awe of Mrs. Vernon to attempt expostulation, or rebuke, knowing from past experience, how peremptorily he would be silenced; a heavy shade of anxiety gathered over his face—and once or twice he passed his hand slowly and painfully over his eyes. Edith watched curiously his countenance, and something very like remorse came over her, when she marked the change a few months had wrought in Vernon; care, and sorrow, and time, seemed to have pressed upon his brow, with the weight of long years. Edith, true to her first prejudice, believed there was nothing in Vernon's character worthy of esteem; supposing her habits of extravagance the cause of his suffering, she said:

"Let us understand each other, Mr. Vernon; give me an allowance, I shall insist upon a very liberal one—to the extent of your fortune—and I will engage in no instance to overrun it. I love money too well for the pleasures it procures us, to squander it away, and bring ruin upon myself. Think it over, and so arrange it; in that case I shall give you no further trouble about these matters; and you will find me true to my word." She rose as she spoke, enveloped her stately and majestic form, in the folds of a cashmere; tied on her bonnet, and with a cold, formal bow, went out for her usual walk. Slowly, as the door closed upon her retiring form, rose John Vernon from his seat; he wiped his forehead, damp with perspiration, almost inarticulately words broke forth from his shaking lips—"Oh, Edith! fool, fool that I have been, to believe the love of thy young heart could be given to such an one as I—Fool! to love as I have loved, as I still love thee!—to wear the chains, yet feel them dragging me down to degradation and shame—to be thy slave—to hear, and to obey. Oh! that I could shake off this humbling sense of my unworthiness, that fastens on me like an incubus in her presence. Oh! Edith, Edith, would to God we had never met!"—and the big tear fell upon his cheek, and rolled unheeded to the ground. Little indeed did Edith dream of the deep devotedness of her husband's love; there was a mastery in the high and haughty spirit of Edith Vernon, that made itself felt in every nerve of the timid yet kindly hearted man; he never conversed with her, it was not desired, he was chilled into silence most unnatural to him. Unconscious of the underground of good sense and information he actually possessed, Edith conceived his ignorance of all the rules that governed herself, and "dear

friends," his want of polish, and "gentle breeding" to arise from ignorance upon all subjects, unconnected with his own immediate business. But Vernon was taking mighty steps in knowledge, in the new world to which his marriage had introduced him, and nothing but the timidity of his disposition prevented its becoming apparent to his wife. Unfortunately, Vernon yielded to every wish of Edith's, and contempt was fast springing up in her heart, at the shrinking, and silent acquiescence he gave, to what she felt were commands on her part. Let us do justice to Edith, she strove against the feeling, but it was not for her to say to the unregulated passions of the human heart, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Mrs. River-ton and her daughter spent the winter in town. Emily was much admired, and enabled to enter into society, by her mother's improved state of health; there was no sorrowing regrets for the past, clouding the present happiness of the gentle, and beautiful girl; her's was a mind self-disciplined, and grief did not mingle in her remembrance of Herbert. Meeting Edith in all places of amusement, the "gayest of the gay," she did not cease to ask if all was right within. She had noticed with pain, a shrinking on the part of Edith, from all confidential communication. Alas! the conscience of Edith smote her bitterly, when she remembered her promises to Emily; how had she fulfilled them? and ever as she thus thought, came the recollection of Emily's words, "Vernon loves you—wreck not his happiness with your own." It was Edith's misfortune to believe him incapable of loving her. Months rolled on and produced no change in their domestic life. Vernon had become taciturn and reserved; no joyous bursts of the heart's outpouring happiness ever escaped him; his cheek grew pale, his steps heavier—more and more, he shrank from all conflict with his wife, and went to his business without energy or inclination. From this state he was awakened by the birth of a son. Edith was amazed at the excess of his emotion, as he folded the little infant to his bosom, shedding tears—the warm tears of reviving happiness over its soft cheek; but she caught his smothered exclamation, "Oh, it will be sweet, my boy! to labor for thee! and she thought "it is because he has an heir to his wealth." Had she known, that for months, John Vernon had sought business as a resource against the sorrows of his domestic life, she would have appreciated in a right spirit, his exclamation, as he embraced his first born; but believing money to be the ruling passion of his heart, she also believed it the absorbing one. During the long hours of solitude and sickness, the heart of Edith softened much towards her husband; she felt how lone, how desolate her lot was! When first a mother's love sprang up in her bosom—that love so changeless through all—so unselfish, and so true—her heart yearned towards the father of her child! But Vernon believing her coldness to him, almost amounted to dislike, avoided her presence; and shrank from all conversation, unaware of any relenting in his favour. The stumbling block in Edith's path, her pride, prevented her making more than very slight advances, and to a spirit so subdued

as Vernon's it required much more to induce a renewal of that tenderness which had been so scornfully rejected, and with so contemptuous a disregard of his feelings. Edith became irritated, and suffered it to escape in various ways annoying to Vernon; but he bore it patiently, there was now a motive: for the sake of his darling boy! what would he *not* bear from the mother. The time of Edith's seclusion drew to its close, and with the zest, that long privation gives, she entered again into the pleasures of the gay world.

We pass over an interval of a year. In the same apartment we have before alluded to, sat Mrs. Riverton, Emily, and Mrs. Vernon; traces of tears were upon the cheeks of the latter, which rested upon her hand; Mrs. Riverton was addressing her. "It is your duty to cultivate assiduously, these friendly feelings towards your husband, which may yet ripen into that love, without which, there can be no happiness in the married state; and believe me, Edith, Vernon is far more worthy of your love, than you deem him, he has suffered much. Whatever may be his feelings now, there is no doubt he once fondly loved you; if you can rightly estimate the love he once bore you—think of the suffering that must have preceded his present state of indifference." Sorrowfully Edith replied. She had suffered herself to cherish the ridiculous prejudice that Vernon was incapable of intense love: the love he now lavished on his child convinced her, how wrongfully she had judged him. "Oh! the world's path is a thorny one, though its votaries call it the way to happiness. What long, long hours of weariness, of satiety I endure! Oh that I had some one to love me! even a husband's love might yet be mine, if I could but conquer my temper, and keep down the pride that prevents my making a full acknowledgment of my feelings to Vernon."

"Surely, Edith," said Emily, tenderly, "your temper is in some degree under your own control; if you struggle earnestly, and from a good motive, you will succeed. If you fail once, a second time you may conquer; it needs but perseverance; think me not presuming, Edith," said Emily, suddenly and fondly, "when I say you must ask for aid from the Great Source of all our strength, to break the habit that long years has formed."

"I cannot," said Edith, "Oh! I cannot, my good resolves are scattered to the wind, by every gust of passion," and she wept bitterly—hopelessly.

"That woman is wise," said Mrs. Riverton mournfully, "who remembers that the study of her husband's happiness will constitute her's;" and she rose from her seat as she spoke, telling Emily it was time to be going. They left the house, and we will give the conversation between them on their walk home.

"I do not like" said Mrs. Riverton, "the constant excuse of Edith, want of self-command; she deplores the evil, without making exertion to overcome it. The more I see of her conduct, Emily, the more I despair of her reformation. She has acted most censurably, in this business of her child's nurse; knowing Vernon's aversion to the woman, the constant

anxiety he suffers on account of his child, she should have yielded to his wishes, and not persist in detaining a woman, to whom her husband has so many objections. That child is Vernon's sole comfort in a world he has found dreary enough, and it is cruel, unkind, most unkind in Edith, to give him unnecessary pain, believing his child is not properly taken care of."

"Oh, Mamma!" said Emily, "speak not so hardly of Edith, how much more has she been 'sinned against, than sinning,' through the long, neglected years of her early youth. If you knew how she loves her baby, you would know how much she suffers from Vernon's want of confidence in her want of love for the boy. The weakness of Vernon, in shrinking away from all conflict, yielding, like a slave, to her wishes, has destroyed all respect for him in the mind of Edith. In his presence, no manifestation of maternal affection ever escapes her; the coldness of her feelings to her husband, throws its shadow upon the child. Ah! he should not doubt her love, most tenderly she loves that darling boy! The constant complaints of Vernon, his petty interferences are excessively annoying to Edith, he cannot conceal his suspicion of her want of attachment to their child."

"Bear in mind my Emily," said Mrs. Riverton, "that she brought such suspicion upon herself, by refusing to nurse her child—there at least, she gave the world the preference."

"I do not believe," Emily replied, "she would have refused, if her mother had not so decidedly influenced her; and we ought to consider, Mamma, how wearily the hours drag on when she is much confined to the domestic circle; she dreads being alone with Vernon. She told me with tears, that wicked as it was, she almost wished she had no conscience! the hours of solitude are to Edith fraught with pain. But mamma, what is your opinion of the new nurse, do you really think her unfit for her duties?"

"Owing to Vernon's anxiety upon the subject, I have taken some pains to inquire," said Mrs. Riverton. "I fear she is not to be relied upon; she was represented to me as artful, and fond of visiting. I wish to hear farther, before mentioning it to Mrs. Vernon; indeed it is a matter of delicacy to speak of it at all; having become so irritating a subject to Edith. You are sad, Emily, and not without reason, for the future prospects of your friend are overhung with the dark clouds of despondency and fear. Terrible, indeed, was the responsibility of Mr. Evelyen, in causing his daughter to marry a man, to whom she bore neither love nor respect."

And now turn we again to the house of Mr. Vernon; the dressing room of Edith, which her husband had just entered, to make another attempt to dismiss the nurse. Vernon was speaking.

"I know, Edith, I expose myself to your contempt, by my constant anxiety about my child; but, I beg most earnestly, and for the last time, that you will dismiss the woman. I will engage to procure another, and one that will suit you; there is no use in my suffering so unnecessarily

ly." Had he stopped there he might have succeeded, but he added, "It is but a small matter to you—it will be the death of me, if harm come to the boy."

Disguising the anger that raged in her bosom, she said scornfully:

"Is there any other favor Mr. Vernon would ask at my hands; ordering my dresses, or directing my chambermaid; duties quite as appropriate as those he has chosen to assume. It has ever, I believe Sir, been the mother's peculiar province, to take charge of the nursery; is it your will I resign the office to you?"

"Do me justice, Edith," burst from Vernon in a voice of agony; "do me justice, I never interfered during the whole time the first nurse you procured had charge of the child; I was happy—happy beyond expression, in the health, and blooming beauty of the boy. Where are your eyes, Edith, that you do not see the change! there is an expression of heaviness in his countenance, and often of suffering, that fills me with alarm. Do not let me plead in vain: discharge this woman, and relieve me from this state of anxiety and dread."

"It is utter folly," was Edith's stern reply, "to argue the matter further. It is the season of teething with the child; that, and that only, occasions the change you speak of. I have already said all that is necessary to say upon this subject. I will not discharge a deserving woman from an office, whose duties she has faithfully performed, until I see sufficient cause for so doing."

"You refuse, then to dismiss this woman," cried Vernon, his face flushing to scarlet. "You have had my answer already," said Edith, haughtily: "I do, Sir."

Love for his child, was stronger in the heart of Vernon, than awe for Edith; excited beyond all bounds, he literally shouted as he said:

"Woman! are you deficient in the natural feelings that belong to your sex? You will not dismiss her! Then I solemnly swear I will:" and he sprang from the room, in the direction of the nursery. For a single instant Edith Vernon stood almost paralyzed, with the passion that was mounting to her brain; she had no power to reflect, reason lay crushed and helpless at the feet of the gigantic demon, Temper. Throwing open the door, she hurried after Vernon. As she advanced, she heard his voice and that of the nurse, in high, and angry altercation; more and more incensed, she laid a strong hand upon the door lock, and dashed it open to its utmost width. Vernon had turned instantly, and he stood horror struck at the appearance of his wife. The lips quivering and apart; the eye glaring with fury; the blue veins swollen across the brow, and rigid with excitement; the lofty form erect, yet trembling with the strugglings of undisguised passion. If there was iron in the nerves of John Vernon, it failed him, in that hour; he covered his face with his hands, groaning with shame for himself, and fear for his child; involuntarily he shrank from the words of Edith, which broke forth in the raised tone of uncontrolled anger:

"Begone, Sir! from this apartment; you are intruding with a craven spirit, into a woman's

province! *I, the mother of this child, will care for its well doing. I am neither an idiot, incapable of the trust, or a fiend that I should neglect it. Go, Sir! and if evil befall the child, the consequences be upon my head:*" and passing away from the threshold of the door on which she stood, she pointed silently with her hand in that direction. Vernon obeyed the intimation, but as he did so, he raised a face, that contrasted fearfully from its excessive whiteness, with her own flushed and haughty countenance; and bending upon her a glance she had never met before, he said:

"Beware! Edith Vernon, lest you go too far; beyond the pale of woman you have gone already—if you have degraded me, you have disgraced yourself; between you and me, there must yet be a reckoning. For the sake of *peace*, which I have not found, for the good of my child, which I have not attained, I have borne to be trampled upon like a slave—awed into submission like a cringing vassal. I have borne too much already—God knows how much! but I will deal more kindly with you Edith, than you have ever done with me. I will take time to reflect; the result you shall know to-morrow:" and he left her. Amid all the shame that then visited Edith, the mortification she felt at such exposure, in presence of the nurse, the stings of conscience, that *would* be heard through every fold of self-love by which her heart was guarded, there gleamed one solitary ray of pleasure, that Vernon, though late, had shown some portion of the dignity that ought to belong to the character of man. As the day wore on, her reflections became less painful; yet her conclusion was, "it will not last, there is nothing in Vernon to command respect; and now, he cannot love me—yet he is mine through time." Slowly as she murmured, she undid the clasped hands, and rose from the sofa, that she might bury in preparations for an evening ball, memory of the past, and dark anticipations for the future.

While she is performing the duties of the toilette, turn we for a moment to the nursery.

"Baby is ill, I am sure," said the tidy little nurse maid, whose office it was to attend nurse Hazlem: "Don't you think so nurse? only feel his little hands, how hot they are! and his head burns so. Oh! nurse, Mrs. Vernon ought to know how ill baby is." "Be quiet when I bid you," said the nurse, in the quick, sharp tone of angry reproof, "there has been fuss enough already, for one day. Nothing ails the child but his teeth, he will be well enough in a day or two. Mrs. Vernon promised to let you go home to-night, it is time you were off, if you mean to reach there before bed-time."

"But I would rather not go, if I can be of any use," said the girl timidly, "indeed nurse, baby looks ill."

"If you do not go to-night, you shall not go for a month; so lose the chance if you dare—not for a month, if I can help it, shall you visit your mother again: if there was any truth in what you say, I would be the first to tell Mrs. Vernon," said the artful woman, "but children are often feverish teething, and 'tis a shame to trouble her about it—when she is going to such a grand ball too. So be a good girl, Nancy,

and take the chance, while you have it, of a fine frolic. These inducements were more than the girl could stand, and she went. The hours wore on, and Edith was dressed. Before leaving the house, she went, as was her habit, to the nursery. She did not notice the heavy breathing of the child—but remarking the deep colour that played on its cheek, which the shaded lamp in a far part of the room did not enable her to see distinctly, she said:

“Is the baby quite well, nurse?”

“Oh! yes madam, a little fretful, or so, sometimes, with his teeth; the dear little fellow! he has quite a color again; you will soon see him as sprightly as ever.”

“Lift him up very gently,” said Edith, “so as not to disturb him, I feel more than usual anxiety about him to-night. Mr. Vernon’s fears of his health, have infected me, I believe.”

“Oh! sure madam! you would not awake him out of that sweet sleep; you have no need to borrow fear from any body; you love baby so dearly, you would be the first to see if any thing was wrong: do not have him waked for such a foolish notion, it is cruel to disturb him, when he has suffered so much to-day from his gums.” Edith suffered herself to be persuaded.

With an injunction to the nurse “to be very watchful of her charge,” she left the house. Nurse Hazlem watched the carriage drive from the door. Slipping down into the kitchen, she inquired of a man servant, “where Mr. Vernon was?” The man did not know; he had gone from home, leaving word he would be back at a very early hour next morning. Back to the nursery went the dame, with a quick, exulting step. That night a cousin of her’s was to be married—it had been arranged on the same night of Mrs. Vernon’s absence at the ball, for her accommodation—and to go she was determined. We are willing to hope the miserable woman did not believe the child really ill; although a burning fever was raging in its veins. From a basket of her own she took a vial of laudanum, deliberately dropping, what was evidently a very large dose, she gave it to the child, too eager to be gone, to notice its situation. As soon as the dose began to take effect, she put on its night clothes, and laid it in the bed, and without one compunctuous feeling, (for many times had she done the same thing, always escaping undetected,) did she desert the lone babe, through that long night of solitary, and unaided suffering!

The dim light of early morning was breaking in the East, as Edith Vernon returned home. Throwing aside her evening dress, she resolved ere she returned to rest, to visit her child. “I can sleep better,” she mentally said, “if I know him to be quite well.” By the time she was ready to visit the nursery, it was clear morning; gathering the folds of her white dressing gown about her, as she passed from the door, for the air felt chill to her exhausted frame, she entered the long passage that led to the nursery, which stood about half way between her chamber and a pair of stairs, leading up from the servant’s department. At the head of these stairs, there was a window, which gave but a dim light to the long entry. As Edith stood in shadow, she thought she heard a quick step on

the stairway; a thrill of alarm came over her, and she had not gazed an instant longer before nurse Hazlem came in sight, hastening onward. The agonized Edith took in at a glance, the white dress and pink ribbons, escaping from her cloak—fearful evidence of the night’s misdoing. In that moment of horror the blood chilled, and seemed to stand still in the veins of Edith, but only for a moment. With the bound of a tigress, she sprang upon the terrified wretch:

“Where is my child! answer me woman! did you dare desert my child through the long and terrible night!” She grasped her by the shoulder, shaking her till the nurse shrieked with pain. Her cries seemed to recall Edith to her senses.

“Out of my sight!” she exclaimed, “hence woman, forever!” and flinging her almost to the floor, in the violence of her excited feelings, she rushed to the nursery. As Edith laid her hand upon the door, her spirits calmed suddenly—a sense of her own guilt stole over her heart, bringing with it self-abasement, shame, and remorse. With a faltering step she entered; raising her clasped hands upward, she murmured faintly:

“Mercy—God! I am justly punished.” The first glance at the empty cradle, and disarranged bed, nearly drove her wild. with a desperate hand she threw down the bed-clothes, which entirely covered the form of her boy—then, and there, the hand of retribution fell upon the head of that guilty, and erring woman.

“My child! I have murdered my child! Give me back my child!—He is dead! I have murdered my child!” Clear, through the still morning air, rang the cries of that despairing mother; awakening every slumbering inmate, to a sense of terror and alarm. Upon one strained and listening ear, the cry fell with a startling, and terrible effect—the unhappy father! Guided by the cries, and his own horrible forebodings, Vernon hurried to the chamber, the first glance at the dead body of his child, turned his heart to stone.

“Murderess!” he exclaimed, as he flung off her frenzied grasp, “is this your work”—lifting up the child in his arms, he bore it straight to his own room, closing and locking the door in the faces of the terror stricken domestics—and anon there came gasping sounds, and choking sobs; the strong was stricken like the feeble infant—forgetting in the first hour of agony and despair, that the hand of Almighty God had moved, though by a fearful instrumentality.

The physicians who afterwards examined the body, believed the child to have expired in convulsions. Nurse Hazlem absconded, nor were any traces found of her place of concealment; and we would hope the remorse that must have attended her through life, proved salutary. Alone, and unaided, in the silence of everlasting night, the spirit had been rendered to its God! and let us believe, with no ungentle hand, that fair, and suffering boy, was led through the dark valley! “He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” had called him to a home, where there was neither suffering nor wrong; and where the “Hand of Father! shall wipe away all tears.”

When Edith recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen, as Vernon bore away the child, she found Mrs. Riverton, and Emily bending over her.

"My kind friends are you here! I do not deserve it. Oh Emily! go to Vernon, comfort and console him, it will kill him Emily—and I, just God! I deserve it all, upon my head is the guilt; do not comfort me, wretch that I have been. O Vernon, Vernon!" and the unhappy woman wrung her hands in the wildest anguish. Exhausted, at last she sank upon the pillow, where she lay quite silent for a time; suddenly opening her eyes and looking at Mrs. Riverton, she said:

"Pray for me, all underserving and guilty as I am, there is hope, when a Saviour has died—pray for me, Emily, that I may have strength to bear humbly, that which I have brought upon myself;" and she, who had herself known the sustaining power of prayer, in the dark hour of mortal affliction, lifted up her voice to the Most High. Through the whole of that fearful day the tried friends of Edith's youth, deserted not the couch of the mourner; and well did Mrs. Riverton know how to administer comfort to a sore, and wounded heart; yet strong in a good purpose, there was warning for the future, mingled in her gentle and endearing sympathy. As the day wore on, every effort to gain admission to the room of Mr. Vernon failed. Nearly frantic with alarm, Edith entreated Mrs. Riverton to use authority, if he would not admit her. Mrs. Riverton, anxious and alarmed, went once more to his door; no answer was returned to repeated knockings, to her earnest entreaties that he would suffer her to come in. Raising her voice suddenly, she said in a clear stern tone—"Open the door, Mr. Vernon, or I will have it forced." Vernon moved in the room, but did not answer: again she raised her voice, "Open the door, sir, I insist—it is for your own sake; open at once," and the lock turned as she ceased, and the door opened. Mrs. Riverton shrunk involuntarily, from the change a few hours had wrought in Vernon; there was no tear upon his cheek, no moisture to relieve the marble hardness of his strained and blood-shot eye; the lines of his face had grown rigid; years, countless years, seemed to have passed over his head in that strong struggle with the heart's agony. He took Mrs. Riverton's hand, led her to the bed-side, and pointed to his child.

"See! he was once, all life and love! now a clod of helpless clay, unconscious of my despair, and *her* guilt. His manner changed at the thought, a dark, fierce look came over him; bending down, he uttered distinctly in her ear as though he were afraid to hear the sound of his own voice—"Tell *her* not to go forth, when they bear him to his grave; let her not pollute his last resting-place with her unholy presence. Say it is my command, and if she dare rebel, I will enforce it. Leave me now, it is my wish, Do not disturb me again, when I am needed for the last office—I am ready;" and lifting his child, he placed it in Mrs. Riverton's arms, who bore it, without a word, from the apartment. It was long before Mrs. Riverton was sufficiently composed to rejoin Mrs. Vernon. Edith saw at a glance her recent agitation. "How is he! how is Vernon? do not fear to

tell me, I deserve it all! Oh my husband, you are bitterly avenged!" Gently as she could, Mrs. Riverton imparted the command of Vernon. Edith bowed her head, and answered, "I will obey him in all things, would to God I had done it sooner."

Nothing of moment occurred until the day of the funeral; the child was buried in the morning. Emily, strove to comfort the unhappy mother, and she seemed, in some measure to have succeeded. The first violence of her grief abated, a calm came over her perturbed spirits—she laid her hand upon Emily's arm and said softly:

"Do you know my tried friend, I have a hope, not rash or presuming, but an humble hope, that God will pardon my many sins. I feel, within a short time, "Though my sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." They have borne my baby to the silent grave—but in the spirit land, he is pleading for his guilty and repentant mother. Oh! it is sweet to believe, that my own blessed boy, is lifting his angel voice for me, before the throne of a merciful Redeemer!" and she wept long, though less bitterly than before.

On the afternoon of that day, as Edith lay upon the sofa, propped with pillows, and suffering from exhaustion, tenderly watched by Mrs. Riverton, and Emily, a heavy step was heard without; the door quietly opened, and Vernon entered. A faint cry broke from Edith, who rose hastily to meet him. She staggered from excessive weakness, and would have fallen, if Vernon had not caught her. Lifting her as he would have done a child, he placed her upon the sofa, took the handkerchief from her trembling hand, and wiped her forehead, moist with perspiration—but there passed no softening shade over the rigid, and hard lines of his gloomy and resolved countenance; moved by the slight attention, Edith was completely overcome: bursting into tears, she clasped his hand, and raised it to her lips, he withdrew it, and said sternly:

"Command yourself, Edith Vernon, and listen! between you and me, there will never be communion more: the days of my married life have fallen upon me with the weight of long years of sorrow; they have not left me, as they found me, a light hearted, and happy man: through the world, my path is solitary, with a broken, and subdued spirit. I do not reproach you Edith; if you are a woman, you must feel for the boy! See the ruin your frightful indulgence of temper has wrought—and beware hereafter! It is my wish, and my command, that you leave this house within the week. I will allow you a moderate maintenance—but as God is my Judge!" he said with a sudden burst of uncontrollable, and fierce wrath, "I will not suffer you to share the wealth, that has been your temptation, to marry a man you scorned! that proved your ruin, and my shame!"

"Forgive me, Vernon! forgive me—only this once! forgive me in mercy! I have been guilty, guilty indeed. Pardon me, Oh! my husband! it shall be my life's study to become worthy of your love."

"Of my love! ha! ha! ha!" and Vernon laughed terribly in the bitterness of his scorn. —My love!—My *wealth* I tell you;—aye, for that, you would sacrifice soul and body."

"Hear me, Vernon!" cried his unhappy wife, "if you will not for my sake, for the sake of my unborn babe. Oh! I have wickedly concealed it from you," said Edith wringing her hands, at the change in Vernon's countenance, from excessive paleness, to the deep, burning flush of indignation—"Off woman! and forever!" he exclaimed, shaking her from him in the violence of his excited feelings, and rushed from the room.

"There is no hope for me now, save in the pardon of Almighty God!" said Edith, as she rose from her seat, with the desperate calmness of despair. Between Vernon and me, there is a gulf, broad as the one that rolled between Lazarus and Dives.—Strength! give me strength to bear. Oh! my Creator, more merciful than thy creature!"

Every arrangement was made by Vernon, for their final separation. Before the close of the next day, Edith was at Mrs. Riverton's country seat. Faithful friends had she found, in this, the dark hour of her trial; but her's was a grief beyond the power of friendship to alleviate. She had written to her husband, but the letter was returned with the seal broken, in an envelope. All overtures for reconciliation he rejected with scorn; and Edith was only sustained, and supported in the hope that Vernon's heart would relent, when he again became a father.

About three weeks after her removal with Mrs. Riverton, Frederick Herbert arrived at ——— city, intending to visit Edith. He had risen high in his profession, and although, even, the memory of his early passion had grown dim, he cherished a warm feeling of gratitude to the whole Evelyen family, for their kindness during his early and unfriended years. From Vernon, he received the news of their separation, without any allusion to the cause. In grief he took his way to Mrs. Riverton's, and thence he learned from the lips of Edith, the whole truth.

It soothed the heart of Edith Vernon, in that hour of humiliation, to be able to do justice to the noble conduct of Emily; her tried and warm friendship—through all her guilt, and its terrible punishment. It needed not her voice to awaken Herbert's attention, to the matured beauty and winning softness of manner, so conspicuous in Emily Riverton. We would gladly linger upon the love that springs up in the hearts of two, so fitted for each other's happiness, but our story is becoming too long for our limits. In three months, Frederick Herbert bore away his young bride, to gladden the home of his after years—to sooth and sustain him in the hour of sorrow, or reverse. Happy in her life was Emily Herbert! Upon her warm and gentle heart, the sunshine of a husband's love, shone unchangeably and forever. They were strangers to that coldness and estrangement, that so often makes a home, cheered by the blessed light of woman's love, an abiding place for the dark fiend of discord.

Half a year had nearly elapsed, since Edith's separation from her husband. The love in her heart had grown stronger, with every obstacle thrown in the way of reconciliation, by his unabated coldness. She looked forward to the birth of her child, as a sure and certain bond of union between them. Well was it for Edith,

that her deep remorse, and good resolves, were aided and encouraged by so true a friend as Mrs. Riverton: the iron bond of habit, had confirmed her in the indulgence of a high, exacting temper, that could not, at once be subdued, or controlled. The continued coldness of her husband, the advice of Mrs. Riverton, and best of all, the aid she sought from on High, with an humble and repentant spirit, had wrought a total change in Edith's character. The softness, and gentleness of expression, which late events had given to the noble order of her beauty, now constituted its greatest charm.

We pass over the few intervening weeks, that made Edith a mother—the mother of a boy! She named him "John Vernon;" murmuring through her tears, "Surely he will not plead to a father's heart in vain." After her recovery, she wrote to Vernon.

"Will you allow me to say, my dear husband, for dear you are to me—inexpressibly dear. Oh! Vernon, I am a mother—once again, take me to your heart, and I will be faithful to the solemn trust. Do not deny me Vernon! I have lived upon the hope, through the whole of our fearful separation. It has sustained me, when the hand of my husband was afar off—and not as in time past, near to support in the hour of anguish, and trial. Pity me, Vernon! do not utterly condemn me! Have not I suffered? is not my remorse heavy to bear? will it not plead as some extenuation of my guilt—that my fiery temper, in the plastic season of youth, was neither checked, nor controlled? Once more, and I ask it for the sake of our child—forgive your wife! You will not destroy the hope that has so long sustained me! you will not deny me, Vernon! Our babe, is sleeping by my side; how soft, how innocent he looks! he is pleading, Vernon, that father and mother may unite, and "train him up in the way he should go," curbing his passions with a strong hand, lest they should bring guilt upon his own head, and misery upon others. Grant my prayer, my husband, the prayer of the sorrowing, and repentant

"EDITH."

It was in the afternoon of the next day, an answer came to the letter; the first glance, told the agitated Edith, it was Vernon's hand writing. "Thank God!" she said, bursting into tears, "mine is not returned." She had scarcely glanced over the letter, till her whole face lighted up with enthusiasm and joy, while she exclaimed—"Now, he will believe, it is for his own sake, and not for paltry gold: read it, dear Mrs. Riverton—see, I may go back, and he will love me yet, will he not? Oh yes! there is much happiness in store for us both"—and she covered her face, weeping from excess of sudden joy. Mrs. Riverton read the letter.

"Come if you will, I am a beggar! shorn of the wealth that has been the God of your idolatry.—Come if you now choose it—I have nought to offer but a husband's love.

"VERNON."

The shades of evening were stealing over the thronged city, as Mrs. Riverton's carriage stopped at John Vernon's door. Edith pale and trembling, alighted with her babe. In the hall she met the old house-keeper, who started as if she had seen a ghost, at the sight of Mrs. Vernon.

"Where is Mr. Vernon?" Edith eagerly demanded.

"In the drawing-room, and quite alone; shall I call him?"

"No—take the child to your own room, I will go to him myself."

Edith was compelled to rest herself many moments, ere she could gain courage to go in. The memory of her last interview hung over her spirits, like an omen of ill. She shook off, by a strong effort, the growing weakness: with a gentle step she reached the door and softly opened it. Vernon had not heard her; he had sunk back in his arm chair absorbed in gloomy reflections. As Edith gazed, she shuddered at the change wrought by suffering. The pale, wan face, bore no trace of the Vernon, who had made her his wife. He drew his hand slowly over his brow and sighed heavily, and then as if to check

the sad thoughts, that were stealing over him, he rose abruptly. A single cry, that came from the depths of a heart wrung by remorse, escaped Edith—and she was in his arms! "Can you forgive me, Oh my husband! who have caused you such fearful suffering," and she clung to his bosom as though she feared he would cast her off.

"I can—I do—Edith—my own blessed Edith! have you indeed come back with a true heart to your husband? Forgive me, Edith if I doubted the reality of your love, the sincerity of your repentance. My sore heart, needed some test of your *truth*; I have brought you to no beggar's home, my own, my noble Edith!" and fondly John Vernon clasped her to his bosom—and took her to his heart—then and forever!

*Williamsport, Lycoming Co., Pa.*

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE SAILOR BOY'S MOTHER.

Written on seeing a mother weeping over the corpse of her only son, which had been cast by the waves on the sand.

AND is it for this, that her youth has been wasted  
And the hue of the rose left her cheek,  
For this that the fountain of sorrow she tasted  
With spirit submissive and mock.

And was it for this o'er his pillow she sighed  
In the still lonely hours of night—  
Or cooled his parched lips when he waywardly  
cried,  
And watched by the taper's dim light!

In silence her beauty was stolen away  
While she bent o'er the sufferer's bed;  
Her eye once was brilliant, her step once was gay—  
Now around her, grief's shadows are spread.

Oh! was it all that the ocean's rude billow  
From her bosom might tear her chief joy,  
To find on the sea-beaten shore a rude pillow  
For her ruddy checked, young sailor boy!

And oh! was it all that the sea shells might sing,  
With their mournful æolian breath,  
Through caverns of coral their dirges might ring,  
For the wandering sailor boy's death?

Oh! fix not thy hopes upon time's fading flow'rs,  
Where winter may wither their bloom,  
But wreath thee a crown from heaven's fair bow'rs  
Which will bloom 'mid the damps of the tomb.

Oh! mother thy fountain of love must be deep,  
Which the dark waves of sorrow ne'er still;  
Though absence, ingratitude, cause thee to weep,  
Oh! nothing thy bosom can chill. S.

It is an easy and a vulgar thing to please the mob, and not a very arduous task to astonish them; but essentially to benefit and to improve them, is a work fraught with difficulty, and teeming with danger.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### IMPROMPTU.

BY ISAAC F. SHEPARD.

THEY tell me thou'lt forget,  
When passion's charm is stayed,  
The pledge—the vow—the promises,  
We to each other made:  
They think that woman's heart  
Is fleeting as the air;  
But ah! they cannot—cannot feel  
The love which slumbers there!

They tell me thou'lt forget  
When I am from thee gone—  
That all thy faith will transient be,  
As dew-drops in the morn!  
They say the flatterer's art  
Can make a false thing fair;  
That he will stay within thy soul  
The love which slumbers there.

They tell me thou'lt forget  
When pleasure's sound is heard;—  
When music's swell is bursting forth  
Like song of Eden's bird:—  
'Tis strange that they should think  
A steadfast heart so rare!  
But none, save me, have ever known  
The love which slumbers there.

They say thou wilt forget  
When fortune's smile may change;  
If thy young love then faithful proves  
It surely would be strange!  
They know your heart will fail,  
And I no longer share  
The hopes—the joys—the sympathies  
The love which slumbers there!

Oh no, thou'lt not forget,  
Though flatterers come and go;—  
Though I should false and faithless prove,  
And fill thy life with woe!  
Though daily griefs oppress—  
Though hard thy lot to bear,  
Each dream, within thy breast, shall wake  
The love which slumbers there.

*Boston, August, 1838.*



Written for the Lady's Book.

## ESTHER.—A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

(Continued from Page 81.)

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A court of the palace. The King in his royal robes, seated upon the throne. Around him stand the princes and nobles of his empire. A crowd of people, of all ranks, throng the court. The King turns towards Memucan, who stands at his left hand, and addresses him in a low voice.*

*Ahasuerus.* Did'st thou not say, my lord, That for some days the Queen a fast has held?

*Memucan.* I did, most gracious king— She with her maiden train. So Hatach said: But nam'd no cause, why one so pure in soul Bow'd down herself in such abasement low, E'en at the footstool of the righteous Gods.

*Ahasuerus.* 'Tis strange, in truth—yet she may have a vow

That duly binds her to this humble act— Or else, perchance, she mourns my long neglect,— If such she deem my absence from her sight, Protracted still beyond my wish or will— But the great gods who read my secret heart, Know that it throbs with more than woman's love, At thought of her—my soul's supreme delight. Full well thou know'st, after the toils of war, Peace brings but troubled rest; for every tongue Breathes forth its wrongs, all claim the monarch's ear—

And here, like fetter'd slave, for many days, Aye, long and weary days, love's light shut out— I've patient sat, list'ning the murmur loud That from yon restless mass, watching my glance, Breaks ever on my ear, like ocean's waves In one continuous sound. But see, my lord, Again they throng—the heaving multitude Each moment swells, and presses near the throne, As if to hurl their sov'reign from his seat, Should he neglect their cry! This day, for them— To-morrow, farewell ear—love claims it all!

*Haman [aside with an impatient look.]* [I'll make an end of this long conference, I like it not—there's poison 'neath the tongue Of that proud Memucan, may work me harm.] Great king, one waits to gain thy gracious ear, Who long has serv'd thee with a faithful heart And now would ask redress for deepest wrong, Done by a vengeful and oppressive Jew, 'Gainst—

*Ahasuerus.* Bid him approach, and may the righteous gods

Blast that false race! But soft! what radiant shape Glides, goddess-like through yon unclosing door? How beautiful! how fair! too fair for earth! How bright the blush that mantles on her cheek! Like the soft glow caught from yon roseate cloud, That now has wafted to our dazzled sight, This messenger of heaven! Can it be so? Or, princes say if it indeed be she, Our kingdom's pride, the glory of our crown, Who treads our courts with such a shrinking step, Yet with most queenly grace! Why comes she here, Bringing those wondrous charms, to feast the gaze Of vulgar eyes? Now, by the gods we serve, This is a mystery we fain would solve—

Queen Vashti scorn'd us, when we summon'd her, And fell beneath our wrath—yet now, forsooth, Our chosen queen and bride, defies our laws; And in an hour when busy crowds surround, And we are chaf'd with all an empire's cares, She comes uncall'd, and stands before our throne, As though she'd dare us to exert our power And give her, her deserts!

(*All present stand gazing in mute amazement, while Esther, wearing a crown, and splendidly attired, advances through the spacious court, towards the throne. She leans upon Zobeida, and Fatima bears her train. As she approaches the king, whose countenance gradually becomes stern as he gazes upon her, she falters, and as the last words he utters fall upon her ear, she turns pale and leans heavily upon her attendant.*)

*Mini, [in alarm]* Great king, she fears thy frown! she faints! she dies!

Stretch forth thy sceptre, life is in its touch! (*Esther swoons and falls into the arms of Zobeida.*)

*The king hastily extends the sceptre, exclaiming in an agitated voice:—*

Fear not my queen! alas, alas, she falls! I, merciless, have kill'd her with my frown! (*He leaps from his throne, rushes towards her, and taking her in his arms endeavours to rouse her with soothing words.*)

*My queen! my love!* Bright matchless flower, blighted by angry clouds, Lift up thy head, and with one gentle smile Dispel my fears—why droop'st thou, radiant bird? Awake, awake, thy lord, thy king implores, With the deep earnestness of fearful love.— Ha! she revives! again those azure veins Glow with life's crimson tide, the snowy lid Is gently quiv'ring o'er those lustrous eyes, And the full lips shame with their roseate hue, And perfum'd breath, the flower that Persia loves. I hold her yet in life, thanks to the gods! And now fair queen, let terror be dispell'd, He who adores thee, clasps thee to his heart, And urges thee to pour into his ear Thy secret wish—pledging his royal word, To grant thee all, though thou dost ask for half His kingdom's wealth.

*Esther [slides from his arms and falls at his feet.]* My lord! my king! dread sov'reign of my fate! Forgive my fears—but when my trembling eye Met the full terrors of thy kingly brow, For judgment arm'd, in majesty array'd— I sank o'erpower'd beneath thy dreadful light, And o'er my senses came a faintness stole, I thought it death—nor ever hoped to wake On earth again—and least of all, I dream'd That I should be within thy circling arms, And be recall'd once more to life and love, By the fond murmurs of that soothing voice, Whose single word, might have decreed my doom, For trespass done to-day—too well deserv'd— And deem'd most just—by heart less softer than thine.

*Ahasuerus.* He were a wretch indeed, to stain his hand

With blood of one like thee—so pure, so fair, Young, bright, and innocent! then tremble not, My smile is on thee, can it not restore The banish'd rose that bloom'd upon thy cheek?

Fear should not chase it thence—for see, my love,  
The golden sceptre rests upon thy neck,  
Sure pledge of amity and tender peace—  
And with a sov'reign's, and a husband's love,  
My arm sustains, and ever shall defend  
Thy precious life—then wherefore, dearest, fear?  
What pales that cheek, why droops that fringed lid,  
And why in murmurs faint, fall the soft tones  
Of that love breathing voice?

*Esther.* Oh, can I e'er repay such noble love,  
Such generous care, for life so poor as mine?  
I have risk'd all—life, love, and happiness,  
To venture here uncall'd—for many days  
Weary and sad have pass'd since last I gaz'd  
Upon thy face below'd—and on my ear  
Have fallen many sounds of joy and woe,  
But not that gentle voice more dear than all.  
And now I come—

*Ahasuerus.* And welcome art thou, bright and peerless one!

Though in the presence of our wond'ring court  
Thou hast defy'd a law ne'er scorn'd till now,  
Still art thou welcome, treasure of my life!  
And for thy wish—urge it without a fear.  
Thou hast a secret one, I see it well—  
And it is thine, though thou dost ask thy lord,  
E'en in the face of this mute, gazing crowd,  
To cast his diadem beneath thy feet,  
And own himself in person, as in heart,  
Thy abject slave.

*Esther.* Not so, my noble lord!  
Thy pride is mine, nor would I ask thee aught,  
That could in others eyes, or in thine own,  
Raise one debasing thought. I crave but this—  
And this, with trembling heart—that thou wilt come,

Thou and prince Haman to the banquet spread,  
This day, for thee and him. 'There shall my hand  
The goblet crown for thee—and there shall song  
And minstrel lay, such as thou lovest well,  
Gush forth to charm thine ear, and win thy soul,  
To lose awhile in its entrancing strains,  
The cars which chain thee to an empire's wheels,  
Making thee truant to each gentle thought,  
Which love and friendship claim.

*Ahasuerus.* And thou, dear one, for this most slight request

Hast e'en adventur'd life! I owe thee much,  
Yea more than twenty lives, for love so true!  
And for thy fond request—'twill give me joy  
To sit with thee at the same banquet board,  
Watching the rosy beauty of thy smile,  
Charm'd by the music of that angel voice  
More full of harmony than golden lyres,  
And from beneath their dark and fringed lids,  
Catching the liquid beams of thy soft eye,  
Radiant with love's most pure and holy light!  
I will be there—and Haman too, fair queen,  
A proud and honor'd guest, shall share with me  
The tempting dainties of thy regal board.  
And now, farewell, till then. We are a mark  
To every eye around. Draw close thy veil,  
I would not have those matchless charms expos'd  
To common gaze—they marvel much, no doubt,—  
But vain their silence, and their bending heads,  
Our low breath'd tones reach not their list'ning ears.  
Farewell beloved, thy maidens wait thy word  
To guard thee hence. We meet again ere long.

[*Exit queen and attendants.*]

*Ahasuerus.* Disperse the people, Memucan.  
No longer audience I hold to-day.  
Love claims it all, and not a care shall rise,  
Like envious cloud to shade its sunny sky.  
Haman, thy queen has greatly honour'd thee,  
For thee alone, of all who round me stand

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She bids to grace the feast spread for her lord.  
Deserve these favours, and thou shalt be blest.  
Attend us lords while we retire a space,  
To doff this gorgeous crown, these cumbrous robes,  
For garb more light, and gracefully adorn'd,  
Besecming more a feast, and wrought to please  
Fair woman's practised eye.

(*A flourish of trumpets.*)

[*Exit king, lords, and attendants.*]

SCENE II.—*In the palace. Esther reclining upon a couch. Zobeida kneeling on a cushion beside her.*

*Zobeida.* Thanks to the gods, this dreadful day is o'er.

Thy fearful task is done—and thou my queen,  
Art safe escap'd from all our hearts foretold  
Of coming ill—dark auguries, and false.

*Esther.* Oh, my Zobeida, I can scarce believe  
What I have boldly dared. Alone, uncall'd,  
To tread that crowded court, and meet the gaze  
Of Persia's sovereign lord in power array'd,  
And arm'd to give his fiat to each law,  
Deem'd just and right.

*Zobeida.* It was a fearful hour—and when, my queen,

Thou sunk'st o'erpower'd within my trembling arms,  
I thought thy sweet life gone, and felt indeed,  
That we had cast ourselves to certain death,  
Where there were none to pity, none to save.

*Esther.* And, maiden, if beneath that eagle glance,

Thy quailing heart grew faint, dost deem it strange  
My tongue was mute, my fleeting senses fail'd?

Or when recall'd by words of gentlest tone,  
I shrank to utter the avowal bold,  
That she, he cherish'd, was of Jewish race,  
E'en one of those, 'gainst whom with curses stern,  
His vengeance was denounc'd—or that I fear'd  
In such an hour, to plead my desperate cause?  
All eyes were on me—speech and thought were chain'd.

And in the strong emotion which o'erpower'd,  
I did but make one seeming light request,  
That he, my lord, would grace my feast to-day,  
And with him bring prince Haman, that proud foe  
To our poor race. They came Zobeida.

*Zobeida.* And thou, for Israel

At the banquet plead?

*Esther.* No, maiden, no—hour after hour  
pass'd on,

But no kind moment came when I could say,  
"Spare my devoted people"—on my tongue  
The words still hover'd ready to burst forth  
In earnest utterance; yet I shame to say,  
Fear paralyzed my soul; and when the king  
Urged me with pressing word to make request  
Of aught I might desire—I did but ask  
That he, with Haman on the coming day,  
Again would grace my board. Then, mighty God,  
Send me thy strength my task to execute!  
Thou hast upheld me through this trying day,  
E'en thou, my father's God, whose throne is heaven,  
Whose foot-stool is the earth, in thee I trust,  
Nor fear what man can do. Late wears the night,  
Go maiden seek repose—I too would sleep.

SCENE III.—*In the house of Haman.*

(*Haman, Zeresh, and Adalia their son.*)

*Zeresh.* What thus has mov'd my lord? why lowers his eye

As though 'twere gazing on a thing of hate—  
And wherefore o'er his brow gather dark clouds,  
Presaging gloom and woe?

*Haman.* Wherefore indeed should cloud or transient shade

Sadden the brightness of my honor'd brow?

Or why should care, or thought of human ill,  
 Dreg with one bitter draught my cup of bliss?  
 High as I soar'd, I have achiev'd my aim,  
 Nor paus'd, nor falter'd in my upward flight,  
 Though 'twas o'er lofty heads, that now unweild,  
 Yield homage to my might. Proudly I stand  
 Beside my king—e'en on the highest step  
 Beneath the throne. She too, our beauteous queen,  
 That peerless one, our sov'reign's pride and boast,  
 Greet me with gracious smiles, and welcome fair,  
 As one whom she would honor most of all,  
 Next her high lord.

*Adalia.* That matchless flower! Ah, hold dis-  
 course of her,  
 And ne'er shall pall the sounds upon my ear!  
 Never my father gaz'd I on such charms!  
 Such angel beauty never dawn'd before,  
 E'en in the sweet delirium of a dream,  
 Upon my raptur'd soul. How beautiful,  
 She look'd, how meek amid her royalty,  
 When in that crowded court, this morn she knelt  
 A lowly suppliant, where she might command—  
 For born she seems, to sway all human hearts.  
 Each eye which on her gazed full surely deem'd,  
 That paradise had opened, and sent forth  
 A form divine, radiant with heav'n's own light.  
 A burst of murmur'd praise, follow'd the calm  
 Of wonder and delight—no tongue was mute,  
 E'en the dark Jews, those unbelieving dogs,  
 Call'd on their God to bless the lovely queen!

*Haman.* Their God, said'st thou?  
 And if indeed he live, may his dire curse  
 Smite like a two-edg'd sword, this impious race—  
 And when they call upon His name to save,  
 Then may he mock them in their agony  
 And none be nigh to aid! Oh, righteous gods,  
 Speed, speed the hour when vengeance may be  
 mine,

A brimming draught—for which my soul's athirst.

*Adalia.* My father heed them not—a cursed  
 race,

Not worthy thus to move thy sober thought.  
 Choose thou a softer theme—to day thou'st sat  
 At a gay banquet with the peerless queen—  
 And we would fain learn, if in secret bower  
 She looks as fair, and has such power to charm,  
 For by some witching spell, she chains my thought,  
 A spell too sweet to break.

*Haman.* Thou fall'st an easy prey to a bright  
 smile—

Yet if of her thou'dst hear, listen, and know—  
 This queen, this royal queen, this wonder fair,  
 That has entranced thee by a moment's glance,  
 Honours thy father, asks him to her feasts,  
 And him alone of all in Shushan's courts,  
 Her lord beside. Still lingers on his ear  
 The silver tones, and on his eye the smile,  
 With which she pledged him in a luscious draught  
 Of sparkling wine, that danced within the cup,  
 Mocking the radiance of the cluster'd gems  
 Around its rim, embedded deep in gold,  
 Nor yet this honour vast enough she deems,  
 But on the coming day, again commands  
 My presence at the banquet with her lord.  
 Yet even there, though conscious of my power,  
 Conscious I am in all, save name, a king,  
 The purple spread around me, and the blaze  
 Of countless gems dazzling my aching sight—  
 While sweetest strains of witching minstrelsy  
 Entrance my ravish'd ear, and round me stand  
 Obsequious slaves appalled gorgeously,  
 Anxious to minister with zealous hand  
 To every wish—yea, even there, a thought  
 A withering thought, dwells ever in my heart,  
 Spreading its pall funereal o'er each joy

Saddening the festive scene, and blotting out  
 Its proud delights, by one unceasing pang,  
 Of rage, resentment, hatred, and disdain,  
 That gnaws unceasing like a vulture foul  
 E'en at the very roots of all my bliss!

*Adalia.* Sure thou dost tempt the gods with  
 thoughts like these!

Thou, who art crown'd with all thou hast desir'd,  
 Should wear a face of smiles, a soul replete  
 With deep emotion, gushing forth in streams  
 Of grateful joy.

*Zeresh.* It should be so—but yet, methinks, my  
 son,

Thy father wearies of his prosperous state,  
 His bark has borne him o'er a waveless sea  
 E'en to the haven of his fond desires—  
 And now in very idleness of thought  
 He fancies shapes of gloom, and coming ill,  
 And woos the gods, to send him what he dreads.

*Haman.* Nay, mock me not! I see no fancy'd ill

Flickering with idle warning in my path  
 To cast its shadow o'er my sunlit view—  
 The ill I dread is here—a tangible  
 And ever present thing, that blights my joys,  
 And sends the life-blood of my throbbing heart,  
 Coursing like fire, through all my burning veins.  
 Aye, gaze in wonder on my moody brow,  
 Yet hear my words—high as my hopes have soar'd,  
 E'en had they dared a higher, loftier flight,  
 And from my sov'reign's brows have clutch'd the  
 crown,

With hand profane, to place it on my own—  
 If in such act successful I had been,  
 And look'd, and mov'd, in very truth a king;  
 E'en in the glory of that high estate,  
 This curse would haunt me still. Where were my  
 peace,

E'en as a monarch hail'd, and rob'd, and crown'd,  
 Like those who hear o'er earth unbounded sway,—  
 If I must brook the proud unbending glance  
 Of that dark Jew, who sits at Shushan's gate  
 Scowling disdain—nor e'er by word, or look,  
 Or gesture meet, renders the homage, due  
 My princely state.

*Zeresh.* Be calm, my lord, I pray,  
 Soon will this worm be crush'd, that rears itself  
 From out its kindred dust, to aim its fangs,  
 Innocuous though they be, at thy proud head.  
 A speedy vengeance wakes—fast comes the hour,  
 When from their scabbards, forth shall leap to light  
 Ten thousand blades, thirsting to drink the blood  
 Of this foul race, whom heaven and earth abhor.

*Haman.* Low may they lie!  
 While the black raven o'er them flaps her wing  
 And calls her clam'rous brood with boding cry,  
 To share the feast obscene. Wherefore ye gods,  
 Delay this wish'd-for hour? why doom me still  
 To be the mark of scorn to this base Jew?  
 Aye even now, as from the feast I pass'd,  
 There did he sit with eyes uprais'd to heav'n,  
 And clasped hands, as if in mockery  
 To th' immortal gods. All bent before me—  
 And the clear welkin rang with piercing shouts,  
 Wafting to Haman long and loud acclaim,  
 Such as is wont to greet a monarch's ear,  
 From subjects dutiful, and filled with love.  
 But mute that traitor's lips—firm and unmov'd  
 Th' accursed Hebrew sat, nor deign'd one glance  
 On him at whose proud feet, proud princes knelt,  
 Veiling their brows in dust. How boil'd my blood  
 At his insulting scorn! How panted I  
 To hurl him to the earth with this strong arm,  
 And trample 'neath my feet his recreant soul!  
 Yet, mad with hate, and burning for revenge,  
 Bland were my smiles, frequent and low I bent,

With courteous air to the admiring throng—  
And hastened hither, your advice to crave,  
Touching the vengeance we may best devise  
For wretch so base.

*Adalia.* Death! instant death! bitter and cruel too,

And be it arm'd with pangs unknown till now,  
Still is it all too lenient for his crime,  
Too merciful by far for his deserts.

*Zeresh.* Thou hast said well, my son—let the Jew die—

Yet would I not thy father's spotless sword  
Should e'er be tarnish'd with the sordid blood  
Of low-born slave like this. High let him wave  
Between yon azure arch, and the green earth  
He has so long defiled. A gibbet raise  
Mighty and black, whereon his naked limbs  
Shall swing in rude accordance with the winds,  
Till nought remains, but the grim skeleton  
Of what he was. And now depart, my lord—  
Receive my counsel, hasten to the king,  
And gain permission for this just revenge.

*Haman.* Madam I go, for thou hast prov'd thyself

An able counsellor; meanwhile, my son,  
To thy direction all things I entrust,  
Which may the speedy consummation work  
Of our interest. Haste thee and summon men  
To hew from out some tall and lofty tree  
The gibbet horrible ordain'd to bear  
The loathsome carcass of this hated Jew.  
High let it rise toward the frowning heavens,  
Full fifty cubits from the solid earth,  
That as in death the wretched Hebrew writhes,  
Each upturn'd eye may mock his agonies,  
And gaze with tearless scorn upon his pangs.  
The night wanes fast—you who can sweetly sleep,  
Court its bland power; I seek the palace courts,  
To wait the first awak'ning of my king.

[*Exit Haman.*]

SCENE IV.—*In the palace. The king reclining on a couch. Beside him Memucan.*

*Ahasuerus.* My spirit faints with weariness,  
Yet on my eyes sleep's soft and balmy dews  
Fall not as they are wont, at this still hour,  
Sealing my senses in most sweet repose  
And calling up by some mysterious power  
A throng of shining forms, a pageant rare  
To charm my tranced soul.

*Memucan.* Perchance, my king, the vision of the morn

Still sheds its radiance o'er thy sleepless lids,  
And charms them from repose. What eye that gaz'd

On that refulgent form, beaming with youth  
And more than mortal grace, would wish to close,  
And shut the glorious vision from its sight?

*Ahasuerus.* Aye, of my wakeful mood thou read'st the cause,

And with a cunning heart, thy glowing words  
Sweep o'er my soul, awaking every chord  
To a wild burst of melody and love.

E'en as the fingers of some gifted bard,  
Straying at will among the silent strings,  
By master touches causes them to speak  
In thrilling sounds of harmony divine.

*Memucan.* My gracious lord, shall I pursue the theme,

And strive with colours caught from heav'n's bright bow,

To weave a tissue rare of glorious hues,  
Bearing some faint resemblance to that dream—  
For such it seem'd—too exquisite for earth—  
Which dawn'd with matchless beauty on our eyes,

In yon wide court—wearing such shape divine,  
Such beauteous combination of all charms,  
And breathing forth such grace ineffable,  
As only forms in paradise can boast,  
Who quaff the nectar of immortal life,  
And bathe in streams, whose pure transparent flood,  
Gives to those blessed ones eternal youth,  
Unfading, as the golden amaranth,  
That binds their radiant brows.

*Ahasuerus.* Nay, cease my lord—  
E'en with oppressive pow'r her loveliness  
Falls on my soul—'tis she has banish'd sleep—  
She hovers round me with her angel smile,  
And in the gentle breeze that stirs the flowers,  
And shakes from out their cups the perfum'd dew,  
I hear her whisper'd voice, feel her pure breath,  
And start ere sleep has quite enchain'd my soul,  
To clasp my lov'd one to my throbbing breast.  
So wears the night—though past the middle watch  
Ere I her presence left. Now let me sleep,  
For nature needs repose, and sterner cares  
Than those impos'd by love, will claim my thought  
Soon as the morrow dawns. E'en now it breaks—  
I feel the fresh'ning breeze, hear matin songs,  
And see the ruddy blush of orient morn,  
Kindling the sky. I am but ill refresh'd—  
Not nerv'd to grasp again an empire's reins—  
Yet must I on—envying the veriest slave,  
Who rises blithely from his bed of leaves,  
Where he has slept that deep and dreamless sleep,  
Which seldom visiteth a royal couch.

*Memucan.* Perchance, my king, music's entrancing strains

May soothe thy soul, and woo to soft repose.  
Without, thy minstrels wait, thy chosen band,  
With harp and lute—may I not summon them,  
To charm thy wearied ear, and chase afar  
The demon of unrest?

*Ahasuerus.* Aye, bid them seek yon marble corridor

And there exert their skill—I love such sounds  
At distance best—winding through high arcades,  
And pillar'd halls, still gathering softness  
As they onward creep, and blend their breathings  
With the fountain's flow, and with the perfumes  
That around distil from herb and flower,  
Till every whisper'd breeze that fans the cheek  
Seems redolent of sound—ethereal sound,  
Sweet as the odors on which it is borne.

(*Memucan gives directions to the minstrels, and re-enters. Music is heard in the distance.*)

*Ahasuerus.* 'Tis ravishing, my lord!  
And now, one favour more—still canst thou bear  
With my unquiet mood, I pray thee bring,  
From yonder antique cabinet inwrought with gold,  
And bearing on its front strange characters,  
Traced by the hand of dark Egyptian seer  
In gems of living light—bring forth from thence,  
A volume huge, wherein thou'lt written find,  
The records of our realm—read if thou wilt  
And I will hear, since sleep still flies my couch,  
The deeds of years gone by.

*Memucan.* Great king, a happy thought—  
Glorious those annals, and each splendid page,  
Will charm thy spirit's restlessness, and wake  
The high-born pride of thy illustrious race.

(*He brings the book, places himself near the king, and reads in a low voice.*)

*Ahasuerus,* (listening attentively, then suddenly interrupting him,)

Aye, Artahonus; well do I recall  
That gifted man. He served me well and long,  
And now on fair Euphrates distant bank  
Bears regal sway over a province wide—  
A small reward for service such as his.

(*Memucan resumes his reading—after a few moments the king again interrupts him.*)

**Ahasuerus.** What of Hycanes?  
Oh, I mind me now. In a fierce hunt  
He slew an angry boar that would have gor'd  
Our steed. A palace, and a score of milk white  
steeds

All richly hous'd, repaid him well. Go on.  
(*He proceeds, and shortly the king again speaks.*)

What read'st thou now?  
Scarce on my ear thy low-breath'd accents fall,  
And yet, methinks amid the murmur'd sounds,  
I catch a name I should remember well.

**Memucan.** 'Tis of that foul conspiracy, oh king,  
The record is—wherein thy life was sav'd,  
By intervention of a friendly Jew,  
Who—

**Ahasuerus.** Aye, Mordecai his name—  
I do remember all—the wretches suffered  
For their purpos'd crime—was it not so!

**Memucan.** It was, my king,  
So may all traitors perish!

**Ahasuerus.** And what reward has Mordecai received,

For this great service done his lord and king?

**Memucan.** Alas, I fear 'tis unrequited still—  
Here stands the deed recorded by thy scribe,  
But midst a multitude of kingly cares,  
The Jew forgotten lives.

**Ahasuerus.** (*starting from his couch.*)  
Shades of my fathers! am I thus ingrate?  
I, who am termed most merciful, most just,  
Generous, and kind, and gracious unto all:  
Alas, I'm none of these—I bear a life,  
Preserved from peril by a nobler man,  
Who owed me nought—and him I have repaid  
With cold unthankfulness, but ill deserved.

**Memucan.** Nay, gracious king, these are accusing words

To heap unsparing where there is no sin—  
Reproach thy servants for this sad neglect,  
Thou hast a nation's care, a nation's weal  
To fill thy thought.—We are the guilty ones,  
And should have been most earnest to obtain  
Some princely favour for that generous man  
Who sav'd a life so dear.

**Ahasuerus.** Thou canst not salve my conscience  
with soft words,

For between that and me is deadly war,  
Till I have made atonement for my fault.  
This hour it shall be done—this very hour  
The highest honour in my kingly gift,  
Shall be bestowed, and with a grateful heart,  
On him I long have wrong'd—my life's preserver,  
And henceforth my friend. Summon my peers,  
And see who waits without.

[*Exit Memucan.*]

**Ahasuerus** (*solus.*) I am a king—yet frail, and  
weak indeed,

And prone to err as is the meanest slave  
Who waits a suppliant at my palace gates—  
This is a humbling thought for kingly pride,  
But meant no doubt by the immortal gods,  
To teach me my dependence on their care,  
And make me feel I only am a man,  
'Though worshipp'd like themselves, with incense  
sweet

Of praise, and homage low.

[*Re-enter Memucan, with Haman, Admatha, and Marsena.*]

**Ahasuerus.** Welcome, brave hearts,  
We need your counsel much—though strange the  
hour

Your presence to demand, since the faint dawn  
Yet struggles with the mists of parting night,  
Unwilling to resign her ebon sway.

But we have pressing matter on our mind,  
That banish'd sleep, and would not brook delay.  
Therefore we summon'd you, and greet you fair,  
And ask your prompt reply to word of ours,  
Touching a purpose we have much at heart.

**Haman.** Great king, thy servants humbly wait  
thy will,

Ready with heart and life to serve thy cause,  
And yield obedience to thy high command.

**Ahasuerus.** Thou speak'st for all, and all I thank  
for this,

Yet trust so far to thy tried zeal and love  
That I would question thee, and answer claim  
Of what reward, worthy a king to give,  
Should be bestow'd on that deserving man,  
Whom 'tis his sov'reign's pleasure to exalt,  
And with high honour crown.

**Haman** (*aside with an air of self-congratulation.*)  
(Now aid me gods! my hour of triumph comes!)

(*Aloud*)  
Whate'er best pleaseth thee, my gracious king  
For e'en the meanest of thy royal gifts,  
Exceed by far the merits of thy slaves.

**Ahasuerus.** Nay, rack invention, search the  
cells of thought,

Some honour to devise unknown before—

I would bestow it lavishly on one  
To whom I'm deeply bound, and like a king  
Requite the debt I owe. Free be thy speech,  
And let the guerdon thou dost name be rare,  
Such as not frequent royal hand confers,  
E'en on the most belov'd and favour'd ones.  
Speak then as 'twere for thy own first-born son,  
Or for thyself—the gift I meditate—  
And thou wilt speak aright.

**Haman** (*aside with triumphant pleasure.*)

(I am the man! there needs no stronger proof  
Than what these words imply. 'Tis for myself  
To snatch the glory proffered to my grasp,  
And thus I seize it with a fearless hand.)

(*Aloud*)

Happy the man, great king, on whom descends  
Thy gracious love, reward most pure and dear—  
But since thou bid'st me speak, I counsel thee,  
Let him whom thou would'st honour and exalt  
Above each proud compeer, be in thy robe  
Array'd, and let the gorgeous diadem  
Which glitters on thy brow, encircle his;—  
Then royally apparel'd let thy steed,  
That curbs his proud neck to thy princely hand  
As scorning one less high, let this bright steed,  
In all his rich caparisons bedeck'd  
Forth from his stall be brought, for him to ride  
That happy man most honour'd by his king.  
Still farther to express thy royal love,  
Let one, the noblest of that princely band  
Who stand around thy throne, lend willing aid  
To deck this favour'd one—his robes arrange,  
The golden stirrups hold, the courser curb,  
While up the fav'rite mounts in regal state.  
Then bid the courtier grasp the silken rein,  
Nor scorn to lead through Shushan's crowded  
streets,

The horse and rider, still proclaiming loud,  
With voice distinct—'Come and behold the man,  
All ye who wond'ring gaze, the favour'd man,  
Our king with honour most delights to crown!'  
This is thy servant's counsel, and though weak,  
May it, my king, grace and acceptance find.

**Admatha**, speaks aside to **Memucan**.

Mark thou his insolence!

The cunning hypocrite, who inly gloats  
That self he now exalts, and thou, or I,  
Beneath whose very feet he grovel'd once,  
Shall be entrapp'd by his most cunning words,  
Into an act debasing beyond thought,

To high-born souls like ours; but which at once  
Exalts above our heads this upstart wretch,  
Who aims to pluck all honours for himself.

*Memucan.* Patience awhile, and thou shalt see  
his fall,

Vainly he thinks to triumph—for his feet  
He weaves a subtle snare—'tis meant for us,  
But in his boastful heart ne'er springs the thought  
That he may fall, to his own schemes, a prey.  
How will he gnash his teeth with inward rage,  
When he shall learn it is the hated Jew  
He honours thus—himself alone, debased!

*Ahasuerus.* My lords, your counsel yield—speak  
not apart,

For well advisedly I fain would act.  
You both have heard, then say if you approve  
The words of this most wise and potent prince;  
Or if there's aught, you still can recommend,  
More honour to confer—speak and 'tis done.

*Memucan.* We but applaud his words, oh mighty  
king,

And naught can add to counsel so mature.

*Ahasuerus.* Then hear, prince Haman—these I  
chief address

As next my throne, and one whose counsel wise  
I most esteem—likewise, as being one  
Who in the payment of this mighty debt,  
By which thy sov'reign's honour stands redeem'd,  
Art destin'd to perform a part conspicuous,  
By thyself prescrib'd.

*Haman (in a tone of affected humility.)*  
Oh gracious king, may I thy love deserve,  
That bounteous love which crowns my life with  
gifts

Better bestow'd on those of better worth,  
But not more honest heart.

*Ahasuerus.* Nay in thy gratitude be not profuse,  
Till thou hast learn'd my purpose, and thy task.  
Remember'st thou the Jew called Mordecai,  
Who from a murd'rous plot, basely design'd,  
Sav'd my devoted life?

*Haman (becomes pale and agitated.)*  
I knew him well, oh king.

And ne'er—

*Ahasuerus.* Yet hear me speak:  
That service done me was but ill repaid;  
Nay, it was quite o'erlooked, till on this night,  
When courting sleep in vain, and ill at ease,  
I bade prince Memucan bring forth yon book,  
Where, of my realm the acts recorded stand,  
And there the deed was writ, in letters bright,  
Casting a stain upon my royal name,  
And in my conscience planting a sharp thorn,  
That pierc'd me through with shame and deep  
remorse.

How could I rest, bow'd down with sin like this  
Strait I arose, and counsel ask'd in haste,  
Resolved to shower on this neglected Jew,  
The highest honours in my power to grant.  
Of that thou hast advised I well approve,  
And thee commission to observe all done,  
To the minutest detail thou hast nam'd.

*Haman (in extreme agitation, while Memucan and  
Admatha exchange significant smiles and glances.)*

On him, my king, this vile and abject Jew  
Wilt thou bestow such honour as befits  
A prince alone? oh, surely not on him,  
This outcast wretch, wilt thou confer such grace!

*Ahasuerus.* Why not on him, if he doth merit it?  
What matters it to me, who sav'd my life?  
The deed's the same come from what source it will,  
And I am deeply bounden to repay  
The precious boon with heartfelt gratitude,  
And princely gifts. What signifies to me  
His name or race? A dark brow'd Ethiop  
Glitt'ring with the spoils of his rich land—

19\*

Or haughty Jew boasting his high descent,  
Yet scorn'd of all—I would that none should say  
Persia's proud monarch wears a thankless heart.

*Haman.* Pardon, great king!  
Speak but thy sov'reign will, and it is done.

*Ahasuerus.* And we would have it so—  
Take then my robes, my crown, my stately steed,  
And haste to Mordecai—to him make known  
Our royal will, which thus exalteth him.  
And when at length in regal pomp arrayed,  
And proudly mounted on our fav'rite steed,  
Grasp thou the jewel'd rein, and lead him forth  
Through Shushan's streets, proclaiming loud and  
long,

'Come and behold the man whom most our king  
Delights to crown, and honour with his love!'

*(Haman makes a profound obeisance, and precipi-  
tately retires.)*

*Memucan (aside to Admatha.)* The gods are  
just!

They send the wicked ever their deserts!  
Saw you his look of rage? How his eyes glar'd?  
Like a fierce tiger's, baffled of its prey,  
Yet bent on fell revenge.

*Admatha.* I mark'd it well—and with exulting  
joy,

Beheld the struggles of his smother'd wrath.  
His ruin has commenc'd—the toils he wove  
To snare another, are around himself—  
Aid or escape is vain.

*Ahasuerus.* Why commune with yourselves  
apart, my lords?

We have done well you say—'twas so we meant—  
At least th' accusing spirit far has fled,  
And left us light of heart. Come now with us  
To yonder terraced height, shaded and cool,  
Which overlooks the street of caravans,  
Whence we may see the glitt'ring pageant pass,  
And by our presence show that we approve.

*[Exit king, lords, and attendants.]*

*(End of the Fourth Act)*

Written For the Lady's Book.

## LINES TO A LADY

ON SINGING "HE NEVER SAID HE LOVED."

Oh! Lady stay—those notes prolong,  
Cease not to echo back their tone,  
For there are links that bind the song  
Around a heart whose hopes have flown—  
Oh stay, and fancy ling'ring nigh,  
In thee shall bid me hear again  
The voice that oft hath lit the eye,  
That strives to brighten now in vain!  
Sing on—its burthen soon will tell  
Why thus my pallid cheek is moved,  
For I have bade a last farewell  
To her I dar'd not breathe I "loved;"  
Nor deem thy kindness thrown away,  
A spirit hears the dying speak  
Who'll bless the lips, that with their lay  
Woke smiles upon a fading cheek.  
Then breathe once more the farewell song  
I asked of her for whom I sigh;  
I cannot bear this cold world long,  
And with its echo I would die:  
Or else the feelings thou mayest wake,  
Perchance the gift of heaven may prove  
A power each withering link to break—  
A balm to heal the wreck of Love.

SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE GLASS FAMILY.

A TRADITIONAL STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—(CONTINUED.)

## CHAPTER IV.

It was May morning, 1707. The sun rose upon the village of Marblehead bright and beautiful. The bay which stretched out before the town, lay in sluggish repose, while from its glassy surface, rose light and wavy exhalations, unbroken by the fitful breeze, or flowing sail. The bird of song was out upon the wing, or perched upon the leafy bough, filling the bland breath of heaven with joyous melody. The hamlet wore the Sabbath quiet; man's toil and turmoil was suspended;—it was a village holyday.

As "the glorious King of day" climbed up the azure vault of heaven, the multitude began to move. Old men and matrons, young men and maidens, in gay attire, poured forth in lengthened procession, and congregated at the princely mansion of Major Glass. On that day, he made a marriage supper, and gave and received at the same moment, both a son and a daughter. His table was spread in the form of a crescent, beneath the shady boughs of an apple orchard, white with expanding blossoms, and redolent with perfume and beauty. The table was loaded with dainty viands, and glittered with goblets of sparkling wines, destined to cherish and cheer the wedding guests.

When all was in readiness, Doctor Bond, master of the ceremonies, gave the appointed signal, and immediately a flood of music poured upon the ears of the assembled throng, from amidst the foliage of the trees, in sweet and cheerful strains, the familiar ballad of—"Come to the Wedding."

Presently, the door of the great hall opened towards the spreading lawn, and the stately Major Glass came forth, upon whose arm leaned the still lovely Leila. Behind him, marched first, the soldier-like figure of Mount Hope, leading his timid cousin, the charming Lalacoo; and second, the humbled George Glass, with his peerless Mary Philip; and the rear was brought up by the Rev. Parson Felton. In this order they proceeded leisurely toward the multitude until they arrived just within the horns of the crescent, where they came to a halt, and the young people formed in a line with the Major and his lady in the centre. At this moment Parson Felton, like the cloud of light, changed his position, and walked from the rear to the front, facing the little line. During this movement, the Doctor had ranged the multitude on the outer side of the table, while the musicians remained in full choir, concealed among the boughs of the apple trees. The moment the Parson turned in front of the line, the music ceased, and then the marriage ceremony commenced. To the simple and unpractised mind of the dark-eyed Lalacoo, the whole scene was touchingly interesting. The sweet and soothing strains of music which had just ceased, still rung in her ears; the beauty and refresh-

ing odour of the apple blossoms, regaled her senses; the splendour of dress, the flash of ribbons, and the sparkle of jewelry, which poured upon her from every side, dazzled her eyes; and the glitter of massy plate and burnished glass, which crowned the festive board, with the deep and solemn tones of the dark-robed priest, awakened in her bosom, the mingled emotions of awe and wonder. Her raven eyes strayed alternately from the surrounding objects, to the face of her beloved cousin, as though in them, she wished him to read the mingled thoughts of her soul. She stood by his side like a being of another world; too fairy-formed and air-like, for a tenant of this. To say she was beautiful, and graceful, and all that kind of thing, were using but common-place terms. She was more than these;—she was perfectly enchanting. Her charm had nothing of art about it—no studied fiction, no drawing room blandishments; it was purely native elegance—child-like simplicity, purity of thought, and look; she was the very image of conscious innocence. All these seemed to link her at once with things brighter than humanity—with the very angels of light. In the appearance of Mary, who, like her mother, seemed the personification of royalty, there were easily discovered, more of design, more of the restraints of fashion, and more of the labours of the toilet. These, to be sure, set off her person to special advantage, impressed the beholders with admiration, but left the affections unsummoned. Differently, indeed, was it with him, who ventured a look into the face of his little timid cousin. Then a single glance sufficed to imprint upon his soul, an image which he worshipped with unmingled homage.

The two bridegrooms were little less diverse in their character and external appearance, than the females. Mount Hope, was of a tall, manly stature, full of nerve, and noble bearing; but George, was of a slender frame, pale countenance, and delicate habit. He had blue eyes, light hair, and taper fingers. He resembled one taken from a lady's drawer, to breathe fresh air. But it must be remembered that he had just passed an ordeal, devised by his lady-love to torture him into constancy; and of its salutary effect, she was undoubtedly satisfied, or she would not have been found in his company before the Rev. Parson. There she stood, however, in the presence of the "holy man," her parents, and the congregated multitude; and there they all stood until the good man had done his office; happily converting single wretchedness into married blessedness, and then they all gathered themselves around the table of the marriage supper.

Some few weeks after the wedding, the old ware house was brushed up with a coat of fresh paint, and a fashionable sign-board was placed



over the door, bearing the address of "John Glass & Sons." Then followed the hum and turmoil of business; vessels departed to the fishing ground, or foreign ports, and vessels came in loaded with wealth from the store-house of the deep, or with the products of distant countries. The favourite bark canoe was brought from the interior, with all its furniture, and carefully suspended in the spacious counting-room, as a memento of past trials; and annual presents were regularly despatched, under the care of hunting parties, to the cabin of the generous Moosugo, as testimonies of grateful remembrance.

In this way, seven years of stirring times, passed off as a dream. At the close, Mount Hope and his lady, expressed a wish to revisit the woods, and look again upon old Moosugo, and his family. After some reflection, Major Glass concluded it would be best to relax a little, and with his whole family, accompany his son and daughter into the interior; where, if he met with a favourable opportunity, he thought he might purchase a tract of wild land. This conclusion was no sooner announced, than preparations were commenced for the proposed jaunt. Tents were constructed, pack-horses provided, guides appointed with arms and ammunition, and when all was ready, they set forward on horse back, forming together, a very respectable cavalcade. The season was pleasant and the travelling fine, which enabled them to proceed with more than usual speed.

In a brief space they reached the hospitable cabin of old Moosugo, who, with his wife, and daughter, were rejoiced to see his young friends, and to witness their health and happiness. Tents were pitched in a grass field adjoining the cabin, and the Major proceeded at once to the business of buying land. His proposal was to purchase the country adjoining the premises of Moosugo, embracing the broad plains that lay along the waters of Ware river. For this purpose the chiefs held a council, and in the end, made a grant, which for many years was called the "Glass Manor." This tract was subsequently peopled by emigrants from the south of England, who were brought over by the enterprise of the Major and his sons; and who on settling always purchased the fee simple. Many of these primitive families, still inherit the soil thus purchased; while others have been classed with the domestic emigrant and marched to populate different portions of the confederacy.

"The chronicals of the Glasses," as they were styled, now before the writer of this sketch, and which appear to have been penned principally by the Rev. Skelton Felton, contain the names of many of the families of this parent stock, as well as those of their offspring, now widely scattered from the St. Croix, to the Sabine, and from the Gulf to the great Lakes.

The Glass Family after returning from their visit to Moosugo, who was now constituted factor of the whole manor, resumed their wonted pursuits, and entered largely into operations with their friends in England, to which George and his Mary made repeated visits; and in which they would probably have settled for life, had not the Major been suddenly taken away,

by a stroke of the palsy. This event called them home, and after a settlement of the estate, the two brothers united in business. Mount Hope and his Lalaco, had three children—two sons and a daughter, whom they bred up to habits of industry and usefulness. The daughter, whose name was Georgia, was the idol of her parents and friends, for she was exceedingly beautiful, combining in her person, the loveliness of her mother, with the stateliness and dignity of her father. Her brothers, too, John, and Philip, were remarkable manly and well proportioned. George Glass had two daughters, Mary and Miammi who, like the English gentry, knew little more than the mere gratification of their wishes. Yet these young ladies finally became, through the management of their parents, the life-companions of their cousins, John and Philip Glass. Georgia, early married an eminent barrister, by the name of Wendal, whose son was afterwards governor of the Province.

John and Philip ultimately removed from the sea-board, and settled on the Glass Manor, where they resided about the period when the difficulty arose between the colonies and the mother country. Philip Glass had two sons, Philip and Hope, whom he destined for the law, and whom he educated accordingly. John had an only child, a daughter, whom he called Meander, for he said "her pathway will be crooked." While Philip and Meander were yet mere infants, their parents, being probably a little warmed by an extra glass of wine at a family dinner, solemnly affianced their children, and promised to rear them for each other. This foolish freak, common however, in those days, had an unfortunate bearing upon the future peace of all concerned, including even the harmless little Hope, who was then too young to comprehend the engagement, or lisp his mother's name.

As he grew up, however, he understood this matter to his sorrow; it was the source of all his own discomfort, and of as much misery to his fair cousin, as usually falls to the lot of any one. Meander as she advanced toward womanhood, was one of the most lovely brunettes, that any age or country ever produced; sweet in temper, gentle in manners, docile in disposition, beautiful in form and features, and as devoid of guile as the turtle dove. Philip, her affianced lord, was of a very different character; he had a fair complexion, but a black heart. His manners were haughty, and his passions strong; his address was uncourteous, and his mind, a mystery. To his brother who was a little younger than himself, but who in every respect was his acknowledged superior, he was an uncompromising tyrant; and toward his charming cousin, he was generally morose and churlish. In the early stages of their studies, they all attended the same school; and it was often necessary that some little attention in going thither and returning, was due to the fair Meander, and Hope, her own hope on such occasions, was always by her side. This officiousness, as Philip termed it, gave him great offence; he held it right that the girl should learn how to take care of herself. This useful lesson, however, she was not always disposed to learn while she had the affectionate Hope to take care of her. Hence,

it was not difficult for Philip to keep up a kind of running fire, both upon his cousin and brother, whenever it suited his convenience; and it was generally done when it would add most to discomfort. But in time, he was sent abroad to study; and the cousins enjoyed their attentions to each other to their entire satisfaction. Meander and Hope really possessed kindred spirits, kindred tastes, and doubtless, kindred hopes. Though the obedient fair one, constantly affirmed she was training her heart for her cousin Philip. The final discovery of a secret affection, between Hope and his forbidden cousin, gave the parents of both families much disquiet, while to Philip it appeared as a matter of perfect indifference.

He had early drawn from his unsuspecting Meander, a declaration of her entire devotion to the will of her parents; and he knew that such was the rectitude of her principles, she would sacrifice her life rather than cross their authority. With respect to himself, he acknowledged no such obligation; nor did he regard his plighted faith through his parents, any way binding on himself.

On all these points, however, he was his own counsellor, and his designs were known only to himself. He had at no time mentioned his engagement to his cousin, nor had he ever manifested any attachment to her. If he had any, he meant it should be inferred from acts really allied to hate, rather than love. The parents, however, were not to be so easily crossed in a measure upon which they had so long set their minds; and with them nothing would do but the literal fulfilment of the original contract; let the consequences be what they might. They therefore resolved to send the boys abroad, and keep the daughter under their own eye. Philip was destined for Boston, there to finish his studies, and return and take his cousin and a profession together. But Hope was ordered to England, where he was to study law, and, if he could do no better, find a wife among the daughters of the British Isles.

When the day of their departure arrived, Philip took leave of all without concern and without remark; but with Hope the separation was extremely trying. He would have gladly omitted his journey to England, and contented himself with such law knowledge as his own village afforded; provided he could remain in the society of his beloved Meander. Nay, for her sake, he would have abandoned the law and every other pursuit, and bound his fate to her's, in the hope that Providence would kindly provide for two, whose wants, having each other, would be so very limited. But the commands of his parents were imperative, and he had never been suffered to question the propriety of them. He therefore quietly repaired to his weeping cousin, arranged the mode by which their letters should be conveyed to each other, and hurried from her presence.

The brothers proceeded to Boston, and just as Hope was about to step on board the packet which was to bear him across the ocean, he handed his brother a letter addressed to his cousin, requesting him to forward it by the first safe conveyance. No sooner however, had the vessel cleared from the wharf, than Philip broke

the seal, read the letter, and then, tearing it into small pieces, strewed it to the winds; cursing at heart the impudence of his brother for presuming to address his nonsense to the being who, from her childhood, had been his own.

A voyage across the Atlantic in those days, generally occupied more weeks than it now occupies days. Hope, therefore, had an abundant leisure to think of the fair one whom he had left behind, and whom he might no more see; or if that favour was granted, might see her in the arms of another. After he had dismissed his sea sickness, and assumed his sea legs, he busied himself in composing sonnets and epistles to his beloved cousin; all of which he carefully folded and sent home immediately after he reached England. They passed directly, and of course, into the hands of his faithless brothers; who, when he had read their contents, threw them into the fire. This was the fate of all the subsequent letters sent to his care, as well those to his cousin as those from her, while the authors of both were greatly perplexed at the protracted silence of each other, and began to suspect the cause. Meander supposed that her beloved Hope, regarding himself as sacrificed by his parents, and no ways certain of ever getting his hand, had given up all for lost, and found some one abroad with whom he was better pleased. Hope, on the other hand, imagined the parents of his loved one had compelled her to marry his brother against her will, and that she had not the heart to advise him of it. He believed she was wretched; and this belief made him incurably so. His mind was disqualified for study, his food was unsavory, and his health rapidly declining. His friends endeavoured to divert him from his drooping condition by hurrying him from one scene of amusement to another; but all to little purpose: the worm still gnawed at the core. For some time after his departure, the case was no better with Meander. A dreamy state of mind came over her; the hue of health departed from her cheek; dark dreams disturbed her sleep; and melancholy brooded over her waking hours. Her mother discovered that all was not right with the daughter, and surmised where the evil lay. In a few days her apprehensions were fully confirmed; for she overheard her daughter inquiring of her father, with a deeply troubled countenance, if letters had not been received from her cousins. The mother began to relent, and confessed to her husband she was willing that Hope should return; and that the early promise should be rescinded; "for," she added, "Meander will never be happy with any other than Hope; and I know my sister is of the same opinion." The following day the parents of the young people held a family meeting, at which both the mothers boldly united to dissuade the fathers from pushing their authority too far; but their arguments were lost.

Is it not strange that all past history of the human affections, as well as all experience, should be lost upon the world? True affection may indeed be restrained and denied the enjoyment of its object by the exercise of brute force, but it is never conquered. Its spirit is independent of human control. It strikes with the subtlety of the adder's venom; and yet with the

delight of paradise. It has no speech, no voice, no reason; yet it has a language more powerful than speech;—the language of the eye. Through this, soul runs into soul, love mingles with love, and it were as fruitless to quench the flame, as to put out the lightning of heaven. There is, I am aware, a different kind of love, which has long prevailed on the other side of the Atlantic, and is getting to be quite fashionable in this country. It is properly styled *prudent love*, and has probably caused more domestic wretchedness than has ever sprung from all the wars and famines known to history. It is nothing more nor less than mercenary affection; and rises in the scale of its intensity just as high as its object can pile the dollars, and there it sticks. True affection is of the growth of heaven; and was undoubtedly in the mind of the poet when he said:

"The mighty Power that form'd the mind  
One mould for ev'ry two design'd,  
And bless'd the new-born pair,  
*This*—be a match for *this*, he said,  
And down he sent the souls he made  
To seek them bodies here."

But mercenary love is altogether a gross material, and has its origin in earth. Its highest aim is the gratification of sordid lust, which is never satisfied; and its chief end is to pamper sensuality, which, through excess, often needs a stimulant. Hence the gods, detesting its spurious character, has always loaded it with the misery which it justly merits. If this was not the passion indulged by the two Mr. Glasses, they were probably actuated by something worse. They boisterously overruled the better counsels of the sisters, and declared the affianced cousins should wed each other if it ruined half the family. But it was subsequently agreed that the marriage should not take place until after Philip had acquired his profession. It was also agreed that Meander, for the purpose of acquiring a proper finish to her studies, and to divert her mind from her first love, should pass the following winter in the metropolis, under the care of her cousin Philip. The poor girl heard these conclusions without emotion; flattering herself, probably, with the belief that if her mother and aunt were opposed to the proposed course, she might in the end change the will of her father. She therefore became more cheerful, wrote fresh letters to her banished friend, and applied herself closely to a revision of her former studies. In this undertaking she had the assistance of the Rev. Daniel Foster, the son-in-law of Parson Felton, and a particular friend of the Glasses.

As she was one day returning from a visit to Mr. Foster's, she found a lad by the way side who complained of sickness and hunger; assuring her he had tasted no food for two days, and had no friends to provide for him. Meander fancied she saw in his countenance marks of goodness, and bade him follow her home. After giving him some light food, she asked him a variety of questions, and found he was an orphan, perfectly destitute, and no friend but a sister, a little older than himself, but he knew not where she was to be found, for he had not seen her for several days. He then asked Me-

ander if she would not be his sister. This simple appeal to her kindness affected her deeply, and she immediately applied to her parents for permission to provide for him, and bring him up to habits of industry. This she readily obtained upon condition that her father should direct his education and labour, and see that he did not abuse the kindness thus offered. The care of this boy was a source of amusement and gratification to the young lady, which, with her studies, quite beguiled her into her wonted cheerfulness and freshness of complexion.

As the sleighing became good, Mr. Glass and his daughter departed for Boston, ostensibly to visit the Winslow and Wendal families, but in reality to place Meander, and her cousin in a position, where both should feel there was no interposing obstacle to a sociable interchange of civilities. In this, however, if it was seriously expected by either, there was a manifest disappointment; for Philip, though he now and then saw his cousin, was distant and reserved. Among her friends, however, Meander received a hearty welcome, and found several admirers who were not backward in paying those every day attentions which she supposed she had a right to expect from her betrothed. The father, hoping rather than expecting, that a change would take place in the conduct of his nephew, returned home, leaving his daughter to manage her own card. This she accomplished, by the tacit consent of her cousin, more to her own satisfaction perhaps, than to the furtherance of her father's views; for she seldom saw her nominal guardian, much less had she his protection or civilities. If they happened to meet, it was in the ball room, or at an evening party, and where, if he chanced to address her, he generally contrived to wound her feelings, or offend her delicacy, by boasting of his conquests, or the success of his amours with distinguished ladies in the first ranks of life.

In the midst of this mock courtship, the banished Hope returned, and was taken from ship board to his brother's lodgings on a litter. He had returned home unbidden, and nothing but the very dangerous condition of his health prevented his brother from thrusting him out of the house as a punishment for his temerity. The Wendals, however, soon relieved the offended Philip, by removing the offender out of his presence. Oliver Wendal, Esq. took him to his own house; and appointed Meander, with his own daughter, his especial nurse. Hope, hearing nothing from his cousin, and being unable to apply his mind to study, resolved to return home; and if his cousin was still free, to fight his way to her hand. But on his voyage he was captured by the Spaniards, and taken to the coast of the continent. Here a recapture was effected by the prisoners, led on by the intrepid American, Hope Glass. In this fight, he received several wounds, some of which were very dangerous, and which confined him to his cabin during the remainder of the voyage. It was debility, occasioned by these wounds and long confinement, that caused his being brought from the ship upon a litter. But his wounds were healing fast, and after a few days nursing from the hands of the young ladies, and fresh food from the table of

his worthy friend, he was able to bear his weight and walk about his chamber. His mind too was relieved by a sense of the security and freedom of his fair cousin; and also from pecuniary embarrassments; for the owners of the ship which he had recaptured at such imminent danger, voted him a present of two thousand pounds sterling. His brother Philip, under pretence of personal displeasure, but more probably under a conviction of the wrongs of which he had been guilty toward him, and from dread of merited chastisement, shunned the invalid altogether; nor did he once ask after his health, until he heard of the generous regard of the ship owners. The charming Meander, who had so long suffered the insults and neglect of her affianced cousin, and who, at the bidding of her parents, would have redeemed their pledge even at the expense of her own happiness, was now in new life, and frankly acknowledged the state of her mind to her friend, Oliver Wendal; and begged him to use his influence with her father to break off the old contract. This good man proposed to her a marriage at once with the person of her choice, and then a settlement of the contract the best way possible; assuring her she was not bound by any obligation imposed by her parents, to make herself miserable.

This she thought true; but to marry without the knowledge of her parents, and against their expressed will, was a step of which she feared to take the responsibility. Mr. Wendal then addressed a letter to her parents with a full explanation of the state of her mind, the return and condition of their nephew, and the course pursued by Philip; and respectfully requesting the consent of both families to an immediate union of the two cousins, whose mutual affection properly fitted them for the endearing relation. This letter he despatched by a special messenger, with orders to use due diligence, and return as early as possible with a reply.

The fathers were highly indignant at the freedom of the writer, who had dared to interfere in the domestic arrangement of their families; and not less so to their children, for the liberty they had taken to act contrary to the expressed instructions of their parents. The mothers, however, could readily excuse both the writer and the children. They urged their lords also, by pretty conclusive arguments, that they should also excuse them, and secure the esteem of their friend, Mr. Wendal, the happiness and love of their children, and the quiet and welfare of both families, by complying at once, and with a good grace, with the requisitions of the letter, and dismissing the express without further delay. This counsel was altogether too tame for these men of spirit. They could receive the dictation of no man in their family relations, and would let the impertinent author of the communication know their sense of the insult he had offered them.

Full of these high-sounding notions, they betook themselves to the business of writing a reply; but in its precise character and terms, they were utterly unable to agree. After three days close labor, trying to say something that both were willing to acknowledge, they gave the matter over, and informed the express that

they would not write, but would be ready at a given hour the following morning, to go in person and see his insolent employer. This course they finally put into practice; and while the worthy citizen was wondering at the excessive delay of his messenger in bringing a reply to his polite request, all three arrived in the city, and repaired at once into the presence of the affable, but dignified Mr. Wendal. The express introduced his travelling companions, explained the cause of his detention, and was dismissed with marks of approbation. Mr. Wendal, who was a gentleman of great good nature and true politeness, then turned to his visitors and congratulated them on their safe arrival in the city, assuring them it gave him great pleasure to see them, and begged they would be seated. All this was done with so much real kindness and affability, that the brothers were completely disarmed. While muttering some incoherent reply, unintelligible even to themselves, the good man opened a door that led to an adjoining room, and ushered in the young people. They approached their parents with perfect respect, but with feelings much more akin to fear than joy, and with but few words. Then commenced a scene of catechising which can neither be described nor read with any degree of pleasure or profit. It was finally closed by the interference of the host, who assured the fathers that his family were entire strangers to the temper they expressed on the occasion, and the language they employed; that the young people had been under his care, had acted upon his advice, and if they had done wrong, he was prepared to assume all the blame. And he further added, that while they were under his roof, they must be treated with the respect due to his friends.

In saying this, Mr. Wendal assumed a grave air, and a serious tone, which seemed to stagger the purpose of the brothers, and prevented a repetition of further freedom in his presence; and soon after he requested the cousins to withdraw into the adjoining room, saying, "your case is now in my hands, and I will see it does not suffer." He then turned toward the brothers with a view to reason on the folly of attempting to control the affections of their children. But on this point they wanted no reasons; their will was the law in this matter, and right or wrong it must be obeyed. They then, without further ceremony, passed to the room into which the young folks had retired, and found themselves at once in the presence of the whole family, which rather abashed them; but they mustered courage sufficient to order their children home immediately, and in language of no marked delicacy.

Having given their commands, they left the house with a flourish, which, while it reflected no credit to their sense of good breeding, carried pain to the bosoms of the two cousins, and led the trembling Meander to request the family to excuse her parent, for he was certainly beside himself. Mrs. Wendal agreed that passion appeared to affect his mind strangely, but hoped his sense of propriety would restrain him from committing any violence.

The exasperated father, after a short consultation, repaired to the lodgings of Philip, who

happened to be abroad. This incident gave him some time for reflection; and they concluded they had been rather too hasty in their orders. The moment, however, that Philip arrived, they burst forth afresh in full blast, charging him with having trifled with their authority, disregarding the sanctity of their engagement, and tamely resigning his treasure to the hands of another. The young man excused himself as well as he was able; assuring them, however, that he had made no surrender of any treasure; but that he had found it difficult to attend to two things at the same time; and that when he had once acquired his profession, he should be at liberty to direct his attention to other matters. This rather vague insinuation of a future compliance with their wishes, sensibly gratified the parents, and they countermanded the order which they had given for his immediate departure to the country. They doubted but all would be well as soon as Philip should be admitted to the bar, and therefore consented to let him remain in town. Their next purpose was to provide a proper conveyance for Meander and her cousin Hope, who was yet too feeble to encounter much fatigue. After a variety of proposals advanced by the fathers, none of which seemed to be very agreeable, Mr. Wendal came to their aid, and voluntarily offered to send the young folks home in his carriage as soon as Hope should be able to bear the journey. Upon the strength of this pledge, and the assurance of Meander that she would guard against any rash step in relation to her cousins, the fathers returned home. Parson Foster, who, by this time, had gathered the particulars of the family difference in regard to the marriage, and had placed himself firmly upon the side of the ladies, met the Mr. Glasses, as they entered the village, and, seeing nothing of the young folks, shrewdly suspected the defeat of the fathers, welcomed them home; wished joy of their journey; and very significantly inquired after the cousins. His manner was rather singular, and excited the observation of his friends, who upon reflection, discovered for the first time, that they had not accomplished by their journey one object for which it was undertaken. All this, however, they had abundant reason to understand, after they had reported their proceedings to the mothers; for they took special pains to refer every little while, with some parade of words, to the important advantages of the journey. The subject was called up by the women, the Parson, and the neighbors, into whose ears it had been confidentially whispered, much more frequently than suited the wishes of the two Glasses, and induced them to repent heartily of the undertaking. It also had the effect to impair their self-confidence, and make them less positive with respect to their own opinions; and in the end, rather willing to listen to the judgment of others.

A few days after the departure of the two Mr. Glasses from the city, Mr. Wendal, always moderate and prudent in his measures, and not very frequently outgeneraled, summoned his young friends into his library, and placed before them the danger which awaited any further delay of that union, which, if not early

sealed, must render them both liable to disappointment and misery. He assured them he had no personal interest in the relation, farther than what friendship prompted, and a desire of seeing them happy. He would therefore take the responsibility of placing their happiness in each other beyond every contingency, and of reconciling their parents to the measure, provided they should not be known, nor know each other, as man and wife, until three months after Philip should be admitted to the practice of the law. He further stipulated that, if their parents could not be reconciled to the marriage when it should be made known, he would immediately settle upon them a comfortable support for life.

To this proposal, Hope gave a ready consent; but Meander wished a space for reflection. In a few days, however, she signed her acceptance of the terms, and they were immediately married in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Wendal, only.

Hope's wounds proved more stubborn in the end than was at first contemplated. One, especially, which had been inflicted on his breast by a sabre, and had injured the bone, gave him great pain, and kept him pale and feeble. Spring, however, was at hand, which promised more effective aid in his restoration than the plasters and bandages of the surgeon. When it came, he frequently took the benefit of the mellow breeze, in an airing with Meander and the children of his host in the family carriage.

Early in the month of June, the married pair, accompanied by the amiable Miss Sophia, the eldest daughter of their worthy friend, left the city in the family coach, for the home of their parents, at the Glass Manor.

The season was delightful. All nature seemed to smile upon them; and the little songsters of the grove, cheered them with joyous melody.

The hearts of the travellers partook of the general joy; their spirits were exhilarated, and they seemed to drink in large draughts of un-mixed delight. They proceeded by easy stages, and filled up the intervals by little rambles, and pleasant amusements. When they reached their journey's end, the mothers received them with unaffected gratification; the worthy parson greeted them with a fatherly affection, and the villagers came to bid them welcome home.

The two Mr. Glasses, however, were not apparently so much rejoiced; they looked a little discomposed, but expected, doubtless, to reinstate matters according to their own wishes when Philip should arrive. His arrival, however, was probably not less anxiously looked for by the wedded cousins, than by their fathers. The former had more at stake in the event than their parents. They, from that period, whenever it should come, would be able to date the moment of a release from their restraints, and so enter upon all the pleasures that spring from mutual love and mutual happiness.

The return of Philip at length came, and shortly after, a family council was summoned. This summons was promptly obeyed by all the parties concerned, except Philip. He was now of age, and could act legally; a lawyer, able to give counsel rather than to receive it; and a man

not to be catichised by any self-created tribunal. He subsequently observed to his father that he certainly meant no disrespect to his authority, but he thought it was now time to assume the control of his own feelings and affections, and the discharge of the duties that devolved upon him as a man and an officer of the court. Nevertheless, he continued, "as you were so kind as to dispose of me in marriage when I was a child, I feel favorably inclined towards the redemption of your pledge. But I must have time to arrange my affairs for a family establishment suited to my station in life; and time also to learn the true feelings and wishes of my cousin toward me, and not enter blindfolded into a relation of such high importance."

Miss Sophia Wendal was exclusively an inmate at the home of Meander; and her presence gave increased spirit to the little circles of the village, frequently drawing the brothers, Philip and Hope, into the same social party, and bringing them into personal contact. They however, were very distant toward each other; but from very different motives. Philip was conscious of the outrage he had committed, both upon his brother and cousin, by the perusal and destruction of their respective letters, and he was in no way anxious to subject himself to an explanation of the affair. Hope, on the other hand, although he suspected the villiany, and was resolved to demand an explanation, was not then prepared to punish the wrong which had been inflicted. His wounds were not yet healed, and his strength had been greatly diminished. In these little parties and pastimes, Philip appeared to bestow as much attention toward his married cousin, as toward her fair visitor; but was no way remarkable in his advances to either, nor indeed to any of the village ladies. This was owing to no defect in his character or education; for, if he pleased, he could be very gallant, and was generally esteemed a lady's man. His apparent indifference toward his lovely cousin, greatly staggered the resolution of the two fathers; and, at the same time, satisfied the mothers that if obliged to fulfil the engagements of their parents, neither of the affianced could ever be happy. Every day's experience made this more and more manifest, and to convince their husbands of the fact, was the special object of their nightly curtain lectures. When they found that these had not the desired effect, they engaged parson Foster to add his persuasions; and their united battery finally brought the defeated fathers to ask for quarters.

While these negotiations were progressing, the young people were occasionally engaged in little excursions about the neighborhood, and on a return from one of these, Hope's horse took fright, became wholly unmanageable, reared and plunged until his rider was thrown from the saddle senseless to the ground. The arrival of the horse at his master's door, covered with foam and dust, and trembling like the leaf of an aspen, advised the family that the rider must have been in danger. Several hands started immediately in pursuit of the party, and finally came up to the scene of distress, just as the young ladies had procured water

from a neighboring brook, bathed his temples, and brought him to his senses. But his fall had opened afresh the wound on his breast, and the blood ran freely. He was finally conveyed home upon a litter, and a surgeon called, who thought there was no serious danger of an alarming result, but hoped a little rest would soon restore him. On the following day, however, he found the injury by no means slight, and that some danger might exist on account of the extreme heat of the weather. For a week or two, the care of the invalid was shared jointly by Meander and her sympathising visitor; but after the departure of Miss Sophia, in obedience to directions from her parents, the task of nursing fell principally upon the young and lovely wife. The fatigue incident to constant watching, and the anxiety for his safety and recovery, to which was superadded her fears and doubts at the result of her union with her cousin, contrary to the will of her father, and, as it were, by stealth, which must soon be made public, for the three months were drawing to a close, wore upon her health, and reduced her to a very skeleton. About this time, her mother who had also been confined to her bed for some weeks, came to her assistance, and also the worthy parson's amiable daughter, who was always foremost in a sick chamber. The general sympathy felt and expressed through the village, for the suffering cousins, aroused the energies of the wily Philip; and he too became active and useful in his attentions to the invalids. But it was shrewdly observed, it was for no other reason than merely to make himself agreeable to the parson's daughter. But Philip had no such honorable purpose in view. He had no sympathy for the sick or suffering; nor love for his brother or cousin; and little or no respect for his parents or the opinion of the world. To gain the affections of the parson's daughter, or the love of his fair cousin, had probably never entered his mind; much less had he ever seriously proposed to himself the fulfilment of the early engagement made in his behalf by his doting parents.

He was offended at the general concern manifested throughout the neighborhood, for the afflicted cousins. That sordid selfishness and pride of consequence, which influenced all his movements, had been wounded at the unyielding devotion of the charming Meander to a man whom he knew he had grossly wronged, and to whom he also knew he would be obliged to answer for that wrong. He therefore sought, like all unprincipled men, to add insult to injury; to deepen and darken former wrongs, and to inflict unmitigated wretchedness where before he had only sown distrust. For this purpose he conceived the black design of poisoning the fountain from which he had no doubt his favored brother hoped to draw all the streams of domestic happiness throughout his subsequent life.

To carry this unholy purpose into execution, he entered with apparent interest into the welfare and recovery of his wounded brother, and emaciated cousin. To the latter, he proposed a visit to the Medicinal Springs of a neighboring town, and politely tendered his

services to accompany her thither. But this honor she pointedly declined; and the more firmly, the more frequently it was pressed upon. But when she was informed it was the will of her father, she silently acquiesced.

From this visit, the heartless wretch returned no more to his native village.

He accomplished his accursed purpose at the hour of midnight, and in the midst of a violent thunder storm, by sheer brute force; and left the poor victim in a strange house to weep over her utter ruin.

Some five or six days after their departure to the Spring, the mother grew uneasy, and urged her husband to go in pursuit of them; but he apprehended no danger. When, however, the parson expressed his fears that all might not be right, the father concluded he would go the following day, provided no prior intelligence of them arrived. The following day came with-

out the expected information, and Mr. Glass set forward on horse-back to look for them at the Mineral Spring. But there he could hear nothing of them; and after three day's search, he found his daughter at an obscure public house, some thirty miles from home, a wild and frightful maniac. By the help of strangers, the father succeeded with some trouble, but more bitterness of soul, to restore the ruined girl to her family—but not to her senses. Her cries and lamentations, and bitter execrations poured upon the name of her destroyer, often rendered her home, once so innocent, so quiet, so happy, a frightful bedlam.

The fiendish despoiler of her honor, immediately after the perpetration of the diabolical deed, passed directly to the sea-board—abandoned his family and country, and died in obscurity, a loathed and wretched vagabond.

(To be concluded.)

Written for the Lady's Book.

## ARABELLA;

A POEM.

BY L. A. WILMER.

### *Argument of the Second Canto.*

Trouble augments. Herbert at length deceiv'd  
By Arabella's artifice—prepares  
To leave the city. Much the maid is griev'd;  
Flirtation now a serious aspect wears.  
A wedding plann'd. Intelligence receiv'd  
That Herbert has departed. Much distress.  
For mischief made;—too late tho' for redress.

### CANTO II.

#### I.

'Tis said, when rat-traps are too trimly made,  
The cunning vermin fear the bait to touch;  
In all divisions of the *catching* trade,  
Too little art is better than too much:  
Let not this maxim from your memories fade,  
Ye fair entrapping artizans, who plan  
The captivation of imperial man.

#### II.

And be not by that fallacy misled,  
That "hearts are all substantially the same;"  
Nature abhors similitudes, 'tis said,  
And endless variation is her aim:  
So, in the regions of the heart and head,  
Exists as much variety as dwells  
In human features, foliage, stones, or shells.

#### III.

This fact suggests the policy of change,  
To suit the various characters you meet;  
The course that one admirer would estrange,  
Will bring another sighing to your feet;  
And the same measures might a third derange;  
Might close a quarrel here, there make dissension,  
Drive Jack to wedlock, Tommy to *suspension*.

#### IV.

And thus, for want of due discrimination,  
Our hapless heroine, counsel'd by her aunt,  
Gave Herbert glances of cool observation,

And seem'd enraptur'd with her new gallant;  
(Namely, John Brown, whose everlasting station  
Was at her side;) and yet she oft directed  
An eye to see how Herbert was affected.

#### V.

She little knew the springs of Herbert's love;  
That love proceeded from the dear conceit  
That he in her esteem was placed above  
All others. Oh 'tis more than earthly sweet,  
To think that she, to whose disposal move  
So many hearts, elects us to her grace,  
And thrones us in her breast. Such Herbert's case.

#### VI.

Chance led him to the dwelling of the fair,  
(On business with old Lenox first he came,)  
He mark'd the suitor crowd attendant there,  
And saw unmov'd the object of their flame.  
But something in her accents or her air,  
Some sign, (in cold description lost,) disclos'd  
How Arabella had her love dispos'd.

#### VII.

Enchanted at the sweet discovery, he  
Lov'd in return;—till, as already told,  
Her faint repulse had almost set him free:  
So much his soul revolted at her cold  
And haughty mien, which little might agree  
With that soft ardour by her eyes confess'd,  
Ere fate transfus'd that ardour to his breast.

#### VIII.

Still, as reluctantly we leave the spot  
Endear'd by brilliant hopes once cherished there;  
Ev'n so, affection's softer ties may not  
At once be sever'd, even by despair.  
And Herbert felt, that love, to be forgot,  
Must oft be banish'd, as it oft returns;  
Like spirits, still revisiting their urns.



## IX.

As oft as Herbert Arabella met,  
Forever lavishing her smiles on Brown,  
He left her, sternly vowing to forget;  
But fortune surely was resolv'd to frown  
On *all* his purposes. If, in a pet,  
He curs'd her now—ten minutes hence, he'd rue it,  
And curse himself, that had a heart to do it.

## X.

"What is't to me," he naturally inquir'd,  
"If she prefer John Brown?" 'Tis madness merely  
To be, for that, with such resentment fir'd.  
But then, that rascal does not love sincerely;  
Her father's money-bags are most admir'd;  
And she not know—distraction!—must I see  
This mercenary dog prefer'd to me?"

## XI.

Thus he soliloquiz'd; and thus went on:—  
"Well, let her make her choice, and I'll make  
mine.  
Yes; there's Matilda, lively as a fawn;  
Methinks I've seldom met with eyes so fine.  
Delicious lips—he here began to yawn;)—  
White teeth—a mouth—I never saw its fellow."—  
He dropp'd asleep, and dream'd of *Arabella*.

## XII.

Believe me, lovers, if you would be cur'd,  
Absence is the infallible specific;  
The only remedy to be insur'd,  
Tho' some may think the medicine terrific;  
By very few indeed, 'twill be endur'd:  
Like other nervous ailments, the affliction  
Is held too dear to think of dereliction.

## XIII.

In love, no subject's harder of digestion  
Than when the patient doubts his proper course;  
To love or not to love—when that's the question,  
Hanging succeeds, perhaps, or something worse—  
Suspense, we know, all people, like a pest, shun;  
Yet 'tis imagined that no man of sense  
Will make suspension physic his suspense.

## XIV.

But, as we said, no feeling is more painful  
Than doubts in love:—with jealousy their crony,  
They sometimes lead to resolutions baneful,  
As in the case of hapless Desdemona.  
And when the fair is stubborn or disdainful,  
Lovers may doubt if they should stab or smother  
The present dear, or merely seek another.

## XV.

I've known a mistress *kill'd* in such a case;  
A harsh proceeding truly; but from hence  
Ladies the impropriety may trace  
Of keeping several suitors in suspense.  
And let coquettes such dread mementoes place  
In constant view. But if we fall to prosing,  
We'll all be, (like we left friend Herbert,) dozing.

## XVI.

Now Herbert thought not of assassination,  
Tho' much indeed by painful doubts oppress'd  
Of Arabella's mind to make probation,  
He to Matilda for awhile address'd  
A seeming courtship; but a demonstration  
So like his own, on Arabella's part,  
Made him suspicious 'twas a trick of art.

## XVII.

But Arabella, prompted by aunt Jane,  
Surpass'd his best conceptions of deceit.  
At length, convinc'd that Brown the prize must  
gain,  
Herbert, with manly energy replete,  
Bravely resolv'd no longer to remain,  
To gaze on charms;—as gazing could not make  
them  
His own—he thought 'twas better to forsake them.

## XVIII.

Here Herbert's sense in pleasing contrast shines  
With Werter's silliness;—unlike the latter,  
He makes no mawkish sentimental whines,  
Nor strives with pistol-balls his skull to batter;  
But, like a true philosopher, he dines,  
Then thinks upon the *sea*—a famous physic  
For breast diseases—asthma, love or phthisic.

## XIX.

In short, the youth was on a voyage bent:  
The preparations speedily were made,  
Lest time should give him leisure to repent;  
And this injunction on a friend was laid:—  
"To Arabella let these lines be sent  
Soon after my departure." What a notion!—  
So Herbert soon was sailing on the ocean.

## XX.

Herbert, good bye.—A tedious night is past;  
From broken slumbers or distressful dreams  
Our nymph arises. On the mirror east,  
Her tearful eye, (too harsh a critic!) deems  
Her worshipp'd loveliness is fading fast.  
"Not by this face," she said, "with sorrow stain'd,  
May Herbert's lost affections be regain'd."

## XXI.

Sadly her toilette speeds:—and yet with care  
Each pin is fix'd, each ribbon is dispos'd;  
And, studious to preserve that joyous air  
Which erst was nature—nought her face disclos'd  
Of all that grief so late conspicuous there;  
Truth weeps, and virtue's guardian scraps tremble  
When youth first finds a motive to dissemble.

## XXII.

Her limbs, unmatch'd by aught of Grecian stone,  
A robe of finest Jaconet array'd;  
About her waist was drawn a purple zone  
Whose two extremes in wanton flutterings play'd:  
Too bright indeed for man's repose she shone.  
Ah me, that beauty ever should be join'd  
With cold disdain and cruelty unkind!

## XXIII.

Thou sun, before whose burning axles fly  
All natural mists;—why couldst thou not dispel  
The glooms now gathering in the opening sky  
Of two young hearts, that truly lov'd so well?  
Reveal each breast to each fond lover's eye,  
And all is peace. False policy and pride  
Create the sorrows which they strive to hide.

## XXIV.

At breakfast now the family is seated;  
Lenox seem'd thoughtful, and aunt Jane look'd sad.  
The nymph expected soon to hear repeated  
Some strange intelligence, most likely bad.  
And, ere the morning banquet was completed,  
Her father drawl'd out, while his coffee blowing  
(His usual practice,) "So, my dear, you're going."

## XXV.

"Where?" faintly ask'd the maid: "To Alabama,"  
Old Hunks replied: "I hope not," said his daughter;  
Her brow with horror suddenly grew clammy.  
"Tis no great travel, now they go by water,"  
Her sire continued, "And your uncle Sammy  
Lives somewhere thereabouts;—what could be  
better?"

Be sure and send us, every month, a letter."

## XXVI.

"Sir, if you please," said Arabella then,  
"I'd rather stay at home, than take that journey."  
"Poh!—that's all fix'd with paper, ink and pen;  
We've had agreements drawn by an attorney."  
Thus Lenox answer'd:—like all "business men,"  
He lov'd a written contract, and had made  
With Brown, what men of business call "a trade."

## XXVII.

This fact explained—poor Arabella wept;  
At which her father seem'd in consternation;  
For not a doubt had in his noddle crept  
But she had had this match in contemplation.  
Said he—"No happier chance you've had, except  
Herbert; and he had pleas'd me better truly;  
But then I thought you used him rather coolly.

## XXVIII.

"But 'tis no use to make a mus about it;  
The thing is settled;—nothing can undo it;  
All sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd;—if you doubt it,  
See here's the memorandum—just look through it:  
I knew no bargain could be good without it.  
And when I put my fist to such an article,  
I would not, for the world, abate a particle."

## XXIX.

Just at this moment, comes a note address'd  
To Arabella; Herbert's was the hand.  
First, with emotion, to her heart she press'd  
The treasur'd lines; scarce able to command  
Her mingled feelings; yet the more distress'd,  
To think the missive had arrived too late.  
When hope had perish'd in the grasp of fate.

## XXX.

"This last adieu," for thus the billet read,  
"Self-banish'd Herbert, in repentance, sends  
To Arabella. Dreams of love are fled;  
His humbler prayer is now—to part as friends.  
Then while on strands remote I sadly tread,  
Thy words of peace shall memory fondly hoard,  
Like the bless'd relics of a saint ador'd.

## XXXI.

"Forgive me then, if madly, I aspir'd;  
Forgive—'twere but my folly to repeat  
To ask remembrance;—tho' that boon desir'd  
Were dearly purchas'd by "no more to meet."  
Let this atonement, for my fault requir'd,  
A heavenly sanction on remembrance shed,  
For sinless thoughts may rest upon the dead!

## XXXII.

"Farewell! before these lines shall reach thy hand,  
Seas may divide us"—Here the paper dropp'd:  
A corpee-like figure, see the maiden stand,  
As though the currents of her heart were stopped  
And must the beams of hope and joy expand  
That heart no more?—oh penalty severe!  
Self-worshipp'd beauty, see thy triumphs here!

## XXXIII.

But soon reflection came; with trembling haste,  
While, like impetuous flames in caves confin'd,  
Passion so long conceal'd breaks forth, she traced  
These words expressive of her tortur'd mind:  
"Oh Herbert, spare a wretch by fortune placed  
Where but remorseful sighs, repentant tears  
Shall be companions of her future years.

## XXXIV.

"Ah not for aspirations art thou blam'd;  
But—too precipitate, thou canst not shun  
The imputation of a dagger aim'd  
At this poor bosom.—But reproach is done.  
If by resentment, more than love, inflam'd,  
Thou hast offended:—that offence of thine  
Is lost before the magnitude of mine.

## XXXV.

"Yes, mine the fault; the forfeit of my peace,  
My follies have effected. Guiltless thou:—  
Then, Herbert, take, in justice, thy release  
From every charge, so falsely breath'd but now.  
Dread power of retribution—here increase  
The expiation, where the crime must rest,  
But let no sorrow reach the blameless breast.

## XXXVI.

"Adieu—not seas alone shall roll between  
Our future fates; but gulfs are interpos'd,  
Impassable; the vast, the hideous scene,  
In storms and fearful darkness, is disclos'd.  
May'st thou, encanopied by skies serene,  
Escape the tempests of my adverse lot,  
And, in compassion, be my faults forgot."

## XXXVII.

Enquiring then, her lover's course she found,  
And sent the letter after with despatch:—  
He, in a vessel to Britannia bound,  
Had scarce an inkling of the settled match.  
And now our toast seem'd fated to be *Brown'd*;  
(Joe Miller claims the credit of that pun;) *done*.  
To which we add, she thought herself quite

## XXXVIII.

And so she was perhaps;—but 'tis our aim  
In such affairs, to leave no room for guessing.  
Whether the tale shall end with sword or flame,  
Marriage or murder, shipwreck most distressing,  
Pistols or prayer books:—pray, forbear to blame,  
If we defy your utmost powers of study;  
But this we promise—the conclusion's bloody:

## XXXIX.

Else 'twere a theme for epic lays unsuited;  
Some little blood-shed is a thing as needful  
As sauce to apple-dumpling; and 'tis bruited  
That modern story-tellers must be heedful  
To deal in murder somewhat—or be hooted.  
Most luckily, we keep to this restriction,  
Without a trespass on the bounds of fiction.

*Philadelphia, September, 1837.*

(Third and Last Canto in next No.)

It would be most lamentable if the good things  
of this world were rendered either more valuable,  
or more lasting; for, despicable as they already  
are, too many are found eager to purchase them,  
even at the price of their souls!

Written for the Lady's Book.

## KITTY'S RELATIONS.—A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Continued from Page 187.)

## CHAPTER VI.

FOR many months after his marriage, Colesbury's house was continually filled with his wife's immediate relatives—including a second long visit from Mrs. Branchley, bringing Jane, Lucy, and Johnny; and another still longer, from Susan and Sarah, with Johnny to escort them. Afterwards, the collateral branches of the family began to take their turn; and the visitations were kept up with great spirit by uncles, aunts, cousins, and cousins' cousins; with frequent accompaniments of the sisters of sisters-in-law, and the brothers of brothers-in-law. Some were more tolerable than others; a few were not very objectionable, but none were *comme il faut*.

At one time (it was about the middle of July) Mr. and Mrs. Colesbury found themselves without a single guest, and no more being just then in prospect, they prepared for a journey to Niagara, a place whose wonders they had never yet visited; and anticipating much pleasure from the contemplation of that most stupendous and sublime of cataracts, they rejoiced that they would see it for the first time together. It was near seven o'clock on the evening before their intended departure, that a hack stopped at the door, loaded with an immensity of baggage of very strange form and a pearance, and on the back seat sat an elderly female so muffled up (notwithstanding the heat of the weather) that Colesbury could neither distinguish her face or form; but Kitty exclaimed, with a look of dismay—"Oh! it is aunt Nancy Widgery!"

"And who is she?" asked Colesbury.

"Oh! do not you remember? She was at our wedding, and you had seen her frequently before. But this is no time to explain. There she sits, waiting for you to assist her out of the coach."

Colesbury, (though by this time inured to the office of helping his wife's relations out of carriages) went forward on the present occasion with less alacrity than usual. Indeed he had a passing thought of not going at all, feeling a presentiment that this visitation would be rather more annoying than any of the former ones.

"Dear Albert, make haste," said Kitty, following him to the door-steps—"Aunt Nancy never forgives any thing that she considers a want of respect. Do not let us offend her at the very beginning. I have often heard you say that when a thing *must* be done, it is best to do it with a good grace."

"It shall not, however, prevent our going to Niagara," said he to himself. Poor Kitty stood at the door and sighed, for she knew exactly what was before her.

Mrs. Widgery was a tall thin woman, with

a remarkably small head, and small contracted features; her brows being knitted into a habitual frown, and the corners of her mouth drawn downwards. She was the mother of half a dozen married children, living in New York and its vicinity. By dint of sympathizing in all his numerous ailments, and working upon a very weak mind, she had a few years since, accomplished a marriage with an old bachelor from the west, who having amassed a large fortune had been a valetudinarian ever since he quitted business; spending all his winters in a southern climate. Though always imagining himself on the verge of death, he had contrived to live on to the age of eighty. She accompanied Mr. Widgery to Charleston shortly after their wedding, and there at the close of the winter he really died, in consequence of a fall from a carriage, having previously made a will, in which he left his whole property to his wife. On her return to New York, she kept house for about a year, and then broke up her establishment for the purpose of living round, as she called it, among her children, to their very great regret and inconvenience. Her way was to stay at one house till she took mortal offence at something, or imagined herself intentionally affronted, and then to remove to another with grievous complaints of the ill-treatment she had experienced in her last staying-place. But as she had half-promised the inheritance of her fortune to each of her children separately, they all considered it expedient to endure her humours as well as they could. Though really of a very strong constitution, she continually assured them that her life hung but on a thread; and whenever she felt unusually amiss from indulgence and indolence, she called it an attack of bilious fever. Having nothing else to think of, and finding it very convenient to enact the perpetual invalid, she had (like her late husband) persisted in doing so till habit became second nature.

Such was the unwelcome guest that had arrived at the door of our ever beset hero. As soon as Mrs. Widgery had entered the house, and been received by her niece, and panted and groaned, and smelled at a smelling bottle, she in a weak voice, desired that her room should be immediately prepared, as she was half dead. While assisted in unmuffling, she exclaimed bitterly against the gentleman that had escorted her from New York, for having (after putting herself and her baggage into a carriage) taken leave of her on the wharf, and left her to shift for herself at the mercy of the coachman—"Just as if," said she, "he had had quite enough of me on the journey, and was anxious to get rid of me as soon as possible." "No doubt of that," thought Colesbury to himself.

It did not require much time to prepare an apartment, for Kitty had learned the expediency of keeping her rooms *always* prepared. In the mean while, Mrs. Widgery reclined herself upon first one ottoman and then on another, one being too near a window, the other too near a door; changing every few minutes the position of the pillows, and entertaining Colesbury with an account of her sufferings during the journey, and for many months previous.

"I am surprised," said Colesbury, "that you should venture to travel, even for one day, in a state of such extreme debility."

"It seemed," replied Mrs. Widgery, "as if a change of air was my only chance, even if I changed for a worse. Then sister Branchley told me that in your house the accommodations were rather good; and I thought that, in the boasted market of Philadelphia, things might be procured that I could relish. So I concluded to come and pass a week with Kitty, till I could hear of an escort to Pittsburg, where I am going to visit a niece of Mr. Widgery's, who after the death of her lamented uncle, was obliged to teach needle-work for her living, but has been lately married to a very rich man. For my part I have no house that I can call my own. What a sad thing it is to be a lonely widow without a home, and to meet with no pity from any one belonging to me!"

Colesbury could certainly feel no compassion for a woman of large fortune, who voluntarily gave up a house of her own, to intrude herself an unwelcome guest upon her less opulent relatives; and he could scarcely forbear informing her of their intended departure for Niagara next morning; but Kitty, afraid of an impeachment of her husband's civility, looked at him appealingly.

"We came in the ten o'clock line," pursued Mrs. Widgery, "for I have no notion of starting from my bed at peep of day, and exposing myself to the raw morning air on the water; and eating a steamboat breakfast when I might get one at home. I am staying now with my daughter, Margaret Foster. But little Maggy was sick (as she always is when she ought not to be) therefore her mother made that an excuse for not attending herself to my breakfast as usual; so the cutlets had no gravy, and the fried cucumbers were too greasy, and the eggs were boiled hard, and the rice cakes were too dry, and my last cup of coffee was cold, and I made a miserable breakfast, after all. I shall not go back to Margaret's when I return to New York. I took some cakes with me, and got some lemonade in the first boat, but it was wretched stuff, so I had to try some biscuit and cheese and a glass of porter, to keep up my strength. There was a dinner to be sure in the last boat, but though I attempted, I believe, every thing on the table, I relished nothing, for the cooking did not seem natural to me."

Though Kitty had announced that her room was in order, Mrs. Widgery concluded that she would not go up to it till after tea, which she said she hoped was nearly ready; adding, "I suppose you know that I now take chocolate instead of tea—it is more strengthening." Kitty did not know it, but immediately left the room to give orders about the chocolate; her

aunt calling her back to request that she would herself attend to having it made properly, as if left to a servant she should be unable to drink it.

The chocolate was served up with dry toast; but Mrs. Widgery inquired for soda biscuit. It chanced there were none in the house, but some were immediately sent for, and in the mean-time Mrs. Widgery refusing every thing else on the table, sat tasting her chocolate and looking very disagreeable. By the time the soda biscuit arrived, she pronounced her chocolate quite cold, and pouring it herself into the slop basin, desired a fresh cup, into which she broke one of the biscuit, afterwards accompanying it with sweet cake. She finished with a saucer of raspberries and cream, saying, however, that she expected to pay for it; the meaning of which was that she expected to suffer—paying and suffering being synonymous with some people. When her repast was completed, she threw herself back, and dolorously ejaculated—"If I had more appetite I should have more strength!"

After tea, Mrs. Widgery seated herself in the rocking chair, and began see-sawing backwards and forwards with all her might; an unbecoming practice, that is only admissible in private, or when alone; it being very annoying to spectators who have dizzy heads, sensitive nerves, or genteel habits. "And now," said she, after a while, "tired, and ill, and weak as I am, I dread going to my room, because I must quit this rocking chair." "There is one up stairs which shall be placed immediately in your chamber," said Kitty, briskly; and Colesbury rang the bell himself and ordered it to be carried thither.

#### CHAPTER VII.

When Kitty returned from conducting Mrs. Widgery to her apartment, she found her husband traversing the parlours. "Well Kitty," said he, "what is to be done. Are we to give up our excursion to Niagara?"

"Dear Albert," replied Kitty, "you know I cannot help it. Aunt Nancy's intention is to stay but a week, and it will be still time for us to go to Niagara after her departure. I am very sorry, but I am sure you will not be uncivil or inhospitable to any of my relations. I wish there were more on your side, that I might have an opportunity of showing kindness to them."

"Your wish is a very amiable one," observed Colesbury, "but if there were as many on my side, and they found it convenient to give us as much of their society, I should have to keep two houses instead of one; or rather we should be under the necessity of breaking up house-keeping entirely, and living at a hotel or boarding-house."

He then took his hat, said he was going to the exchange, and departed; evidently much vexed. As soon as he was gone, poor Kitty buried her face on the arm of the sofa, and burst into tears; and in this position she was found by Mrs. Leedom.

"Dear Elizabeth," said Kitty, as soon as her sobs would allow her to answer the compas-

sionate inquiries of her sister-in-law, "Albert has at last broken out!" "In what way?" asked Mrs. Leedom. "He is tired of my relations," answered Kitty, "and not half of them have visited us yet." Mrs. Leedom was only surprised that he had not broken out before; but she remained silent, and Kitty proceeded. "I fear he regrets having married me, and thinks he had better have taken more time, and given himself a longer opportunity of knowing my connections." She then explained to her sister-in-law the *mal-a-propos* arrival of her troublesome aunt, and Colesbury's evident loss of patience on the occasion; adding—"It is really a relief, my dear Elizabeth, for me to talk to you on this subject. I have feared almost ever since we were married, that Albert would rather have had less of the company of my family, but he never even hinted such a thing to me; and sometimes I hoped he might not observe all their sayings and doings, which I cannot but perceive are very different from his own and yours, and those of the friends he has made me acquainted with since I have been his wife. Still, you know they are really my relations, and some of them my very nearest; and therefore it is my duty to love them as much as I can, and to endeavour to regard them all in the best possible light." "It is perfectly natural that you should do so," replied Mrs. Leedom, "and also highly honourable to your heart and feelings."

"Still," resumed Kitty, "it is impossible for affection to be always blind and deaf to the faults even of those we best love. As Albert was not, like myself, brought up among them, I fear I cannot expect him to unite with me in trying to take pleasure in all their visits. And to tell you the secret truth, dearest Elizabeth, I cannot but suspect that some of them at least, come to Philadelphia as much for their own pleasure and convenience as out of love for me, or from a wish for *my* society."

That this was the fact Mrs. Leedom had perceived from the beginning; selfish, heartless, mindless, and devoid of tact as most of them were.

"It grieves me to think," continued Kitty, "that my dear husband cannot feel towards my connections as if they were his own—or as he might if they were more—more—what shall I say?—if they were more loveable and more agreeable. It is very wrong in me to talk in this manner; but my eyes have long since been opened, and I am well aware that he must regret their being so numerous, and that they come so often and stay so long. I have always been afraid to speak to him on this subject, lest by directing his attention to it, he might consider it so great an evil as to imbibe a dislike to me in consequence. I fear he already wishes he had been less precipitate in addressing me, and that I had been less prompt in accepting him, and that my family had been less eager to get him into theirs. I am sure he must already wish that he had fallen in love with a woman who had fewer relations." "He may perhaps wish that the woman he loves had fewer relations," replied Mrs. Leedom. "But console yourself, dearest Kitty. I am very sure my brother would not exchange you for any

woman in the world, even for one who had not a single relative."

"It is very kind in you to say so," resumed Kitty, "and I know I shall feel better after this conversation. It is so hard to keep our grievances always pent up within our own bosoms. Many a time I would have given words to have opened my heart to Albert, and have hoped every moment he would encourage me to do so. But he never till this evening gave me the least hint on the subject, though I know him too well to suppose that he could derive much pleasure from the frequency and length of their visits. No doubt, however, he believed that I did. Certainly it is my duty to try and think well of them all. But now that I have seen something of other families, I do not believe that ours was a very loving one, or that there was much kindness among us, or any great disposition to make each other comfortable and happy; and it strikes me now that none of us are very sensible. I know it is wrong in me to say so—but indeed, I wish my people were better, and I have no reason to flatter myself that I do not resemble them, notwithstanding all the pains I have been taking, ever since my marriage, to improve myself in every thing."

Mrs. Leedom's reply was very gratifying to poor Kitty; and when Colesbury came in, it was evident that he had subdued his irritation, and recovered his good humour. But Kitty's tears, which flowed again at the sight of her husband, brought on the long-sought explanation; and he felt his error in having through false delicacy delayed it, till the inconvenience in question had grown into a serious evil. "And yet," said he, "what could I do—it is repugnant to my nature to show coldness or inhospitality to the guests under my roof, even though their visits may be somewhat unwelcome. Beside they were the family and connections of my dear Kitty, and I thought she took pleasure in having them with her." "And so I did," said Kitty, "till I began to doubt if it was regard for me or for themselves that brought them so incessantly."

"Would it not have been well," said Mrs. Leedom, "to have delicately intimated to your father and mother, with a view of their mentioning it to other branches of the connection, that *your* house must not be considered the only place of accommodation for each and all of them whenever they came to Philadelphia?"

"Yes, it were well to have done so," replied Colesbury: "But I was not aware of the extent to which this—this—what shall I call it?—this inclination to visit us has been carried. Again, it is a painful thing to risk the imputation of churlishness or inhospitality, and very foreign to my wife's nature or my own to deserve it. To Mr. and Mrs. Branchley we owe the duty of children, therefore they shall never feel themselves unwelcome guests in the house of their daughter and their daughter's husband. But I own there are other relatives of my dear Kitty, whose encroachments on our comfort are so frequent as to make a little discountenance rather justifiable, as a means of self-defence; if we knew how to commence, and how to accomplish a thing that has now become so difficult."

"I fear," observed Kitty, "that your hints

must be very broad before they would be taken or acted upon. To say the truth, my dearest Albert has given me a much better home than has fallen to the lot of any of my connections; and therefore it is not surprising they should like to avail themselves of its advantages. Even an absolute interdiction (which I am sure neither you nor I could ever give) would have no effect on some of them."

Mrs. Leedom in her own mind thought so too; and could scarcely suppress an odd anecdote she had heard of an old quaker woman who having made a very long and very troublesome visitation to a certain friend, and being civilly requested to seek other quarters, as her apartment would be wanted at the approaching yearly meeting, perseveringly replied—"If these feels free to desire me to leave thy house, I feel free to remain in it as long as it suits me."

"For the present, however," said Colesbury, "I know not what we can do with aunt Widgery, who is disappointing us of our excursion to Niagara. Perhaps she is really in ill health."

"Oh! no," replied Kitty. "We all say that if she actually felt these incessant sufferings she would take medicine, and have a physician, and live more abstemiously, and try seriously to get well. It is only because she has nothing else to think of. She came sometimes to our house in New York; but did not seem to like her visits, as my father and mother never took the trouble to pay her any extra attention; my sisters never listened to her; and my brothers laughed at her. She said I was the only one of the family that had the least feeling for her."

It was now determined in counsel that if Mrs. Widgery showed indications of protracting her stay beyond one week, she should be informed, with great skill and address, that her host and hostess contemplated an immediate journey to Niagara.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

The remainder of the evening passed in discussing without disguise the topic of these perpetual visits of Kitty's connections; and both husband and wife felt it a relief to speak openly about it. Still they could think of no plan to obviate the grievance; for Kitty felt it impossible to receive any of her relations coldly or ungraciously; and Colesbury doubted his resolution to intimate in the proper quarter that these visits were not always welcome. They agreed, however, that during the week of her stay, Mrs. Widgery should have no cause to say that any of her numerous wants were disregarded.

About ten o'clock, when Colesbury was escorting home his sister, Bina the chambermaid came to the parlour to say that the strange lady had rung the bell, and desired her to tell Mrs. Colesbury she wished to see her. Kitty, who supposed that Mrs. Widgery had been long since settled for the night, went up to her room, and was informed that she had only been taking her evening nap, and wished to go to bed; for which purpose she rose and took her seat in the great chair, first enveloping herself

in a double wrapper, and pinning a shawl over her head. It was the business of near an hour to prepare her for her *grand repos*. The bed was made over again in a particular fashion of her own, the sheets being tightly fastened down with numerous pins all round the mattress. A plate of soda biscuit, a basket of cakes, and a bottle of raspberry vinegar were placed at her bed-side, in case she should want refreshment in the night. Also various aromatic essences were arranged within her reach, as remedies for any sudden faintness that might chance to come upon her. A flannel gown and a woollen shawl were spread out on two chairs, in case of fire; and her purse and pocket-book were hidden under the bolster, in case of thieves; and there was considerable difficulty in fixing her night-lamp so as to give neither too much light nor too little. The walls of the room were searched high and low for mosquitoes, and she lamented bitterly the want of a mosquito net, desiring that one should be prepared for her by the following night. It was in vain to assure her that not a single mosquito had as yet been heard or seen, and that it was too early in the season for them.

While our heroine and the chambermaid were busied in these numerous provisions for her accommodation during the night, Mrs. Widgery sat rocking herself slowly, and issuing her commands from the chair; peevishly finding fault with every thing as it was done. Though she had at last discovered that the weather was really warm, it was long before she could decidedly make up her mind to having one of the sashes left open; and Bina raised and lowered it half a dozen times before it was acknowledged of the proper height. Mrs. Widgery's last order was to have a warm bath prepared for her by the first dawn of morning; adding, that after it, she would return to bed and refresh herself with a cup of chocolate and a rusk; and then take a nap till breakfast time.

Finally, she laid herself down, and appeared to fall asleep while murmuring something about the way her rice cakes were to be made; and Kitty and Bina glided on tip-toe out of the room. But though the door was shut with due care, and as softly as possible, she started up violently, and begged them "to have some mercy on her poor head." They both took flight without waiting to hear more; but their retiring steps were pursued by sounds that murmured of "disrespect," "unfeelingness," and "being considered as nobody."

In the latter part of the night, the whole house was alarmed by a violent ringing of Mrs. Widgery's bell, with frantic vociferations for Bina the maid, and afterwards for Kitty. Our heroine, who slept in the adjoining room, started up in a fright, and hastened to Mrs. Widgery's chamber, who saluted her with—"So you've come at last. I knew that black hussy would pretend not to hear me. Was there ever such a house! I might lie here and get my death before any of you would have thought of coming to see if I did not want the sash closed now that it is near morning, and the air has changed as it always does just before day. I am all of a shiver, and I expect no-

thing else than a rheumatism for life, even if I escape a pleurisy."

"Indeed aunt," said Kitty, shutting the window, "you must excuse my saying that it would have been a very easy thing for you to have risen for a moment, and closed the sash yourself."

"What! to get out of my warm bed and go strait to the very window, and expose myself to the full sweep of the current, right in the very jaws of danger. No, indeed, I value my life too highly for that."

"It is what I have just been doing," said Kitty, leaving the room before Mrs. Widgery could finish a reply which began—"Am I not a guest in your house, and an invalid beside—and have not I a right to expect that all my wants shall receive proper attention. Here's humanity!—here's hospitality!"

Poor Kitty felt the reproach, though she did not deserve it, and resolved that Mrs. Widgery should not have the slightest cause of complaint for the future. "For after all," said she to her husband, "it is just possible that aunt Nancy may be an invalid, and suffer much more than we suppose." "How can a woman be well either in mind or body," said Colesbury, "whose whole life is spent in the peevish and selfish indulgence of her own whims and fancies, utterly regardless of the comfort of those around her, and feeling no kindness towards any human being?"

In about an hour Mrs. Widgery rose to take her bath, and returned to bed to take her chocolate, and before she again addressed herself to sleep, she sent for Kitty, (who had been up since daylight,) to give directions concerning her breakfast, desiring a chicken stewed with mace and cream, rice cakes, eggs, and milk coffee. To Colesbury's great regret she came to their breakfast table, found some fault with every thing that had been prepared for her, though eating heartily of all. As is the case with many people of Mrs. Widgery's stamp, the eggs were her chief source of discomposure, opening and wasting half a dozen before she could find one that was boiled exactly to please her, and declaring that if her eggs at breakfast were not right she was good for nothing all that day. Colesbury thought she was good for nothing any day; and his own sense of annoyance was now submerged in the sympathy he felt for that of his wife.

As soon as breakfast was over, she set in to a see-saw in the rocking chair, and detained Colesbury near an hour by addressing exclusively to him the details of several bilious fevers, of which disease she said she had generally four attacks every year, and felt as if one was coming on now. These reminiscences were interlarded with anecdotes of the neglect and want of feeling she had experienced from the persons with whom she had been staying at the time.

Mrs. Leedom now came in to relieve her brother and sister of some of the trouble of their new guest; and Mrs. Widgery took a fancy to her (as every body always did) and became so sociable as to request that she herself would superintend the preparation of some tapioca for her luncheon: "for I am sure," said she, "you

are a sensible woman, and understand these things."

Though the dinner consisted entirely of articles provided according to her express desire, none of them were done to please her, and she expressed great fear that she should not recover her strength in Philadelphia. Afterwards resuming the history of her last bilious fever, she addressed herself again to Colesbury, who, now that he was more at leisure, could scarcely refrain from exchanging looks with Kitty, and smiling at the idea of her making him the depository of her experience on this agreeable subject.

It is unnecessary to particularise the various annoyances which this weak, selfish, and unamiable woman inflicted upon her host and hostess. They counted the hours till the week should be at an end, and Colesbury's resolution to bear it with patience was sometimes sadly shaken, particularly as the comfort of his wife was infringed on so continually. Having no other employment, Mrs. Widgery's days were passed in imagining wants, and fretting if they were not immediately and exactly complied with. Her whole conversation was of wholesome and unwholesome food, and of her own ailments, and of the ill-usage she received from every body. It was found necessary to exclude from the table every thing that she professed to dislike, as she always averred that the sight of it made her sick. It was only by the promise of extra wages while Mrs. Widgery stayed, that Kitty was enabled to retain any of the servants; and the third day she found it necessary to hire an additional girl purposely to wait on her.

#### CHAPTER IX.

On the eighth day, Mrs. Widgery, to the great joy of the family, desired Colesbury to inquire for an escort to Pittsburgh. Notwithstanding his pity for the niece of Mr. Widgery, on whom she was going to bestow herself, and for the gentleman who was to have charge of her on the road, Colesbury undertook the commission with such zeal and alacrity that when he came home to dinner he was able to inform her that an acquaintance of his, intending to set out for Pittsburgh the next day, would take her under his care during the journey.

Mrs. Widgery now looked much displeased, said she had no idea of being hurried away so soon, and that though she had thought it might be well to have an escort provided in time, it was not her desire to leave Philadelphia before the last of the week, as she had many preparations to make for so long a journey; and that she never expected to get across the mountains alive, go when she would.

"You are not aware, perhaps," said Colesbury, who could hold out no longer, "that Kitty and I have made our arrangements to set out for Niagara on Wednesday."

"Have you," said Mrs. Widgery. "Well, and what is to prevent my going with you to Niagara, instead of taking that awful ride to Pittsburgh with a strange man. I have never seen the Falls, and as every body goes there now-a-days, I don't know why I should not. My



visit to Pittsburg can be easily put off to some other time. I really think a journey to the north this warm weather would brace me up, and do me more good than any thing else. Niagara is north, isn't it?"

Colesbury was almost tempted to say it that it was not; and poor Kitty sat nearly petrified. Her husband, after a pause, ventured to suggest divers reasons why it would be best for Mrs. Widgery to pursue her original intention of going to Pittsburg. She pertinaciously and perversely held on to her new idea of accompanying them to Niagara, saying that she felt a voice whispering that it would entirely restore her health, and that she had always heard that the air of the north was good for the appetite. "And you know," said she, "if I had more appetite, I should have more strength."

At last, perceiving the reluctance that met her proposal, she said rudely and coarsely—"You need not be afraid; I shall pay my own way—I always do when I travel—I thank fortune, I have the means."

Colesbury coloured with indignation, and left the room hastily, afraid to trust himself in reply. And Mrs. Widgery then with perfect *sang froid* talked to Kitty about going with them to Niagara as a thing of course.

She *did* go with them; and all that they endured in consequence can be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say, that before the end of the first day they had serious thoughts of abandoning altogether the journey to the Falls.

During their stay of two days in New York, where Colesbury found some unexpected business awaiting him, they remained at one of the hotels in Broadway. Mrs. Branchley having on her first visit apprised them that, as her house was so small and her family so large, it would never be in her power to accommodate them when they came to the city. It is unnecessary to say that Colesbury by no means coveted the accommodation. However, all of the name of Branchley came, by degrees, to dine, drink tea, and breakfast with them at the hotel.

On arriving at Niagara, Mrs. Widgery found the air too bracing for her, complained excessively of the cold, and of the noise of the Falls; and luckily for Colesbury and Kitty, lay on her bed attended by a chambermaid, during their chief visit to this wonder of the American world. It is enough to say that the sight of the cataract amply repaid them for all they had suffered on the way, and that they no longer regretted the journey to Niagara, even with such a travelling companion as Mrs. Widgery.

Finally, on their return to New York, they deposited her at the house of one of her sons; she telling them that as she had found herself better while in Philadelphia, she thought it most likely she should come and pass the winter with them. This last drop caused the cup of Colesbury's endurance to overflow, and he instantly put a positive veto on the proposal by sternly saying, "Madam, that visit will not be convenient to us."

"Exactly like you Mr. Colesbury,"—said she. "I must say you are one of the unkindest and most inhospitable men I ever met with, and Kitty is following fast in your footsteps. I

wonder the family should ever have consented to her marrying a person of whom we all knew so little. Never was a guest so ill-treated as myself while in your house; poor lone widow that I am, with miserable health, all broken down by bilious fevers. Few as my wants were, none of them were properly attended to, no pains were taken to procure for me things that I like, and to have them prepared to my taste. I never could relish a morsel that came to the table; though you knew perfectly well, that if I had had more appetite I should have had more strength."

"Come Kitty," said Colesbury, "Let us return to the hotel."

As soon as they were in the carriage—"The absurdity of that last *tirade*," continued he, "has actually excited my risibility rather than my anger; and I see that dear Kitty's eyes are laughing through their tears. Indeed there is always so much of the ridiculous mingled with the proceedings of such people as Mrs. Widgery, that though the annoyance is unquestionably very great at the time, we only recollect it and talk of it afterwards as a source of amusement."

(To be Continued.)

Written for the Lady's Book.

## MOUNT WASHINGTON.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

### I.

Ort have I scann'd amid the flush of even,  
Yon soaring ramparts of the western sky,  
Lifting in dim magnificence to heaven,  
Their glitt'ring forms of giant majesty.

### II.

'Tis still around them—and the silent air  
Floats like a great sea down the mountain side—  
How chang'd the scene, when hurtling storms are  
there,  
And scowling tempests round the summits glide!

### III.

One peak there is that bathes in ether clouds  
In fleecy light along its bosom borne,  
Boom to the mist that all below enshrouds,  
While splendor rests on stainless Washington!

### IV.

Here, when the storm howls wildly round its head,  
In eddying fury, how its strength goes by!  
The whirlwind rises from its rocky bed,  
And shouts in uproar with the mountain cry!

### V.

And mountain echoes to the joyous song,  
When thro' its shroud the withering flashes come,  
And towering crags the revelry prolong  
Amid the arches of the thunder's home!

### VI.

'Tis here where Freedom on her chariot rides,  
Or sits, like Sun-god, on her guarded throne,  
And o'er a world in majesty presides,  
Which she is proud, and thrills to call, her own!

# THE LONE ONE!

"THEY TOLD THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW'D BRIDE"

A BALLAD, WRITTEN FOR THE "LADY'S BOOK," BY ROBERT T. CONRAD, ESQ.

ADAPTED TO A SOUTHERN MELODY.

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS COMPOSED FOR THE "LADY'S BOOK," BY E. L. WALKER.

*Andante molto.*

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), *fz* (forzando), and *pp* (pianissimo).

They told the sol - dier's wi - dow'd bride, That he a glo - rious

The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and A4. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and single notes.

death had won; "Oh! would," she shriek'd, "we, too, had died, My child, for we are

The vocal line continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and A4. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

*ad. lib.*

lone, De - so - late and lone, De - so - late and

*cres. dim. cres.*

lone! De - so - late and lone! Her heart was with her dead.

*dim. cres. dim. p*

*pp*

## II.

Her babe in all her sorrow smiled,  
 Her early doom'd, her only one,  
 Death from her heart-strings tore that child,  
 And left her *all* alone!  
 Desolate and lone!  
 Desolate and lone!  
 Desolate and lone!  
 She pray'd to join her dead!

## III.

The widow clasp'd her sunken brow,  
 Her pale lips breath'd a broken moan,  
 She sunk—her heart had burst!—and now  
 She is no more alone!  
 Never more alone!  
 Never more alone!  
 Never more alone!  
 She sleeps beside her dead!

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

STEAM! what a wonder-working power is steam! and how strange in which its might is put forth. Look at yon white column of vapor rising from the steam engine. How like a puff of smoke. Yet the fisherman's genii was not half as potent, though he boasted, as he rose from amidst the smoke, that he had despised the authority of the great Solomon. Steam can work the miracle for which the lover prayed, and annihilate space and time. It can do more, it can lengthen our years to antediluvian

measure—dating by events, instead of moons. Cross the Atlantic in *twelve* days! and how much time is *redeemed*! It took our pilgrim ancestors more than ten times twelve. Do we not live longer than they did? How soon new things become obsolete. The coronation of Queen Victoria, that some four months ago occupied the attention of the whole civilized world, is now with forgotten things, as though it had passed years, aye, centuries ago. But as we did not take up the theme, while

all were loud in proclaiming it, we will venture to call up a reminiscence of the scene.

That royal pageant has now passed by, and its magnificence been so often and elaborately described, that we shall not detain our readers with the repetition of its details. Yet to have witnessed it we would have given—half the yearly profits of the *Lady's Book*. Not that we care so very much to look upon a Queen; but Victoria we consider as higher and more glorious than any sovereign—even the representative of the moral influence of woman in the nineteenth century. To this point we shall confine our remarks.

Why is it that such profound and hearty homage is rendered to this young and gentle girl? She is of that sex whose physical weakness keeps them in dependence on man, whose intellect, hitherto considered by him as of little worth, and almost universally denied suitable cultivation, has really appeared frivolous and inferior. And yet the accession of a woman to the throne is hailed as a triumph by the most powerful and intelligent nation in the world.

We think that in no way can this be rationally accounted for, save on the ground of moral feeling. There seems to be a persuasion in the minds of the people of Great Britain that Victoria is by her moral endowments, worthy to reign over them. They yield to her that willing homage which the heart gives to acknowledged goodness. And how salutary is the influence of this moral sway! The ceremony of the coronation, which gathered the population of the Great Metropolis, and a host of strangers from every part of the civilized world, tested the superiority of moral over physical power. At the crowning of George the fourth, the presence of the military could not restrain the hisses and disorderly conduct of the mob. When Victoria appeared, there needed no military to enforce order; there was no mob; but thousands on thousands of happy, gratified men and women, who seemed each to strive to conduct in the manner best calculated to gain the approbation of their young and virtuous sovereign. The superiority of the moral sentiments over brute force in the preserving of order and good behaviour, was never more happily exemplified. The efficiency of self-government, and the ability of each individual to regulate his or her own conduct in accordance with propriety, was proved. It only needs the continued operation of this feeling of moral responsibility, to elevate and improve the people of Great Britain, until they will become in morals, as they now are in physical and intellectual knowledge, a model for the world.

The hereditary sovereign of England has very little real power in the government. But on the manners and morals of the nobility and the fashionable, his or her example acts with tremendous effect. How pernicious, for instance, was the example of the first Charles and the last George. Indeed there have been very few of the kings of England whose conduct in private life was not a scandal and reproach to the Christian name. Yet these men were, ostensibly, at the head of the Church, and each, at his coronation, received the holy sacrament on his polluted lips. No wonder the people, who are deeply imbued with reverence for religion and the sanctity of domestic virtue, should withhold their love and confidence from such rulers.

But Victoria has come before them in all the charms of youth and purity. No shadow of reproach is on her fair fame. The spectators must have felt that the crown was placed on a brow of innocence; and when she reverently knelt at the altar of her God, would they not deem that guardian an-

gels would watch over and protect their young queen, whom heaven had raised to the throne, as it were, to show the beauty of virtue, and the strength of moral principle?

No wonder her subjects shout, with such hearty fervor, "God save Queen Victoria!" While she continues to support the dignity of her sovereign state, not as though she aimed at aggrandizing herself, but with the aim of exalting talent, genius, goodness and piety, we trust that these prayers for her long life and happiness will find a warm response in the heart of every American woman.

"Now may heaven realize the vision bright."

#### *Practical Rules for the Promotion of Domestic Happiness.* By Matthew Carey.

We noticed this little work before it was published. It is now in the market, and we hope will not be overlooked by those who are in search of a good book which is *readable*. Mr. Carey is a veteran in philanthropy, and stands yet at his post, and though almost four score, seems to feel the eagerness of a young author in his generous purpose of writing to promote social happiness. May he live to see many of his plans prospering. The heart never grows old that rejoices to impart happiness to others.

#### DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—Half-high dress of *poux de soie*, colour according to fancy. Corsage tight. Sleeves plain. The flounce at the bottom of the dress is headed by a *bouillon* of the same. Square shawl of satin, trimmed all round with white blonde. Hat of *poux de soie*, smaller, but, in other respects, similar to that on the other figure. The trimming underneath the front of the hat is of tulle, square net. Hair in ringlets. A deep fall of lace goes over the corsage, in place of a collar, and is fastened in front by a large brooch. Cambric ruffles; black shoes; white gloves.

FIG. 2.—Dinner or Evening Dress. Dress of *mousseline de laine* embroidered all over in detached bouquets, done in tambour work and in twisted silks. Corsage low at the bosom, fitting perfectly tight to the bust, and without *à point*. Long full sleeves brought low upon the shoulder in very minute plaits, and retained by two small bands. At the commencement of the full part of the sleeve is a narrow frill, cut on the cross way of the material, and put on without any fullness whatever; the outside of the sleeve is ornamented with a bow of satin ribbon, with long ends, a second small bow is placed on the upper part of the wrist. The skirt of the dress has two flounces at bottom, the upper rather less deep than the lower. Dress cap of blonde, ornamented with green or pink ribbons; the crown is as plain as possible, and the trimming, consisting of deep borders of blonde, intermixed with green or pink ribbons, exceedingly full at each side of the face. Long blonde lapets are in lieu of strings; hair in smooth bands. Black satin shoes; white kid gloves.





*Fashions for December 1833.*

have come in very late to-day, the passengers and their baggage being only just now going by," he observed that the increased facilities of travelling induced many to go from home, when their journeys were of no advantage to themselves or to any one else. "For instance," said he, "I am just now looking at a group of strangers that I saw pass up the street a few minutes woman— were not own born country, come all the way from Hockamockany o' purpose."

Kitty had not courage to meet the eye of her husband, but she looked imploringly at Mrs. Leedom, who made a sign to her to calm herself and then left the room; while Mr. Armington, with much tact and consideration, commenced talking on a subject which he knew would ar-



*Fashions for December 1832.*

# THE LADY'S BOOK.

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DECEMBER, 1838.

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Written for the Lady's Book.

## KITTY'S RELATIONS.—A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Concluded from Page 237.)

### CHAPTER X.

AFTER their arrival at home, our hero and heroine had a few days of rest, and they duly appreciated the enjoyment of having their house and their time to themselves. Next week there came to Philadelphia a gentleman from the south, who had been a college companion of Colesbury's while at Princeton, (both sharing the same room) and also a frequent guest at the house of Colesbury's father. Mr. Armington was a man of fine talents, and justly esteemed both in private and public life; though not yet thirty, he was already a distinguished member of congress.

His domicile being now free from incumbrances, Colesbury invited about a dozen of the *élite* of his friends to meet Mr. Armington at dinner on the following afternoon. Under the auspices of Mrs. Leedom, the preparations for this dinner party proceeded satisfactorily: no very difficult matter in a city so abounding in conveniences as Philadelphia.

The company had assembled in the front parlour, the table being set in the one adjoining. Mr. Armington had arrived punctually to a moment, and they waited only for one gentleman, who, as they afterwards found, had been detained by an unavoidable circumstance. The principal guest was sitting near one of the windows, conversing with Mrs. Colesbury and hearing some one remark that the "New York boat must have come in very late to-day, the passengers and their baggage being only just now going by," he observed that the increased facilities of travelling induced many to go from home, when their journeys were of no advantage to themselves or to any one else. "For instance," said he, "I am just now looking at a group of strangers that I saw pass up the street a few minutes

since, and they have now returned and are gazing earnestly about as if they could not find the place of which they are in search. Here they are, on the opposite side of the way. To judge from externals, I have rarely seen a travelling party who looked more like people that had better stay at home."

Mrs. Colesbury turned to the window, and saw a woman, two tall girls, two little girls, and an over-grown boy, all ranged along the opposite pavement, and staring over at her house, and all strikingly vulgar in their aspect, and mean and slovenly in their dress. At that moment the woman espied her, and pointed her out to the rest, while our poor heroine started, turned pale, and almost gasped for breath. Seeing that they had caught her eye, they all began to nod at her, and immediately crossing the street they were in a moment on the door-step, where not perceiving the bell, the boy hammered at the door with his stick, and the children pounded it with their fists. It was opened by an amazed mulatto man of high fashion, who had been hired for that day to assist in waiting; and every one in the parlour heard a coarse, harsh female voice enquiring—"Is Kitty Colesbury at home?"—but I know she is—for I seen her at the windor." "Mrs. Colesbury is particularly engaged," said the waiter, dispensing with his usual bow and smile. "Oh! but she must see us," replied the woman—"We're her own born cousins, come all the way from Hockamockany o' purpose."

Kitty had not courage to meet the eye of her husband, but she looked imploringly at Mrs. Leedom, who made a sign to her to calm herself and then left the room; while Mr. Armington, with much tact and consideration, commenced talking on a subject which he knew would ar-

rest the attention of the whole company, and he discussed it with much fluency and ability, so as to withdraw their notice from what was passing in the entry. Still, he but partially succeeded in his kind intention, and Kitty and Colesbury heard every word of the dialogue without.

When Mrs. Leedom went into the entry, and saw the new comers, she made the fashionable waiter a sign to retire, which he did as far as behind the venetian door. Her first glance of the strangers showed that the case was desperate: the aspect of each and all of them being coarse, vulgar, and presuming, from the mother down to the youngest child. In figure, complexion, and feature they were all hopelessly and unimprovably unpresentable to genteel society; and yet Mrs. Leedom felt a dreary certainty that they must and would be presented.

The mother was dressed in an old thin silk that had once been black, but was now rusty, greasy, and discoloured with stains of tea, coffee, fruit, gravy, paint, &c.: a faded red cotton shawl, and a still more faded green bonnet, under which appeared a border of low-priced dirty cotton lace, encircling a visage that was nearly mahogany colour. The young ladies whose faces were flat and freckled, wore battered sun-burnt straw hats decorated with reddish gauze ribbon and cheap gaudy flowers. Their gowns, though the season was summer, were of green bombazet, and shockingly made, being too tight and narrow across the chest, too loose in the back, and too wrinkling under the arms. Then the skirts were so narrow as to hoop all round, and injudiciously short considering the quality of their shoes and stockings; the sleeves also were so deficient in length as to leave their arms "exposed and bare," far above the joint of the wrist. These dresses were intended to pass for riding habits, and therefore had little skirts or frisks sewed on the waists behind. Their collars were of that large cross-barred muslin that always looks vulgarly when worn about the neck. The little girls (children of surpassing ugliness) were in dirty dark calico frocks, and gingham bonnets, shapeless and flopping—and each had a flowing mane of yellow hair. As to the costume of the boy, a huge big-boned youth of sixteen, it is only necessary to say that it was in perfect keeping with that of his mother and sisters.

#### CHAPTER XI.

By this time a wheelbarrow had arrived at the door with their baggage, which consisted of a small but venerable hair trunk, "bald and disjointed," two ancient band boxes bandaged with strips of old pocket handkerchief, and whose contents, notwithstanding, showed a disposition to ooze out through the broken rims at the top and the bursting seams at the bottom: a dirty check bag, and sundry bundles wrapped in newspapers. The boy was already disputing with the porter about the fare; the mother had gone to his assistance, and to save the ears of the company in the parlour, and to substract one drop from the mortification of poor Kitty, Mrs. Leedom stepped forward, and instantly put his whole demand into the hand of the porter, who touch-

ed his hat to her, and smilingly deposited the things in the hall.

"Well now ma'am," said the woman, "I *must* say this is very genteel of you; but to be sure when people goes to stay with their friends, it's all right that them they go to stay with should pay their portorage, and all other matters, because you know they're their visitors, and visitors oughtn't to be at no expense when they go to stay with people—above all when them people's their own born relations. I see you an't cousin Kitty ma'am—she, as that saucy black neger feller was trying to keep us away from, as if we were not as good as she, when my husband, Mr. Throop, is her mother's own cousin. And as to my side of the house, my father was a Hinckley and my mother a Howard. So I need n't say no more than that. Go in children—go into the parlour—I'll be after you directly—as soon as I've seen that the baggage is all right. It seems to me as if that wheelbarrow-man has lost one of the bundles."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Leedom, "my brother Mr. Colesbury has some company to-day, and they are just going to sit down to dinner."

"Well, what of that," replied Mrs. Throop, "all the better isn't it. We're in luck gals. I told you there'd be no use in spending our money dining in the boat, as of course Kitty would give us dinner when we got here."

"As your arrival is quite unexpected," said Mrs. Leedom, "and as Mr. and Mrs. Colesbury are particularly engaged with company, and the servants all in requisition, allow me to show you up stairs."

"Oh! yes mawr," exclaimed one of the girls "let's go and put on our painted muslins before we come to dinner."

"To be sure," said the other girl, "and our jewels beside."

"We'll just go into the parlour and speak to Kitty before we go up stairs," said the impracticable Mrs. Throop. "I ha'n't seen her since the summer afore she was married, and as to her husband, I have never laid eyes on him at all. Come children, let's all go in and have a squint at our new cousin."

"I beg, I entreat," said the dismayed Mrs. Leedom, "I earnestly request that you will not go into the parlour just now—not till you have refreshed yourselves from the fatigue of travelling."

"Fatigue," said the big boy, "I a'n't a bit tired, and I'm as fresh as ever I was in my life."

The girls, however, held back, and said they would rather not go before the company till after they had got on their painted muslins, and advised that their mother also should "fix up a little," previous to the presentation. Mrs. Leedom then began to convey them all up stairs as fast as possible; but Mrs. Throop gave her the slip, and actually made her way into the front parlour, followed by the two children, who when they got there, seemed to consider themselves quite at home and ran about with great familiarity, fingering the furniture and calling to each other to look at this and look at that. Their mother walked strait up to the almost sinking Kitty, and kissed her, saying "Well, cousin Kate, we've had a long journey to get to you; but here we are at last, bag and baggage. Why you

seem to have made out very well in your marrying—quite a lucky hit. Every thing grand about you—but you must not be too proud and hold your head too high.”

Colesbury now came to the assistance of his wife: his own vexation merged in his compassion for hers. She could not speak, but pressed his hand sympathetically. “Is that your husband,” asked Mrs. Throop—“I declare he is quite a good-looking man. I suppose I may call him cousin too, for you know he is. How do you do, cousin Colesbury, (shaking him by the hand) you’re welcome into the family.”

“The family is far from welcome to me,” thought our hero. And he vainly endeavoured to murmur something like “being glad to see her at his house;” but the falsehood stuck in his throat, and he could not give it utterance. He bit his lips, his colour rose, and he felt at the moment (but it was for a moment only) as if he had indeed married too hastily. There was an uncomfortable pause, and the company tried not to look towards the *mal-a-propos* strangers. At this juncture, the chief waiter entered (considerately sent by Mrs. Leedom,) and gliding up to Mrs. Throop, he informed her in a low voice, that her apartment upstairs was ready. “Well then,” said she, “since I’ve had a sight of cousin Kitty, and paid my respects to her husband, I’ll just go and make myself decent, and be back again right away, and bring all the others. Nobody needn’t wait dinner for us; I dare say we shall get plenty, even if we aren’t there at the very first. Children, come and kiss your new cousin.”

This proposed infliction was rather too severe; and Colesbury thought for a moment of running out of his house and never coming back again; but chancing to meet the eye of Mr. Armington, he saw a smile in the glance of his friend which awakened his sense of the ridiculous, and caused him to smile also. Luckily, the dirty ugly children hung back, put their fingers in their mouths, pulled their own noses, and said “they didn’t want to kiss a strange man.” “Oh! the dears!” exclaimed the mother, “how shy and backward they always are. But you won’t find them so after they get used to you, cousin Colesbury. I’ll engage before they’ve been a week in the house, you’ll have the little things as sociable as any of us.”

A week in the house! Kitty shrunk and turned pale at the announcement; and her husband lost all disposition to extract amusement from the *contre-temps* of their arrival on the day of his dinner-party.

When Mrs. Throop and her children had finally left the room, and been shown up stairs, Kitty held a conference in the back parlour with Mrs. Leedom, whom she begged to prevail on them, if possible, to remain above. “Try, dear Elizabeth,” said she, “do the best you can with them, for my part I am past every thing. Of all my numerous relations, to think that the most discreditable and the most intolerable should present themselves *to-day*—upon this occasion of all others. Poor Colesbury; how he must wish that he had never seen me.”

Mrs. Leedom endeavoured to calm her by a

few kind words, and then ran up stairs to execute her welcome commission. She found the Throops all preparing “to fix up,” except the boy, who declared that he despised dress, and would be *blamed* if he’d take the trouble, and that nobody that knew him need expect to find a dandy—which was certainly true.

Mrs. Leedom suggested, with all possible delicacy, that as there was company at dinner, and as they were of course unprepared for the occasion, it would doubtless be more agreeable to Mrs. Throop and her family to remain up stairs. “I will see,” she added, “that you are properly attended to; one of the servants shall take your orders, and bring you from the table whatever you wish.”

They all exclaimed at once that they would rather dine with the company.

“Now for my part,” observed Mrs. Throop, “wherever I go, I’m always for seeing as much as I can, and giving my children a chance of seeing also whatever comes in their way. So I look upon it as quite lucky that we should arrive on this day of all others, and light at once upon a dinner party.”

Mrs. Leedom could scarcely forbear quoting the remark of the frogs in the fable—“what is sport to you is death to us.”

“May be,” said one of the girls, “the lady thinks we an’t not good enough to set at table with cousin Colesbury’s company.”

“Hush with your nonsense,” said the mother. “I am very sure the lady thinks no such thing. I should like to know if we an’t as good as other people, and if any body has a right to look down upon us. To be sure your father *did* get wrong in business, and had to go off for awhile to Canada till the thing was blown over, which is the reason of our breaking up for the present, and coming all the way from the back part of York state to stay with cousin Kitty. But what of that. An’t we her own flesh and blood, and now that she’s married so is her husband. We’re in a little trouble now to be sure—but what of that—every body has their ups and downs in this life, and it’s the more reason them that has plenty should help us. Where’s the use of having full-handed relations in the family, if we can’t come to them in time of need.”

## CHAPTER XII.

To be brief, after further efforts on the part of Mrs. Leedom to induce the Throop family not to obtrude themselves on the company, the only concession she could obtain was that the two little girls should remain up stairs, and have their repast sent to them. The table was therefore enlarged, and additional covers placed for their unwelcome visitors; and this of course caused the dinner to be still farther delayed. It was at last announced, and Mrs. Leedom having kindly volunteered to take the Throops upon herself, convoyed them into the room with as good a grace as possible, intending to place them in the least conspicuous seats; but before she could arrange them as she designed, they had all pushed past her, and established themselves about the head of the table.

There was no change in the costume of the

big boy. Mrs. Throop had retained her blackish gown, having apprised Mrs. Leedom that she considered a black silk dress enough for any company; but had added a coarse bobinet collar plastered with heavy tambour work; and a cap to match, trimmed with green and yellow plaid ribbon. The daughters were attired in low-priced printed muslins with white grounds, over which straggled enormous vines of dingy red and green; high-coloured gauze handkerchiefs were slung on their shoulders; one wore in her hair a bunch of trumpery flowers; the other had bound her forehead with a band of greyish blue velvet that looked like a garter. Each was bedizened with a profusion of paltry gilt trinkets. Never, perhaps, had been seen at the table of a gentleman, a party whose effect was so palpably ungentleel; and nothing but their habitual courtesy as host and hostess, could have sustained the Colesburys while attempting to pass off the annoyance without betraying all their chagrin. The company, sympathizing in the embarrassment caused by this untoward arrival, assisted in endeavouring to render it less vexatious to their entertainers.

This would have been comparatively easy, had the Throop family been in the least diffident or retiring. But on the contrary, they were so forward, so obtrusive, and so determined not to remain in the back ground, that Colesbury felt all the time as if cased in a suit lined with thorns; and poor Kitty turned red and turned pale, and forgot what she was going to say, and made sad mistakes in doing the honours of the head of the table. She was, however, greatly indebted to the vicinity of Mr. Armington, who, understanding the whole at a glance, assisted her through many of her difficulties.

Like the generality of under-bred people, the Throops, instead of applying to the servants for what they wanted, were continually desiring the guests to help them to "a bit of this here, and a morsel of that there"—always pointing it out with their knives. They sat so far from the table that they were incessantly dropping mouthfuls on their clothes, and exclaiming accordingly. They ate all manner of things from the same plate, always showing great unwillingness to give it up when a waiter offered to change it; and when not actually eating, they leaned their elbows on the table, and stared in the faces of their opposite neighbours.

The big boy, having been previously admonished by his mother to behave as if he thought himself as good as any body, rather overdid her instructions, and was so inordinately free and easy that the servants looked with astonishment, and Colesbury's fingers tingled with a desire to seize him by the collar and turn him out of the room. He rose on his feet and reached half across the table to help himself, and when he tried an article that was new to him, always called it a kickshaw, and asked how much it cost.

Out of consideration for their host and hostess, several of the gentlemen attempted conversation with these ill-conditioned guests, but it only made things worse, for the Throops became in consequence so loud and volatile that no tongues could be heard but theirs, pouring

out, as they did, a torrent of slip-slop nonsense. The boy, guessing so from something that had been said, asked Mr. Armington, "Are you a member of congress, sir?" The gentleman replied in the affirmative. "Then what's your private opinion of the president?" "If my private opinion should differ from my public one," replied Mr. Armington, "it of course must remain private." "I suppose you mean that you don't choose to tell," said the boy. "Well, which do you think the greatest man, Henry Clay or Daniel Webster?" Mr. Armington, now somewhat amused, parried this attack with more dexterity than its clumsiness deserved; and the boy proceeded—"Well, now I'll tell you what's my opinion. Aaron Piper, the assembly-man from our town is a greater man than either. He's the true stuff—blame me if he is'n't—there's no mistake in him. And he'll stand in the president's shoes yet before he dies—I'll be blamed if he don't."

"Now Hinckley, don't be too positive," said his mother, (looking delighted)—"but to be sure there's no knowing what good fortune's before people. You see, sir," continued she, (addressing Mr. Armington) "Hinckley has a great turn for politics, and the good of the nation. He thinks of making public life his profession, as he's above following a trade. Perhaps you could help him on a little; you don't know, sir, what good blood he has in his veins by the mother's side, which is me. My mother's grandfather came over from England, and was a Howard, and it's been whispered in the family ever since (though we don't make no parade of it) that the greatest juke in all England is named Howard. So we called our only son and heir, Hinckley, after my maiden name, and Howard after his grandfather and the juke—Hinckley Howard Throop. Old Mrs. Mumbynumby, the learnedest woman in all Hockamockany, who came from England before the old war, and understands all about the great folks, say that all people who have great names are akin to lords and noblemen, and keeps hinting, every now and then, that if my son was there on the spot, and all the other Howards dead and out of the way, he might stand a chance of being a juke himself. So hold up your heads, children, and don't let nobody keep you back from nothing."

#### CHAPTER XIII.

At this moment the two small girls thrust their heads in at the door, and the mother espying them called out "What are you doing there in your dirty frocks; you were to have your dinner up stairs." "We *have* had some," said the eldest, "but we thought may be there was better dinner down here." "We were afeared," said the other, "that if we staid up stairs the black gal wouldn't bring us no pie." "Well, come in then and get some," said Mrs. Throop, "There's plenty here for you and every body. The company will excuse your frocks, as you're just off a journey." Then turning to Mr. Armington she added—"Mrs. Mumbynumby says that in England the children always come in with the desert."

The younger Throops were then squeezed into

places between their mother and sisters, where they behaved as rude, ill-bred children always do; and it is unnecessary to say what the Colesburys' looked, felt, and thought on the occasion. To them the dinner seemed never-ending, and almost immediately after the removal of the cloth, Kitty gladly gave the signal for the females to retire, by exchanging looks with Mrs. Leedom and arising from the table. The Throops stared in surprise, and Mrs. Leedom was obliged to give them a hint before they would quit their seats; the children crying out—"What are we going away for—we han't had halfnuts enough." "Dear me, gentlemen," said Mrs. Throop, as she passed on to the door "I beg you won't all stand up. Really this is too much honour." Then turning to Mrs. Leedom she added in a very audible low voice, "you see I was right in mentioning the old juke of the Howards. These things always tell."

Finally the Throops were all conveyed up stairs, except the big boy who seemed pertinaciously determined to sit it out with the gentlemen, filling his glass quite too often, and becoming every moment more noisy; till Colesbury at last recommended to him to leave the table, in a tone and manner so peremptory that he ventured not to resist, but slunk off to his room.

The gentlemen departed soon after their coffee; and when they were gone, Mrs. Throop took an opportunity of informing her host and hostess of all her troubles as she called them. It seems that her husband's business having been on the decline for several years, (during which they had lived chiefly on borrowed money) he had given his creditors the slip and taken refuge in Canada; and in the mean-time, she and her family had concluded to come and stay with their cousin Kitty till Mr. Throop could look about him and get afloat again. "Of course," said she—"as we know that you were better off than any of our relations, you were the ones that it was most natural for us to look to. Then it's so pleasant to visit one's friends when they're well to do in the world. We calculate to stay with you at least till spring."

When Colesbury and Kitty were alone, and calm enough to talk the matter seriously over, it was decided that this, the worst visitation of all, should not be submitted to as passively as the others; for, as constant inmates of the house, the Throop family were beyond toleration.

Next day, when Colesbury, with all the address he could command, represented to Mrs. Throop that for certain reasons she and her children, could not be accommodated at his house; she assured him that they *must* stay, for they had no other place to go to, and no means of support. "If you will return to Hockamockany," said Colesbury, "I will assist you in any plan that may enable you and your family to do something for your own maintenance." "As to me and my daughters bemoaning ourselves to work for our living," replied Mrs. Throop—"that's a thing that I consider affrontive even to mention. And as for my son Hinckley Howard Throop, he has declared against ever standing behind a counter any where—being all for public life." "What is to be the process of his public life," asked Colesbury, "in what way is it to begin, and how is he to go on."

"Why—by putting down the rich and glorifying the poor, and saving the nation."

"Take my word for it," said Colesbury, "he will never do either of these three things."

"Well then," proceeded Mrs. Throop, "there's another genteel profession for him, and that is ingeneering. There is a great many young gentlemen like him employed on rail roads now. What do *they* do?"

"Make the fire and boil the kettles," said Colesbury, "or perhaps pack the trunks into the baggage cars. Do you suppose that all the raw youths we hear of as "being employed on rail roads," are in reality civil engineers, or engaged as such."

"Well—well," said Mrs. Throop, "I have told you exactly what a hobble we are all in at present. So you see something will have to be done for us. The upshot of the matter is, that me and my family *must* live."

Colesbury was not so unamiable as to reply like the French prince to the libeller—"Je ne vois pas la necessité."

Finally, it was arranged (much to the displeasure of the Throops) that apartments should be taken for them in a plain but comfortable boarding house, where Colesbury was to pay all their expenses, including those of the toilette; and here they remained during the autumn and the winter, visiting their cousin Kitty daily, and highly offended at her not inviting them whenever she had company. Before spring the eldest Miss Throop had run away with one of the boarders, a worthless young man from Natchez, to which place he carried his bride; and the second had married a mysterious German, who deserted her the next week, and was never heard of more. Mr. Hinckley Howard Throop, losing his contempt for dress shortly after he became a denizen of Philadelphia, was to be seen all day in Chesnut street, nobody knew why; in all the paraphernalia of a dandy, nobody knew how; and finally he vanished, nobody knew whither. These family events seemed however to make but little impression on Mrs. Throop, except when she attributed them all to Colesbury's "unnatural conduct" in refusing to his wife's cousins a residence under his own roof.

Late in the spring, Mrs. Throop hearing from her husband that he was keeping an inn at a town on the St. Lawrence, was prevailed on to join him there with her remaining children; Colesbury defraying the cost of their journey, and giving them a liberal outfit beside.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Let it not be supposed that during the many months that the Throops were on hand, our hero and heroine were exempt from any other annoyance from unwelcome relatives. On the contrary there was always the usual succession; and the inconvenience was still greater in a few years, when the number of Kitty's children had increased to four, and necessarily required much of her time and attention.

In one of the few intervals when they chanced to have a clear house, Colesbury on coming home one evening to tea, was met at the parlor door by Kitty, who throwing her arms round him, exclaimed—

"Oh! dearest Albert! who do you think has arrived?"

"Aunt Hannah Stontenburgh, I suppose," replied Colesbury, "I believe she is the next expected."

"Oh! no indeed," answered Kitty, "it is my father's old uncle, Colonel Waylett, and he has brought with him his two grand-children."

It had long since become a habit with Colesbury, on entering his own house, to look about the entry for baggage; but on this occasion he saw none.

"Oh! they do not stay here," said Kitty, they don't indeed. They went straight from the wharf to the United States Hotel. They did really, and they are there now."

"Sensible, considerate, independent people!" exclaimed Colesbury, taking his seat in the rocking-chair. "I like them much. Did I ever see them?"

"No," replied Kitty, "they were not at our wedding; for they live in Virginia, where uncle Waylett has a fine plantation. He served in the continental army during the whole war of the revolution; and after the battle of Yorktown he remained in Virginia, and married a planter's daughter. He has been long a widower; and, accompanied by his two orphan grand-children, who live with him, he has now come to the north to visit once more the scenes of his early life, and particularly the field of Saratoga, having been present at the surrender of Burgoyne. Till this afternoon I have not seen uncle Waylett since I was fourteen years old, the last time he was in New York; but I always liked him. And the grand-son and grand-daughter that are now with him, are just such as he deserves. They are all coming to pass the evening here, and I have sent for our dear Elizabeth."

They came; and completely verified the encomiums of Kitty, and the expectations of her husband. Colonel Waylett, though his few remaining locks were silvered by the snows of more than seventy winters, was still erect and dignified in his tall and well formed person; and still retained a military step and deportment. In his youth he must have been eminently handsome; and even now, his yet clear and healthy complexion denoted a constitution untouched by excesses, and yielding but slowly to the hand of time; while the fine expression of his noble features manifested a still vigorous intellect, and an always benevolent heart. In his manner there was a mixture of refinement *bon hommie*, which both inspired respect and invited confidence: and in his conversation, amusement was so duly blended with instruction, that whatever he said was pleasant to hear and profitable to remember. His grand-children, Edward and Emily Waylett, a youth of twenty, and a young lady of eighteen, seemed to inherit all his prepossessing and estimable qualities; both had extraordinary advantages of person and demeanor; and both were singularly calculated to excite admiration and acquire friends, in whatever place and in whatever society they might find themselves.

Mrs. Leedom came; and it is needless to say that she liked the Wayletts and was liked by them. In the course of the evening, three or

four agreeable persons from the neighborhood happened to drop in accidentally. An *impromptu* supper was gotten up, and the hour of separation, though long protracted, seemed far too early when it finally arrived.

Poor Kitty! how she plumed herself on being able, for once, to present to her friends, relatives that were so very presentable; and from her connexion with whom she and her husband derived honour and pleasure, instead of discredit and mortification.

The Wayletts remained a week in Philadelphia, in daily intercourse with the Colesburys; but resisting their urgent entreaties to leave the hotel and become their guests for a month at least. Never were visitors more welcome to every member of the family. Colesbury's two boys (the eldest of his children) hung enraptured on the revolutionary stories related to them by their grandfather Waylett, as they affectionately called him; little Fanny delighted to sit on his knee; and even the baby held out her arms and her lips whenever she saw him.

A dinner party was made for them; and it went off perfectly well, without the least *contre-temps*, and uninterrupted by any *mal a-propos* arrival; though it must be confessed, that Kitty felt a little nervous till she knew that the boats were all in.

Colonel Waylett and his grand-children returned home by way of the lakes; but during their tour, Colesbury and Kitty received several very entertaining letters from the young people; and the correspondence thus begun was never discontinued. Long afterwards, when annoyed as usual, by the perpetual incursions of their other relatives, our hero and heroine looked back to the visit of the Wayletts as to a sun-beam in a cloudy sky, an oasis in a desert.

#### CHAPTER XV.

Time, instead of clearing off a portion of Kitty's relations, only added to their number. If any of them got married, they came to Philadelphia the day after (by way of wedding excursion) and stayed at Colesbury's. If any of their children were sick, they brought them to be attended by Philadelphia doctors. In this way the whooping-cough was communicated to the little Colesburys in the month of November, and they consequently suffered with it all winter.

Jane Branchley, the sister of Kitty, eloped with her father's clerk; and after living two years in poverty and wretchedness, her husband left her and went to Texas. Her father and mother refusing to be reconciled to her, she came with her infant, and stayed at Colesbury's for a year. Finally, her husband came back, a drunken, impudent fellow, and was proceeding to establish himself there also; but Colesbury insisted on his departure. Jane, highly incensed at her brother-in-law's presuming to "part man and wife," followed her delectable spouse to New York, from whence she so pestered Colesbury with incessant letters, begging money to keep them from starving, that eventually he found it easiest to allow them a regular pension.

At last two families among the least tole-



nable of the Branchley connexion came, one after another, to settle in Philadelphia, each family staying at Colesbury's till they had taken a house and furnished it, which was done with money advanced by him.

The least of the evils attending their residence in the same city, was that inflicted by their daily visits, and by their expecting to receive attention from all the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Colesbury. The business of these people did not prosper, and there were continual applications to Colesbury to help them through their difficulties. The evil of having married into a large, needy, and worthless family, now seemed to assume a more serious aspect, and our hero began to think of flying the country. It being found advantageous that one of the partners of his house should reside in London, Colesbury joyfully volunteered to be that one; and Kitty saw that expatriation, even to a far less desirable place than England, would be preferable to the continual encroachments of her unreasonable and selfish relatives.

Their chief regret was that of leaving Mrs. Leedom, who shortly before their departure gave her hand to a gentleman of extraordinary mental and moral worth, and of very considerable fortune.

They went to London; and for a while thought themselves in paradise.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"The establishment of steam-packets has brought the two countries almost close toge-

ther," said an English gentleman to Colesbury. "What a glorious thing to be able to land on each other's shores at the expiration of a fortnight! Your relatives in America may now take a run across the Atlantic with nearly as much ease as they would visit you from a neighbouring state."

"Heaven forbid!" thought Colesbury, who had already felt some prophetic twinges on this subject, and was beginning to fear that the spirit of the age was going a-head somewhat too fast, and to wish that the genius of steam-navigation had been contented to rest a while in its ever-onward career.

The first trip of the Great Western brought over all the Hibberts family, with aunt Hannah Stoutenburgh, an immensely fat woman, whose *forte* was profound silence. The second brought aunt Nancy Widgery, escorted by the *ci-devant* boy Johnny, (now an impertinent, idle young man,) accompanied by his two insipid, and equally idle sisters, Susan and Sarah. And Colesbury found that from the increasing facilities of travelling by land, and voyaging by water, no man, with kind and liberal feelings, who is so unlucky as to possess a superabundance of troublesome relations, can ever account himself safe from their incursions; and that in either hemisphere, "whether sunn'd at the tropics, or chill'd at the pole," the evil is one for which there is not a remedy.

There can be no conclusion to the story of Kitty's relations, for

"The cry is still 'they come.'"

Written for the Lady's Book.

## LEONIDAS.

THAT spirit which our noble fathers showed,  
When in the cause of conscience and their God  
They burst, indignant, dread oppression's chains,  
And shouted freedom through their wide domains,  
Among the brilliant gems in Virtue's crown  
Shines bright. Ambition's sons, to gain renown,  
May rear their gorgeous monuments on high,  
Whose lofty tops shall mingle with the sky—  
May boast of empire thro' remotest zones—  
May build their pyramids of golden thrones  
Seized by the power of arms from rightful claims,  
And with the blood of nations write their names  
Upon the page of history. Yet time,  
With fell oblivion's train, dread and sublime,  
Soon shall destroy the monuments of fame,  
And sport victorious o'er their gore-stain'd name.  
The tears humanity sheds o'er the tomb  
Of myriads slaughtered 'neath oppression's doom,  
Shall wash away Ambition's deeds of blood,  
And whelm her votaries 'neath oblivion's flood.

Not thus with those, who, for their country's weal  
Gird on their armor—grasp the avenging steel—  
Swear by those altars reared by patriot sires—  
Their homes—their wives—their household fires—  
To strike for liberty—the gift of heaven—

And never yield, 'till slavery's chains were riven.

Such was Leonidas. He saw the blaze  
Of learning's radiant sun, whose matin rays  
Were streaming bright athwart his native land:  
He saw around him gath'ring his brave band,  
Who spurned the yoke of Persian slavery,  
Whose souls were glowing with that bravery  
Which fired their fathers' breasts: He saw afar  
The darkling clouds of devastation—war—  
Rolled on from Persia, lurid with the fires  
Of ruin. Then the spirit of those sires,  
Who reared Greece's flag thus high, burned in his  
breast,  
And bade him rise t' obey the loud behest  
His country gave. Enough! The call awoke  
To arms her sons, by its electric shock;  
Three hundred Spartans catch the lightning flame;  
They strike—they bleed for Greece's ascending  
name!

Ye bravely fell! and now, with glory bright,  
Your names shine radiant planets in the night  
Of ages past; and bright'ning e'er shall shine,  
Till man forgets to bow at bravery's shrine!

S. G. N.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE MAN IN THE WHEEL.

[Copied from a Manuscript found in a Flask, at Fairmount.]

BY L. A. WILMER.

At this moment, when my soul is writhing in the remembrance—ay, in the very remembrance of the inflictions it has lately sustained, I am seized with a strange anxiety to record those passages of my life on which it were madness to dwell, even in thought, were it not for one reflection which, in some measure, alleviates the pangs of remorse. When I compare the enormity of my conduct with the general rectitude of my intentions; when I place in contrast the fiendish cruelties I have enacted with those exhaustless springs of benevolence and affection which I know to exist in my own heart, I cease to regard myself as a being possessed of volition, and behold in my misdeeds the evidences of a controlling and irresistible destiny. It may be that some persons will not be willing to allow me the wretched consolation that this belief is likely to afford; but I will not pause to enforce an opinion by arguments, when the proofs rest solely on the convictions of my own mind. Let the world judge me as it will. The execrations of men are no longer terrible, when nothing but their execrations is to be expected.

I shall say but little of the earlier and happier periods of my existence: they were not sufficiently marked by events of an extraordinary character to be interesting to a world that stands on tip-toe for novelty; and I know how much my amiable fellow-mortals prefer the history of crime and distress to any recital which has nothing to offer but the commonplace occurrences of years passed in innocence and felicity. I was wealthy; and even in the earliest stages of manhood, honors were heaped upon me. Earthly enjoyment seemed to have delivered into my hands the keys of her treasury. I roamed at will through every department; until, like Fatima, I entered the interdicted chamber, and incurred the penalty which pursues me, and will pursue me, without mitigation, to my grave.

As in all parallel cases, habits of excess fastened on me by imperceptible degrees; and yet my degradation seems rapid, when it is considered from what a height I fell, and into what depths of sin, shame, and misery I was cast. At the time of my marriage, there were but few indications of that fatal propensity which was so soon to become apparent in my conduct; but, before the expiration of one year, what a change had taken place! I was now daily, and almost hourly, inebriated. I had dissipated, at the gaming-table, the larger part of my fortune; and what remained was soon destined to follow. The losses which I sustained at play were the natural consequences of my attachment to what are called, (with what propriety I need not say,) "social pleasures." At length the hour of desolation came. Ruin, hopeless, irretrievable ruin, came upon me, as the Philis-

tines came upon Sampson, in the slumber of fancied security. But it was *my* sterner destiny to live and to look upon the miseries that ensued.

Even in my utmost abasement I could not become a suppliant to kindred or friends. I gave them no opportunity to insult me by the dispensation of such tardy and niggardly charity as might be bestowed on a beggar's cur, without the accompaniment of *reproaches*. Though I might have appealed to their gratitude, I chose to avoid them with as much solicitude as they could exhibit in their endeavours to avoid me. Of course, I was still in better repute among "friends" than a majority of persons are in situations like mine.

My wife and I retired to a wretched abode in the western part of the city; and had I abandoned my evil courses even then, some means for procuring happiness, or some capacity for enjoying tranquillity might still have remained. The harmony which had heretofore subsisted between my unfortunate partner and myself, remained undisturbed; and I cannot, at this moment, *console* myself with the recollection of one single instance of ill-humor on her part. She was sorrowful, it is true; but it was her constant effort to conceal that affliction which preyed on her heart, and which was fast hurrying her to the tomb. To me she was ever affectionate; and what must have been the strength of that affection which could survive my apparent recklessness of all that concerned her welfare? But even in her uncomplaining gentleness and resignation I felt a reproof which reached the inmost recesses of my heart. I hurried from her presence, and, (strange inconsistency!) I flew for relief to that pernicious indulgence which had been the cause of all my wretchedness and of hers.

Who could recognise in the pallid, care-worn being whom I now presumed to call my wife, the once happy, gay, and much admired Miss M——? Though scarcely arrived at the years of mature womanhood, the blossoms of youth had long since vanished from her cheeks; and though still beautiful, hers was now that species of beauty which is never beheld but with some emotions allied with pity. As I marked the evidences of approaching death, and acknowledged myself her murderer, what resolutions have I not made! What promises! What oaths? But—I fear I shall not be able to finish this task, if I suffer my thoughts to precede me thus.

In a hut, tawdrily painted on the outside, and more wretched than may be conceived within, lay, on a bed of straw, the unfortunate woman, doubly unfortunate in being my wife. For some weeks the labors of her needle had supplied herself and me with the means of subsistence; and I, in the meanwhile, had been in

a continuous state of intoxication. I had pawned or sold every article of dress or furniture which could, by any possibility, be spared. My poor wife was now the mother of an infant, but two days old, and had tasted no food of any kind since the birth of her child. In this helpless condition there was no friendly hand to administer to her wants, for our neighbours were far too dignified to enter such a hovel as that occupied by us. When the resources from which I had supplied my unnatural appetite were now exhausted, I lay on the floor of our hut, not yet recovered from the effects of my last excess. I was aroused from my stupor by the soft and plaintive voice of my wife, calling to me by name.

"James," said she, while the tones of her voice were made inexpressibly thrilling by her sufferings. "James, will you hear me?"

When I had answered in the affirmative, she continued: "I have a small box, containing several articles of jewelry, which I have concealed for an emergency of this kind. Take them, my dear husband, and endeavor to procure us some food. I feel that I can endure this privation but a little while longer; and what must become of our poor babe?"

I arose, and received from her hand the little paper box, which she had concealed in the pillow-case; but as I was about to leave the house she called me back, and, with a countenance most expressive of anxiety, she spoke to me thus:

"My dearest husband, I know the excellence of your heart, notwithstanding the dreadful habit which has made you its victim; but forgive me if I implore you to avoid temptation at this time. Consider that the lives of your wife and child are at stake. This is our last hope. Oh, my beloved husband, save yourself from the reflection that we have perished through your neglect."

I wept, as I bound myself by the most solemn imprecations to discharge her commission faithfully, and to return with all possible speed. I glanced at the infant, as it lay by the side of its mother. The glassy eyes of the poor little babe were fixed upon me, as I fancied, with a supplicating expression. No longer under the influence of the demon of intoxication, my heart was awakened to every better impulse of humanity and affection. I kissed my wife, implored her forgiveness for all that was past, and promised, as I had often promised before, amendment in future. Her dim eye was illumed, for a moment, with joy. She believed me, for my sincerity must have been evident; and, oh, how delicious were the consolations she then offered me! How rapturously lovely were the pictures of coming happiness which her glowing language portrayed!

I hastened to the accursed pawn-broker's. I shuddered at the sight of the monster who had often assisted me in the robbery of my hapless companion, and in the murder of my own peace. I felt a strong inclination to stab the hateful Israelite as he examined the contents of the box, and affected to despise the golden bawbles. I took the paltry sum he offered me—less than one-fourth of what the articles might have been sold for at auction. And now I busied myself

with anticipating the pleasures of my return to supply the wants of my little family. \* \* \*

Full of these thoughts I entered a shop, to purchase such articles of light diet as I thought would be most acceptable to my wife, in her present weak state; but I had scarcely crossed the threshold when I started back with a feeling of terror; for I saw the curse of my existence displayed in several decanters which stood on the end of the counter. I had often discovered the infirmity of my better purposes, when this serpent-like fascination was exposed to my sight; and my first impulse was to fly from the spot. But could I imagine the possibility that any temptation could prevail over me at such a time? I spurned at the thought; yet, averting my eyes from the hellish allurements, I made such purchases as I had designed. While I was engaged in paying for the articles I had bought, another man entered the shop, and I trembled when I heard his demand. In another moment, the fumes of the damning poison had reached my nostrils; and, O God!—can it be believed—my wife—my child were forgotten!

I will not interrupt that torrent of maledictions which this confession must call down on my head. No, no; I should not, I dare not strive to avoid it, if every curse could take effect. And even that would be mistaken vengeance; for I have suffered all, but annihilation, and annihilation itself—that soul-sickening thought—over which I have sometimes wept, and often trembled; even that thought, realized, would now be a merciful dispensation. Let my crime be without extenuation in the sight of God and man; but, in my utmost desire for self-crimination, I cannot disguise the truth in my own heart, that my fault originated in a *compulsion* which I could not resist. But the nature of that compulsion is not revealed or known, except to them who have experienced it. It may not be described; it cannot be imagined. With one who is completely under the dominion of that fiend which held me in subjection, there are moments when the prospect of immediate perdition, the presence of the eternal Judge himself, could not avail to prevent the unholy sacrifice. In such a moment of delirious, impetuous, and uncontrollable appetite, I made the fatal and final plunge. The irremediable bourne was passed, and, under the influence of an enchantment, more resistless than that of Armida, I forfeited all claims of affinity with the human race. Yet, whatever may be the amount of my sin, it certainly does not consist in brutal indifference to the sufferings of the helpless creatures I had recently left. No, as heaven shall judge my offences, no. From the moment that insane wish predominated, all the traces of my memory were as the dream that cannot be recalled. I recollected nothing. All time was comprised in that moment of phrenzied and agonizing desire. \* \* \*

And, even at this time, my remembrances of what followed are very indistinct. Doubtless I roamed, in beastly apathy, for hours. Some faint impressions, like the recollections of childhood, or the images of a dream long passed, make it probable that I entered the enclosure of the city water-works at a late hour in the

afternoon, when the machinery was at rest. Thenceforth my memory offers only a blank; but, from what followed, it is evident that I must have clambered over the railing, and laid myself down within the circumference of the great water-wheel. This wheel is cylindrical in form; probably fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, and more in the length of the axis.

It was early on the ensuing morning, when I returned to a state of consciousness, and discovered my dangerous situation. But the first thought that occupied my mind was, what might be the condition of my wife. When I had become sensible of what had occurred, I uttered a cry of horror and despair, which might have been heard on the opposite bank of the river, and for some minutes, I had not self-possession or resolution sufficient to escape from the wheel. A faint hope succeeded, that my poor deserted companion and her babe had not yet perished; and I was about to fly towards our dwelling, when I discovered that my tattered dress was entangled in several iron spikes which projected from the interior of the wheel. While I labored to disengage myself, I distinctly heard a sound which I recognised to be that produced by the turning of the crank, by means of which the flood-gate or sluice is raised. The frightful truth flashed on my mind; the wheel was about to be put in motion! I cried out again in the extremity of my anguish; but my voice was lost in the first gush of the waters, which swept over me, foaming and hissing as if in mockery of my despair!

The spikes in which my clothes were accidentally fastened, were probably all that preserved me from instant destruction, as they prevented me from being dashed against the shaft, or other interior parts of the wheel, during its revolutions. At one moment I was suspended over the roaring cataract, which forced its way through the apertures of the wood-work, and in the next instant I was submerged in that very cataract. It was in consequence of this repeated submersion that I remained so painfully sensible of my situation. The velocity with which I was carried around would soon have brought me to a state of insensibility; or I should have swooned in the violent mental conflict I endured, had not the reiterated application of the chilling waters restored every faculty to a full perception of the torturing reality.

It is useless to attempt an analysis of the sufferings of that time. Ingenious cruelty, in all the multitude of its inventions, never contrived aught that could agonize the body of man, and phrenzy his mind with such intensity of torment. In ordinary cases, there is a bound beyond which our nature cannot suffer; it is a kindly provision of creative mercy that death or unconsciousness must, at that point, come to our relief. But here, there was no relief, no mitigation; not even that numbness, that horrid, momentary cessation of pain which excessive misery may sometimes produce.

For some time, I may not say how long, my extreme, yet undefinable corporeal sufferings scarcely permitted the sympathising mind to revert to its own appropriate causes of distress. But, continued endurance had a result some-

what analogous to that of *custom*; my tortures were not lessened, nor even made more supportable, but memory and reflection supervened. With them came the thoughts of death and eternal condemnation; both seemed unavoidable, but neither was frightful. I knew there could be no pangs in death or hell to exceed what I then experienced.

At times I was mocked by the flattering illusion of a speedy release. There was a real, or an imaginary diminution in the rapidity of the wheel's movement. Heavens! can I describe my sensations? Relief was at hand—no—the din of the rushing waters again fell on my ears with increased violence; the harsh, grating sound of the machinery became more intolerable. I gnashed my teeth in the bitterness of my disappointment. I endeavored to cry out again and again, but my voice was no longer under my control. There was an indescribable tension—I cannot express it—but there was something which made the formation of an accent impossible.

There came a period of delirium. I fancied myself in the regions of the damned, enduring the punishment of Ixion. The waves, into which I was again and again plunged, were changed; they were liquid fire; they penetrated to my vitals. I breathed the sulphureous vapors of Tophet. O the horrors of suffocation! Struggling for one draught of the pure air of heaven—for breath—and finding none! God of pity! is there one infliction, incident to our nature, more intolerable than this?

Then, as I arose from the surface of what seemed a lake of molten iron, I encountered the mild yet reproachful glance of my wife. I shrunk from her gaze, and wished to be hid again in that baleful gulf from which I had just emerged. O then came the worst—worse than worst. Was it the dream of a frantic imagination? or did I really behold, by some miraculous interposition, the scene which still harrows my soul, and which shall haunt me forever, in every state of my future being; giving additional bitterness to the sternest afflictions of Almighty wrath.

I saw my home; the comfortless apartment; the straw bed; its wretched occupants. I heard the faint wailings of the dying infant. I heard the voice of the mother. "Oh James, my miserable, but ever dear husband, what could have detained you from us?" I saw her press the babe to her bosom, from which it vainly strove to draw nourishment. "Heaven pity me!" she wildly exclaimed, "can nothing be done for my child?" As the dreadful vision continued, I beheld her endeavouring to rise, as if with the desperate intention of seeking assistance. She fell again on the bed; her arm hung over the side, and she remained motionless.

This distracting vision was strangely comprised in the space of time occupied by one revolution of the wheel! With what eager joy did I stretch out my arms to embrace the penal fires which my maddened imagination had kindled! How sweet is expiation to that soul which is once awakened to a sense of its guilt!

Although my confinement in the wheel could not have lasted more than a few hours, it seemed to embrace years, ages, yea, eternity itself. And

now, every time the wheel revolved on its axis, a life-time seemed to have passed. This illusion was made more perfect by a kind of allegorical representation of my own existence, from the period of infancy to that present moment. As oft as I arose from the waves, the scenes of my earliest childhood were portrayed by my disordered fancy in the most vivid colours; then my maturer life was as faithfully depicted; my years of uninterrupted felicity; my marriage; the fervid affection of my partner; the innumerable instances of her devoted love; then my own early indiscretions; my first positive deviation from duty; my subsequent abandonment, and final ruin. And still the closing scene was invariably the same; the bare walls of the hovel; the straw bed; the perishing victims!

The repetition of such images goaded my mind, at length, to the acme of outrageous madness. I tremble now to think of the horrible blasphemies I then uttered. Phantasies, too wild, too monstrous to be conceived in any mind less tortured than my own, took possession of me by turns; and each phantasy was more dreadful than the last. But here language fails; not only fails to express what memory herself can retain only in traces not less fearful, because indistinct and indefinite. The man who in some vivid and excruciating dream has been shut up in the caverns of eternal perdition, the wretch who is prematurely entombed, and awakes to a sense of his situation; these, no, these could not imagine a tithe of my sufferings in the wheel. \* \* \*

It was probably long, very long, after the motions of the wheel had ceased, that I recovered my faculties sufficiently to emerge from that scene of severe, yet involuntary, penance. Objects appeared to whirl around me as I endeavored to trace my way homeward. It was a gloomy day; the drizzling rain fell on my garments; the skies themselves regarded me with a frowning aspect; yet I went on, hoping that some charitable hand had administered to the wants of my wife and child. I had scarcely resolution to raise the latch; the door was unlocked, and I entered.

A little more and all is told.—My wife lay as my vision had presented her; motionless, and with her arm hanging over the side of the bed. I took hold of her hand; it was cold and stiff. I attempted to raise her head; her lips rested on something; it was a miniature portrait of myself, drawn soon after our marriage! She had turned away from her child, because she would not behold its dying agonies. They were both dead;—and I have lived too long when that sentence is written.

NOTE BY THE TRANSCRIBER.

The dead body of a young man was found in the neighborhood of Fairmount, a few days after the foregoing narrative was discovered; and various circumstances lead us to suppose that he was the writer of the manuscript. The manner of his death is a matter of much uncertainty; there were no marks of violence on his person, and nothing to make it probable that he had committed suicide. The features, notwithstanding some signs of habitual intemperance,

were very fine, and decidedly intellectual. The verdict of the coroner's inquest was, "death from some unknown cause;" but this adds very little to the information we are enabled to give concerning him.

The MS. was almost illegible in many places, and in some instances, altogether so. In the latter cases we have been obliged to have recourse to the old-fashioned expedient of filling up each hiatus with *stars*—an expedient, however, which tends to throw very little light on any subject.

The conclusion of the manuscript was a mere scrawl; and not being able to decipher it ourselves, we submitted it to the inspection of three gentlemen of distinguished ability in chirography, one of whom was formerly engaged in the transcription of writings found in Herculaneum. But all we could gather from these gentlemen is, that the narrative winds up with an injunction to all young ladies, to marry no man until they have satisfactorily ascertained that he has no predilection for strong drinks.

Written for the Lady's Book.

RIDDLE.

EVERY bird that walks or flies,  
Every fish that swims the sea,  
On me for daily food relies,  
Their very life depends on me.  
To chemistry I spirit give,  
And often I'm a surgeon's tool,  
Sometimes in melody I live,  
And can the wildest music rule.  
Full many a gallant ship of old,  
Was broken up to give me birth,  
That orator's, for fame or gold,  
Might gain celebrity on earth.  
But though to this my birth I owe,  
My simple name was always known  
To Johnson, and to Chambers go,  
And you will my pretensions own.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

TELL me bright and beauteous star,  
What scenes of joy, what scenes of woe  
Greet now thy rising beams from far,  
And wish thy stay or bid thee go?

But stay; I would not probe  
The griefs I cannot heal,  
And joy, though dressed in brightest robe,  
Would ill contrast with what I feel.

And yet, oh, tell me if that eye,  
Whose beams are dearer far than thine,  
Now rests on thee and thinks of me  
Nor dreams of love the while?

Can he forget the hopes we move  
Gazing on records such as thou?  
Can time so quickly steal the heart  
To mem'ry of oft pightened vow?

O shine on him my heavenward love;  
Its spirit make him feel,  
Forgetting and forgiving wrong,  
With deathless hope and zeal. Irene.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## HINTS ON MARRIAGE.

INTO no engagement do we enter in this short and evil life so solemn and binding as that of the marriage covenant, and consequently, the veriest tyro might say, none ought to be so duly and seriously considered. If a mis-step is here taken, it can never be retrieved—never can the happiness and peace of mind *then* sacrificed be regained. How important then, that we be governed by those principles, in our conjugal choice, which are based in truth and experience.

Many are the errors—fatal mistakes—into which people are led, or voluntarily fall. I design to notice some of them, for the thoughtful consideration of those of the other sex who are not yet “locked fast in the nuptial gorget.” I say of the other sex, because they are more exposed than we men, to these mistakes of judgment. Women are, in a great degree, excluded from the busy world, and have never learnt the art and duplicity with which “Love’s intrigues” are carried on. They are more exposed to the deceptive pretensions and appearances of those who hover around them, and court their favours; artless themselves, they are willing to believe every one else partakes of the same honest and generous sentiments. But to the task. Aye, *task!* and a painful one too it is, to notice the failings of poor human nature!

In choosing companions for life, it cannot be denied that too many young girls are more guided by external circumstances, than prove conducive to their happiness in the conjugal life. Is he handsome?—Is he wealthy?—Is he of a genteel family? are the questions that are too frequently asked; while those which refer to his mental accomplishments are scarcely deemed worthy of notice. What if the person of your choice be handsome! the comeliness will fade, and one short hour may rob us of our most fascinating attractions. What if he be wealthy and has gold ever to command! Will riches sweeten a disposition naturally sour and irascible?—hush the tumult of an unsettled and volatile mind?—curb the licentious and hitherto ungoverned passions!—quiet the heart-burnings, and silence the angry disputations which must be awakened where there is no correct principle to guide?—atone for the absence of those social and amiable dispositions of mind which are the best riches of man and glory of life! What if he be of high, or even noble pedigree?—will that secure him from the evil passions, appetites, and propensities generated in the blood of the whole family of Adam?—No. He is still a *man*—a frail, erring man, and his “goodly looks,” and “glittering store,” and “noble blood,” will never make him an amiable companion—a devoted husband. If, instead of the *man*, you should marry these appendages, what will console you for their loss? Nothing. Misery must as necessarily ensue, as that darkness succeeds the absence of light. And when the gilded shrine is strip-

ped of its tinselled trappings, a shapeless altar of unseemly stones is all that is left behind.

Another error, much less frequent in our country than in the old world, into which young ladies fall, is that of trusting solely to the opinion, and implicitly obeying, the injunctions of over-fond or too ambitious parents. I would by no means weaken the bonds of *parental government*, but I would loudly inveigh against an unpardonable abuse of that authority.

Who that has been at all in the habit of noticing things as they pass, but has seen hope destroyed, and all the heart’s wealth of young and pure affections withered, ere yet they had been taught to expand to those generous and holy offices nature, in our formation, designed? Who has not seen the young and beautiful, at the stern and unfeeling command of those who gave them life, yield up their soul’s key, recall their plighted faith, to bestow it on one wholly unlike the chosen of the heart, uncongenial, or unworthy of their love!

And we have witnessed the cold and reluctant assent at the bridal altar, while the beating heart was yearning towards the sacrificed object of its devoted and best affections. We have seen the eye that once sparkled with the beams of mirth and buoyant happiness, grow dull and heavy in the gloom of a hopeless grief;—the rose-lit cheek that bespoke joy and love, and health, wax pale as a flower blighted by early frost; and the whole countenance sunken, and the form bowed down by grief, disgust, despair and disease, which must never be spoken, save to “Him who hears in secret.” The heart that once bounded in joy is silently breaking under its heavy load, its chords parting one after another, till the tenure of existence can hold out no longer, and “the victim is released.” Oh! if there be a fearful account for any to yield up to their judge, it must be that of the parents who have sacrificed their children at the shrine of Mammon, and thus taken on themselves the responsibility of those errors and sins which usually arise from these ill-assorted marriages!

As in matters of religion, so in matrimony, every one should be left to their own sober convictions. If our friends are about to throw themselves away on unworthy or degraded objects, let us *advise*, but never *command*; and especially never should we impose sentiments beyond the rule—“Do unto others as ~~ye~~ would that others should do unto you. T.

Men are borne with *two* eyes, but with *one* tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say; but, from their conduct, one would suppose that they were born with two tongues, and one eye; for those talk the most who have observed the least, and obtrude their remarks upon every thing, who have seen *into* nothing.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## TO A YOUTH WITH A PURSE.

THAT you may not your friend forget,  
Accept, dear Frank, this curious net,  
Contriv'd in silken bonds to hold,  
That mighty necromancer, Gold.  
The servant of the good, and brave,  
The tyrant of the fool, and knave.  
Of power to blanch an Ethiop white,  
Or make an angel dark as night.  
And when your generous bosom sighs  
To chase the tear from Misery's eyes,  
May this unfailing stores impart  
To aid the impulse of your heart.  
And while on Pleasure's rosy wing  
You rove this life's delightful spring,  
Refined by love's celestial fires  
And holy friendship's deathless flame,  
Inspir'd by elegant desires,  
And ardent hopes of virtuous fame,

May this, like fairy gifts of old,  
Its ample treasures still unfold,  
To gratify each glowing thought,  
With honor, taste, or genius fraught.  
But should your guardian spirit sleep,  
And error win you to the bowers  
Where dissipation hides with flowers  
The scorpions that around her creep;  
And warbles her Circean song,  
That binds the soul in fetters strong:  
Oh then, may this, no power supply  
To aid the fatal fantasy!  
So shall the dire delusion cease,  
And reason win you back to peace,  
To fireside joys, and pure delights,  
Unsuited days and tranquil nights,  
To every charm that home bestows,  
And every bliss that virtue knows.

M. P.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE YOUNG COUNTESS;  
OR, A FOLLY AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY MISS M. MILES.

"MOTHER, I dare not tell him!"—And Amy Bryant laid her head on her mother's bosom and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. "With all my love for Percy Roscoe, there is no one whom I fear so much—I dare not tell him."

"Fear him, my child, then let your mother entreat you in the strength of her affection, not to harbor such a sentiment. Judge not hastily, Amy, you are very young, and Mr. Roscoe's grave manners may perhaps have caused this feeling. He is certainly generous and noble-minded."

"But not the less strict in his ideas of propriety, mother, and his words were stern and cold when he extorted from me the promise of giving up the society of Isabel Tracy—and can I tell him that I have broken my word, that I have passed hours, nay, days in her company?"

"Yes, Amy, tell him the *truth*—believe me it is best to deal openly with him. He will not brook deceit in any form; but why did you again extend an invitation to Lady Tracy to visit us at this time of sickness and sorrow? Even I, lenient as I am towards the follies of the young, have opposed the intimacy. *She* is a dangerous woman, with her insinuating manners, and bewitching beauty."

"I could not avoid it, mamma, without giving the true reason, and I was afraid of her ridicule; you know her wit, and satire, has weapons that cut deep."

"Ah! Amy, I fear this sensitiveness to the shaft of ridicule will cause your path to be a thorny one. It often leads you, my love, to distrust your own resolves, even when they are on the side of right; why, my child, care for the laugh of the worldly minded? Is not the approval of your conscience more to be desired than their approbation? Act yourself in this instance at least, Amy, and tell Mr. Roscoe the truth. He will respect you the more for it."

"But, dearest mamma, why cannot you? He

loves and respects you so, and you could soften it, whilst I should only stand confused and trembling."

The sunset ray shone full upon Mrs. Bryant's pale countenance as she reclined upon a couch, supported by pillows; consumption was fast doing its work of death, and her wan and emaciated hand was laid solemnly upon her daughter's fair head, as she replied:

"But would it restore Percy's confidence in you, dearest; you know my days are numbered, and he has asked from me the right of being your protector when I am gone. Let my last days be made happy by the knowledge that there is no cloud over your love. This fear of your noble hearted lover is unworthy of one who owns the presence of a higher power. I am feeble to day, and the time is at hand when I must leave my only child with none in the world to watch over her, but him to whom she has given her young affections—let her not deceive him."

But ere Amy could reply, Roscoe had entered the apartment, and was pressing the thin hand of Mrs. Bryant in his, unable to speak from his excess of emotion, whilst his other arm encircled the drooping form of the half fainting girl. He saw at a glance that there was a great change in the invalid, and his voice faltered with strong feeling as he said:

"Why, why, dearest Mrs. Bryant did you not write before! I would have come at any hour."

"I knew it Percy," answered she with a faint smile, "but you had duties more imperative elsewhere. But you will be with me to the last, and"—but Amy raised her face with such an expression of agony upon her features that she stopped and sent her from the room upon some trifling errand for herself, ere she finished the sentence.

"And your father has promised to give you the Percy estate. That, together with your

high talents, Percy, for you are acknowledged to be one of the most rising lawyers of the day, will ensure to you all the comforts of life, and my poor girl will experience no change. She can bring you *nothing*, but beauty and goodness; for my annuity dies with me."

"Whilst I live, she shall never know change; and my kind father has been most liberal. But not a word more, now; you are already exhausted, and I hear Amy's step."

"Amy, dear," said her mother, "I am inclined to sleep, and Martha shall sit by me whilst you take a turn in the garden with Percy; you are pale with watching and care."

For a moment the fair girl hesitated, and the crimson that stained her cheek almost mocked the hue of the bright cloud that was floating even then in the western sky; but her lover's eye was full upon her face, and she dared not refuse when he drew her hand within his own, and said—"Come Amy, I have much to say to you."

They wandered forth, on that eve of beauty, and she felt its sweet influences in her inmost soul. Gradually the feverish excitement under which she had been labouring became stilled, and gently and tenderly did he prepare her for the trial that so soon awaited her. Deeply grateful for his kindness and sympathy, Amy more than once opened her lips to tell him that she had broken her word, but the thought of his indignation was more than she could bear at such a time. "I cannot wound him now," was her thought, "to-morrow I will tell him all."

There was a deeper change upon the face of Mrs. Bryant when they again stood beside her couch, and Amy entreated permission to remain with her during the night, and the mother could not deny her.

"Martha!" said Percy, as he closed Mrs. Bryant's door for the night, and passed into the kitchen where the old domestic and her husband, the only two servants who had followed Mrs. Bryant's variable fortunes, were sitting in mournful silence—"Martha, will you put lights for me in Miss Amy's little study? Mrs. Bryant is very low to-night, and I will sit up there: the nurse is with her, and your young mistress will not leave her."

The tears fell fast over the withered cheeks of the old woman as she rose up to comply with his request. Mrs. Bryant's husband had been an officer, and these two faithful creatures had been servants of her own father; but they followed her whom they had seen grow up from a blooming child through all the trials and vicissitudes to which she had been exposed; and when she returned a widow and orphan to her native land, upon a straitened income, remained to share her fallen fortunes.

"Ah! master Percy, these are sad hours," said she, "it seems but yesterday since I saw my poor mistress a bonny bride, and the gallant captain, bless his memory, looking at her so proudly—and she is young yet to die;" and her tears flowed faster. Percy, much affected, turned away.

Night waned, but still the young girl kept her lonely vigil by the sick bed. The nurse was in a deep sleep, her services being dispensed with, and she sat watching the laboured

breathing of her only parent. Ah! that lonely watch by the death bed of those we love—when the deep stillness of night is around us—the garnering up of every last word as they fall faintly from the pallid lips, and of the smiles of lingering love whose light will soon fade from earth—

"Oh! not an hour like this  
For bitterness, has life."

Midnight came, and Mrs. Bryant unclosed her eyes—Amy bent over her.

"My child!" and her voice was fearfully altered—"I shall not see the light of another glorious morning. I must see our good clergyman once more. Let him and Percy both come, for my hours are numbered."

The nurse aroused from her slumbers, hurried from the room, and Amy with a strength which seemed as given in the hour of need, held a reviving cordial to Mrs. Bryant's lip, and wiped the damps from her brow. But a few moments elapsed, ere Percy and the silvery headed old man, whose lessons had taught both mother and daughter to look beyond this veil of woe, entered the room. Percy folded his arms around the waist of his beloved, who stood pale as marble, but calmly, at the bedside; and the old pastor kneeling down, prayed fervently for the departing soul. An expression of peace and serenity gave the features of Mrs. Bryant almost a celestial beauty; with sudden strength she raised her head from the pillows that supported her.

"Come nearer, my children," she whispered, and clasped their hands together. "Here at this solemn hour let me see my daughter united to him who will cherish her when I am gone."

Amy hid her face in the pillow—"Oh! mother, dear mother, *not now*."

"Yes, dearest, now, and I shall die happier—knowing that one good and noble has her happiness in keeping." Exhausted she sunk back.

Percy raised the pale girl, and signed to Mr. Danby; and amidst the convulsive sobbings of deep grief, did Amy Bryant become the bride of him whom she so revered and loved. The rite was over, and she sunk on her knees beside her mother, whose hand was raised in dying blessings on her fair head, whilst her face was touched with a mother's holy love. That hand fell motionless, and Percy folded his bride to his heart, and felt she was an orphan; with none in the wide world but him to support and cherish her.

There was the sound of many feet in the quiet dwelling of the officer's widow, and more than one mourning carriage was at the humble door; for there were those amongst the good and great who had both loved and esteemed her, and who were now gathered to pay the last sad tribute of respect to her remains.

The funeral train moved slowly on; and in a pleasant sunny nook of the old church yard, a spot chosen by herself, it stopped. The touching service of the dead was read above her, and "dust committed to dust." Amy was in her darkened chamber struggling with her passionate grief; but Percy Roscoe bowed his head in manly sorrow as the solemn words fell upon his ear.



When he returned to the mournful dwelling, he found Amy kneeling before a picture of her mother, and weeping bitterly. He drew her to his heart, and gently and seriously led her thoughts to that world where we shall meet the spirits of the "just made perfect." Her agitation became almost alarming, and bursting from his arms she flung herself at his feet, exclaiming:

"Oh! Percy, I *cannot* deceive you. Even my sainted mother seems to look down in reproach upon me. I *will* not deceive you at this solemn hour; I will take that mother's last counsels. I have again seen lady Tracy; she has been here. Oh! do not! do not utterly forsake me,"—as he started back as if a serpent had stung him—"I have none but you"—and she clasped her hands wildly before him. For one moment the high minded Roscoe covered his face. Disappointment, pity, and indignation were struggling for mastery, mingled with that sense of bitterness in being deceived in those we love; but the solemn scenes of the last two days had taught him true lessons of humbleness and humility. He looked upon the bowed head of the stricken one, thought of the holy vow by the dying bed, and of his own deep love for her from early youth. He raised her from her fallen posture, and placing her beside him, smoothed back the rich tresses which laid in disorder upon her throbbing forehead, and impressed a kiss upon it as he whispered:

"Poor child! far be it from me to add a pang to your sufferings; *they* are punishment enough. No, Amy, I will not cast you off—I will not even require a promise, lest you feel tempted to break it. Your blessed mother's last words must ever be held too sacred for you again to mingle in friendship with lady Tracy. I forgive you, dearest—but oh! never let your husband have the misery of finding his confidence misplaced."

"Bless you, dear Percy, for these kind words, one look of harshness would have broken my heart!" and her head sunk down upon his shoulder, whilst tears, no longer those of bitterness, but of chastened sorrow, fell from her eyes.

Percy Roscoe did well to dread Lady Tracy's being the intimate of his affianced wife. She was a woman of fashion, and it was known that she played deeply, although over her vices there was thrown the veil of refinement and sensibility. She was but a few years older than Amy, and in her earlier days the lady had become passionately attached to Percy. He read her character at a glance, and she saw in the scorn with which he treated her that the mask of gentleness had not concealed the harsher traits that deformed her mind and character. Years passed on, and to gratify her ambition and love of riches she gave her hand to lord Tracy. His mansion was near the humble dwelling of Amy Bryant. She saw Percy's look of proud triumph as he gazed upon the beautiful girl who had given him her pure heart, and she marked that fair being as her victim. But Amy now felt, as she saw even her proud souled Roscoe, forgive and pity her, that henceforth Isabel's arts would be of no avail.

But a single year had gone by, and Percy Roscoe's destiny had known a change. From

being dependent upon his own talents and the income arising from the small estate that was his own in right of his mother, he had become possessed, by the successive deaths of his father and uncle, of the broad lands and the earldom of Clevemont. But although his house was the resort of the learned and good, of the high and noble, and his beautiful wife the star of fashion, there were those who loved him, that deemed their Percy's smile was less joyous than of old, and his brow more clouded than it was wont to be before his marriage. If he was unhappy, none knew it, and as he still looked with pride and fondness upon the fair face of Amy even in the festal hall, the world pronounced them a most happy couple.

The young countess was alone in her dressing room, when her attendant brought her a note; she glanced at the superscription, and her manner betrayed agitation as she perused its contents.

"Who brought this note, Ellis?" and she raised her eyes languidly from the paper.

"A person muffled in a large cloak, my lady; she would come in, and says she will see you."

A proud flush rose to the cheek of the lady. "I may not deny her," she murmured to herself; "I have tempted fate and must abide by it. Did lord Clevemont say he should not return 'till evening?" said she to the attendant.

"Yes, my lady. I told him that when you came in from your drive with lady Glenrock, you were so tired you had fallen asleep on the couch, and he told me to say he should dine out."

Lady Clevemont sighed deeply. "Ellis! I believe you are faithful. Go to the person who waits below and conduct her here, and see that I am not interrupted whilst she remains."

The waiting-maid left the room, and soon returning, ushered into the presence of the young countess a female of surpassing beauty. Amy rose up, and with mingled dignity and sadness greeted her as soon as Ellis closed the door.

"What does the lady Tracy," she asked, "wish of the Countess of Clevemont, that she so unceremoniously forces herself into her presence?"

"Countess of Clevemont!" reiterated the other with a scornful curl of her proud lip—"Methinks you have a bold bearing, lady, for one whose destiny hangs on *my* slightest word. What if I whispered to the haughty Percy that his worshipped Amy had once both won and lost at play?"

Lady Clevemont buried her face in her trembling hands whilst she exclaimed—"But *once*, Isabel—you know it was but *once*, and then I was deceived; and have I had peace since? Does not the thought of that hour come to me in the festal hall? by my once happy hearth! and at the dark midnight hour when other eyes are closed in sleep? Does it not dreg with bitterness my cup, till at times my brain almost maddens? And did not you, *you* Isabel Tracy, lead me to the brink of the precipice! But I know you *now*, your mask is off!"

"But not the less are you in my power, fair countess," replied Isabel with a smile of hatred and malice seldom seen on woman's face. "Not the less in my power. You cower and

turn pale before your lord, I have read you well—lady, you *fear* him; and ere you would have him learn this secret you would lay down your young life. Well! Amy!" and her voice changed to one of insinuating softness—"you take this too much to heart, I will not betray you, but my losses are so heavy I dare not apply to Lord Tracy; lend me the sum I required in my note, and I will keep the secret for ever."

Amy unclasped her hands from her convulsed features—"Isabel Tracy, I have already wronged the industrious poor to comply with your exorbitant demands; and when I again asked Clevemont for money but yesterday, his answer was stern as he said, "Amy, my fortune will not gratify boundless extravagance. I owe now more than the sum I have by me." No! Isabel, I cannot give you this."

"The countess of Clevemont will smile to-night when she welcomes her lord after he has seen Isabel Tracy"—and gathering her cloak about her she turned to go. Her hand was upon the knob of the door, when Amy springing forward, arrested her progress—"There, lady Tracy," and she flung down her purse at her feet—"Take all I have, but keep this secret; and now depart, with the malison of a breaking heart upon your head."

"Thank you, lady, for the kind wish," and with a scornful laugh she took it up and left the apartment.

A half hour after, Ellis entered the dressing room, and found her lady in a deep sleep. "Surely my lady is in a strange way," she muttered, "to lay down with all this finery in which I dressed her for lady Glenrock's dinner." Had she but looked beneath the pillow that supported the flushed cheek, she would have seen by the label'd phial there, why the slumber of her mistress was so deep and quiet.

"Whither away, Clevemont!" and lord Glenrock linked his arm in that of his old friend and schoolmate—"Come, we dine, *en famille* to-day. Go hence with me, Emily told me your wife had promised her to steal this day from her crowd of appointments, and pass it quietly with her."

"Indeed! well then, my dear Glenrock, I will accept your invitation. Amy and I so seldom now know what quiet is, that I almost wish at times that title, fortune, and all this splendour were bestowed on some one else, and I again the plain Percy Roscoe, with my small estate and my young bride; for I hardly recognise her in the admired countess of Clevemont. But I ought to be proud of her. The sentence ended with something very like a sigh.

"Percy," said his friend, after a moment's thoughtful pause, "I may incur your displeasure, but both Emily and I have felt of late that your young and beautiful wife was treading on dangerous ground; Emily loves her sister-in-law, and has tried to win her confidence for your sake, but Amy is cold towards her, which you know is wholly unlike the affectionate kindness with which she treated all the members of your family the first few months of your marriage. I have read deeply the human character, and am convinced that there is something preying on her mind of which you

are ignorant. I think, Clevemont, that she fears you."

"Fears me!" exclaimed the astonished husband; why, Glenrock, you certainly have judged wrongly in this instance at least. Amy cannot *fear* me, for I have given her no cause for such a feeling—from my hands she has ever received kindness and indulgence. Believe me, my friend, that both you and Emily are mistaken; let us drop this subject."

Dinner had been announced and served, but lady Clevemont did not make her appearance, or send any apology, and Percy was beginning to feel symptoms of alarm, when a message came that visitors at home prevented her ladyship from fulfilling her engagements with her sister-in-law."

"Since that is the case, Emily," said Clevemont, "why you must e'en go home with me and help her to entertain them; and pulling the bell he ordered the carriage.

They found Amy in the drawing room in the most brilliant spirits. Never had she appeared so beautiful, never so gay—

"She was like  
A dream of poetry, that may not be  
Written or told, exceeding beautiful!"

And her husband's eye followed her graceful form with an expression of love and pride—not so Glenrock and the watchful Emily. There was something unnatural in this excess of spirits, something unlike her sweet and almost pensive manners since the death of her mother, and they knew from the tone of her laughter that there was no mirth in it.

"Remember, to-morrow night, dear lady Clevemont," said one of the ladies at parting.

"To-morrow night, Mrs. Devan," interrupted Percy, "what plot are you laying to entice my little wife from home so soon again! These late hours will destroy her bloom."

"Did she ever look more beautiful, my lord? 'Tis my masquerade night, and have her company I must—you may come too and play Argus;" and with these words the lively lady ran off.

"More money, Amy! why my dear girl you must be jesting with me. But this week I gave you bills to a large amount, surely you have not spent them already; you are only trying to see how far my indulgence will carry me."

"I am not used to jest upon such subjects," she answered, and for once in her life, in a proud and resentful tone. "I have not always had money at my command, and perhaps I am not prudent enough for lord Clevemont's wife."

Percy took her hand in his, and for one moment gazed steadily in her face. Her glance fell beneath that earnest gaze. "Amy, you are strangely altered, but if money can give you happiness you shall have it;" and putting a roll of bills into her hand he hastily left the room.

She stood a moment motionless when he had left her; then glancing at the paper she muttered, "So! I am estranging all I love from me."

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a pause in the dancing, and one after another of the strange figures in the

lighted halls of Mrs. Devan were seen filing off in the direction of the refreshment rooms. One mask had singled out lord Clevemont. It was one in the character of a sybil, and more than once it crossed his path. At last put out of temper at its pertinacity, he determined to accost it.

"What does the sybil wish of the Earl of Clevemont that she so often crosses his path?" Percy had taken off his mask for air.

"To ask him if happiness dwells in his lordly home—but I read my answer on his brow. But I will shadow forth to him a page in the book of his blithesome wife's destiny. The sparkle of the diamond lights her brow, but in mockery of the aching heart."

"And she will walk in silk attire  
And siller hae to spare,"

whilst the poor tradesman follows her carriage with maledictions upon her head. You pour the gold into her lap, and it buys her a respite from disgrace. Percy Roscoe, I am a true prophetess—your household gods are broken." And ere he collected himself to reply, she lifted her mask, and discovering the features of lady Tracy, was about to pass him, when he grasped her arm firmly, and in a voice hoarse with conflicting emotions, exclaimed—"Fiend! what do you mean! Give me proof that your words are true, for lady Clevemont would not bend to associate with such as thou; answer me, Isabel Tracy"—and he grasped her arm almost convulsively.

"Proof! lord Clevemont," replied she with a laugh of scorn. "Here, I have proof, such as you would give all your broad lands did not exist. Ha! my lord, when you laid an interdict upon the friendship of your wife for me—when you held me up to her as one to be shunned—then, even then did I vow a vow of revenge against you. Read that packet, my lord"—and she flung a sealed one towards him—"and see there that your own fair Amy has like me lost some of your goodly thousands at the card table"—and snatching her arm away she darted amidst the crowd, leaving him amazed and stunned.

But he was soon aroused by the return of the dauers, and with an effort that cost him a more bitter pang than he had ever experienced, he passed through the assembled crowds with a jest for one, a smile for another, and gaining the street door was in a moment in the open air. It blew freshly upon his fevered brow, and seemed to allay the burning thoughts within. He sought his own mansion, and forbidding the servants interrupting him, locked himself up in the library.

But there was another listener to the conversation of Percy with lady Tracy.—Amy, the ill-fated Amy; and as her husband left the spot, with one sharp cry she sunk insensible to the floor. A multitude was in a moment around her, and her mask taken off.

"Lady Clevemont fainted!" was echoed from one to another, till the sound reached lady Glenrock. In a moment she was by her side, and she was borne into an inner room; but it was long ere she opened her eyes, and when she did, the expression was so cold and wandering as to terrify her sister.

"Will some one call lady Clevemont's carriage, where is my brother?" But lord Clevemont had been gone some moments, and Amy was conveyed to the carriage by Lord Glenrock, who with his wife supported her in it.

"Is your master at home, Robert?" asked he of the old man who was now butler to lord Clevemont, and who with Martha hastened into the hall at the first intimation of their lady's illness.

"Yes, my lord, he came in a few minutes ago, but forbid our disturbing him. But see, my lady is reviving."

With a powerful effort Amy roused herself, and smiling faintly, said, in a low tone, "Do not be alarmed, Emily, I am better now, and will lie down in my dressing room."

Lady Glenrock did not leave her 'till she saw her in a seemingly quiet slumber, and even then charged old Martha to remain by her side, whilst she sought the earl. Something was wrong she knew, for it was not like her attentive and affectionate brother to leave his wife alone in so public a place. She knocked at the library door, but no answer was returned. "Percy! dear Percy! I must see you. Amy is ill."

At that sound the earl opened the door, but so deadly pale that she recoiled in alarm and amazement.

"Percy! what has happened! Something dreadful I know!" and she clasped his cold hand.

"Look here, Emily," said he, in a tone hoarse with emotion, and he drew her to the table, upon which was scattered bills and papers. "Look there, Emily, and read how my trusting confidence has been abused;" and he buried his face in his hands as he sunk upon a seat.

Lady Glenrock, in terrified astonishment, saw bills to a large amount against her sister-in-law, unpaid; and notes from Isabel Tracy demanding money as the price of her silence respecting Amy's heavy loss to herself at play. She looked upon her lofty, spirited, generous brother, and thought of his tender love that had sheltered Amy when she was a lone orphan in the world, and of that young girl, too, with the deepest compassion. She felt the fire was quenched on the hearth-stone, the beautiful links in the chain of domestic happiness broken forever, and tears fell fast from her eyes. She laid her hand upon her brother's burning forehead as his head was bent down, and whispered tenderly of consolation.

"She is very, very young, yet, Percy—but a child in the ways of the world."

"But not the less able to discriminate between right and wrong, truth and falsehood. No, Emily, my idol is fallen, the fair temple despoiled of its beauty. I cannot forgive. She in whom I garnered up my heart, whose love was to me as some sweet star smiling upon my destiny, to deceive and distrust me! To forget the solemn scenes by her mother's death-bed. No! I cannot forgive. We must part."

"Oh! do not say so, Percy. Cast her off, and who in the wide world can she cling to?" But ere she could finish the sentence Ellis rushed into the room, with horror imprinted upon every feature of his pale countenance.

"Oh! my lord, come quick, my lady has swallowed poison!"

They waited to hear no more. Lord Clevemont rushed to the hall—sent a servant for the physician, and almost distracted, entered the dressing-room. There was Amy, with the diamond still sparkling upon her pallid brow, and the festal robe around her, struggling in the arms of her old attendant. The fatal phial was by her side, and her cheek flushed to the deepest crimson, mocked the red rose wreath whose leaves were not yet withered in her hair. She had sent old Martha away for one moment, to get her something with which to quench her feverish thirst, and in the interim swallowed the laudanum. She shrieked violently when she beheld her husband, but he firmly supported her in his arms, till the physician came. The most powerful antidotes were administered, and owing to the timely discovery of Ellis, with success, but Dr. Morris, who was an old and confidential friend, called Clevemont from the room.

"My lord, I am sorry to pain you, but I fear the life of your lady hangs on a thread. Some great shock has been sustained, and the powerful remedies to which I have been obliged to have recourse, have prostrated her strength. Perfect quiet is necessary. I will myself remain through the night, for I fear the result."

Percy wrung the hand of the good old man, with a heart too full for words, and again took his station by her pillow. The pale and altered girl was unconscious that they hovered round her couch, and the doctor's fears were well founded. Before morning she was raving in delirium, and fever was racking her frame. For days and weeks life did indeed hang on a thread, and when she was able for the first time to rise from her bed of sickness, none would have recognised in the attenuated and melancholy looking being before them, the once admired and caressed lady Clevemont. Not one word of explanation had passed between herself and Percy, nor did she once meet her husband's eye, but she saw the smile had vanished from his lip, and that many lines of painful thought marred the beauty of his glorious brow. He was kind and gentle in his manner, but the heart of woman felt that there was a change. The charm was gone, and steeped in tears of bitterness, did she deplore her own follies.

She was now able to sit up all day, and one morning when Lady Glenrock had left her alone for a few moments, she was startled by the entrance of her husband. She trembled almost to fainting, but the earl kindly inquired after her health, and seating himself by her, said, in a serious and quiet tone:

"Lay aside fear, Amy. I came not to reproach you, neither am I a stern and harsh tyrant, that you should be afraid to meet my eye. No! we have suffered too much, and your punishment has been sufficient. I came but to say that your debts are now all cancelled, and such measures taken that Lady Tracy cannot, by her malicious asseverations, injure your good name. Take my forgiveness also. In the first moment of wretchedness, I was tempted to part from you forever, but your dying

mother's charge prevented me; and Amy, forget not now that Being whose promises cheered her last hours. Go to him in penitence, and pray for strength to resist temptation in future."

Months passed on, and again Lady Clevemont was in the world's "crowded mart." The brilliancy of her beauty had become dim, but there was an indescribable charm in her low thrilling tones that touched the heart of the hearer—they were so sadly plaintive. She was not happy amidst her splendor. She missed the fond smile that had once beamed upon her even in the place "where dancers meet;" the affection that had once anticipated every want. Kind as was Percy, there was wanting the charm of mutual confidence and love; and to her heart's inmost recesses did she feel the difference. Change was, indeed, on her spirit's dream of happiness.

"What reason have you for refusing to visit Lady Tracy?" one day asked Mrs. Devon. "Poor soul, she is in poverty now, and in bad health too. Do come with me, Lord Clevemont will not know it."

"Never!" replied Amy, "and, Mrs. Devon, oblige me by avoiding the mention of her name in my presence. It is painful to me."

It was extremely cold, and the young countess preferred the comfort of her own fire-side to a dinner engagement with Mrs. Devon. Lord Clevemont too was in the drawing room previous to going out, and had taken up a book, when a servant entered and presented his lady with a note. She turned pale as she saw the handwriting, and for a moment hesitated. Percy was apparently absorbed in his book, but he saw her change of colour. The footman left the room, and without breaking the seal, she stepped lightly up to her husband:—

"I have a note from Lady Tracy, Lord Clevemont," (it was a long time since she had called him Percy,) said she, in a voice she vainly endeavoured to render steady, whilst the colour deepened on her cheek, and her air was less humble than it was wont to be of late, "will you break the seal and peruse its contents?"

Her lord took it from her hand, with something of coldness in his manner, and the tears started into her eyes. Do I deserve this, was her thought, as she felt that she could have concealed the contents had she been so inclined. Surely he might have seemed pleased that I practised no deceit.

The earl folded it up after glancing over it, and for a moment bent down his head in thought. "Lady Tracy wishes to see you, Amy. You can go if it is your wish."

She felt wounded by his manner, and drawing up her slight person, she haughtily replied, "I have no wish to act directly contrary to what I know would be Lord Clevemont's commands."

"It is my wish now to have you visit your once gay friend, but I shall accompany you. Isabel Tracy can never injure you more. She is on her death-bed!"

The countess drew back and shuddered. "I cannot go!" was her involuntary exclamation.

"Yes, Lady Clevemont, that you must go is now my command."

"I will obey it then," and a pang wrung her heart when she thought how considerate Percy once was, and how anxious to spare her feelings.

The carriage of Lord Clevemont stopped before the door of a small dwelling in one of the by-streets of the great metropolis, and he handed Amy out, and was shown into a low dark room, where, upon a dingy couch, and supported by pillows, was the faded form of the once brilliant Lady Tracy. Poverty and disease were fast doing their work of death, and at intervals a racking cough threatened existence itself.

"Well, my lord," said she, in a hollow tone, as they approached her, "you are willing at last for your young wife to come into the presence of Isabel Tracy. 'Tis well! for she has no longer reason to fear her. The serpent is deprived of his sting;" and her wild laugh rung fearfully on the ear of the trembling countess.

She knelt beside the couch, and essayed to clasp the wan thin hand of Isabel. Her sweet face wore an expression of angelic pity as she murmured, "I forgive you, Isabel, from the bottom of my soul, I forgive you."

"Forgive me"—and her eye for a moment softened—"Poor child, you have much to forgive, for I have cast to the dust your golden fabric of happiness; but at times, Amy, I have sorrowed over your fate—no matter, it could not serve you." Then turning suddenly to Percy she tauntingly exclaimed—"Ere I knew the dark passions that have since stained my soul with crime, I loved you, Earl of Clevemont, whilst you were the poor Percy Roscoe. You cast my love from you as a worthless thing, and bowed to yon trembling girl. I saw she feared you, and I saw you worshipped her as pure and faultless. I vowed revenge, and, Clevemont, I have had it. I strewed thorns in your path of flowers. I have thrown a cloud over the sunshine of your proud home, and broken the silver link of confidence forever. And now, neglected by my friends, deserted by the man I never loved, and in poverty and death, I tell you I do not repent."

"Oh! Isabel Tracy, turn to Him, who will pardon even at the last hour. He can soften and support you even at this dread time. Oh turn to him, Isabel."

"It is too late, Amy, my doom is sealed, my sands run low. I am sorry I have made your misery, young girl, but glory in destroying *his* happiness. I cannot conquer the evil passion of my heart; take warning by me." And her gestures and words became so wild, they summoned the nurse.

They remained some time longer, and endeavoured to lead the poor sufferer's mind into a better state, but she remained sullenly silent, and with heavy hearts they left her dwelling.

That night Isabel Tracy died.

Amy was deeply affected by this event, but Christmas was approaching, and they removed to Clevemont castle to celebrate it, as all the members of Percy's family assembled together at that time. With a feeling of loneliness she wandered through the lordly apartments of her splendid home, and memory flew back to the little cottage, and pleasant village where she

had first met her husband; but her guests claimed her attention, and the kindness and caresses of Emily won her from her melancholy.

Christmas day came, and the sounds of mirth and festivity rung through the castle. The song floated round, and the merry dancers were leading many a gay measure.

"Come Amy, lead one dance with me," said lord Glenrock, "I shall believe you are studying the stars if you linger so long beneath the concealment of yon crimson drapery."

"I never dance, now;" she answered.

"Not dance!" exclaimed a young lady near, "why how whimsical—well, your lord does, and is going to waltz with me."

Amy sighed, and turned away.

The festival was over, one by one the guests sought their carriages or rooms, and the countess was alone in the ball room, with the flowers yet breathing freshness around, and the lamps burning brightly. She leaned her head against the marble ornaments of the fireplace, and the past came straining over her heart with its sweet memories. On her dressing table that day had glittered many a costly present, but from her husband she had received no gift, and tears fell fast and thick from her eyes. She started from her despondent attitude in amazement. Her husband's arm folded her to his heart, and his voice in the kind tones of old whispered—"Let there again be love and confidence between us, dear Amy. I knew you must be made to feel deeply the effect of your want of confidence, and the follies it led you into, that the impression might be lasting. Your punishment is over; I know you have resisted temptation. I have suffered more than yourself in maintaining a cold manner, when I longed to fold you to my heart in approval and love. Let the past be forgotten—but why do you weep? "Dear Percy!" was all she could say, as she laid her head on his shoulder, and wept with almost childlike tears from happiness. "You thought yourself forgotten to-day, but I have a gift for you, dearest;" and as he bent to her lips with the kiss of reconciliation, he whispered—"One you will prize more than pearl or gem—the restored affection and confidence of your husband."

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### SONNET TO MEMORY.

SPRIT! whose quick and kindling glance is cast  
Over the dim and silent realm of death:

Who mak'st and warm'st, with thy ethereal breath,  
The throbless bosom of the shroud and past;  
Who roam'st through childhood's far and fairy  
clime,

Its wither'd buds reviving 'neath thy tread;  
Who rangest, with light bark and sail aspread  
The tideless ocean of departed time;  
Who guard'st the grave of joys which smile no  
more,

Moist'ning the flowers which droop regretful  
there

Who strik'st the lyre o'er friendships fleet as  
fair,  
And watchest, weeping, love's heart-hoarded store;  
Friendship and joy endure alone for thee—  
Thine then, O Memory, shall this altar be!

R. T. C.

Philadelphia, May 20, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## ESTHER.—A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

(Continued from Page 231.)

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The house of Haman.*

[Enter Haman, Zeresh, Adalia.]

**Haman.** Yes, on myself I brought this sentence dire!

Myself I doom'd to shame—with evil tongue  
Utt'ring base counsel, in the hope to soar  
In haughty triumph, o'er my prostrate foes,

**Zeresh.** The gods rebuke thee for o'erweening pride—

Be warn'd in time, nor tempt their vengeance more.

**Haman.** They have abas'd me low, yet humbled not

That soaring mind, death can alone subdue.  
For fame, I've liv'd, for honors and renown,  
But they are trifles all, compar'd with that  
One master passion, which absorbs my soul,  
Revenge! its name—aye, on that hated Jew—  
My life's dark bane, the source of all my wo.  
Yet from my lips accus'd, came forth the doom,  
That rais'd him o'er myself. He royally  
Array'd, in triumph rode, while I, a prince  
His adversary sworn, led forth his steed,  
Proclaiming honors on his hated head!

**Zeresh.** Ah, wo is me, that I should live to hear,  
And thou, to tell such tale!

**Haman.** And then proud Memucan, my secret foe,

And dark Admatha, with his envious soul,  
How did they triumph in my deep disgrace!  
Affecting sympathy to hide their joy,  
And veil their insults with a softer name.

**Adalia.** Ah me, methinks our ruin has commenced,

The honours done this Jew have rais'd the hopes  
Of all who dwell within the city's space.  
Glad songs of joy from every house resound,  
And maidens haste with offerings to their God,  
While triumph beams from every Hebrew brow.

**Zeresh.** I fear indeed, we fall before this Jew,  
The king protects him—e'en the gods appear  
To aid his cause—and can we then prevail?

**Haman.** Yea, and I will, or perish in his stead—  
The fatal tree which towers within yon court,  
Has not been hewn in vain. This very night  
I shall entreat the king to sign the act,  
Decreeing him to death. I've fram'd a tale,  
The monarch cannot doubt, e'en were his mind  
In its most lucid state—which 'twill not be,  
When he has left the banquet of the queen,  
Whose golden goblets, sparkling to their brim,  
Invite him not in vain.

**Adalia.** My father, then besiege him with thy prayers,

Let not this Jew escape, or we are lost,  
Cast from our lofty height, to lowest depths  
Of infamy and shame. But see, they come,  
The king's high chamberlains, to bear thee hence,  
Where feast and song abound, and the bright queen  
Dispenses light and love.

[Enter Harbana, Eratheus, and others.]

**Harbana.** Our royal master greets thee, noble lord,

And bids thee to the banquet of the queen.  
It waits thy coming—may it please thee haste.

**Haman.** I will attend the king;

Let us begone.

[Exit Haman with the chamberlains, except Eratheus, who lingers behind the rest, and remains in the court with Adalia.]

**Eratheus.** Pardon, young lord,  
But as I crossed yon court, a gibbet high  
Startled my upward gaze—why stands it there?  
And who the hapless wretch condemn'd to hang  
On the accursed tree?

**Adalia.** Thou'lt know ere long—  
Aye, on the coming morn, before the sun  
Climbs with his flaming steeds yon mountain's top,  
Pass but this ebon gate, and thou shalt see  
Uprais'd in mid-air a well known face,  
Grinning defiance with such ghastly smile,  
As felons only wear.

**Eratheus.** Who may he be—and what his foul offence,

This miserable wretch, condemn'd to die  
A death so vile, that not the meanest slave  
But sues to taste it in some other form,  
Less full of bitter, ignominious shame—  
Shame worse to bear than the most cruel pain.

**Adalia.** 'Tis far too good for him, this ingrate,  
Jew,

Who mocking sits at Shushan's stately gate,  
Scorning to render honor where 'tis due,  
And bearding princes with his daring pride.

**Eratheus (starts with surprise)**  
Meanest thou that Mordecai, who on this morn,  
Rode forth in triumph on a princely steed,  
In purple cloth'd, with royal favor crown'd,  
And with a kingly grace bending his head,  
In sign of thanks to the tumultuous crowd,  
Who shouted forth their passionate acclaim,  
At sight of one so honoured by his king?

**Adalia.** Aye, even him—this morn his sovereign's hand,

Crown'd him with honors, kings alone should wear,  
But ere another dawn upon his eyes,  
That very hand shall sign his final doom,  
And send the wretch to meet his just deserts.  
But I have said, what should not pass my lips  
'Till all is done. Thou'st won me unawares  
To speak forbidden words—therefore be cautious,  
For this night, at least—to-morrow all will blab.

[Exit Adalia.]

**Eratheus. (solus)** Aye, will they so, weak fool!  
But not of Mordecai—not of base wrong,  
Thus foully wrought him by false Haman's hand.  
The tide will turn and wreck these wicked schemes,  
And bring the Jew a freight of golden joys,  
Preluded by the glory of this morn.  
The king shall know of this—and the fair queen,  
Within whose azure veins, flows the same blood,  
As that which burns, when full of high disdain,  
At Haman's pride, his low exalting pride,  
On this Egyptian's cheek. I will away  
To serve my queen, by all I here have learn'd,  
As best I can. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A banquetting room in the Queen's palace. King, Queen, and Haman.*

**Ahasuerus.** Most noble Haman, crown again thy cup,  
And I will pledge thee in this Cyprus wine,  
Whose rich aroma sends forth a perfume,  
Worthy the drink of heaven.

(They raise their cups.)

And, fairest queen,  
By thy sweet leave, we bid thy minstrels wake  
Once more their lyres—soft music well becomes

An hour like this; to beauty consecrate,  
To woman's wit and wine's entrancing flow.

*Esther.* Aye, minstrels strike—  
Pour forth a strain which shall enchant the soul,  
Call forth its deep emotions, and awake  
Its energies divine. I love a lay,  
Which rouses to high thoughts and noble deeds,  
Far more than dying numbers, soft and low,  
That lap the list'ner in a dreaming bliss,  
From which to wake is pain.

*Ahasuerus.* My fairest queen, thou need'st no  
stirring lay

To bring the soft carnation to thy cheek,  
And wake the lambent glories of thine eyes.  
To day methinks they are surpassing bright—  
Yet through the dazzling veil, I see my love,  
All is not right within thy gentle breast—  
Thy brow is troubled, and thy lustrous eye,  
Glances with startled gaze, like the wild fawn's,  
That sees the hunter nigh. Speak then, belov'd,  
And urge thy fond request—thine shall it be,  
Though as I said erewhile, 'tis to bestow,  
One half my kingdom's wealth.

*Esther.* Not that, my gracious lord!  
Thy power, thy wealth, thy greatness be thine own,  
I am content with their reflected light.  
But for my people, hear me, mighty king!

*(She raises and throws herself at his feet.)*  
Protect thy queen! protect her hapless race,  
From that proud foe who seeks to shed their blood  
And hunt them from the earth. Extend thine arm  
And snatch them from his power. Hear me I pray,  
And we will bless thee, both with heart and life,  
And call aloud upon our father's God,  
To shield thee with his love!

*Ahasuerus (striving to raise her.)*  
Arise, my queen! what mean thy plaintive words,  
And who are those, who e'en with evil thought,  
Dare breathe thy hallow'd name, or frame one  
wish

Of aught save joy, and blessing on thy head.

*Esther.* Nay, let me bend thus humbly at thy  
feet

And tell thee all. Perchance when thou hast heard  
Thou'lt spurn me thence, nor—

*Ahasuerus (holding her from him and gazing  
earnestly upon her)*

What sudden passion moves thee to such speech?  
I spurn thee hence! Is not thy smile my life?  
That soft imploring eye my guiding star,  
Without whose light the glories of my realm,  
Were dark and joyless to my aching sight?  
And think'st thou aught can chance to change my  
love,

Or woo me to forget the blessed claim  
Thou hast upon my care? I, who have sworn,  
To shield thee ever in my inmost heart,  
And guard thee fondly as a dearer self?

*Esther.* Ah, to forego such love!  
The thought is bitter—worse—far worse than  
death.

Yet must I tell the tale, though it should rend  
The dearest ties which bind my heart to earth—  
Then list, my lord, and know that she thou lov'st,  
Was once a Jewish maid—

*Ahasuerus (starting and intently scanning her  
features.)*

Ha! hear I thee aright? a Jewish maid?  
Come let me look upon thy face divine,  
And closely scan it with a critic's eye,  
To read if this be true. And so it is!  
I might have known it by those glorious eyes,  
So mutely eloquent, so softly bright!  
And by that changeful cheek, and those ripe lips,  
And every lineament of beauty rare,  
Peculiar to thy race—none boast such charms—

Not e'en the dainty maids of our soft clime  
Compare with thine, who breathe the soul of love,  
And look the essence of embodied grace—  
Think'st thou for this, I'll spurn my peerless bride?  
Nay, nestle in my arms—thy home—thy rest!

*(Raising and embracing her.)*  
Hebrew or Persian thou art dear alike,  
And by my crown I swear, no hand shall harm  
E'en one of these dark curls, that softly fall  
Like evening shadows on thy neck of snow.

*Esther (sinks down again overcome by emotion  
on the cushions at his feet)*

Blessings and thanks, my dear and royal lord,  
For all thy gracious and enduring love!  
Words cannot breathe the feelings of my soul,  
And e'en these happy tears, but faintly show  
The deep emotion of my grateful heart,  
Still may I trespass on thy patient ear,  
And plead for those, thy word has doom'd to death?  
That word wrung from thee by a traitor base,  
Who dares abuse thy unsuspecting love  
By artful falsehoods, while he seeks to pour  
On a whole race his deep and dark revenge,  
Because forsooth, one man who holds their faith,  
Scorns to do homage to his low-born pride!

*Ahasuerus (starting up quickly)*

What do I hear?  
Is it the noble Haman thou'dst impeach?  
And has he urged me to this bloody act  
Only to satisfy his private hate?

*Esther.* Aye, even so—I tell no idle tale—  
Before him Mordecai refused to bend—  
To kiss the earth press'd by his haughty foot—  
And to revenge this slight, he won from thee  
Permission to unsheath the murd'rous sword,  
And smite from earth my hunted, hapless race.  
Doubt'st thou my words?—look on that pallid face  
*(Pointing to Haman)*

And read therein the lines of conscious guilt!

*(The king turns sternly towards Haman, who during the past scene has remained pale and motionless with terror and dismay.)*

*Ahasuerus.* Oh, gracious gods! have I been thus  
deceiv'd?

Is this the man, the ingrate vile and base,  
Whom I have rais'd o'er wiser, better men,  
Crown'd with high honors, loaded with vast wealth,  
Within his grasp placed power, and laid myself,  
Aye, e'en my inmost soul, bare to his gaze!—  
And he has used me thus—bounty repaid  
With vile ingratitude—fair truth with lies—  
Honor with treach'ry base, and in the name  
Of sacred justice has abused my power  
To make me seem, that which I never was—  
A cruel tyrant thirsting for the blood  
Of a poor nation, who beneath my sway  
Lead blameless lives within their quiet homes!  
Gods! for your vengeance to reward such deeds!

*(The king greatly agitated rushes through the open  
door into the garden of the palace.)*

*(Haman with a look of fear and despair trem-  
blingly approaches the queen, as she reclines  
upon a couch, and throwing himself at her feet,  
addresses her in an imploring accent.)*

*Haman.* Mercy! great Queen!

I do implore thee, in the name of Him,  
Thou call'st thy God!

*Esther.* He is a God of justice, wretched man!  
And his commands writ on eternal stone,  
Thou hast defy'd, and dared to violate,  
When thou did'st falsely swear, and rashly seek,  
The guiltless blood of those whom he protects.

*Haman.* Yet hear me, gracious queen!  
Ah, hear me swear—

(*The king suddenly re-enters from the garden, and rushes towards him*)

**Ahasuerus.** Ha! guilty wretch!  
What dost thou there, with thy polluted soul,  
So near the couch of innocence and youth?  
This instant is thy last, if thou hast dar'd  
Say aught—

(*He draws his sword; the queen throws herself before him.*)

**Esther.** Ah, stay thy hand, my lord!  
Stain not the victor's sword, with the foul blood  
Of such a cruel heart! He plead for life!  
All guilty as he is, he did but ask  
For mercy at my hands. Return that blade,  
Bright and unsullied to its golden sheathe,  
To reap a conquest worthier its renown.

**Ahasuerus** (*putting up the weapon*)  
Thou dost say true, my queen,  
'Twould leave a spot upon the shining steel  
Fame never could wash out—mercy, he asks,  
And we will give it him. Such as he deals  
To others, shall be his. Who waits without?

[*Enter chamberlains and attendants.*]  
Slaves, bind this wretch, and lead him forth to death,

**Ærathus.** Great king, within his palace court  
there stands

A gibbet black, and tow'ring high in air,  
Prepar'd by him, for Mordecai the Jew,  
Who on the coming morn, was there to die—  
So he decreed—a felon's shameful death.—  
Is it thy pleasure, on that fatal tree,  
This man receive the doom, he had prepar'd  
For one more virtuous, and more pure in heart  
Than he e'er was—though vain the boast he made?

**Esther.** Oh, God! and was he then so near to death,

A shameful death, and my unconscious heart,  
Ne'er whisper'd of the dark impending deed,  
That would again have left me fatherless—  
Without a parting word, a look of love,  
To soothe my bursting heart!

(*She sinks down upon her cushion in deep emotion, and remains with her face buried in her hands.*)

(*Haman, in the meantime falls at the feet of the king, and addresses him in a tone of earnest entreaty.*)

**Haman.** Hear me but once, great king!  
Then banish me to earth's remotest ends,  
But grant me life and—

**Ahasuerus** (*recoiling with a look of horror.*)  
Nay, touch me not, base and perfidious man!  
I loathe thee from my soul! nor will I list  
Thy smooth and artful words, lest they should wake  
A coward mercy in my soul to save.  
Thy death is seal'd, thy dark career is run.  
And ere in swift Euphrates' rushing wave  
Yon sun has quenched his beams, thou shalt attain  
That highest eminence thy crimes deserve.  
Slaves bear him hence, and on that gibbet black  
Prepar'd for one who shall assume his state,  
See that he meet a traitor's just reward;  
Peace—peace, I say—go breathe thy fierce despair  
To the hoarse winds which sigh around that tree  
Where thou ere long shall hang. My heart is  
steel'd—

At least, for thee it knows no pitying touch,  
I so abhor thy crimes. Bear him away—  
He is so steep'd in guilt, the very air,  
Seems poison'd by his breath.

[*Exit Chamberlains, with the attendants bearing off Haman, who vainly struggles to speak.*]

**Ahasuerus** (*approaching the queen,*)  
Fairer, revive!

The rank offender's gone, never again  
To weave his subtle snares around our peace—

Thy nation I'll protect, and for thy faith,  
I'll love it for thy sake, and reverence Him,  
Who gave me thee, and still preserves thee safe  
To bless my life with thy confiding love.  
Look up my queen—why veilest thou that face,  
In whose unclouded beauty, I would read,  
Approval fair, and soft returning joy,  
O'ercast awhile, but only to beam forth  
More pure, more bright after the passing storm.

**Esther** (*raises her face pale and bathed in tears.*)  
Pardon, my lord,

That in this hour of perfect confidence  
'Twixt thee and me, when I have dar'd to name  
My bondag'd race, scorn'd as it is by all—  
Yet been received into thy noble heart,  
Without reproach, nay, with increase of love—  
Pardon, I say, that in a moment fill'd  
With bliss like this, I still should cast a thought,  
A shudd'ring thought, on dangers pass'd away,  
My tears will flow when of that fatal tree  
I think or speak, whereon at early dawn,  
The form of him, to whom my beating heart  
Owes all a daughter's love, was doom'd to hang  
In agony and shame. Oh God, I thank thee  
That thy strong right arm has crush'd our foe,  
And spared my father's life.

**Ahasuerus.** Is it of Mordecai, thou speak'st, fair queen?

And can it be thou art of kin to him,  
That noble Jew who saved my menac'd life,  
Art, as thy words imply, in holiest ties  
Bound each to each, bearing the sacred names,  
Of father and of child!

**Esther.** We are so bound, my lord,  
If anxious care, and fond parental love,  
And filial duty, and affection deep  
As ever daughter knew, or father felt,  
Can give the right to bear these tender names—  
Nature bestows them not. In infancy  
I was bereft of those who gave me birth,  
And cast upon the care of Mordecai,  
My father's kinsman, and his dearest friend.  
He rear'd me as a child—and never yet  
Has left me feel that sad and aching void  
Which pains the orphan's heart. His patient hand  
Guided my infant steps with gentle care—  
He shared with loving heart my childish joys,  
Sooth'd every grief—and in my riper years,  
I found in him a true and faithful friend,  
A father fond and kind.

**Ahasuerus.** And was it he who sent thee here,  
my queen,

To charm my sight, to pour upon my soul  
A flood of happiness unknown before,  
Pure as thy radiant self, and unalloy'd  
Save by the thought, that death must come to blight  
My perfect bliss.

**Esther.** Yea, he it was,  
Who for a purpose link'd with holy hopes  
Urged my unwilling feet to seek these walls—  
I came obedient to his earnest wish,  
And for the sacrifice it cost me then,  
I am repaid by thy most precious love,  
And by the hope that through my humble means,  
My people may be spar'd.

**Ahasuerus.** Aye, and they shall, all ills I can  
avert—

But for thyself—how can I e'er repay  
A gift so rich. With all my boarded wealth,  
I am too poor, to make return worthy  
The priceless boon—yet I would fain express  
My fervent gratitude as best I may,  
For rescued life, and for thy dearest self,  
A debt how vast, and therefore here endow  
Thy kinsman Mordecai, thy father call'd,  
With all the great estates so late enjoyed



By one, unworthy of our princely love.  
My signet ring shall also grace his hand,  
Token of pow'r derived from me alone,  
And henceforth all shall see he is my friend,  
Honor'd as such, and reverenc'd by all  
Within our realm. But yet I would reserve  
From out that traitor's spoils, one gift for thee.  
I ever lov'd it well—that palace fair,  
Wherein he dwelt—and now, my queen, 'tis thine.  
Thou'lt find it a sweet spot, with its bright courts,  
Its hanging woods, and gardens rich with bloom—  
Peopled with classic forms, where marble breathes,  
And gay with thousand founts, whose glitt'ring  
spray

Falls with a silver sound upon the ear.  
Accept it love, and if there is aught else—

*Esther.* Naught else of wealth, my lord. I am  
o'erburden'd

With thy princely gifts, and while I yield thee  
thanks

For this, for all, I pray thee grant thy leave  
That o'er this new demesne, I may appoint  
My father Mordecai, to hold in trust,  
And there preside, as though he were its lord.

*Ahasuerus.* Do so, my queen—I doubt me not  
he'll prove

A steward faithful to thy every wish.  
And now, fair one, how can I serve thee more,  
Or better testify my fervent sense  
Of all I owe to him thou call'st thy sire,  
And to thyself—the source of all my hopes,  
The sweet bestower of my dearest joys.

*Esther.* Ah, if the emotions of my grateful soul  
Could burning utt'rance find, thou would'st not  
deem

Me cold as now I seem, insensible,  
And thankless for thy love—thy noble love  
Above all jealous thought, that overlooks  
The trivial circumstance of sect and clime,  
And virtue loves, for its pure sake alone.  
For all the favor shown to me, and him,  
Whom as a parent true I must regard,  
I pay thee humblest thanks, sincere and warm—  
Yet one request I still would earnest urge.

*Ahasuerus.* Name it, my queen,  
I can deny thee naught.

*Esther.* Then wilt thou not reverse that stern  
decree

Sent forth against my race? dooming them all  
To the relentless sword of their fell foe.

*Ahasuerus.* Alas, my queen, dost thou not know  
our law,

Fix'd, and immutable, permits no change,  
Though on the sentence hang a thousand lives?  
The edict has gone forth, and even I,  
Though to recall it, I would pledge my crown,  
Am powerless as thyself. Yet not as dogs,  
Thy countrymen shall die. Write thou, my queen,  
Commanding all the Jews throughout our realm  
To rise and arm, nor unresisting stand—  
But with the valor of their ancient race  
Meet the advances of their treach'rous foe.  
Let this command bear on its front impress'd  
Our royal signet, which none dare dispute,  
And all shall yet be well—for through the land  
Pow'rful are Israel's sons, and few will dare  
Push forth to meet them, if prepar'd to strike.  
Therefore be cheer'd, my love, and let us hope  
This threat'ning cloud may pass without a storm,  
And leave our heaven serene.

*Esther.* God grant that hope may prove a pro-  
phesy!

He only is our shield, a present help  
When trouble draweth nigh, a sure defence  
In danger's darkest hour. Trust we in Him,  
Who is Almighty to support and save.

*Ahasuerus.* I place my trust with thine—and  
now farewell,

I must away to summon Mordecai,  
And hold a conference on affairs of state.  
He dreams not yet how thickly honors bud  
Around his head—again, my queen, farewell:  
May joy, and peace, pure as thy innocence,  
Dwell ever in thy breast. [*Exit king.*]

SCENE VII.—*In the palace. Esther, Mordecai.*  
*The latter richly attired, and wearing on his  
finger the signet of the king.*

*Esther.* Triumph, thou say'st, is ours—  
Praise to Jehovah who has led us forth  
From deepest wo—praise for His guardian care,  
Who through all ages still has been our stay,  
Watch'd o'er the people whom His love redeem'd  
And smote their foes with that outstretch'd right  
arm,

Whose glorious pow'r has oft been visible,  
In mighty works done for his chosen tribes.

*Mordecai.* Yea, He has fought for us and slain  
our foes—

Five hundred men within the city's walls  
Who 'gainst us rose, have fall'n beneath our swords,  
Among them lay, gash'd with unnumber'd wounds,  
Proud Haman's sons, and now their bodies hang  
Beside their sire, upon that shameful tree  
Himself prepar'd—but not for such an end.

*Esther.* God's ways are just—his will inscrutable;  
Low let us bow, and ever dedicate,  
To Him alone, this glad victorious day:  
In praise, and prayer, and humble thankfulness,  
Let it be kept. On each revolving year,  
We'll hail its glad return with grateful hearts,  
Tell the dark tale of wicked Haman's guilt,  
And teach our children to adore that God  
Who overthrew our foe.

*Mordecai.* It shall be so, my child!  
In glad memorial we will hold the day,  
And unborn ages, shall its wonders sing.  
But chiefly thou, swell high the song of praise—  
Thou who didst weep, and cling around my neck,  
And earnest pray to turn my purpose firm.  
How my heart yearn'd to grant thy fond desire,  
To clasp thee still as I had ever done,  
Close in my circling arms, and cherish thee  
My tender one, within thy early home,  
Where thou didst shed a daily beauty round,  
That lent perpetual sunshine to my days.  
But fervent faith strength'n'd my falt'ring heart,  
And nerv'd it to fulfil its duty stern.  
Thou thought'st me harsh—thou could'st not read  
my soul,

Saw not its silent agony, its pangs—  
Words may not tell how keen—when forth I thrust  
My cherish'd child to seek a stranger's care.  
I will not speak of all that since has chanc'd,  
God only knows what suffering has been mine—  
Torturing suspense, and the most cruel fears  
That e'er racked human breast. But they are o'er,  
Praise to His mighty name, and thou, dear child,  
Met not the fate my trembling heart foretold.  
For thou hast prov'd, all public as thou wert,  
A rod of power, in God's directing hand.  
Dost thou not marvel at His wisdom high,  
Shown forth in these events, and feel how dim  
Thy mortal vision, to his heavenly ken.  
How weak thy hand, how low thy lofty state,  
Compar'd with his, who rideth on the winds,  
And makes the clouds His ministers of wrath.  
Oh, ever thus o'er Israel has He watch'd  
Since forth from Egypt's soil He led their feet—  
Guided their wand'rings through the wilderness—  
With pitying love forgiving all their sins,  
Till safe their footsteps press'd Canaan's shore.

There still He dwelt with them, and made them great,  
 A mighty people—gave them valiant kings,  
 A holy priesthood, prophets wise and good.  
 And when their sins provok'd His judgments stern,  
 Yet were they chastened by forbearing love—  
 Till black with crime they dar'd despise His laws  
 And set at nought the threat'nings of His wrath—  
 Then fierce His anger burn'd—a holy flame—  
 And to avenge His oft insulted laws,  
 He led them forth, a sad repentant band,  
 Captives and slaves to distant Babylon,  
 Where still they sing, beside its murmuring streams,  
 Their exile strains. Yet He forsakes them not—  
 Though they have deeply sinn'd, His pitying love,  
 His tender promises, sustains their souls—  
 He bares his arm full oft to aid their cause,  
 And ever cheers them with the precious hope

Of that Messiah, whose victorious arm  
 Shall lead them forth to conquest and renown.  
 Praise Him, my daughter, for His glorious works,  
 Burst forth in songs—exalt his mighty name,  
 Who gave us life—who form'd the solid earth,  
 Which trembles at His touch—before whose light,  
 The sun grows dim, and all the heav'nly host  
 Bow down in adoration deep and low.  
 He reigns o'er earth! all creatures hymn His  
 praise,  
 Then let us not be mute—His dear redeem'd,  
 With whom His cov'nant stands forever sure—  
 Whom he protects against the wrath of kings  
 And calls his own anointed. Praise ye Him,  
 With heart, and lip, and life! Praise ye the Lord!  
 He reigns forever, let the earth rejoice!

[Exeunt.]

(End of the fifth and last act.)

Written for the Lady's Book.

## A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

I stood beside a cottage—its old walls  
 Were hidden by thick foliage, Eglantine,  
 Roses and Jess'mine clustered round the door,  
 Whilst a rich vine with thicker drapery hung  
 The upper part; and o'er the mossy roof  
 Wound its young tendrils. In the cottage front  
 A little garden spread its varied stores  
 For culinary use, nor lacked the charm  
 Of lovely flowers, commingling their bright dyes  
 And cheap perfumery—all around displayed  
 Order and neatness above vulgar cares.  
 Leaning upon the gate the owner stood,  
 A man whose silken locks of snowy white,  
 And bending form proclaimed him far in years,  
 Tho' his clear cheek, his slight, trim, form bespoke  
 A sense of life, its duties, and demands,  
 Beyond enfeebled age—most in his eye  
 Was seen this feeling, it looked eagerly  
 As man looks forth for what he fondly loves,  
 Ere the cold winter of the heart arrives  
 To pioneer for Death.—

He looked not long in vain—from the green lane  
 Fronting his dwelling soon emerged a maid,  
 Of rural character and simple garb,  
 Yet elegant. Upon her polished brow  
 Of ivory smoothness, and in her bright eye  
 All things ingenuous, and good, were seen,  
 And never vermied lip nor dimpled chin  
 Spoke of more kindness, and benevolence.  
 Her cheek had once been ruddier, for the glow  
 Of youthful beauty somewhat felt the blight  
 Of long solicitude, yet when she saw  
 The good old man, and read his anxious looks,  
 Never did Beauty's self on Ida's throne  
 Glow with more pure effulgence. On her arm  
 Hung a small basket, in her hand were books,  
 Which disengaged she placed within the palms  
 Of him, the hoary one, who pressed them oft,  
 And bless'd and led her proudly to his cot,  
 As if in him were blended heavenly joy  
 Given by an angel visitant—with that  
 An earthly parent feels.—

There was indeed a strong, a tender tie,  
 But not of blood, that braced these virtuous hearts.  
 The souls of each had one dear interest—he  
 A gallant youth now o'er the Atlantic wave  
 Wooing coy fortune—'tis for him their hearts  
 Mourn, hope and fear, in gentle unison,  
 Feeling disparity of age and sex,  
 Vanish beneath the holy love that warms

The aged grandsire's as the maiden's breast.

When Edmond left his Amy—when the hearts  
 Of both were swollen with sorrow past the power  
 Of words to image—when, his faltering tongue  
 No longer spake, his looks, his waiving hand,  
 Said to her mind, "be kind when I am gone  
 To that beloved old man, my only sire."  
 And well has Amy's tearful promise since  
 Been every day fulfill'd. The hour of eve  
 Still finds her here, whether the summer sun  
 Lights her glad steps, or winter's wind and sleet  
 Rage in her path, and when to Amy came  
 Unlooked for legacy, and friends grew proud,  
 Her constant bosom but more fondly turned,  
 To the loved cottage as its polar star.

Now stolen are these hours from gayer scenes,  
 Yet dearer seems that duty to her heart,  
 And sweet the sadness of that humble home,  
 Nor seldom comes she, but with liberal hand  
 To aid his solace—books she brings, and cates,  
 To tempt the languid appetite of age;  
 She prunes his trees, she plants his spring time  
 flowers,

And begs in turn the thyme and lavender,  
 That he has hoarded for her; or the comb  
 From his sole hive—in the long, wintry nights,  
 She reads to him the word of life, "and draws  
 His soaring soul to that celestial fount,  
 Where his frail being shall be soon absorb'd,  
 And listens with moist eye and thankful heart,  
 To the meek blessing of his quiv'ring lips,  
 That blends her name and Edmond's in one prayer.

But now, the joy is his to give her heart,  
 That pure, that constant heart, the deep delight  
 Such love alone can know. "See Amy, see,  
 I have a letter from my noble boy,  
 Edmond is on the sea—another week  
 May see him in these arms." The sudden joy  
 Half frightens her, and from her cheek recedes  
 The hue of life—but see the traitor blood  
 Now rushes back and with a deeper hue.  
 With clasped hands, and eyes upturn'd, she thanks  
 Him who hath heard her prayer—then sinks her  
 head

Upon the old man's breast, and whispering cries  
 For the first time (such was the modest grace  
 Of that meek bosom) "you are welcome now  
 To call your Amy, daughter."

London, May, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE GLASS FAMILY.

A TRADITIONARY STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—(CONCLUDED.)

## CHAPTER V.

THE traveller who, in the days of our national infancy, chanced to pass along the noble Hudson, a little above the site of our modern Troy, may possibly remember to have seen, standing upon the declivity of the eastern bank, a pretty white cottage. It was a thing of beauty;—embellished with green doors and window-blinds, and surrounded with creeping vines and flowering shrubs. At that period it was enclosed by a tasteful pale fence, and shaded by the spreading branches of fruit-trees, with here and there a sturdy sugar-maple, rising high toward the region of clouds. From the opposite side of the broad stream it looked, at the decline of day, "burnished by the setting sun," like an unpolluted paradise, without one forbidden tree.

This was the home of Hope Glass, and his restored Meander. These abused but faithful cousins, had, in despite of opposition, fraud, and force, been re-united by the reverend patriarch of their native village; and then, leaving behind them their kindred, friends, and the scenes of youth, they rambled to this sequestered spot, and pitched their tent for life.

Here they lived in "rural felicity," and the fruition of the hopes and happiness which their youthful affection had so frequently, and so brightly painted. Their enjoyments, however, were not entirely complete; they now and then felt a few drawbacks; though, in each other, they were perfectly happy. The delicate health of both of them, arising from past injuries, often damped their spirits, and threw a cloud over the future. The wound in Hope's breast, though apparently healed, was never cured, and, at times, it confined him to his room, and prevented needful exercise.

Aside from this, there was an unsatisfied wish, an unsupplied want, felt alike by both; this was a desire for legitimate offspring. They had been blessed with no pledge of their mutual affection; no one to bear their name and likeness to the next generation; and this consideration was a source of increasing regret.

Their care, in family government, had been wholly confined to the training and education of that son, who was the fruit of treachery and force—the living monument of his father's perfidy, and his mother's dishonour. They called him John Jay. The latter part of this cognomen was added in consequence of a singular incident which occurred three days after his birth. A bird of gaudy plumage, common in the higher latitudes of North America, called the *Jay*, or rather the *Blue Jay*, possessed by nature of nothing amiable, shy and stealthy in its habits, cold and cruel in its disposition, and of a crow-like song, found its way into the chamber where the child was sleeping, perched upon the crown of the cradle, rung forth its harsh note, then hopped upon the infant's

breast, and looked it earnestly in the face:—and this the bird repeated three successive days.

This son, descended from the old Glass stock, through a line of marriage connexions which, if not against the established canon, was, to say the least, against good taste and good policy, was now the only heir expectant of all that was left of the Glasses in the new world. As such, he was formally acknowledged, and adopted by the kindly forgiving husband of his father's sacrifice. If the benevolent soul of Hope Glass felt any one desire toward this last sprout of his family, stronger than another, it was a wish to rear him to usefulness and respectability; to make him the restorer of the character and greatness of the former Glasses, and the redeemer of his father's broken faith. This desire was probably prompted, not less by the love he cherished for her who bore him, than by the native goodness of his heart. But his wishes, in this respect, were never realized. Whatever had before appeared wrong in the character of the Glasses, was in this child made wofully worse; what was dark, was made frightfully black; and yet there were some traits that seemed to link him with the better qualities of human nature.

Hope Glass lingered along in his beautiful cottage, vacillating from poor health to a comfortable condition; and from this, to a state of extreme debility, until life ebbed away without a sigh; and he went to his last rest in the quiet of his own garden.

The lovely Meander had seen the cold messenger approaching, week after week, and day after day, and her better judgment admonished her that the hour of separation was at hand; yet she had no power to realize the painful truth. She hoped—she hoped even in death; aye, she hoped until she heard the cold earth fall upon the coffin, and then she shrieked in agony, and fainted in the arms of a by-stander. She was conveyed into her cottage, and finally restored to life; but neither to health nor happiness. No smile was ever after known to play upon her lips, nor the blush of the rose to re-visit her cheek. She mourned as did Rachel of old, and refused to be comforted, because her *HOPE* was not; and in the anguish of her spirit she sighed for the repose of her departed husband.

But her time was not then come; the full measure of her sorrows had not been meted out to her. She had yet to drink in solitude and want, the unmingled cup, down to the very dregs. In her widowhood, she had yet to learn a new lesson of man's treachery to man; and in her own son, to know, by bitter experience,

"How sharper than a serpent's sting it is,  
To bear a graceless child."

The wayward nature of John Jay was pretty firmly restrained within the bounds of decency during the lifetime of his step-father; but soon after this restraint was removed, it broke forth with a force that seemed to defy all control. It raged alike against friend and foe, and, what was strange, with the most heartless cruelty against his afflicted mother. Nor was this the only trouble that beset her. Soon after the decease of her husband, a worthless limb of the law, who had planted himself in that vicinity, cast his eye upon the white cottage, and, regardless of the prohibition, "Thou shalt not covet," resolved to make it his own. Plotting, therefore, for this purpose, with a brother limb of the same disgraced profession, he affected to have found a flaw in the title to the cottage property, and took measures to dispossess the unsuspecting incumbent. This immediately aroused the mock sympathies of his accomplice, who, after much patient research, pronounced the title perfect, and himself competent to defend it against the world.

This shallow device unhappily took effect. The duped widow really fancied she had found a friend who would see her cause righted; and she rewarded his counterfeit kindness with liberality.

While the victim's spare money lasted, the contest for the white cottage was spiritedly waged; and when, for the lack of fresh means, it began to lag, the fair defendant reluctantly parted with her jewels. Then she fought upon promises, and finally vanquished her adversary. But, though victorious, she was ruined. Had she yielded the cottage in the outset, she would have retained the means of living; but her wolf-hearted counsellor, first fleeced her of all her moveable effects, and then took her fast property. The white cottage was sold by the sheriff to the very man who had first questioned its title. The following day the unfeeling wretch took possession of his purchase, and turned the poor widow and her son, like vagrants, into the high-way.

This portion of the unfortunate Meander's history has often reminded me of Professor Siliman's remark, on visiting a slave-ship:—"There comes a time when these things will be told in heaven." The lawyers, however, as a class, are not all justly subject to the general obloquy that has been cast upon the profession. There are a few whose names have reached us from past generations, who were worthy of unqualified respect—men who defended justice, and supported right—and who were deeply imbued with the kindly sympathies of the soul. It has also been publicly proclaimed, that the noon-day lantern of Diogenes is no longer of use; for an honest man, "the noblest work of God," has been found in our own day, and in our own country; and that *that* man is a lawyer!

Oh that this honest lawyer had lived in the days of Meander Glass, that he might have saved her from the pillage of two graceless members of the profession, who dishonoured both the law and their own natures!

The houseless widow, thus driven forth to beg, took shelter in a wretched hovel, where, from the want of proper nourishment, exposure

to the weather, and the increased abuses of her worthless son, she miserably perished, and was gathered to her rest at the expense of the parish.

The ill conditioned and destitute boy, now stood alone in the world. His youthful course, thus far, had awakened the distrust of almost all who knew him; and induced the belief that he was born for some fearful end. For a while he loitered about the shed whence the lifeless body of his mother had been taken; but she was no more there to spread his couch and make his food; and when she came not, he strolled to the neighbours, to subsist upon charity.

The opinion and feelings of all were against him; and he appeared to know it; yet it had no sensible effect to make him better. The boys about the town had gathered some confused notions of his having been the cause of his mother's death; and of this they charged him openly. This charge frequently involved him in quarrels; and to restrain his violence, the magistrates were about to arrest him, and place him under the public authority. John Jay soon discovered the danger, and concluded it would be best for him to change his home.

In pursuance of this conclusion, he betook himself to a vessel, and early one morning was discovered by some of the citizens, seated upon a pile of timber on board a sloop, then under way, and bound down the river to a market.

Some of the by-standers seemed to regret the departure of the lad, and expressed their fears of his utter loss; but others rejoiced that the town was rid of him, and thought it would save the county the expense of a gallows.

John Jay, however, had hopes of which they knew nothing. He had found a letter among his mother's papers, from her friend, Mr. Mathews, who was then a thrifty merchant in one of the lower river towns. This man was none other than the one who, when a deserted orphan, alone, friendless, and famished, was taken from the high-way, fed and clothed by the lovely Meander, in the happy season of her life, and reared to habits of industry and usefulness. When of age, he was furnished with the means of starting in the world, and had subsequently been "prospered in his basket and in his store."

He had heard of the fallen condition of his early friend, and despatched the letter in question, inviting her and her son to his home and protection. But his kindness came too late for her benefit. She was then on her way to a more quiet home; one upon which she soon after entered, to leave no more for ever.

Her son, however, thought he might accept the offer in his mother's behalf; and therefore sought the writer's residence, presented the well-known scroll, and was heartily welcomed by the whole family.

After the lapse of a few days, Mr. Mathews, who was a man of business, and who observed strict order in all he did, spoke to young Glass about his future prospects, and inquired what business he wished to follow for a livelihood. But these were questions for which the giddy youth had no ready answer; they referred to subjects of which he had not once thought. Nothing like business had ever entered his

mind. The whole of life, he supposed, was to be as the past—a careless holiday; and the labour of others was to supply his wants, and pamper his vanity.

Mr. Mathews readily saw the state of his visitor's mind, and concluded to try and make him think. The good man, after some reflection, proposed that the boy should continue in the family, and be regarded as one of its members; that he should attend the village academy for one year, and finish his studies; and that, like his own children, he should have, through the hands of Mrs. Mathews, who was to be regarded as a mother, a monthly stipend for pocket-money; after which he might choose a profession.

On entering the school, the boy's name, appearance, and origin, filled a large space in the gossip of the little assembly, and added something to the village chronicles. He was represented as the son of a great lady, who, in her girlish gambols, had redeemed from want and misery, fed, clothed, taught, and made, the first and best merchant in the country; and he, in turn, was now rewarding her goodness by the care and education of her orphan son.

These reports served to give the new scholar some importance, and to enlist the sympathies of the scholars, teachers, and villagers in his behalf; among all of whom he soon became the favourite.

This, to the mind of John Jay, was a strange reverse of sentiment and feeling, compared with what he had experienced among his former associates. He was at a loss how to account for it; and the mystery seemed to give a new impulse to his mental faculties. He appeared to have caught new emotions, and imbibed a spirit of kindness, which led him to emulate their respectful attentions, and repay their friendly greetings. The watchful eye of Mr. Mathews soon discovered the change, and it gave him courage to persevere. He remembered that he had somewhere read, that "example is better than precept," and concluded to double his diligence, both with regard to his young charge, and his whole family.

When John Jay found he was first in the esteem of his teacher and school-mates, he resolved to be first also in his studies. For this purpose, he roused all his faculties, applied himself with sleepless diligence, and finally won his way to the post of his wishes. This trial of his strength gave him fresh confidence, and though he bore his honours with becoming modesty, he could not withhold an expression of the desire he felt to find new combatants. When opposition, however, appeared to be wholly overcome, the excitement which had preserved action, soon subsided, and his energies dropped below par.

The teacher, who was a man of sense, though of no very extended erudition, saw that his favourite pupil required some new spur; and in rather a careless way observed to him, that there were several interesting studies in which he had once taken great delight, but which, from long neglect, had wholly gone from his memory, that he would like to engage afresh, and fill up his vacant hours, provided he could find some one to accompany him; "for the

sweets of study," he said, "like all other sweets, were but half tasted when tasted alone." Young Glass took the hint, and, after a brief reflection, in which he probably thought it would give him a chance to do some battle, than which nothing pleased him better, consented to enter the list with his teacher, and try his powers in the more difficult branches of study. This engagement gave the young student new life, and brought into action all his capabilities. At the outset the teacher supposed he had a light task; but the pupil bore upon him with constantly increasing force. The teacher, it is true, had other duties to perform, but then he had the advantage of years, and maturity of judgment; and he had also previously passed upon the same studies. But so it was, the colour first left his cheeks; then sleep fled his pillow; and in three months he abandoned the struggle.

As soon as the victory was obtained, young Glass allowed his mind to drop again into indolence: he could rouse his faculties to action only when a victory was to be won, and then he was powerful.

At a period somewhat earlier than this, he expressed a desire to wear a watch; and Mrs. Mathews indulged him with the use of hers. The moment he obtained the trinket he began to examine it; and for many hours he sat looking at its movement, and counting its strokes: nor was he content until he had taken it to pieces, brushed it clean, and then put it together again in perfect order.

This exploit, so very rare, even among those of riper years, seemed to establish his reputation as a genius; and it gave a favourable presage to the mind of Mr. Mathews, of future usefulness.

So highly was it regarded by the family in which he lived, that they all thought it called for special consideration; and, as a reward of merit, Mr. Mathews gave him a watch of curious workmanship and great beauty. But for John Jay, the article had already lost its value. Although he regarded it as a present, yet, as it was stripped of its mystery, it had otherwise very little interest with him.

As the year of study drew toward a close, John Jay, for the first time in his life, had the opportunity of listening to some eloquent speaking at the bar of the village court-house, where several interesting trials took place. The fiery blood which seemed to rage between the opposing counsel, and which appeared to be restrained from bursting into fury only by the presence of the court, gratified his taste, and awakened new emotions. He wished that he too was a lawyer, that he might have the privilege of doing battle when he pleased. This idea took a strong hold upon his feelings, and he often made it a subject of remark among his associates.

From the hall of justice he followed the lawyers to the public house, where he fancied he should see those who had been so fierce in debate, meet each other without the restraint of the judges; when, he supposed, the war would be renewed. But here he was disappointed;—not but that the combatants met, but that they met as old and tried friends, who had never

breathed a counter wish, or felt an opposing interest.

This rather staggered the faith of the young aspirant in the fairness of the profession; and before he had time to consider the whys and wherefores, his attention was attracted by the wonderful legerdemaine of a professed gambler. The juggler's tricks were new to him; yet he fancied he saw the deception practised in each, and thought he could unravel the mystery of them. His own confidence raised a like feeling in the minds of those present, who knew him, and believed him a genius. When, therefore, he challenged the fairness of the gambler's dexterity, these friends promptly backed him, and he very accurately explained many of the deceptions. This naturally much exasperated the man of tricks, who affected to despise his little foe; but young Glass was not to be frightened by the bluster of passion. When the gambler found he had mistaken his man, he proposed cards, and John Jay finally accepted the offer. The youth was no stranger to the game of cards. He had once been fairly infatuated with the love of gaming; but the novelty had worn off; he knew the secret of them, and the delusion vanished. But he played now, because he was challenged to play; and by one too who was professedly able to war with him. He refused, however, to hazard any thing beyond his reputation as a player; though his friends were more venturesome. Fortune seemed to frown upon the old gambler, who soon lost his temper, drank freely, and then refused to play unless his adversary ventured his own money also. As John Jay was not prepared to meet this demand, the play dropped, with the understanding that it should be renewed the following evening.

The appointed hour approached, and young Glass was still without the means of renewing the play. He therefore went to Miss Lucy, the eldest daughter of Mr. Mathews, and requested her to supply his wants from her father's drawer. Lucy was startled at the request, and hesitated. Some writer has said, that the woman who, in a matter of wrong, dares to hesitate, is lost. So it proved with the fair Lucy; she hesitated, and then brought the money. It was for Mr. Glass, the son of a woman who had fed her father when he could not feed himself. It was in truth for the idol of her own little heart, and that was enough. John Jay took the shining treasure as though it had been his own, and turned upon his heel without saying thank you. There was no word, no look of gratitude; nor was there a thought of the sacrifice the fair giver had made to procure it. This marble-like insensibility fell with fearful weight upon the soul of the confiding Lucy. It sent the tide of affectionate feeling that was rushing to her bosom, back to her heart cold and comfortless, and she mentally sought the reason, but she found none; and it troubled her deeply. Poor Lucy had been too hasty. She had given her affections to this general favourite, supposing what was so universally liked, must be good; and therefore had not considered his real character. Nor could she, judging from external appearances, find any cause, in her own heart, to condemn herself. The object of her love

was the very model of manly beauty. He was handsome to a fault; and, as was very natural, he had found it out himself.

Young Glass had just entered his sixteenth summer; tall, erect, finely proportioned, and very muscular. He had nothing of the Indian appearance except his black eyes, and black hair, which descended below his waist, and was rather bushy, though remarkably rich. His features were regular, his forehead high, and finely polished, and his complexion wore rather a brownish tinge.

Had he possessed the moral virtues in the same perfection that nature had bestowed upon him the manly graces—had he only been as amiable as he was beautiful, he would have been an object worthy of the love of any Lucy of the land; but unfortunately he resembled the leopard; for like that animal, he was beautiful, but dangerous. He had the true savage nature;—selfish, cold, cruel; dead to the feelings and fate of others; lost to the sensibilities of humanity, and destitute of all real goodness, or true greatness. And yet he could assume correct principles, hold up honest motives, and put on appearances, which, had they been his own, would have allied him to angels “on his better side.”

This, gentle reader, is but a poor picture of John Jay Glass while “in the green tree;” will it now be difficult to predict the fruit as he advances towards “the dry tree?” With means furnished for gambling at the expense of the purse and fair character of an amiable young lady, John Jay took his course to the public house, where he found the old gambler, and a number of lawyers waiting his arrival. Having made their respective stipulations, the two combatants commenced play, and toward morning, the old sharper was stripped of all his effects. The victor was by no means elated by this success, but remained cool and collected, and perfectly indifferent to the frightful imprecations of the vanquished, and the exultations of those who had shared the harvest of his success.

Early in the morning, he returned to Lucy the pilfered money, which happily relieved her mind of a load which she could not long have sustained.

Up to the period of this event, all interests and intercourse between young Glass and the Mathew's family, and the villagers also, so far as the eye of the world could distinguish, had moved on with unbroken harmony. But now, some views and opinions, heretofore supposed common in the family, began to diverge several degrees; while an under current, which had been in motion for some time, began to struggle toward the surface, loaded with matter taught in no philosophy of those days.

The household of the merchant, in social circle, opened the subject of John Jay's future profession. The mother proposed the business of a watch maker. “This is the profession,” she said, “for which the boy was designed by nature; one in which he might shine and prosper, and one, the success of which, depended upon the misery of no man.” And she further added, that her mother, (Mrs. Hamilton,) had said that if John would learn the business of a

watch maker, she would give him a thousand pounds to establish himself in that calling.

Mr. Mathews, however, wished him to become a merchant; that was the business through which the Glass family in its best days had gathered all their wealth; the business, through which he himself had made his fortune; and the business, he had no doubt, through which this last limb of the Glass race, might soon imitate his forefathers. When John Jay was called upon to name his choice, he said he should prefer to be a lawyer, if he had the means to obtain that profession. In this choice, he was promptly supported by Lucy; whose young affection gave her some claim, as she thought, to be heard in the premises. She very modestly assured her parents that as a watch maker, all the fine talents of Mr. Glass would be hid under a bushel; and, as a merchant, he would never be able to bring his all grasping intellect down to the drudgery of counting the pence, and without it, all merchants were, sooner or later, bankrupts. But the law, she believed never failed; besides, it was the great highway to perferment, and to the developement of the true dignity of human nature.

Lucy in this behalf grew quite eloquent, and her reasoning controlled the counsels of her parents; for it was finally agreed that John Jay should be a lawyer, provided the great Benjamin West could be persuaded to teach him the art of pleading.

This Benjamin West was then the most renowned counsellor of his age, and he was expected in the village during the approaching session of the court, when proposals should be submitted to him.

Court week finally came, and with it not only Mr. West, but the old discomfited gambler, with a still older partner, famous for his slight of hand, and dexterity at deception.

Lucy's partial ear soon caught the intelligence, and she hurried away to young Glass, for the purpose of entreating him to shun the gamblers. But he said the rules of play obliged him to meet the former gambler, if he should be called upon for that purpose; the new one he did not know, nor did he wish to know him. All this did not satisfy Lucy; and with a view to draw the object of her anxiety out of the way of temptation, she proposed a family visit to her grand-mother's, (Mrs. Hamilton's,) who lived in a neighbouring town. John Jay, who had heard something about a thousand pounds, which Mrs. Hamilton had connected with his name, accepted the proposal, and they immediately left the village on horseback. In this ride Lucy unburdened her bosom of all her fears and apprehensions, spoke feelingly of her grand-mother's thousand pounds, and created a thousand of fanciful air-castles as to the future. Where apprehensions were entertained, her wily companion swore constancy, and in the prospect of hymenial felicity he mingled his choicest smiles. But poor Lucy's day-dreams were not all realised. The visions of happiness which danced through her mind, were too bright to be fairly defined, and too earthly to be durable.

The delighted visitors had been but a short  
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period at Mrs. Hamilton's before they were called home to make arrangements with Mr. West, with whom John Jay was to commence immediately to read law. On entering his room, to which he had been followed by the anxious Lucy, young Glass found a challenge to play at cards from each of the gamblers, but he resolved to meet the one only whom he had seen on the former occasion. Soon after matters were settled with the great lawyer, John Jay called on a friend, and they both repaired to the public house, where he met the old and the new gambler. Having agreed upon the terms of play, he singled out his old antagonist, and during the night won all his money. When the winner rose to go home, he missed his favourite watch, and immediately commenced a search. But the landlord was induced to become responsible for it upon condition that there should be no disturbance, and the search was discontinued.

It was day-light when young Glass returned home; and soon after he entered his room one of his school-mates, half out of breath, came running to him, and said, "My sister is ruined, and father is coming with a warrant to take you. He says you shall marry her or die in prison."

The ideas of ruin, a warrant, and a prison, of which the young culprit had heard too much at his former home to be ignorant of their import, roused his fears quite beyond control, for they had been before his mind so often that in this respect he was a mere child. He gathered a few of his moveables, and fled towards the woods with his utmost speed. As he passed out of the village, he saw in the lane before him, the two gamblers in full flight also. They, on seeing themselves pursued, soon separated, and young Glass, who was remarkably swift on the foot, entered the woods just behind the old gambler. When the knave saw he could not escape by flight, he came to a halt, for the purpose of making terms of peace; and when his pursuer came up, he held out the favourite watch, exclaiming, he meant to have returned it honourably. As John Jay placed the watch in his fob the knave saw some of the money which but a few hours before was his own; and he made a bound upon the holder with the intent to repossess it by force. But in this enterprise he had not counted the cost, nor the chances of such fearful attempt. The grapple of young Glass was no lady's hug; his motion was like the dart of the serpent, and his powers like those of a hungry tiger. He instantly clenched his foe by the throat, and plunged his dirk into his heart. He saw the wretch sink to the earth and throw off his last breath, then drawing out the reeking steel, he hurried further into the woods. In a few hours the whole village was out in pursuit of Glass, and the woods swarmed like a bee-hive; but their game was safe; he had gone into a cleft of a high rock, where the fear of a warrant would have driven no one else. His pursuers finally returned to the village, taking with them both the dead and the living gambler, who could give no account of young Glass. Having assembled the citizens to examine the dead, they resolved that the deceased had died by his own

hands, that he was too vile both in body and soul to sleep with the Christian dead, and that he should therefore be buried on the bank of the river, at high water mark, without a turf or a stone to distinguish his resting place. When this was done, they brought forth the living gambler, and, with knotted cords, gave him forty lashes less one, and then drove him out of the county.

It was some days after the flight of young Glass before all the evils that followed in his wake came into light; but they finally appeared, and were of a character too sickening to be described, and too widely spread to induce the belief, that, in those days of primitive simplicity, human nature possessed the whole of Eden's innocence. The mischief, however, fell heaviest where most had been confided, and most was anticipated; this was the family of Mr. Mathews. The confiding Lucy, whose heart had been devoted to the treacherous youth, bitterly deplored her own imprudence and his villainy. Her proud spirit was bowed down; her high hopes were all crushed; and to these were added the weight of disappointment and dishonour. Against all these her fragile form was not fitted to contend, and she paid the forfeit of her misconduct by descending into a premature grave.

While young Glass was in the family of Mr. Mathews, he heard frequent mention made of a Howell family, who lived high up the valley of the Mohawk, and who had once acted as the agent of the Glass family in the purchase and sale of lands, and the collection of funds. This family came to the mind of the young delinquent, as he lay concealed from justice in the cleft of the rocks, and he resolved to shape his course toward them, and claim their aid in the study of the law. Full of this purpose, and anxious to get safely out of the way of the storm which he had raised in the village, he crawled from his hiding place, and passed to the bank of the river. Here, by hoisting his handkerchief upon a pole, and waving it to and fro in the air, he attracted the attention of the skipper of a sloop bound up the stream, who sent his men with a boat and took him on board.

In due time he found the Howard family, gave his name, and was kindly entertained. But instead of finding the old agent employed by his ancestors, he found those who were several generations removed from him, and the elder of these far advanced in life. They had an only son, however, of middle age, who was both doctor and merchant, and very active in these professions. This man had just brought into the family his second wife, a lady, young, artless, and handsome, and of whom her husband was dotingly fond.

When John Jay had stated his wishes with regard to his favourite study, Doctor Howell assured him there was less need of law in a new country than of physic, and the latter was the more useful, honest, and honourable profession. He subsequently pressed a preference for his own calling with so much warmth, and proffered such liberal terms, that young Glass accepted his offer, and was duly installed in the department of medicine.

This study soon engaged all his attention, and opened new prospects before him; for, if it did not, like the law, bring him frequent means of strife and victory, it gave him power over the enjoyments, and even the life of others, which he could exercise at pleasure, and without the fear of detection. And he also thought it brought within his influence the fairer portion of the human family; enabling him to look into their hearts, and examine their secret springs of action. Here was the great charm of the profession; and so long as there were any secrets to be revealed, or any mystery unravelled, he had neither time nor inclination for other pursuits. For more than two years he read with diligence and care; during which he had grasped the whole matter, sifted the mysteries, and was able to teach his teacher. But when the novelty was over the books were abandoned, and his mind began to range abroad for some new objects of interest.

So far the stream of events, with respect to the student and the family, had run smoothly; the young Doctor enjoyed the confidence of the villagers, and the respect of Dr. Howell; but he held a higher place in the esteem of the Doctor's beautiful wife. From the outset she had looked upon the fine form and manly features of John Jay, with a feeling of approbation that contrasted strongly with the emotions awakened by the presence of the man who called her his. All this her telltale eyes daily proclaimed; but the student's ears were deaf; the image of powders, pills, and boxes, filled his eye, and absorbed his mind, which therefore kept the charming admirer in safety; not, however, from right principles, but from prior engagements. But the moment his thoughts were withdrawn from his books, and the excitement of inquiry satiated, he was prepared for any mischief that might offer. Here, then, the under current began to form. He caught the eye of the forbidden fair one, read its language, and felt, or affected to feel, a kindred emotion.

The daily absence of Dr. Howell, on visits to his distant patients, greatly favored the lawless intercourse which ensued, and which finally eventuated in an elopement, accompanied with a robbery of money and jewellery to a very large amount. The guilty pair found their way through by-roads to the city of Albany, where they took private lodgings in an obscure street, under borrowed names, and remained unmolested. But unrestrained indulgence soon pallied the appetite; and the prize so basely stolen, and intemperately used, became a worthless burden. The poor deluded woman saw the charm vanish, and began to upbraid the false-hearted wretch; which, however, brought no relief. The guilty betrayer, fearful of discovery, and offended by hard words, gathered up the pilfered treasure, and wandered forth, to seek new prey; leaving the spoiled beauty to her own fate. But of that fate he was as regardless and thoughtless as of the winds which had blown at the hour of his birth.

In a few days John Jay, under the name of Dr. Jay, established himself in a spacious office in the town of Boston, and offered his services to heal the maladies of the body. Here he was,



a perfect stranger, though in the midst of the family connexions, on the side of the Wendals, and here he fancied he was secure. He had taken lodgings at a private house, and was rising slowly into notice, when one of his fellow-lodgers read from the morning's paper, at the breakfast-table, an advertisement detailing the elopement, describing the parties, and proposing a reward of a thousand dollars for their apprehension and safe keeping in any jail of the country.

Young Glass heard the matter through without an emotion; but he soon after grew uneasy; for he was told by the landlady, that he strongly resembled the man described in the paper. He began to feel as though he was pursued; the thousand dollars rung in his ears; the jail haunted his imagination, and in the face of every stranger he fancied he saw a public officer. All at once he gave up his office, and hurried into the country, where he hoped to hide from suspicion: but, in fact, ran deeper into danger. He found the country full of handbills, with the story of the elopement, and the property stolen; and every man was ready to seize the villain if no reward had been offered; but when the thousand dollars, in large capitals, caught their eye, every stranger became an object of critical examination. The fugitive had but little more than taken a seat in the village tavern before he overheard the conversation of men in an adjoining room; they were carefully contrasting his appearance with the description given in the handbills. Conscious of his own guilt, the Doctor fancied himself already in their hands, and started to make his escape. His enemies were fully satisfied of the identity, and had despatched two of their number, to guard the front door of the tavern, while the residue should rush upon the culprit through an inner door. The two centinels reached the front door just as the Doctor was passing out, and although they both clenched upon him, he hurled them to the ground, and ran off in full speed toward the woods. In a few minutes he was pursued by some dozens, who fully expected to secure him without trouble. But they were disappointed. The Doctor had too much the start, and was altogether too nimble to be overtaken in a foot-race. Having fairly entered the woods, he shaped his course toward the city, and took lodgings quite remote from the region of his former home. Here, under pretence of indisposition, he confined himself to his room, and ventured out only in the dark, and then in disguise.

After passing a few days in this way, full of apprehension, he found a vessel bound to Philadelphia, in which he took passage, and left his lodgings in a mask, just as the police officers were entering for the purpose of arresting him. Two minutes was all that saved him from the grasp of injured justice, and from retracing his steps to the valley of the Mohawk, to answer for the broken peace of an innocent family.

The voyage to the city of brotherly love was brief and prosperous. The Doctor, fairly on board, breathed freely; for he then felt himself safe from pursuit, handbills, warrants, arrests, and jails. He therefore walked from the dock

to the city with more freedom than he had experienced before for some time; and, although a perfect stranger, and loaded with crime, he felt comparatively happy. At the entrance of a small alley, toward the southern confines of the city, he took an office, and upon a piece of tin, hung out his name in full, except the Glassy part, which was wholly lopped off. But Dr. John Jay, inasmuch as he had no references, and no letters, and was bound by prudence to keep himself in the dark, enjoyed but a very limited practice. He, however, held himself aloof, both from the faculty and the citizens, and betook himself to the study of surgery, with the design of becoming a master of the profession. In this he had a two-fold purpose; one was to keep both his body and mind from falling into utter indolence; and the other was to gratify a taste for that study, which he had imbibed as he partially touched upon it while reading medicine. At the outset, however, he met with a difficulty which he had not anticipated; he found he had no control of his mind, that his indulgences and apprehensions had, in a great measure, unstrung it, and that he could bend it to a given object but for a few moments at a time. But this unlooked-for obstacle, although it puzzled his comprehension, virtually secured his object; for it was his pride to overcome opposition; and, therefore, the more his feelings rebelled, the more severely he tasked them; and he finally succeeded.

John Jay actually possessed a mind of powerful capacities, and critical discrimination; it seemed to relish abstractions, and delight to grapple with deep and intricate matters. His reasoning powers were also of the first order, and his deductions pertinent and forcible. The curiously hinged and jointed frame of the human body was a mystery to him; and he pored over it with unwearied patience, so long as there was one dark or doubtful spot in the whole subject. Had his mind been as good as it was strong; had it been embued with a proper sense of moral rectitude, and fortified by right principles, this severe labor would have been amply rewarded by the good it would have enabled him to perform, and the high ground it would give him with the profession. But as it was, his knowledge merely served to ripen him for greater crimes. His skill in surgery, however, did bring him into notice; and he finally succeeded in connecting himself in practice with one of the first physicians of the city. This was a station far above his most flattering expectation, and one in which he might have risen to the highest eminence, if such had been his wish; but this was not his destination.

If it were true, that an irresistible fatality attends some men through life, and shapes their actions to disastrous results, then it might well be supposed that this "Blue Jay" hearted Doctor was doomed to the unmitigated influence of such fatality; for all his fair prospects seemed to terminate in ruin. But the evil lay in the want of a good heart; a sense of moral right; a just feeling for the happiness of others, and a proper control over his own wayward passions. Though no man could be more fascinating in his address, or bland in his language; no one, at the same time, could be more heartless and

cruel; while he remained an utter stranger to remorse.

Of all the evils that mar the peace of man, and blot the page of social intercourse, and which, withal, entail the most withering misery, there are few that will compare with those that follow in the train of the professed seducer of female innocence. Such a wretch is not a man, but a monster; a being cursed with the heart of a tiger, the cruelty of a savage, and the appetite of a brute. Why else is he the object of universal distrust and abhorrence? Why else is he looked upon as an outcast from life's civilities, and deemed a foe to his own species? If, in the terrible day of righteous retribution, there is one vial of holy wrath charged with swifter vengeance than another, let it be poured, unmingled, upon the head of that wretch who coolly plans the ruin of woman's happiness. And be it remembered that a just Providence ever has followed, and ever will follow, with a frown of implacable displeasure, the base despoiler of confiding innocence, turning his pleasure into pain, and all his sweets to wormwood.

While Dr. Glass remained in obscurity, in the narrow lane of his adopted city, he led a life of sobriety; he held himself aloof from those vices with which his mind had been formerly tinctured; and which, in a populous town, too frequently draw young men astray; but soon after his acquaintance became a little extended, and his name began to be mentioned with approbation in the circles of beauty and fashion, he planned a course of sinful indulgences which could hardly fail to work his final ruin.

It was at this period that the fatal undercurrent, as usual, began to form; yet, to the unpractised eye, the whole scene wore the appearance of "a summer sea," ruffled only by the healthful breeze. The facilities which an unsuspected villain readily finds in a large city, to hide his dark deeds, and cover up his iniquity, enabled this remorseless seducer, aided by the sanctity of his profession, to control the course of the troubled stream; and he really supposed he should be able to keep it always out of sight. This, probably, he might have accomplished, for some time at least, had not his headlong imprudence carried him upon forbidden ground, where all his cherished security was finally blown to the winds. He was not satisfied with what he gathered by violating his professional obligations, and betraying the innocence entrusted to his medical care; but he sought out the beautiful and beloved, the chaste and cherished of the city. The fortress that was purchased by a bribe, or that surrendered without a struggle, was quite below his taste. Obstacles were the fuel that fed his passions; and an indignant repulse, or pointed rebuke, only fanned it into a flame. His victories, therefore, were not the work of a day, nor a week, but the fruits of regular sieges; and these he conducted with the certainty of success, and the subtlety of the traitor's kiss. The lovely daughter of his unsuspecting partner, accomplished, amiable, and confiding, listened to his wily blandishments, accepted his heartless protestations, and was lost. When her youthful

brother, a graduate, fresh from the honors of a college, called upon him to atone for broken faith and injured innocence, the cold-hearted wretch met him upon the bank of the river, and deliberately took his life.

Immediately after the death of the unfortunate brother, the graceless doctor deemed it unsafe to venture into the city, and therefore hid himself in a pile of fallen buildings, with the expectation that the storm would soon blow over. In a few hours, however, he found his mistake; for he discovered a powerful police in pursuit of him, and he concluded his only safety lay in immediate flight. When, therefore, he supposed his path was clear, he rushed forth, and was first seen by his pursuers in the act of climbing a stile that led into a large and broken field. To that point the police soon gathered, but the doctor was not there. Some fishermen, however, had seen him pass to a floating bridge that lay across the Schuylkill; and thither the pursuers rushed; but he had not passed the toll-gate on the opposite side of the stream. The general opinion among the police was, that he had thrown himself into the river, and sought a voluntary death rather than encounter the frown of an outraged community. This belief was soon confirmed by the report of two men, who, from the upper bank on the opposite side, had seen him plunge into the water and go down as though he meant to stay there.

True enough, Doctor John Jay had indeed thrown himself into the river; but he came up under the bridge, and, upon one side of it, by means of the inequalities of the timbers, he found a place where he could breathe, and there he lay until the police had returned to the city. When he imagined the coast was clear, he came out of his hiding place, swam to the shore in order to avoid the gate, quietly climbed the bank, and betook himself to the woods. This movement was under the eye of the two men who had seen him enter the water, who, having learned the price put upon his head, instantly followed him, sure of the promised bounty. Doctor Glass moved forward leisurely; for his clothes were wet and heavy, and his protracted stay in the water had sensibly relaxed his whole system. But when he found himself pursued, and had counted the strength of his enemy, he quickened his pace, and made a show of escape. This started his pursuers into full speed, and as one of them outran the other, they were soon separated, which was the object sought by the doctor, when he affected to run. As the foremost of the pursuers came up, quite out of breath with the fatigue of running, the Doctor, cool and collected, turned upon him, and buried a short dagger which he always carried, in his bosom. As soon as the other pursuer saw the fate of his companion, he came to a halt, and then turned and ran with the hope of avoiding a like fate. But the Doctor, who wished to leave no tattlers behind him, immediately followed, overtook him, and stabbed him through the back. He then pursued his course through the woods, and rambled off towards the south, proposing to out-travel the reports which he supposed would soon follow him. The two men who had thus fallen in the woods, were found by mere accident, and near them,

the Doctor's gloves, bearing his name in full. This discovery induced the belief that the Doctor was still living, and the indignant citizens made common cause, offered large rewards, and sent agents with hand-bills into all parts of the country. One of these messengers actually came to the very house where the culprit quartered; but he was then "Dr. Glass, from the Bay State, and no one suspected him. But the hand-bills were daily before his eyes, describing him minutely, under the name of Doctor John Jay, and he lived in constant fear of detection. To dissipate this fear, and be at ease, he found he must either flee his country, or hide himself in the woods. After several resolves, and re-resolves, he finally chose the latter. On leaving the inhabited parts, he fortunately fell upon the track of the famous Daniel Boone, and entered after him into the fertile valleys of old Kentucky.

There, in the dense and dreary wilderness, surrounded by objects as dark and desolate as his own soul, this foe to virtue, to social life, and to his own species, hid himself from the demands of violated justice. This new situation, however, well comported with his character and genius; it was like entering into a new element, and promptly drew out those resources, both of body and mind, which, in refined society, would have always lain dormant. In his daily efforts to preserve life against the inroads of cold and hunger, the jaws of wild beasts, and the tomahawk of the savage, he exhibited talent, courage, and sagacity, which would have done honour to men of no stinted military fame. This portion of his life, was by far the most toilsome and dangerous, and at the same time, the most innocent of his existence; for though, like Selkirk, he was "out of humanity's reach," so he was also out of the reach of abusing humanity, and disgracing his nature. At the end of three years, he went into a thrifty settlement of eastern Jerseymen, who had planted themselves in the heart of the country, and who, for greater safety, retained in their precincts a number of the friendly Indians. In this settlement, Doctor Glass acted in the important posts of physician general, and general of the forces held in readiness to repel the assaults of the common foe. The duties incident to these trusts, engaged his best faculties, and appear to have had a powerful influence upon his whole character. He was public spirited, active, and often benevolent; and really appeared as though he had resolved to atone for some of his past mischief. Early in this change of the course which had marked his former life, he contracted an honourable and highly favourable connexion with a young lady of good family, and of grave though gentle deportment, whom he regarded with respect, and treated with affection; and with whom he reared a family of truly amiable sons and daughters. But unfortunately for them, and for the subsequent peace of the whole community, he was engaged at the same time in a lawless intercourse with a woman of Indian extract, who claimed to be the offspring of a noted Indian warrior. She was of a light copper complexion, but of surpassingly beautiful form and comeliness of features, with great agility of action and

intrepidity of mind; and to these she added the true Indian disposition of treachery and cunning. By this woman he had three sons, who were of a dingy white, but of the mother's mould and daring, with wonderful physical powers and cool intrepidity.

Between these and the children of the white woman, there existed the most inveterate enmity, which, if not fanned into action by the two mothers, was manifestly felt by them, and frequently expressed without reserve. The father, however, exerted his authority, and generally controlled their outbursts, but he was altogether unable to root out the seeds of contention and strife which were planted in the bosoms of the mixed blood. In process of time, the young chief, who had early been affianced to the Doctor's yellow companion, returned from long captivity in the distant west, and found the cherished mistress of his youth in the house of the white man. Here his cup of promised felicity was dashed to the earth, and he silently swore to take ample vengeance. This vow was but too literally fulfilled. Having gathered a few friends, he went to the hut of his faithless fair one, and bitterly upbraided her for the perfidy of which she had been guilty; pointing, contemptuously, to her sons of doubtful blood, and bidding her be happy with them. When he had thus unburdened his bosom in the most withering invective, he turned aside and lay in ambush to await the coming of the unsuspecting Doctor. Here, with his friends, he held his post, fasting, 'for some days, and when, at last, the Doctor appeared, they rushed from their concealment, and made him their prisoner. In vain he exerted his authority, lavished his supplication, pledged thousands for his ransom, or strove to break his bonds. He had for the last time opened his eyes upon the thriving settlement, and looked upon his faithful wife and children. Having stripped him of his apparel, and bound his hands behind him, they urged him forward with goads and stripes, far into the thick woods, filled his flesh with pitch pine splinters, set them on fire, and left him to die unpitied and alone, in the most excruciating and lingering torture. This was the end of John Jay Glass: an end as tragic and cruel as were the treachery and deceit of his own life. Who will say that this end was not richly merited? Could all the suffering that he, individually, might, by any possibility be made to endure, balance the amount of wretchedness which he had needlessly inflicted on others? Suppose that in his protracted torture, he fairly cancelled the amount of guilt that lay against him, and died even with the world, of what profit was his life? It had been alike better for himself and the human family if he had never been born. Oh, how happy it would be for the human race, if this remark could apply to none other than John Jay Glass!

The Doctor disappeared from the settlement, no one knew when or how. His horse was found in the woods near the cabin of the yellow woman, and suspicions were entertained that she had caused his death. This indeed was, in a measure, true, though it was unknown to her. After a lapse of some months, when all hopes of his return were given up, his estate, which was

very large, and consisted mostly in choice lands, was settled according to legal forms, upon his lawful wife and children; leaving the yellow woman and her sons without any provision. This raised at once a war of extermination against the white family, and they would have probably been cut off piece-meal, had not the civil authority taken them under its protection, and bound over their enemy to keep the peace. This intermeddling of legal authority greatly affronted the belligerent family, who soon after left the country. In selecting a new home, they passed into the regions of the famous Yazoo territory, where they found a remnant of their own tribe, with whom they were allowed to reside. The three sons seemed to form a distinct race in this new region, not only in colour, but pursuits. Like the son of Hagar, their hands were against every man, and every man's hands were against them. They took wives of a mixed blood, and became numerous and powerful. They were notorious for the commission of every crime and outrage known to the law, and with surprising address and perseverance they contrived to keep the whole of the south-west in continual fear and agitation for many succeeding years. Some of their more recent murders and robberies are pretty fairly narrated by Mr. Stewart, in his account of the plotted negro insurrection.

The descendants of the other and better branch of this family, migrated further to the west, and nobly sustained their part, in the day of their strength, in driving out the natives, felling the forest trees, breaking up the glebe, and populating the vast valley of the Mississippi and its tributary streams.

Among these descendants were men of probity and worth; men of talents and usefulness; and some of them ranked high in the literary world. The late Francis Glass, of Ohio, the third of the name of Francis, and the thirteenth in the direct line from the major, of Marblehead, an able and successful teacher of the youth of the west, has lately linked the name of Glass with the literature of the country and the memory of its venerated father, in a form that will hand his labours down to distant posterity. He has given to the world the "*LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON*" in the pure *Latin language*, and it is now a text book in the schools of the whole Union.

What a world of images rush upon the mind at the bare mention of this rare production! How intuitively the fancy marshals the youth of coming generations along the seats of schools and halls of science, and beholds them, lingering with fixed delight, upon the pages of this work, and contemplating, with emotions of veneration and love, the wonderful character, rich in incident, and rife with instruction, of the first mere man that ever lived!

But the Glasses, springing legitimately from the first American stock, are fast dropping from the face of the earth. Only a few months since, an entire household of them, living in the vicinity of Saginaw Bay, were swept at a single blow from the light of day to the darkness of death by the hatchet of the cold hearted natives. If the chronicles of the times are true, the name is now confined to a single family

planted far in the wilderness of the distant west, and hourly liable to perish by the tomahawk and scalping knife.

TATLER.

New York, July 15, 1838.

For the Lady's Book.

[Written beneath the "Old Oak Tree," whilst looking upon the "*Merrimac*" for the first time after an absence of years.]

BY J. ELLIOTT KNIGHT.

"All things pertaining to that time and place,  
Came back,  
And thrust themselves between him and the light."—Byron.

HAIL placid stream! still dost thy limpid wave  
Flow gently onward to the deep blue sea,  
Still these same banks and meadows dost thou lave  
As thou wast wont in days gone far from me!  
Years! years have vanished since thy tide to brave  
I launched my skiff in childhood's noisy glee,  
And shook the folds from out its tiny sails  
To woo the kisses of thy gentle gales.

Years, years have vanished, and whilst now I gaze  
On thy bright surface mirror'd 'neath me here,  
Thoughts it reflects of boyhood's joyous days,  
And all the scenes which mem'ry holds so dear.  
Ah! thoughts of those who trod the rugged ways  
Along thy banks with me devoid of fear,  
None now are with me, all are in their graves,  
Save one in silence sleeping 'neath thy waves!

With him, who seem'd a second self to be,  
Only of gentler mood and frailer form,  
How oft from 'neath this oak I've gazed on thee  
Sleeping so still! and when the coming storm  
Tipt thy light waves with foam, how oft have we  
Skipping like startled fawns thy sides along,  
With our shrill voices mocked thy mimic  
roar,  
And chased thy waves as they sunk from the  
shore.

But now I stand alone! and once again  
Beholding thee e'en as in days of yore,  
Still flowing on the same as thou didst then,  
I feel time's changes wrought in me the more!  
And memory peopling every height and glen  
With those who ran with me these loved haunts  
o'er,  
I yearn to follow them, nor linger here  
By cankering cares consuming year by year.

Adieu fair stream! still roll thy limpid wave  
So gently onward to the deep blue sea,  
Still with thy tide these banks and meadows lave  
As thou wast wont in days gone far from me;  
Adieu fair stream! I would that when the grave  
Dost ask my form, beneath this "Old Oak Tree"  
It may be laid, that thy soft murmuring tide  
May ever sound a requiem by my side.

Newburyport, Mass.

In all societies it is advisable to associate if possible with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but, because if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a box ticket takes us through the house.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE FOLLOWING REMARKS WERE ELICITED BY A PERUSAL OF A WORK RECENTLY PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK, BY THE AUTHOR OF PETER FARLEY TALES, ENTITLED

### "FIRESIDE EDUCATION."

ONE of the best features in this book, is the recognition of the great truth, that man was designed by his Creator to be the subject of education. This truth, however, has not been received as clearly as it ought to be, much less has it been carried out by writers on education, in the development of those higher relations of humanity, which it should be the object of all philosophy to discover.

The importance of public instruction is beginning to be felt throughout the civilized world, and it is remarkable that an arbitrary government should have set the first example in its general diffusion. The motives of the Prussian sovereignty in disseminating knowledge among the people, have, we conceive, been misapprehended. Even our author imputes a bad one. But the truth is, it has been given to man to perceive that there can be no stability among human institutions, unless the affections are educated, as well as the intellect; that the *will*, as well as the understanding, should be directed, and that we must learn to *love* goodness, before we can possibly practise it. The Prussian government has felt the influence of this truth, and its end in educating the people, is to impart to them a love of order, an affection for the institutions of their country, and a power, through enlightened intelligence, of understanding and pursuing truth. If by this far-reaching policy, the king designs to perpetuate the existing *form* of government, he at the same time encourages democratic feelings, by taking the only effective mode of inspiring them. If his policy be arrayed against the spirit of licentiousness, it is in favour of liberty; since there can be no true liberty, without order and the renunciation of those evils which are congenial with the uneducated will, and which marshal themselves in opposition to human progress.

Great truths, before they are permitted to blaze up in their effulgence, lie in shadow with the spiritual man, and are seen with the indistinctness of objects veiled in the mists of morning;—they lie, too, in shadow, simultaneously with many persons far removed from each other, and are watched with the selfishness of genius, as revelations of superior mind. Man is nevertheless but the *medium* of their communication, and the cloud that envelopes them, is nothing more than his own evil appropriation. In proportion as he puts away selfishness and attributes truth to its fountain, will be the clearness of his vision in the discernment of its beauty. Well has it been said, that to be proud of the truth is to cease to possess it.

Much has been written in Europe and in America, about Progress;—it is a part of the fashionable politics of the day. One of our ablest periodicals is devoted to it; another of them advocates it with great diligence; while both identify it with the democratic principle, combining therewith, as an essential element,

a comprehensive philanthropy. This is as far as the idea of progress has been carried; but it has not filled the public mind; it has not carried conviction to the understanding of the more philosophical and well-affected among men; and the reason is, it does not satisfy the wants of our nature. Man is designed to be educated—to progress; but before we can comprehend the nature of his progression, it is necessary to understand the order of his development. To this end, it has been given to know, that his constitution is threefold—sensual, rational, and spiritual, which are opened in consecutive degrees; that the mind consists of the understanding and the will; that, of the former, truth is predicable, and of the latter, goodness; that there is no perfect truth without goodness; and no perfect goodness without truth; but as the understanding and the will make one, so truth and goodness are united. When man was created, he was made male and female, and the declaration that they were *one*, was according to the divine order discernible in what has been already stated. Of the male, is predicable understanding and truth; of the female, affection and goodness. The province of each is infinite, but they are alike inoperative, without their spiritual marriage.

As goodness and truth may be manifest in created beings, which are only recipients of them, it will be conceded that their Creator must possess them in perfection. Accordingly we are told that he is goodness itself and truth itself, which with him are united and inseparable; and since goodness and truth could not co-exist with the evil and the false, the evil and the false could not proceed from their opposites. But man is evil and false, though he may be the recipient of goodness and truth. We know, by divine authority, that man fell from a state of innocence to a state of evil, in consequence of his eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, which has been revealed to man, that man came into evil by aspiring to knowledge from self and the world. The will was led astray, the understanding accompanied, and man fell. The state of innocence, from which man voluntarily strayed, was one in which, attributing all truth and goodness to their fountain, and looking to that alone in the forgetfulness of self, a perception of them was constantly felt; for as there was no selfishness, there was no evil, and goodness and truth flowed constantly into man, who had no need of further instruction.

From what has been said, it should appear, that progress ought to be regarded with reference to an approximation to that state in which man was originally created; that is, with reference to his regeneration. If then we regard man, the subject of regeneration, as possessing sensual, rational, and spiritual degrees, which are opened successively from infancy upward, through life, admitting selfishness to be the

source of all evil, it will follow that progress is itself regeneration, depending mainly on education.

In pursuing this subject, it will be found, that the grand object to be gained is the correction of the selfish principle, by giving the proper inclination to the will. There is no other obstacle to progress, and education can alone remove it. Infants and children are all in the sensual degree, and the only good they discover, is from imitation or restraint. It is generally a long time before the rational degree is opened, and then, in proportion as they put away evil and love goodness for itself, and not for any reward it brings, and look to the fountain of all good for aid, the spiritual degree is opened and their regeneration is effected. Philanthropists, who look for any other progress, deceive themselves. Revelation has accomplished every thing that has yet been done for man, and what remains undone, it will ultimately finish.

It was said, that of the male, understanding and truth are predicable, and of the female, goodness and affection. To the female, therefore, the early education of children should be intrusted, that, as they are yet in the sensual degree, their affections may be chastened and directed. Every thing depends on this primary step. If the will of a child is indomitable, the understanding must be more or less insane, and it is an angelic trust reposed in woman, to watch its growth and impart to it its proper tendency. There is no greater error nor more ruinous, than that which confounds the duties and obligations of the sexes. Divine order has made woman to be the affection of man, man to be the intelligence of woman; and as warmth and light, proceeding from the sun in heaven, they are united and indivisible for use. Nature itself seems to indicate that the mother should be the first instructress of the child, and her undivided care ought to be directed to the subduing of the infant will, and in leading the child to look above for the only source of life, truth, and goodness.

The necessity of early education at home, will therefore be admitted by all, as well as the importance of rightly understanding the kind of education required. We are glad to see books multiplying on this subject, and efforts making to scatter, far and wide, all the knowledge in our possession relative thereto! The result cannot fail to be advantageous, if in the effort to do good, we do not, at heart, attribute the good to ourselves, and thus profane the truth. "Fireside Education," though it does not prescribe exactly such a course of domestic instruction, as we should like to see marked out, contains little contrary to such a course, and is, in reality, one of the best books which has yet fallen under our notice. The design of the author may be seen in the following extract from the preface:

"The theory which I present to the reader in the following pages is briefly this: man comes into existence marked by his Creator as the subject of a peculiar design, which is, that he shall reach the perfection of his being through education. This point I illustrate by comparisons, showing that while all the animal

racers are incapable of being benefitted by instruction, and obtain their perfection without it, man can only receive the full development of his physical, intellectual, and moral faculties through a process of teaching and training.

"While man thus stands in contrast to every other living thing as the subject of education, it is to be remarked as a part of the same great scheme of Providence, that the controlling lessons of life, those which last the longest, those which result in fixed habits and permanent tastes, and usually determine the character for good or ill, are given in early life; that they are given at the fireside seminary; and that here the parent, as well by the ordinance of God as the institutions of society, is the teacher. The responsibility of the parent is inferred from these premises. If they are founded in truth, it would seem that every reflecting father and mother, must feel, that after a provision for the comforts of life, education, in its true and full sense—the developing and perfecting the various physical, moral, and intellectual faculties of their children—is the first and strongest duty; and that to sacrifice this or any part of this, for the purpose of acquiring wealth or station, or honour, or any other worldly interest, whether designed for parent or child, is but a surrender to an inferior good, and a lesser obligation, of the greatest benefit and the highest trust. The Great Lawgiver has no where said to parents, bestow wealth, honour, or power on your children; but he has said to them, by the very constitution of human nature, educate your children wisely, if you would train them up to fulfil their duty and their destiny—if you would ensure their escape from misery or promote their chance of happiness. It is for parents to decide whether they will follow the plan of One who sees the end from the beginning, or be seduced into dangerous and fatal error—dangerous and fatal as well to their own peace as to that of their children—by the suggestions of worldly vanity, or current prejudice."

Having marked out his plan, the author proceeds to consider man in relation to his physical nature, his intellectual and moral faculties, and his distinction from all other living things as the subject of education. This being established, among others, he draws the following inferences:

"Education, then, is the lever, and the only lever, that can lift mankind from the native mire of ignorance. That lever is put into our hands, and how shall we use it? We live in a civilized community. Every individual among us can understand the value of that culture which raises a man from the savage to the civilized state. Is it not the duty of every parent to use his utmost efforts to carry the benefits of this culture to each member of society? I speak not now exclusively to the parent. To him I shall hereafter address myself with a particular and earnest desire to win his ear. But I speak to the community at large. Is there a member of society who can look on the rising generation, and say that he has no interest in this matter? If so, then is he self-exiled from his race, cut off from all sympathy with his kindred and his kind. That man who is thus

cold and thus indifferent must be wrapped in the gloom of miserable ignorance, or encased in the triple mail of selfishness. Like ice in a refrigerator, surrounded by a non-conducting layer of charcoal, to shut out the chance of being influenced by the breath of summer, he is bound in the chill security of that philosophy which lays down its code of life in a single dogma—"TAKE CARE OF NO. 1."

Our author regards the first seventeen years of life as the most important, because during this time, a foundation is laid for the future character. This is, to a certain extent, true; but it is not the whole truth. Every man, from infancy to eternity, is in states of ceaseless change. The changes in external nature, were they all perceived, would present suitable correspondences. The changes in the bud are not the changes in the blossom, and still less in the fruit: neither are the changes in the sensual, those in the rational or spiritual. It is wrong to judge of character from any phase which it presents, or to be discouraged on the appearance of evil. It is wrong, likewise, to be flattered by the appearance of goodness, and to calculate on the progress it seems to indicate. Such aberrations of judgment are fraught with inconceivable mischief. Human character is ever onward for evil or for good, and its individuality is not formed, till the spiritual is separated from the natural. Every one is full of evil and evil is his earliest delight. By the rational operation, he discriminates between evil and good, but he prefers the evil, because it is a present means of sensual enjoyment. So long as the will is unregenerated, there is no chance for the reception of goodness, though there be no overt act of disobedience. There is even danger in this state, inasmuch as it is difficult to understand one's own heart, and because of our proneness to self-gratulation. It is better for a child to show his evils than to conceal them, for then they may be seen and put away. Though we store the young mind with all the moral precepts in the world, they will avail little, if the spirit of selfishness is left to contend with them. The combat is too unequal, when the ardour is all on one side.

The moral precepts in this book are generally better than have been used in educating children. We take the following from the title "Self-government."

"If parents would not trust a child upon the back of a wild horse, without bit or bridle, let them not permit him to go forth into the world unskilled in self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle and patient means, to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity. If he is sulky, charm him out of it, by encouraging frank good humour. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make his obedience reluctant, subdue him either by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins. Let them feel that they can overcome temptation. Let them acquire from experience that confidence in themselves which gives security to the practised horseman, even on the back of a high-strung

steed, and they will triumph over the difficulties and dangers which beset them in the path of life."

We cannot subscribe, however, to the doctrine of self-confidence, here inculcated. A child ought to be taught to distrust himself in the trials that await him. No one has power, of himself, to resist evils; but if he is heartily disposed to do so, and looks habitually to heaven for assistance, he will be sustained in the endeavour. It cannot be too strongly enforced, that each and every vagary of passion arises from *self love*, and that this must be subdued as the basis of all education. It is impossible to root out one evil without giving place to another, if it is not destroyed with reference to selfishness. Take, for instance, a grudging, avaricious propensity. This may be displaced by appealing to pride or vanity, and the grown up child may become generous, and in the ordinary acceptance of the term, charitable; but he will never do an act of apparent beneficence, without a feeling of self-satisfaction.

The subject of education is so inexhaustible, and the book before us is so worthy of notice, that we have already been led on much farther than we anticipated. It would afford pleasure and profit, were we to furnish more copious extracts from its pages. They contain many excellent lessons, and supply abundant material for reflection. We do not doubt that the work will be popular; it cannot fail to be of service.

RUFUS DAWES.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### HOPE.

HOPE is a *star*, whose brilliant ray  
Pierces the darkest night;  
Chases the hovering clouds away,  
That round the vexed horizon lay,  
And sheds a soft'ning light.

Hope is a *gem*, whose surface bright  
Gives forth a cheering sheen;  
Attracts each wand'ring ray of light,  
Then sends it sparkling to the sight,  
To gild the passing scene.

Hope is a *dream*, whose vision true,  
Precludes a rising fear;  
Catches new joys in distant view,  
Whispers "I'll bring them home for you,  
To bless some coming year."

Hope is a *faith*, whose heavenly power  
Bids all our sorrows cease;  
Scatters the storms when tempests lower,  
Dispels the gloom of death's dark hour,  
And says "in heaven there's peace."

Then what is *hope*? Nay, what is *life*,  
Without its cheering ray?  
'Tis but a shade of bitter strife;  
'Tis but a dream with sorrows rife;  
A misty, cloud-like day.

But what is *life* when joined with hope,  
This boon to mortals given?  
'Tis a vast space for reason's scope;  
'Tis a wide field, whose prospects ope  
A bright'ning view of heaven.

L. A. W.

Columbia, Mo.



# KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN,

AN IRISH BALLAD, SUNG WITH RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE, BY MR. DEMPSTER AND MR. HORN.

COMPOSED BY F. N. CROUCH.

*Presented by J. G. Osbourn, for the Lady's Book.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a melody line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music includes various dynamics such as *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *Espressivo e legato*. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

*mf* Kath - leen Mavour - neen! the grey dawn is breaking, The  
horn of the Hunter is heard on the hill, The lark from her  
light wing the bright dew is sha - king Kathleen Mavourneen! what  
slum - b'ring still. Oh  
*mf* hast thou for - gotten how soon we must sever? Oh hast thou for -  
*Espressivo e legato.*



gotten this day we must part, It may be for years, and it

*Colla voce.*

may be for ever, Oh why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my

*cres.*

heart, It may be for years and it may be for ever Then

why art thou si - lent Kathleen Ma - your - neen.

## II.

Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers,  
 The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light,  
 Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers,  
 Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night,  
 Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.  
 Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,  
 To think that from Erin and thee I must part,  
 It may be for years, and it may be for ever!  
 Then why art thou silent thou voice of my heart?  
 It may be for years, and it may be for ever!  
 Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Written for the Lady's Book.

## ARABELLA;

A POEM.

BY L. A. WILMER.—CONCLUDED.

*Argument of the Third Canto.*

Herbert, in Liverpool, receives the letter  
By Arabella sent;—then homeward speeds,  
In much uneasiness lest Brown should get her;  
And she, meanwhile, on sour affliction feeds:  
Her lot grows worse, it seems, instead of better.  
Then, with a touch of tragedy, the story  
Makes a conclusion fair, but somewhat gory.

## CANTO III.

## I.

Now at a seaport of the British isle  
Herbert sojourns. New scenes and objects there  
May make remembrance slumber for awhile;  
But, is that magic in a foreign air  
To check those thoughts, retracing many a mile,  
Like pigeons, homeward speeding, when releas'd,  
With all their early sympathies increas'd?

## II.

Was Arabella banish'd from his mind?—  
No;—oft in moments most affied to joy,  
Her image came, with air and aspect kind  
As erst they were; when love had no alloy.  
Thus is it ever, when we leave behind  
The form belov'd;—remembrance marks no more  
What mov'd our anger or disgust before.

## III.

Distance disguises every fault, and shows  
In brighter colors all that must endure;  
A softer light imagination throws,  
And new perfections in the view appear:  
Then comes *remorse*; and while the picture glows  
In all its loveliness, that fiend infects  
The heart with anguish for its own neglects.

## IV.

Our least unkindness, peevishness or slight  
Becomes momentous in remembrance then;  
These are the painful retrospects that blight  
The fairest bloom of peace and pleasure, when,  
Like Herbert, lovers seek relief in *flight*.  
They cannot fly—until the traitorous mind  
Reverts no more to what it left behind.

## V.

Some weeks, I think, had Herbert spent in scanning  
The "lions"—and his fancy made accessions  
Of flame so fast, while novelty was fanning  
He thought of publishing his "First Impressions;"  
But luckily, to save him from a banning,  
Came Arabella's letter; this, perforce,  
Carried his thoughts into another course.

## VI.

Imagine, if you can, what Herbert felt,  
When this epistle had the truth explain'd,  
How much he curst Britannia's ocean-belt  
Whose vast expanse his ardent soul constrain'd.  
And many a curse upon *himself* he dealt;  
For placing such a bar between repentance  
And all the horrors of his fatal sentence.

## VII.

He might return; but oh what time must pass,  
What change must be, before he could return!  
What change *had been*! that was the truth, alas,  
He dreaded, rather than desired, to learn.  
Had he possess'd the necromancer's glass  
Which shows the absent, possibly he might  
Have shunn'd to verify his fears by sight.

## VIII.

But some conceptions of the truth be had;  
For Arabella's letter seem'd to hint  
At *death* or *wedlock*—either very bad,  
Albeit, the latter takes the lead in print:  
Witness those columns, set apart as sad,  
Wherein the papers wedded life disparage  
By placing death's proceedings close to marriage.

## IX.

Herbert suppos'd, with reason on his side,  
That Arabella's name had shone, ere this,  
In those same columns—dead, or else a bride;  
A sacrifice to Hymen or to Dis;  
(In either case, small comfort he espied)—  
A female Werter, may be, hang'd or shot,  
Or else a living likeness of Charlotte:

## X.

Loving another better than her lord—  
A sad condition truly for such ladies,  
But worse for them they marry. I accord  
A happier lot to him who dwells in *Hades*.  
Now Herbert's gelid breast was fully thaw'd,  
To think the maid, perhaps, had mourn'd him daily,  
And hang'd herself, at length, like "poor Miss  
Bailey!"

## XI.

'Twas very pitiful;—but scarce less galling  
Was the alternate thought, that Brown had won her,  
As sportsmen feel, when choicest game is falling  
Before the efforts of a luckier gunner—  
So Herbert—pshaw! our narrative is crawling,  
Action, not sentiment, we most delight in  
Although the first is hardest for inditing.

## XII.

What Herbert *thought*, we possibly might guess;  
So may the reader, with some slight reflection;  
What Herbert *did*, 'twere better to express,  
For then his thoughts are easy of detection.  
His thoughts had occupied some minutes less  
Than we have in description, when his mind  
Was strongly to a *homeward* trip inclin'd.

## XIII.

Ten minutes more—his passage was engag'd  
In the first vessel; and if time and space  
Had not a war with inclination waged,  
Ten minutes would have served him to retrace  
His much regretted travel; but engag'd,  
For six long weeks, in a detested ship,  
Poor Herbert was afflicted with the *hip*.

## XIV.

At length the bark arrives at Spruce street dock ;  
With expedition, Herbert comes on shore ;  
In gloomy expectation of a shock,  
He takes the route, so often trod before,  
To Arabella's dwelling. At his knock,  
A servant came. "Miss Lenox?" Herbert faltered;  
"Gone," answered John. "Oh, sir, how things are  
altered!"

## XV.

"Gone!" echoed Herbert, "Dead?" "Yes," John  
replied,  
"Or something like it"—"Married?" asked the lover.  
"Run off," says John—"How?—where?" the  
other cried;  
"That," answered John, "we never could discover;  
She's gone—elop'd—and not a bit beside  
I know; except her dad and Mister Brown  
Have been two months ransacking up and down."

## XVI.

"She was not married then, before she went?"  
"No," answer'd John, and grinn'd, "upon my life,  
I hardly think that Mister Brown had spent  
Two months in hunting, had she been his wife.  
Old master Lenox for the license sent,  
When she, (not waiting for a license,) strait  
Took her departure through the alley gate."

## XVII.

This information was a small relief  
To Herbert's tortures; but some doubts remained;  
As, what might be the upshot of her grief,  
Or what mishaps already she sustained.  
She might be destitute, or dead—in brief;  
A doleful thought that made his heart-strings twang  
With sorrow's most excruciating pang.

## XVIII.

(That "twang" and "pang" rhyme well; but as  
for taste—  
I fear the couplet might be ta'en for his  
Who sung "Melanie.") But his mind was brac'd,  
(Herbert's, I mean,) with manly sense, and this  
Prevented him from making grievous waste  
Of time, with sighing, sentimental flummery,  
A silly and detested sort of mummerly.

## XIX.

He met old Lenox, who the cause explain'd  
Of Arabella's flight, and swore most roundly;  
She should be Mistress Brown, if earth contain'd  
Her lovely person. Sighing then profoundly,  
Herbert, with a solicitude unfeign'd  
Suggested gentle measures. But "It's settled,"  
Still answer'd the old Nero, highly nettled.

## XX.

Now let us seek our pretty lambkin stray'd;  
Ah, too neglectful of the precious charge,  
Have we, with heartless apathy, delay'd,  
And left that loveliest runaway at large.  
You know we might not advertise the maid,  
Not having gold or diamonds in our coffer  
Sufficient to promulge a proper offer.

## XXI.

But we shall find her by a process skilful,  
Somewhat allied to Doctor Poyen's science—  
She, with a disposition rather wilful,  
Had set her father's wishes at defiance,  
Despisd the contract, made for her alliance  
With Mister Brown; ran off—(may heaven forgive  
her.)  
And settled in some village, up the river.

## XXII.

Bristol, or Burlington—or some such place  
Beginning with a B.—Perhaps that town  
Where royal Joseph, from his former case  
Endures declension. Horrified at Brown,  
Here our poor fugitive avoids the chase,  
And for subsistence, (such her fortune's spite,)  
She teaches rustic brats to read and write!

## XXIII.

Within a hovel, half in woods conceal'd,  
For education an unsightly fane,  
With hopes all blasted, and with heart congeal'd,  
The fated virgin holds her joyless reign  
O'er intellects opaque. The village train  
Was by a name assumed (Miss Jones,) deceived;  
A story feign'd, was easily believ'd.

## XXIV.

Months roll'd away; autumnal leaves were strew'd  
On the dank ground. Her daily toils complete,  
Our pensive fair her lonely walk pursued  
Where the wide branches of the copse-wood meet.  
There nature seem'd with mournful thought im-  
bued,  
As if, with tender sympathy, she press'd  
The hapless maid to her maternal breast.

## XXV.

And who but nature might console her now?  
And what perfection of the soul's distress  
Exceeds those keen regrets which tell us how  
Our bliss was lost, and force us to confess  
That we ourselves have dealt the fatal blow?  
Our perish'd joys, like injur'd spectres, rise,  
And blast their murderers with reproachful eyes.

## XXVI.

But thou, poor maid, what aggregated force  
Of curst afflictions riots in thy breast!  
No sorrow, rising from a single source,  
Could make thy heart so hopelessly unblest.  
Parental love diverted from its course,  
Exile, anxiety, and crush'd ambition,  
And more than all—what needs no repetition.

## XXVII.

These all oppress'd her; and conjoined with these,  
The desolation of her present state,  
Unsympathizing souls, whose glances freeze,  
Malignant envy and ignoble hate;  
Whose presence shunning, Arabella flees  
To the deep woods—to the enanguish'd mind  
More grateful than the converse of mankind.

## XXVIII.

Congenial glooms invite her to a spot  
Which scarce the sun's declining beam pervades;  
Where sportive nature had prepared a grot  
Of humid rocks, which clust'ring foliage shades.  
This dreary solitude deters her not,  
The virgin stands, repentant, by that cell  
Where scarce devotion might endure to dwell.

## XXIX.

"Herbert," she said, "couldst thou behold me now;  
No more the vain, ambitious belle that mov'd  
Through glittering crowds, and mark'd with  
haughty brow,  
How all observant, envied or approv'd:  
Couldst thou behold me kneel, and hear me vow,  
Chang'd as I am, unchanging faith to thee,  
Thy ire were ended, as thy love must be.

## XXX.

"Oh hate me not!—contempt I may not shun,  
Nor would I, if with pity 'tis allied."  
Here, the last glances of the sinking sun  
Shone thro' the covert, and the maid descried  
A human figure!—In the twilight dun,  
The form seem'd spectral; and to her alone  
Perhaps those pallid features had been known.

## XXXI.

So chang'd those features, and so dim the rays  
Which fell upon them. Fancy, why illude  
Affliction thus?—with fascinated gaze  
And motion paralyzed, the maiden stood:  
Dread undefined—anxiety—amaze—  
What can express a feeling so intense  
That bound each faculty of soul and sense?

## XXXII.

One moment, reason tottered on her throne;  
Another—hope seem'd bursting from her tomb!  
But soon th' illusion fled; that form was known  
To be the herald of approaching doom!  
A heavenly radiance on her features shone,  
As thus, with speech recover'd, she address'd  
Him whom she deem'd the messenger of rest.

## XXXIII.

"Herbert, 'twere anguish not to be endur'd,  
If thy unbodied spirit met me here;  
But that while sadly of thy fate assur'd,  
I know my dissolution to be near:  
In death, at last, our union is secur'd,  
I lov'd thee living; and thy summons now  
Is but the seal to my accomplish'd vow."

## XXXIV.

The ghost advanc'd, and kneeling at her feet  
Responded thus:—"Sweet penitent, 'tis true  
I bring a summons to your dark retreat;  
And death itself were happiness with you:  
But life, methinks, is rapture more complete,  
Since bless'd with that acknowledgment that makes  
A full atonement for all past mistakes."

## XXXV.

With joy bewildered—scarce the maid believ'd  
His real presence;—so perverse her faith;  
Still trembling—fearing to be deceiv'd  
And find it all a dream, or him a wraith.  
But more compos'd at length, she somewhat griev'd  
And blush'd to think, how freely she declar'd  
Her love, when taken wholly unprepar'd.

## XXXVI.

"Herbert," she said, as from the wood they went,  
I've said too much"—"Hold," cried her joyful swain,  
"When you that sweet acknowledgment repent,  
You force me to become a ghost again."  
"But Brown?" said she;—discovering what she  
meant,  
Herbert instructed her in each occurrence  
That pass'd since her "mysterious disappearance."

## XXXVII.

He then explain'd what doubtless will be deem'd  
News to the reader—how he found her out:  
Miss Lenox had a female friend, esteem'd,  
And worthy of her confidence, no doubt:  
To her the secret of her flight, when schem'd,  
The maid entrusted; and that friend, alone  
To him she lov'd, her residence made known.

## XXXVIII.

This solves the mystery. But some other facts  
Must be forthcoming.—The unlucky Brown,  
Passing the street, one night, was with an axe,  
Or some tremendous implement, knock'd down.  
The spot was dark, and favor'd such attacks.  
His skull was split, and (what admits of doubt,)  
Some said his brains were actually knocked out.

## XXXIX.

The artist who perform'd this operation,  
Made an investigation of the pockets,  
And found some matter for appropriation—  
Some cash, a silver watch, two rings and lockets:  
But 'tis a fact deserving observation,  
That Brown's receptacles for coin—dissected,  
Prov'd less productive than had been expected.

## XL.

Boasting of wealth had been his fatal error;  
A bad affair for him, but good for us;  
Giving us entrance to the realms of terror,  
And something of the tragic to discuss.  
By means whereof our conscience is made clearer,  
And our fair dealing is the more esteem'd,  
For thus, in part, our promise is redeem'd.

## XLI.

But while indulging in the tragic vein,  
It is but proper, in this place, to note  
That Peter Cobb, with a "fine phrensy" ta'en,  
Made an incision in his tuneful throat;  
Which freed his mind from every earthly chain  
And love inclusive. Soon his works collected  
May by the favor'd public be inspected.

## XLII.

Another tragic incident remains;—  
Aunt Jane deceas'd—afflicted with the vapours;  
A handsome stone her epitaph contains.  
The rest is found recorded in the papers:  
"Married," and so forth. Arabella's pains  
And penalties are past. But, don't forget—  
We seldom meet so favor'd a coquette.

## XLIII.

Hers was a happier fate than myriads find,  
Who sow the seeds of vanity, and reap  
Repentance. Now, in matrimony join'd,  
Herbert and Co. a stately mansion keep.  
The shrew'd old Lenox lately spoke our mind,  
Saying—"How lucky 'tis that Brown was kill'd  
Before the marriage contract was fulfill'd."

We cannot wonder that kings so readily cause  
men to be killed, when it appears, on authority, that  
Charles the Tenth, in a single year gratified his  
royal taste by 89 stag-hunts, and by shooting 3525  
pheasants, 1375 partridges, 555 hares, and 1532  
rabbits. In all, this royal exemplar destroyed, in  
one year, 7404 animals, most of them more worthy  
to live than himself; while his precious son, the  
Dauphin, claimed his 7025, including more pheas-  
ants and hares than his father. In one year, 1828-9,  
there were killed, in France, 834 wolves and cubs.

We most readily forgive that attack which  
affords us an opportunity of reaping a splendid tri-  
umph. A wise man will not sally forth from his  
doors to cudgel a fool, who is in the act of breaking  
his windows by pelting them with guineas.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE DUN, in our October number, has been like mercy, "twice blessed." It must have given pleasure to our noble-minded patrons who have hastened to comply with our call, and remitted their subscriptions with earnest assurances of greater punctuality in future.

It must have given pleasure to our kind hearted friends, who, with their own fair hands have penned apologies for the long delay, and remitted to our publisher, the well-earned reward of his labour, and what we prize far more than the money, kind wishes for the continued prosperity of the "Lady's Book."

These things come over our anxious path like the blessing of reviving showers after a long drought. The DUN, which we trembled to put forth, has proved a "word fitly spoken," and will, we trust, continue to be "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

In this number will be found some excellent remarks by Rufus Dawes, Esq., upon a work published by Mr. S. Colman, of New York, entitled, "Fire Side Education."

"LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE," in our November number, was written by Mrs. Carolinæ Lee Hentz, an ever welcome contributor. We neglected giving her the usual credit.

Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, whose beautiful poems have excited much admiration in England, as well as in her own beloved America, is about publishing a volume in London, where she at present resides. Every American lady, certainly every Boston lady, who can afford to expend ten dollars during the year, for the decoration of the outside of her head, ought to consider it a point of honour to subscribe for a copy of this work by her young countrywoman. It is to be brought out with all the neatness and elegance which the London Annuals display, will contain about 300 pages, and be splendidly bound and gilt. Then it will contain the treasures of a genius and taste which have few equals among our living female writers—and all for the sum of five dollars.

POEMS.—By Rufus Dawes.—We are glad to see an announcement of this work. Mr. Dawes has been favourably known to the readers of poetry, as one of our most promising native authors. His effusions are distinguished for chasteness of sentiment, tenderness of feeling, and a deep love of the beauties of nature. When we prepared the little work, "Flora's Interpreter," which has proved so popular with the young, we found some of the choicest gems for our selection in the poems of Mr. Dawes. He has since written some fine odes, and we see by the prospectus for this volume, that several new pieces, which, from their titles—"Geraldina—a Romance of Real Life;"—"St. John's Eve—a Fairy Tale," &c. promise to be interesting, are added. Sincerely do we hope that his success may equal his merits, which would insure him a list of subscribers much larger than his publisher has solicited. Our readers will doubtless be gratified to learn that the criticism, in our present number, on that pleasant as well as useful volume lately sent forth by the indefatigable Peter Parley, alias Mr. S. G. Goodrich, "Fireside Education," is from the

pen of Mr. Dawes.—Who so well qualified to judge of the writings of others as those who can write well themselves?

PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.—In the October number we noticed a work—"Woman as she should be,"—and promised our readers an extract from the chapter "On the Christian Education of Woman," written by the Rev. Hubbard Winslow, a clergyman of Boston. We are glad to have this opportunity of expressing our high approbation of the views he has advanced. Mr. Winslow's sentiments must find a response in the heart and soul of every intelligent woman. And what is of more consequence to the advancement of female education, these sentiments must rouse the minds of Christian men to reflection on this important subject. But we will detain our readers no longer with our own reflections.

Mr. Winslow considers four qualifications as indispensable in the formation of the perfect lady, namely, *good health, habits of industry, a well cultivated intellect, and religion.* We have not room for his remarks on *health*, but they are very judicious and important. He thus urges his plea for industry:—

"As then you would secure the well-being of your daughters, and of all with whom they may have to do, be sure to train them to industry. Never allow them to think that their hands are too good to perform any useful work, or that any task is too laborious for their perseverance to accomplish, or any study or art too hard for their minds and their industry to master. Let them early learn and ever-remember the motto, "*Labor pertinax omnia vincit*;" and let the great motives and encouragements to industry be kept constantly before them. With carefulness never to overtax their powers, let the hours of every day be sacredly appropriated; let not a single hour be lost. Let them rise early and enter directly upon the assigned duties of the day, and pass with the most exact economy of time through the successive hours for domestic duties, study, giving or receiving necessary calls, exercise, miscellaneous reading, devotions, &c. Let them learn to do all with the utmost fidelity, diligence, and despatch; and always before retiring, let them call themselves to strict account for the manner in which they have spent the day.

"For all this industry they will find sufficient occasion, in securing a thorough knowledge of the various domestic duties, and in discharging those duties; in disciplining their minds and storing them with knowledge; in cultivating their moral powers and affections; in training and educating their children; in administering relief to the needy and sympathy to the afflicted; in promoting religion by their assistance in Sabbath schools, by their intelligent Christian conversation, by their prayers and their cheering sympathy; in a word, in securing and sustaining the elevated character and influence requisite to their successful promotion of the noblest and most valuable interests of our existence. Without this, therefore, they fail to rise to the proper dignity and glory of their sex.

"Mothers! in the name of religion and humanity, I charge you, teach your daughters *industry*. No matter how much of wealth and beauty and refined accomplishments they have; without *this virtue*, they are unfit to be either wives, or

mothers, or members of society—without this, their husbands, their children, the society of which they are to be members, will suffer a greater loss in respect to them than can be atoned for—greater than my pen shall attempt to describe.

“The next qualification is a *well cultivated intellect*. I do not think that the uses of female education, and the vast motives to it, have ever been sufficiently considered. When the sphere of woman's duties and the important uses for her intellectual culture are well understood, it will be seen to be in many respects more important that she should have a sound and thorough education, than that the other sex should. If man is more engaged in transacting business, securing the necessities of life, protecting rights and justice, woman is to be more engaged in the higher life and cultivation of the soul. If the brothers must spend most of their time in the field or the shop, the sisters are to preserve the intellectual atmosphere of the house. If the husband must look after his property and provide his children with bread, the wife must look after the *minds* of her children and provide them with knowledge. If the husband must do most for their physical, the wife must do most for their intellectual, natures—inspire them with noble sentiments, with lofty ambition, and implant the elements of greatness in their opening minds. She must be a fountain of knowledge to her family; but how can she do this, unless her own mind is elevated and enlarged with knowledge? The streams cannot rise above their fountain.

“She is moreover to be a permanent *companion* to her *husband*, his richest and most intimate source of interest and joy through life;—how important then that she should have those mental resources by which she may retain her hold upon his respect, confidence, interest, and affection, after the novelty, and romance of other charms have passed away, (as they very soon do) and nothing but the severer and more abiding excellencies of the mind remain to interest.

“If we except those men professionally devoted to teaching, the intellectual character of a community depends more upon its women than its men. It is the tone of conversation that obtains in society which elevates or depresses the intellectual standard; and of this females generally take the lead. They mingle so constantly and extensively in society, their presence and conversation are so much desired, they converse so easily, and what they say is listened to with such chivalrous deference, that whenever, without affectation or pedantry, out of the simplicity and abundance of their minds, they are enabled to converse and do converse with intelligence upon subjects of an elevated and valuable character—when their words breathe with inspiring thought—when they open the rich fountains of the mind—when naturally and unconsciously they discover the dignity and beauty of sound knowledge and wisdom, tempered and enriched with whatever is lovely and engaging in the female disposition—the influence which they put forth to elevate the prevailing standard of mind is almost omnipotent.

“But when they can converse and do converse upon nothing but their furniture, their dress, the latest fashion, the last party or dance, the last engagement, the last marriage, or, at the most, the last novel, they tend to make all persons about them as frivolous as themselves. The men who come in from the cares of business to enjoy their society, having themselves had but little time for intellectual improvement, and looking to the more favored sex for entertainment, hearing from them nothing but this airy and trifling stuff, naturally let them-

selves down to this species of entertainment, and conclude to make the best of it. After a few efforts they contrive to fill their own mouths with the same kind of empty talk, and are always sure to begin to employ it the moment they come into the society of ladies; inasmuch that at length the prevailing taste is so depraved and reduced, that the woman who asserts the proper dignity of her sex, and ventures to converse as becomes her, encounters no small hazard of being denounced as a pedant.

“That there is sometimes actual pedantry among partially educated women, as well as men, and that it is always offensive, I shall not deny; but that the intellectual tone of society should be such as to render so much vain and frivolous conversation contemptible, and to make it honourable and even needful to one who would sustain the character of a lady, to sustain that style of conversation which I have commended, I am confident to affirm. Nay, more; I am very sure that even in the present state of society, after all that is said against female pedantry, the woman who exhibits in her conversation the fruits of a well-cultivated intellect, commands the secret admiration of every intelligent man who knows her, and exerts an influence upon him to incite him to mental cultivation, more than he would realize from ten men of the same acquirements. So much farther does cultivated intellect in a woman go than in a man, in its influence to elevate the mental character of society. It is owing to the respect, the admiration, the love, the chivalrous deference, in which refined and well-educated females are held by the other sex, and in a truly Christian community ever will be held.

“To make my meaning plain, can you suppose that the intellectual acquirements of Miss Martineau would ever have exerted the influence they have, had she been a man. Now if her attainments, by no means extraordinary, not equal to what thousands of men in both continents have made, and attended with so much pedantry and so much else that is offensive to true taste and propriety, procured for her so much attention, respect, and homage from men both in Europe and America, what might be expected from that cultivation of the female intellect which I am advocating, associated with the character which all love to contemplate? In the presence of a refined and accomplished lady, whose conversation, flowing out with artless simplicity, develops the treasures of a rich, thinking, cultivated, sparkling intellect, we feel ourselves to be almost in the presence of an angel of light; and nothing can surpass the inspiration which we thence feel to aspire after mental excellence.

“This may be said to be owing to the fewness of examples of eminent intellectual cultivation among women; yet if this be in part allowed, it still cannot be doubted that if there were among them as many examples of as high intellectual cultivation as there are among men, the influence resulting therefrom to elevate society would be vastly greater than that resulting now from the intellectual cultivation of the other sex.

“But we must not dwell longer upon the importance of female education. A word or two we must say upon the *kind* of education desired, and the feasibility and manner of obtaining it. It is not that popular, hasty, superficial style of education, so unhappily current, which at all meets the object now contemplated. This is frequently almost worse than none, inasmuch as it feeds vanity without enriching or strengthening the mind. It is that education which, commencing with the youthful intellect, and conducting it thoroughly on

through the successive stages of discipline in the elementary and thence to the higher studies, teaches it to fix its attention, to think, to investigate, to reason, to generalize, and if possible to originate; which furnishes the mind with first principles and a knowledge of the class of facts comprehended under them; which renders the mind patient, persevering, strong, and far-reaching; which stores the imagination with the choicest imagery; which creates such a mental taste for what is truly rich and intellectual as to render insipid the light, frothy, dissipating productions of frivolous minds, so unhappily prevalent and so ruinous to the mental character of this age: which begets a strong and healthful relish for whatever is rich in thought, sound in argument, chaste in imagery, classical in style, original in conception, sparkling in wit, powerful in evidence, lucid in truth, and important in principle; which causes one to come, as to an intellectual banquet, to the productions of the greatest and noblest intellects of all ages, and to feel a delightful sympathy in them. A mind thus educated need not resort to the dreamy, feverish, nervous excitements of theatres, novels, and idle tales, nor yet to the dissipating amusements of the assembly or the ball-room, to gratify her vanity, in order to find pleasure;—it would be like turning aside from pure, gushing fountains from the rock, to a puddle of filthy water, to assuage thirst. No: the excellent men of old who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, the truly great and noble minds of every age that still live and speak, together with her own disciplined and well-stored mind, are to her an everlasting source of the most elevated and abundant of all earthly enjoyment; while she is herself also to her family and to the society in which she moves, in her intellectual influence upon them, as the sun when he walketh in brightness.

"Nor let this be deemed chimerical. It can be done. It has been done in a good measure in some instances; it may be done to a very great extent in all. The treasures of the female intellect have scarcely begun to be developed. For nearly six thousand years a deep slumber has rested upon the minds of the better part of creation. I believe that Providence has a benevolent design in abridging the toil of female hands, and that too beyond what can ever be expected in regard to the more appropriate labors of men. The labours of the farm, of merchandise, of navigation, of the professions, and of many of the mechanic arts, cannot be much reduced; while the operations of the cards, the wheels, the looms, the needles, &c., which occupied three fourths of the time of our mothers, are now taken entirely out of the hands of most of our daughters, leaving them no more manual labor to perform than is important to their health, and compatible with the highest intellectual cultivation. With due attention to health, and with those habits of diligence of which I have spoken, our daughters may faithfully learn and practise all the duties of manual labor which devolve upon them, and yet have sufficient time to secure the most thorough and finished education. Let it be early understood by them that the promises of beauty and of external accomplishments, the attractions of wealth, and a favourable marriage, are among the things above which their thoughts and aims must rise. If these are allowed to hold some subordinate place of consideration, they are not at least the things on which a mind that would be truly eminent and excellent, must place its dependence. The young woman who places her dependence upon these, may lay her account with an inglorious and probably a wretched life.

Let her then be placed in due season, under a course of intellectual discipline. Let eight or ten of the twenty-four hours be appropriated to sleep; six or eight to meals, devotions, recreations, and manual labor; and the remaining eight to study. Let the mother hold a vigilant eye upon her, to inspire and secure the faithful performance of every duty in its time and place, and let her always co-operate with the teacher in her education. Let no possible sacrifice be thought dear, to secure the most competent and thorough teachers; let her be gradually handed along up through the successive stages of mental discipline and of knowledge, never advancing to the next till the preceding is perfectly mastered, always resolved to conquer and always aiming at the solid growth of mind; and not many years will pass before she will have acquired such taste and habits, as that she will move onward and upward by her own impetus. She will need no urging;—she will only need guiding and restraining. By the time she has reached the period of womanhood, she will have accomplished more domestic service than is now accomplished by nine tenths of our daughters in the same time; and she will have acquired an education equal to that obtained by most of our young men who graduate, and far better than that obtained by many of them. That she will have better preserved her health, secured more enjoyment, and laid the foundation for more in years to come, than is done in the mean time by the daughters of idleness, dissipation, and gaiety, it is scarcely needful to add. That she will have been a source of less expense to her father is also more than probable. That she will have secured a most important qualification towards becoming a rich treasure to her husband, a blessing to her children, an ornament to her sex, and a corner-stone in the temple of God, polished after the similitude of a palace, who is prepared to doubt?

"Because this has been so seldom done, let none say it cannot be extensively done. And because female education has been so little *applied* to useful ends, let none conclude that it is therefore of necessity useless. I am sure that I do not dream. Having been for several years engaged to some extent in teaching, and having had the charge of the education of females, as well as males, in every stage of progress from the lowest to the highest branches, I have uniformly found that their intellects were as active, vigorous, comprehensive, quick to learn and slow to forget; as competent to grasp and master the highest studies of mathematics and philosophy; to acquire the knowledge of logic, rhetoric, and composition: or to surmount the difficulties of the dead languages, as those of the other sex: and often even *more* so; owing, probably, to more diligent application. I have had female pupils who, by a course of vigorous discipline, have in less than one year acquired such an impulse for knowledge, that it was rather needful to *restrain* than to *urge* them, and only the delightful task of *directing* their upward movement remained for the teacher. Observation and experience have convinced us, also, that to all those noble and important *uses* which I have specified, female education may be successfully applied; and that it *must* be applied to them, before Christianity can obtain its highest end, or society reach its most perfect state, or woman shine in her truest and brightest lustre."

The fourth and last qualification is *religion*. This is the crown and the glory of woman. And few, who have been rightly educated, have been found regardless of their religious duties.



The *last*, to whatever it may relate, has always an interest in our minds and an influence on our conduct. To some of our readers this number of the "Lady's Book" may be the *last* they propose to receive. We cannot expect to be so fortunate as to retain all the familiar names that now grace our list of friends. It is this reflection which always makes the December number seem sad and heavy as a farewell speech. And yet we feel assured that those, either subscribers or contributors, who are, from any cause, induced to leave us, will do so with regret, and that we shall have their warmest wishes for our prosperity during the coming year. Those who are intending to go forward with us, will, we hope, bring the aid of ready pens as well as true hearts. We have many contributions promised, and from those whose names are a passport to popularity; but we desire also to foster genius in its first ardent aspirings, to cultivate talent, and draw the young mind and heart to the pleasant path of literature; and this we have in some degree done. A number of writers might be named, now enjoying a wide reputation, who began their literary career as contributors to the periodical under our care. Female talent, in particular, it has been our aim to cherish and uphold. We trust that few of our literary friends will forget the Lady's Book during the coming year.

A year! how long it seems in the sunny perspective of the future; how span-like it contrasts in dim twilight of the past! How much we proposed to accomplish when this year commenced! How little we have performed! Have any of our readers been disappointed in our work? Have they not also been disappointed in their own plans, hopes, intentions? In the beautiful language of Joanna Baillie—

"Say, hath there lived of mortal mould,  
Whose fortunes with his thoughts would hold  
An even race? Earth's greatest son,  
That e'er earned fame or empire won,  
Hath but fulfill'd within a narrow scope  
A stinted portion of his ample hope."

But another year is coming, another volume of our "Book" is to be prepared, and we will *hope* that the favor of our friends will not disappoint us, however our own performance may have done.

The close of the year has always serious associations, yet if it be brightened by anticipations of increased usefulness in the approaching season, it cannot be melancholy. There is something in the whispers of hope when directed to self improvement, which acts on the intellect like the bracing air of Christmas on the constitution. We rouse ourselves from the dreamy supineness, which, during the bland air of summer was stealing over us, and with renewed energy task our powers to fulfil the duties before us. We cannot, like the Icelanders, pass the cold months in the seclusion and serenity of home. The lecturer is abroad. And Fashion has, in Boston at least, established the lecturer as lord of the winter evenings. He gathers, by his potent name, those who have not time to acquire knowledge from books. If he does not always satisfy the intelligent and learned, he has the merit of awakening a taste for information and mental improvement in those who would otherwise remain slaves of physical cares and worldly pleasures.

And then the winter is the season of new publications. When the trees are leafless, and the earth is like a sealed volume—go into the book stores—there is to be found the evergreens of pious thought, the fresh blooming flowers of wit and fancy, the tender buds of sentiment, and the rich fruits of genius and philosophical research. Our own table is

covered with these beautiful gems of the season, "thick as the leaves of Vallambrosa," and we hardly know where to begin our description. But stay—this fair and pure volume, combining religious instruction with the charms of taste and literature, shall take precedence.

"THE RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR," edited by Mrs. Sigourney, published in New York. The engravings in this annual are beautiful in design and finished in execution; particularly the "Infant St. John," Mrs. Stewart, and Lady Arabella Johnson, which are exquisite pictures. The literary portion, as might be inferred from the name of the editor, is of a high character. Miss Sedgwick has contributed one of her best sketches—"Country Life." Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has an essay—"Feeling," which we think one of the best things in the book. And from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney we have a prose article of much power. We have only room for a short extract, and prefer a poem of her's as most characteristic of her genius and warm heart.

— "Sweetly wild, sweetly wild,  
Were the scenes that charm'd me when a child,  
Rocks, gray rocks, with their caverns dark,  
Leaping rills, like the diamond's spark,  
Torrent voices, thundering by,  
When the pride of the vernal floods swell'd high,  
And quiet roofs, like the hanging nest,  
'Mid cliffs by the feathery foliage drest.

Beyond, in those woods, did the wild rose grow,  
And the lily gleam out where the lukeless flow,  
And the trailing arbutus showed its grace  
Till its fragrance betray'd its hiding place,  
And the woodbine hold to the dew's its cup,  
And the vine with clustering grapes go up,  
Up to the crest of the tallest tree,  
And there with the humming birds and bees,  
On a seat of turf, embroidered fair,  
With the violet blue and the columbine rare,  
It was sweet to sit, till the sun threw down,  
At the gate of the west his golden crown.

Sweetly wild, sweetly wild,  
Were the scenes that charm'd me when a child."

"THE TOKEN," edited by "Mrs. Goodrich," and published by Otis, Broaders & Co. Boston, comes next in order. Some alterations have taken place in the style of this, our oldest Annual. It has been restored to its simplicity in ornament and decoration, and can therefore be afforded at such a price as must greatly increase its popularity. We like the change. It is in accordance with popular feeling. There should be one American Annual which is within the means of our country people. The engravings inserted ought to be of the most perfect kind, but there should not be many. The main object should be to make the work one that will be valuable for its high literary merit. And this has been done in the present volume. The first story, by Miss Sedgwick, is worth the price of the book.

From the same publishers we have also a pretty juvenile Annual, "YOUTH'S KEEPSAKE," which we commend to the favour of the Boston misses. It has a portrait of Victoria, and a correspondence by which the reader will learn that the three juvenile queens, now reigning in Europe, are very intelligent, good and sensible young ladies. Long may they reign.

"THE GIFT," and "VIOLET," published at Philadelphia, are worthy of the reputation of their accomplished editor, Miss Leslie. The engravings in "The Gift" are very fine. One of the greatest advantages resulting from this fashion of Annuals is the encouragement and consequent improvement afforded to the arts of design and engraving in our own country. In this way the public taste has been greatly elevated. But Miss Leslie has not depended on decoration only. She has made the works under her care excellent in their literary and moral tone and character. The contributors to these Annuals are among the most esteemed



authors in the republic, and there are also contributions from popular British writers. The plates are nearly all engraved from original pictures owned by Mr. E. L. Carey.

But the nursery must, now-a-days, be furnished with its Christmas and New-Year presents of books. Toys are thought quite too frivolous for children who can talk and walk. Among the multitude of these pretty books we must give our favor to "THE GEM," edited by a lady, and got up by that indefatigable publisher of children's books, Samuel Colman. He has also published a number of others, among which are "Parley's Rambles"—"Christmas Tales," and "Christmas Gift"—also, "Poems, by Mary Howitt," which must be good. "Natural History"—"Tales in Prose—and Tales in Verse." Surely every child in the land may be suited. But we have books before us of higher pretension. Here is a work by Mrs. Sigourney—"LETTERS TO MOTHERS," which we need only name in order to commend. This book we hope will be widely circulated. The subjects of which it treats are of immense importance to every one. And though we had volumes on the same subjects, none before this has been written by a mother. We shall refer to this book again, and give extracts in our January number.

"MAN IN HIS PHYSICAL STRUCTURE AND ADAPTATION." By Robert Mudie.

This is the work of a philosopher and a Christian. The aim of the author is to incite a spirit of activity and improvement. He believes that there is no original difference in the *minds* of men; but that all the diversities we find are caused by physical conformation, education, and circumstance. He breaks a lance with the Phrenologist, but we think there is really very little difference in the conclusions to which both these systems tend. Mr. Mudie is a Scotchman, we believe, and seems amply able to go through with the task he has undertaken, if we may judge of his talents and acquirements by this volume. He intends to give three more volumes on Man in his Intellectual and Moral nature. We recommend this book to those ladies, mothers, and teachers, who wish to study the philosophy of human nature.

THE LADY'S ANNUAL REGISTER, AND HOUSEWIFE'S ALMANAC, 1839. By Mrs. Caroline Gilman—we must not forget. It is useful and neat—a real lady's Almanack—fit to lie on the window seat of a boudoir, or a centre table.

"THE HARP OF ASHINTNET," by Mrs. Elizabeth Hawes—is the title of a pretty-looking volume of Poems. We have not had time to examine them.

#### CONTRIBUTORS.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

We shall be favored as often as her leisure will permit, with communications from this distinguished lady. We have now on hand two—

"Death Bed of Red Jacket, the Seneca Chief"—and an excellent prose article, entitled "Mothers as Christian Teachers."

We also have articles on hand from Mrs. Hentz, Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, Grenville Mellen, Miss Miles, Miss Leslie, Gen. Geo. P. Morris, Theodore Fay, and Mrs. Hoffman, (London,) Miss Brown, of Liverpool, and R. Shelton Mackenzie, L.L.D.

The publisher has opened a correspondence with Mrs. C. Baron Wilson, Editor of London La Belle Assemblée, who writes as follows—"I am just leaving home for a month's tour in France; on my return I will send you some poetry and original prose articles."

In addition to the usual plate of fashions the publisher has adopted a new feature.

Colored patterns of the most modern improvements in WINDOW CURTAINS and other ornaments of a household—these will be given quarterly, and will greatly enhance the value of the book.

The publisher being in possession of the means, is determined that no other publication shall approach the Lady's Book, either in decoration or good substantial matter.

#### DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

FIG. 1.—The mantle is of green satin, with a cape of an entire new form, for which we refer to our print; it is trimmed with black lace, green velvet collar. Bonnet of very pale straw-coloured satin, the interior of the brim is trimmed with flowers and blonde lace; the crown, of the melon form, is decorated with quilled ribbon, a *gerbe*, and a bouquet of flowers.

Fig. 2 presents a back view of the above costume.

FIG. 3.—Walking or Carriage Costume.—Dress of *poux de soie*, *Mantel chape*, of black velvet, lined with black or coloured silk, wadded and quilted on the inside. This *mantel chape* may be either rounded or pointed like the corner of a shawl at back. A deep cape (which is generally rounded at back) falls over the *mantel* nearly half its depth, and comes down in front as low as the ends of the *mantel*. The entire, as well as the arm holes (see plate,) is trimmed with fur, full. A small white lace collar, or rather a simple fall of white lace, falls over the neck of the *mantel*, which is fastened in front with a bow of pink ribbon, with long ends. Capote of pink velvet, ornamented with blonde, and three small feathers placed at the left side of the crown, and drooping over the front of the bonnet. The front of the capote is large, and sitting quite round to the face; it is rounded off at the lower part. The hair is in plain bands, but divided in a point on the brow. The blonde border is worn far back, and a flower is placed at the right side, beneath the front of the bonnet. Pale yellow kid gloves. Black shoes.

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